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HISTORY

OF

THE WYANDOTT MISSION,

AT

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY REV. JAMES B. FINLEY.

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

CINCINNATI:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Wyandott mission was the first established by the Methodist Episcopal Church on our frontier, for the benefit of the Indians. Here it was satisfactorily ascertained that the Gospel and grace of God could effectually change the heart of savage man—reclaim him from ignorance and sin, and confirm him in the practice of virtue and religion. And such was the signal and extraordinary success of this mission, that it encouraged the Church to devise extensive plans for the conversion of other Indian nations, and excited a confidence and liberality adequate for their accomplishment: so that all our missions now among the Indians may be said, in some sense, to have had their origin in the successful experiment made at Upper Sandusky.

As this work treats of subjects deeply interesting to the Christian public, especially to all the friends of missions; and as the author is generally and favorably known, we anticipate for it a very extensive circulation.

It may be proper for us to say, in conclusion, the history we now present to the public has been revised for the press, under the direction of the publishers; and although the phraseology has been changed in some places, yet no change has been made to vary the *sense of the facts*, as narrated by the author. We trust this volume will be perused by many with much satisfaction; and that it will greatly subserve the interests of the missionary cause.

PUBLISHERS.

Cincinnati, April 8, 1840.

PREFACE.

IN presenting this volume to the Christian public, the author claims no other merit than that of giving a plain narrative of facts which fell under his own observation, or which are derived from authentic sources. In early life he became acquainted with the Indian tribes bordering on our frontier, and acquired considerable knowledge of their history and traditions—their manners and customs—their religion and modes of worship; and having been subsequently several years a missionary to the *Wyandotts*, at Upper Sandusky, he is enabled to give a relation of all that pertains to the introduction and success of the Gospel among them.

In undertaking this work the author has been influenced by the advice of several of his friends, as well as by his own desire to bring to the notice of the public, the example furnished in the history of the *Wyandott mission*, of the divine efficiency of Christianity to civilize the heathen nations. He has not aimed at a polished style, and seeks no literary fame; his highest ambition being to advance the glory of God, and the influence of genuine religion among men.

That the historical narrative contained in this volume may edify his readers, and awaken their sympathies and stimulate them to greater efforts in sustaining the cause of missions, as well as afford encouragement to the missionary of the cross to renewed exertions in the great work of evangelizing the world, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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HISTORY OF THE WYANDOTT MISSION.

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Indians, why so called—Their origin unknown—Supposed to be descendants of the Ten Tribes of Israel—Revolt of the Ten Tribes—Carried captive into Assyria—Scripture prophecies concerning them—Of their dispersion and final restoration—Their present existence and place unknown—Outcasts from the rest of the world—Their probable migration to this continent—Arguments to show this—Quotation from Esdras—Probable from Assyria to this continent—Comparison between the Indians and Jews, in their persons, dress, ornaments, &c.—The Indian languages derived from one root—Indians' opinion of their own origin—Hold themselves to be a distinct race.

THE natives of this continent were called INDIANS by the first discoverers of it, who supposed that they had reached the eastern coast of INDIA. They found it peopled with a numerous race of copper colored inhabitants, enjoying many of the blessings of social life, whose very existence was before unknown to all the rest of the world.

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. The question of their origin, however, is too deeply interesting to be passed

over in silence. I must, therefore, ask the indulgence of my readers, whilst I lay before them some thoughts on this subject; in which I shall avail myself freely of the Rev. Ethan Smith's "*View of the Hebrews.*"

The opinion that the aboriginals of this great continent are the descendants of the ten lost tribes of ancient ISRAEL, has long been entertained by many, and advocated by some able writers. In the absence of historical evidence to sustain this opinion, we must rely upon circumstantial proof, and upon inferences drawn from a comparison of the present race of Indians with the ancient Israelites.

In the reign of Rehoboam, son and successor of Solomon, king of Israel, about two thousand five hundred years since, the Ten Tribes revolted, and separated themselves from the house of Israel, and Jeroboam became their king. He supposed that if they were permitted to go up to Jerusalem to worship, by their mingling with the house of Judah, their prejudices might be overcome, and they would return to their former alliance. To prevent this, he made golden calves, and set them up in Dan and Bethel, and commanded that for public worship they should assemble at those places; and by this idolatrous worship, he made Israel to apostatize from God, which brought down on them the curses foretold by Moses, their prophet. (Deut. xxviii, 15.)

How literally was this prophecy fulfilled on Judah and Israel! Tiglath Pileser, king of Assyria, captured the tribes of Reuben and Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, who dwelt east of Jordan, and placed them in Halah and Habor, by the river Gozan. About twenty years after this, and seven hundred and twenty-five years before Christ, the rest of the Ten Tribes were taken by Shalmanezar, and carried into Assyria, and placed with

their brethren in Media. This happened about nine hundred and forty-three years after they came out of Egypt. From this captivity the Ten Tribes never returned, and they have strangely disappeared from the world, and have no name or place among the nations of the earth; and we might readily suppose that they had amalgamated with the nations by whom they were captured, were it not that the prophecies in Scripture concerning them, forbid this conclusion, and that we have demonstrative proofs that God has preserved the house of Judah, which has been scattered to the four winds of heaven. These, we know, still remain a separate and distinct people, whose whole present population may be estimated at five millions; and we may fairly infer that the Ten Tribes have been preserved, by the same powerful hand, separate and distinct. And that they do still exist, we think there can be no reasonable doubt. The prophets foretold their literal ejection from the promised land, which was fulfilled; and the prophecies strongly intimate their literal restoration. (See Ezekiel xxxvi.) Here the long dispersion of Judah and Israel is foretold, and the cause of it stated. But in the final triumph of Messiah's kingdom, God says, by his prophet, "And I will sanctify my great name, which was profaned amongst the heathen;" "and the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes. For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land. Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your

flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.” “Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall lothe yourselves in your own sight for your own iniquities and for your abominations. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you.” “In the day that I shall have cleansed you from all your iniquities, I will also cause you to dwell in the cities, and the wastes shall be builded. And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by.” “And I will multiply men upon you, all the house of Israel, even all of it: and the cities shall be inhabited, and the wastes shall be builded.” “And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden; and the waste and desolate and ruined cities are become fenced, and are inhabited. Then the heathen that are left round about you shall know that I the Lord build the ruined places, and plant that that was desolate: I the Lord have spoken it, and I will do it.” Again, in chap. 37, v. 14, [I will] “put my spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land: then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord.”

This prophecy shows clearly that ancient Israel is not only to be converted from their Judaism, their rejection of Christ, and from their idolatry; but shall be spiritually born of God, receive a new heart, from which the stony is to be taken away, and cleansed from all their filthiness and idols; and ancient Israel (that is, the houses of Judah

and Israel) are to be restored to the promised land; and the Lord is to build for them, in the face of all their enemies, their cities and waste places, and make that long desolated country as the garden of Eden. This wonderful event is most beautifully illustrated in the 37th chapter of Ezekiel, by the figure of the valley of dry bones:—

“The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the Spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones, and caused me to pass by them round about: and behold, there were very many in the open valley; and lo, they were very dry.” This is a most impressive figure of the present condition of ancient Israel; and in all human probability, the restoration of this valley of “*very dry*” bones, to living human beings, appears quite as impossible as the restoration of ancient Israel, in their present condition, to the happy enjoyment of their beloved Canaan. “And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? and I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. And he said unto me, Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live. And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them. Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the

Lord God: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army. Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel: [reader, not a part, but both the houses of Judah and of Israel:] behold, they say, Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost: we are cut off for our parts. Therefore, prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land: then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord."

Reader, can you doubt for a moment, that this prophecy has reference to ancient Israel in their present state? Dead and buried, they rejected God's Messiah, and crucified him, calling out, "Let his blood be upon us and upon our children." And they remain in this most obstinate state of unbelief until this day. Judah is scattered and buried in the nations of the earth; and nothing but the power of that God who stays the pillars of heaven, and confines the waters of the great deep, could have preserved them from amalgamation with those nations, or of being entirely destroyed from amongst men. But Jehovah holds them in his right hand; and will, by his own power, again restore them to the promised land.

But the question is asked, "Where is Israel, or the Ten Tribes?" They are yet in existence somewhere, a sepa-

rate and distinct people, and are included in the "whole house of Israel," and "shall come out of their graves," as well as the house of Judah, and God "shall place them in their own land." The Lord, by his prophet, continues this subject under another figure, so as to confirm the restoration of Judah and Ephraim, and their final happy union, verse 16th: "Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions: [that part of Israel that remained with Judah after the others revolted:] then take another stick, and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions:" [to wit, the Ten Tribes that revolted.] Here these two houses are clearly distinguished the one from the other, in their present separated state. Now hear what follows: "And join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thy hand. And when the children of thy people shall speak unto thee, saying, Wilt thou not show us what thou meanest by these? say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph; which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand." "And say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, [this certainly means the Ten Tribes, and their heathenism, into which they have fallen,] whither they be gone, [this expresses their present state,] and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: [has this ever been done?] and I will make them one nation [both Ephraim and Judah] in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all: and they

shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all.”

Surely no one will deny that this prophecy has yet to be fulfilled. Are not the houses of Israel and Judah now divided, and have been separate for the last two thousand five hundred and sixty-two years? And this prophecy foretells their literal restoration to the promised land, and their union as one nation, no more to be separated. But the predictions of this mighty event are intermingled with the prophecies of the final triumph of the kingdom of Christ, and with those of the great battle of Gog and Magog, or the downfall of Antichrist, the beast and false prophet. (See Ezekiel xxxviii, xxxix.)

The prophet Isaiah, (11th chapter,) takes a concise and clear view of the Messiah's kingdom; his origin, as it respects his human nature; and the final triumph of his gospel and kingdom, when “the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea: when the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain. And it shall come to pass *in that day*, that the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people, which shall be left from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea. And he shall set up an ensign for the nation, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, [reader, recollect that the Ten Tribes are represented as outcasts, or cast off from all society and association with the nations of the earth,] and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.” How beautifully the prophet keeps up the distinction be-

tween Judah and Israel! Judah is dispersed among the nations of the earth, to the four corners; but Israel is in an outcast state from all society with the nations of the world.

This prophecy clearly points us to the place whence we are to look for the return of the Ten Tribes from an outcast state, or a state of heathenism. But their restoration and re-union is our present subject of inquiry. The prophet continues: "The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim. But they shall fly upon the shoulders of the Philistines toward the west; they shall spoil them of the east together; they shall lay their hand upon Edom and Moab; and the children of Ammon shall obey them. And the Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea; and with his mighty wind shall he shake his hand over the river, and shall smite it in the seven streams, and make men go over dryshod. And there shall be an highway for the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria; like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt." (Verses 13-16.) In this prophecy we are shown that whatever are the obstacles, or the seeming impossibilities to the fulfillment of the purposes of God, in restoring the whole of Israel to the promised land, (viz., Judah dispersed and Ephraim cast out,) they shall be removed by the power of God, as the tongue of the Egyptian (or the Red) sea was divided, and the waters of Jordan rolled back to let Moses and Joshua and Israel pass on to the land of Canaan. So it will be when God sets himself the second time to restore his people. When he speaks to Judah to come from the four corners of the earth, and to Israel

from their outcast state of heathenism, all will obey, for the Lord hath spoken. Isaiah, in the 12th chapter of his prophecy, shows the happy state of this long rejected people, when Judah and Israel are restored, and united under the banner of Prince Immanuel, the Savior, whom they rejected, crucified, and said, "His blood be on us and our children;" (two thousand five hundred and sixty-two years has this curse followed this people;) but now converted to God through faith in the crucified; restored by the power of God to liberty and to Palestine, their own country. "*In that day* thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation; the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Therefore, with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." They had forsaken the fountains of living water, by rejecting Christ, and had hewn out for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, which could hold no water, like all who reject the Savior; but they had got back to the wells, and now they draw the water of life. "And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted. Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth."

The restoration of Judah and Israel to the promised land shall have more notoriety in the world than their deliverance from Egyptian slavery. O how transported will be their feelings of gratitude to God, for their glorious deliverance from the dark night, which for more than twenty-five centuries has hung over their beclouded minds! The following shows their joy: "Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One

of Israel in the midst of thee." (Isaiah xii, 6.) The Ten Tribes are called outcast Israel, and Judah the dispersed Jews. This distinction is kept up throughout the prophecies. "Then shalt thou [Judah] say in thine heart, Who hath begotten me these, [Ten Tribes,] seeing I have lost my children and am desolate, a captive, and removing to and fro? and who hath brought up these? [Ten Tribes.] Behold, I was left alone; [they have been lost,] these, where had they been?" (Isaiah xlix, 21.) From this passage some infer that during the dispersed state of the Jews, the Ten Tribes were entirely unknown to them. They were outcasts from the nations; for if they had been living in any nation, the Jews would have found them. But they were cast out from the social world, from the knowledge of all men, as Hebrews, and were lost to the world as well as to the Jews. It must follow that the Ten Tribes have somewhere on earth a distinct existence, in their outcast state; and there is no avoiding the conclusion, that if God has promised to restore them with Judah to the promised land, they must exist somewhere as a separate people, unknown as the descendants of ancient Israel. In Jeremiah iii, it is directed to call on them to return from their backslidings; for he (the Lord) is married unto them. "And I will bring them to Zion. In those days the house of Judah shall walk with the house of Israel, and they shall come together out of the land of the north, to the land that I have given for an inheritance unto your fathers."

The foregoing quotations are sufficient to show that God has not forgotten his ancient promise; that the promised land shall be an inheritance for the seed of Abraham for ever; that although they have been driven out for their sins, dispersed, and are outcasts in the earth, yet the Lord

will literally restore both houses of ancient Israel, and make both one; that he has preserved the Ten Tribes as outcasts, a separate and distinct people, as the house of Judah. Now the inquiry is, "Where are they?" If we say the aboriginals of North and South America are the descendants of the ancient Israelites, we are gravely asked, "How did they get to this continent?" And we, in return, might ask, "How did the aboriginals themselves get here?" And we are inclined to think it more likely that the migration would be accomplished by the Ten Tribes than by any other people; for if God designed to make them outcasts from all the social world, his power could easily accomplish it; and we have evidence before us how he did deliver Israel from the Egyptians. Was he at a loss for men or means? Did he not feed them, defend them, and for forty years take care of them in the wilderness; and, by his own power, overcome all their enemies and give them possession of the promised land? And so, when he intended to banish the Ten Tribes from the social world, and make them outcasts from society, that he had the power to accomplish it, none will deny. Is there not a greater probability that he directed them to this vast continent, than any other people? I am not one of those who believe that blind chance peoples continents, and raises up and puts down empires; but that all are under the direction of God, to bring about his mighty purposes of good to a fallen world. If our aboriginals are not the descendants of the Ten Tribes, where are they? They must exist somewhere. Is there any other people existing in any country that has any similarity to them? Would not some of the Jews of the house of Judah have found them before this time? for there is not a nation of the old world which the Jews do not inhabit; and yet

they have not found their brethren, the Ten Tribes of Israel, nor one trace of them; therefore, they must be outcasts from all human beings, and remain unknown to the world. It is more likely, that in the providence of God they were directed to this great wilderness. And it is very natural to suppose that they were not willing to live in Media, amongst their masters and the worship of that country, which was so adverse to their own sentiments. And if there can be any dependence on the truth of the Apocrypha for history—and we think there can be—we shall find much to strengthen this conjecture. In 2 Esdras, chap. xiii, it is thus written: “Those are the ten tribes which were carried away prisoners out of their own land in the time of Osea (2 Kings xvii, 3) the king, whom Salmanasar the king of Assyria led away captive, and he carried them over the waters, (Joshua xxiv, 3–15,) and so they came into another land. But they took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a far country, where never mankind dwelt, that they might there keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land. And they entered into Euphrates by the narrow passes of the river. For the Most High then showed signs for them, and held still the flood till they were passed over. For through that country there was a great way to go, namely, of a year and a half: and the same region is called Arsareth, (or Ararat, Genesis viii, 4.) Then dwelt they there until the latter time; and now when they shall begin to come, the Highest shall stay the springs of the stream again, that they may go through.” (See Isaiah xi, 15; Rev. xvi, 12.)

Ararat, or Armenia, lies north of Media, where the Ten Tribes were planted by their captors. From thence they

must have taken a north or northeast direction. This writer says, "They entered into Euphrates by the narrow passes of the river." He must have meant that they passed the river in its upper streams, towards Georgia, and must have taken their course between the Black and Caspian seas, which would lead them to the northeast of Ararat. This seems just such a circumstance as we might have expected, had God determined to separate them from the world, and make them outcasts from society, and banish them to unknown parts, where they might dwell by themselves. The route up the Euphrates, and then northeasterly, would bring them to Behring's Straits, over which they could readily pass to the American continent. I might continue quoting the prophets to prove the opinion, that the Ten Tribes are preserved a separate and distinct people in their outcast state, and that they will be brought back to the promised land by the God of Jacob.

But in what respect do the Indians resemble the Jews, and what reasons have we to believe they are the descendants of the Ten Tribes? The American Indians have one origin. They all have the same complexion, with but little shades of variation. Ulloa, who is quoted by Dr. Williams, had an extensive acquaintance with the Indians in both South and North America. Speaking of the Indians of Cape Breton, in the latter, he declares them to be the "same people with the Indians of Peru." The Indians are all of a copper color, some nations of them being of a deeper, and some of a lighter hue. In their modes of living, some tribes are much more cleanly than others, and have a greater respect to their personal appearance. This will make some difference in their complexion. Those who grease them-

selves much with oil, and are dirty, will look darker than those of more cleanly habits. - I observed at the Mission School, that when the children were washed and kept clean, they were of a much lighter color than when they came to us. And whatever effect the great variety of climate in North and South America may have had in changing the color of the skin, still it is abundantly evident that the various Indian tribes and nations inhabiting this continent, form one distinct race of people, descending from the same original stock. With the Indians spoken of, we do not include the *Esquimaux*, that are found in Labrador, in Greenland, and around Hudson's Bay. All these are evidently a different race, and are much more easily identified with the Laplanders, Nova Zemblans, Samoyeds and Tartars, in their complexion, manners, worship, customs, &c., &c. The American Indians have black eyes and coarse black hair, high cheek bones, and in their appearance much resemble the sons of Jacob. The celebrated William Penn, who saw these Indians before they had been afflicted with the rude treatment of the white people, gives the following account of the natives of Pennsylvania, in a letter to a friend in England: "I found them with like countenances with the Hebrew race; and their children of so lively a resemblance to them, that a man would think himself in Duke's Place or Barry-street, London, where he sees them."

Here, without the least previous idea of those natives being Israelites, this shrewd man was struck with the resemblance between them. He speaks of their dress and trinkets, as notable, like those of ancient Israel; their ear-rings, nose-jewels, bracelets on their arms and legs, rings on their fingers, neck-laces made of polished shells found in their rivers and on their coasts, bands, shells and

feathers ornamenting the heads of their females, and strings of beads adorning various parts of the body. They have a universal belief amongst them that they are an original people, who have existed unchanged from the beginning of time. The Delawares call themselves *Leni Lenna-pe*, which signifies an *original people*. This tradition is general, and shows that they are under the same prejudices of the Jews, who still call themselves the *original people*. The Indians are much prejudiced against mixing with the whites. The head chief of the Wyandotts advised his people to quit mixing with the whites; for, said he, it will ultimately destroy and ruin the nation, and make them another people. He said the Great Spirit would be angry with them for doing so; that the Great Spirit had made them an original people, and did not intend that they should change their color, their religion, or their manner of life. This idea of their origin makes them feel very self-important; and it is so strongly grounded in them, that they would as soon give up their lives as their original dignity. But the whites they hold to be a mixed race; and that this fact is evinced by the variety in their features, and the difference of color in their eyes and hair. And being a mixed race, they are therefore a mischievous and a troublesome people, never contented, but always employed in doing evil. They say that the British and American people are like the two blades of a pair of scissors, which seem to cut themselves, but cut only what comes between them: and that has been the poor Indians. Their manner of living is another evidence that the Indian nations have but one origin. They are wanderers, seeking food wherever they can find it, whether in animals or the natural productions of the earth or forest. Their manner of traveling, hunting, camping, or

building huts for temporary convenience, is the same, and with as much uniformity as if they all acted by instinct.

There can be but little doubt that their different dialects are all derived from the same root. The earliest and most responsible travelers amongst them, agree in this. Charlevoix, in his history of Canada, says, "The Algonquin and the Huron (or Wyandott) languages, (which he says is as nearly the same as the French and old Norman,) have between them the language of all the savage nations we are acquainted with. Whosoever should well understand both of these, might travel without an interpreter more than fifteen hundred leagues of country, and make himself understood by a hundred different nations, who have each their peculiar tongue." The Algonquin was the dialect of the Wolf (or Mohegan) tribe, and of most of the native tribes of Virginia and New England. Dr. Jonathan Edwards, son of President Edwards, lived in his youth amongst the Indians, and he became as familiar with the Mohegan dialect as with his mother tongue. He had also a good knowledge of the Mohawk dialect. He pronounced the Mohegan the most extensive of all the Indian dialects of North America. He names not less than sixteen other tribes, besides the original tribes of New England, as agreeing with the Mohegan. Herein the Doctor agrees with the testimony of Charlevoix, just quoted. The language of the great Chippewa family, in the north, and that of the Ottowas, Ozibbewas, (or Chippewas,) and Potawatomes, are so nearly alike, that he who is well acquainted with the one can understand the others. And these tribes extend from the Lake of the Woods nearly to the Rocky Mountains. (See Tanner's Narrative.)

Dr. Boudinot, who perhaps as much as any other man

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

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

tends every individual by his providence. This belief of one God among all the tribes and nations of Indians is not doubted or disputed, but acknowledged by all travelers and traders: Adair, M'Kinzie, Carver, Morse, Hackewelder, Schoolcroft, Clark and Lewis, &c. Adair says, that all the Indians with whom he was acquainted, and he was a trader with them for forty years before the Revolutionary war, worship one God, Jehovah. M'Kinzie says, the word *Ma-ni-to*, which means Spirit, signifies the same thing among all the tribes throughout the arctic regions, and all believe in him. Doctor Morse, speaking of the manners and customs of the Sacs, Foxes and Potawatomies, says, they worship the Great Spirit by feasting to him. This writer says in another place, the belief of the Indians in reference to the creation is not very unlike our own. One of the Sac chiefs said, that they believed the Great Spirit in the first place created from the dust of the earth two men; but finding that these would not answer his purpose, he took from each a rib, and made two women; and from these descended all the nations of the earth. Mr. Schoolcroft bears his testimony to the same thing. Du Pratz, another traveler, was intimate with the Indians on the Mississippi. He inquired of them the nature of their worship. The chiefs informed him that they worshiped the Great and Most Perfect Spirit; and said, "He is so great and powerful, that in comparison with him, all others are nothing. He made all things that we see, and all things that we cannot see." Another author says, that the Indians have but one God, the Great Yo-he-wah, whom they call the Great, Beneficent, Supreme and Holy Spirit, who dwells in the clouds, and who dwells with good people. Carver says, "It is certain the Indians do acknowledge one Supreme Being,

or giver of life, who presides over all things, the Great Spirit; and they look up to him as the source of all good, *who is infinitely good.*" Who ever heard an Indian speaker, when about to address an auditory, that did not say something in reference to the Great Spirit? And in the common civilities of life, this good Being is brought into notice as the great benefactor and gracious dispenser of all our blessings. Here, then, is another striking semblance existing in all the North American Indians. Lewis and Clark inform us of the great Mandan nation thus: "The whole religion of the Mandans consist in a belief of one Great Spirit presiding over their destinies, to propitiate whom every attention is lavished, and every personal consideration is sacrificed. Hackewelder, a venerable missionary amongst the Indians for forty years, says, "Habitual devotion to the *Great First Cause*, a strong feeling of gratitude for the benefits he confers, is one of the prominent traits which characterizes the mind of the untutored Indian. He believes it to be his duty to adore and worship his Creator and Benefactor." Gookin, a writer in New England in 1674, says of the natives generally, "They acknowledge one great supreme doer of good." Roger Williams, one of the first settlers of New England, says, "He that questions whether God made the world, the Indians will teach him." He adds, "I must acknowledge I have in my intercourse with them, received many confirmations of these two points: 1st. That God is. 2d. That he is a rewarder of all that diligently seek him. If they receive any good in hunting, fishing, or harvesting, they acknowledge God in all of it, and return him thanks." I need not quote more testimony on this part of the argument; for it is full enough to convince those that will be satisfied with evi-

dence, and more would not convince those that evidence cannot convince.

I believe a division of these people into tribes by law, prevails to a great extent, in some form or other, amongst all the aboriginals of this country. The Hurons, or Wyandotts, have ten distinct tribes in their nation. These tribes are kept up by the mother's side, and all her children belong to her tribe. Every tribe has its totem, or some animal, which is the distinguishing mark of the tribe. The *totems* of the Wyandotts are the *bear, wolf, deer, porcupine, beaver, eagle, snake, big turtle, little turtle*, and the *land terrapin*, or turtle. Each of these tribes has its chief, or patriarch; and these chiefs compose the grand council of the nation. Out of one of these tribes always is chosen the head chief; and they are the royal tribe. But this chief is nominated by three other tribes: the Bear, the Deer, and the Big Turtle. When he is chosen, he has the power of presiding in all councils, and of choosing his *aid*, who is called the *little chief*, and of appointing the *war pole*, or *war chief*. It takes the council to declare war; but when war is declared, he, with his war chief, has the sole right of command, and all are bound to obey; and yet he and his war chief are accountable to the council for their conduct in carrying on the war. The chiefs settle all civil matters between their tribes in council; and any difficulty in the tribe is settled by the patriarch, or the tribe's chief, and his council; for he has the right to appoint town chiefs, whose duty it is to keep order in villages, or on hunting parties. The oldest man in the tribe is generally the tribe chief; for all the persons belonging to a tribe are considered as one family, and all near akin. There is no law or custom amongst Indians that is so scrupulously regarded,

and adhered to with so much tenacity; as the tribe law. No person is allowed to marry in his or her own tribe, or to have any sexual intercourse with one of his own tribe. No crime that Indians could commit, would so effectually destroy their character, or disgrace them so much as this. Nothing can ever restore them to their lost character. Murder, adultery, or fornication, is not half the crime in their estimation as a violation of the tribe law; and in some instances they have been put to death for it. When a man wants a wife, he must have the consent of her tribe, and most generally he goes to live with his wife in her tribe. They do not amalgamate property. She keeps hers, and he his; and if they should separate from each other, as they frequently do, he can neither take her property or children without her consent, or the consent of her tribe; and although she does the work of a menial servant to her husband, yet she is not bound to live with him any longer than she pleases; and when she goes, can take with her, her children and property. The office of chief in those tribes is often hereditary; and if a chief has no heir, his oldest nephew takes his place. Town chiefs may be removed for bad conduct, or a neglect of duty, and another appointed in their place. I have often conversed with their oldest and wisest men on their division into ten tribes, but none could give any account; but said they supposed it must have been so from the beginning of the world. And some of them said, there was an old tradition amongst their grandfathers that they had two other tribes, but that they were lost a great while ago, so that they knew nothing of what their *cinimmee*, or *totem* was, and now they are scarcely ever talked of. The following is taken from Tanner's Narrative: "Among the Indians of the Algon-

quin stock, every man receives from his father a *totem*, or family name. They affirm that no man is by their customs allowed to change his totem; and as this distinctive mark descends to all the children a man may have, as well as to all the prisoners he may take and adopt, it is manifest, that like the genealogies of the Hebrews, these totems should afford a complete enumeration of the stocks from which all families have been derived. It differs but little from our institution of *surnames*, except the obligations of friendship and hospitality, and the restraint upon intermarriages which it imposes; and these are most scrupulously regarded. They profess to consider it highly criminal for a man to marry a woman whose totem is the same as his own; and they relate instances where young men, for a violation of this rule, have been put to death by their nearest relatives. They say, also, that those having the same *totem* are bound, under whatever circumstances they meet, even though they should be of different, hostile bands, to treat each other not only as friends, but as brethren, sisters, and relatives of the same family. Of the origin of this institution, and of the obligations to its strict observance, the Indians profess to know nothing. They say they suppose the totem was given them in the beginning of the world, by their Creator."

It is not as yet well ascertained how far this same law or custom extends; but it is pretty certain that something like it is held by all the tribes, and is seen in the choice of animals, which they choose for their totem—in their *medicine* for hunting, and other purposes. Renvill, an interpreter for the Sioux, after much pushing and cross-examination, admits that something of the kind exists among that people. The great Algonquin family

believe that all other Indians have their *totems*, though from the necessity they are in general under, of remaining ignorant of those of hostile bands, the omission of a totem in their hieroglyphic, or picture writing, serves to designate an enemy. This kind of writing is done on trees, by first cutting with a tomahawk, or marking with a coal, or powder or paint, the shape of the animal which is the totem of the tribe; then splitting a bush, or sapling, and sticking a piece of bark in the split, pointing to the course the company had gone, putting the sharpest end of the bark, or pointer, the course they have taken; and then with small marks across the pointer, or with hacks with a tomahawk in the bush, the number of miles to the camp. So in hunting for each other, they can always tell with certainty where to go to find their lodge, and tell by the animal what tribe or party is hunting, in any district of country; and if it is supposed an enemy is near, or lurking in the vicinity, to give warning to all that may pass, they, for those tribes, make the figure of a man; and then with marks, or hacks of the tomahawk, the supposed number of the enemy is given, and the course they were seen, or had gone. These signs were always placed on Indian paths, or water-courses—the forks of rivers, or creeks. In traveling through an Indian country you very frequently find these on trees; and if acquainted with the totems, you could tell as certainly what tribe you were in the neighborhood of, as if you were to see them; and by the pointer could tell whether they were near at hand or far off, with the direction of the course to find them. The Ottowas, or Tawwas, the Ojibbewas, or Chippewas, and the Potawatomes, have been close allies in all past time, and their dialects much the same. Their totems are much like those of the Wy-

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

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

took them into the plains and turned them all loose; and committing them to the Great Spirit, he abandoned them for ever. They burn animal flesh of all descriptions, in sacrifice to the Great Spirit; and also tobacco, the first fruits of their fields, and whatever is most dear to them. To show that they are willing to part from their dearest attachments to please and appease him, and to secure his protection, Col. James Smith, with whom I was well acquainted, states, in his captivity with the Indians, that his oldest adopted brother, *Te-caugh-re-tan-ego*, and himself, while hunting on *Ol-len-tan-gy*, (which is that branch of the Scioto called Whetstone, down which the Indians would descend to the mouth, near to Columbus; thence up the Big Scioto to the mouth of the Little Scioto; up this to a branch of the Sandusky river, that here interlocks, and in high water in the spring, can be passed with bark canoes,) made preparations to remove; but finding the river too low, and that they were in danger of splitting their canoe, this old Indian chief concluded he would camp on shore, and pray for rain. When they encamped, *Te-caugh-re-tan-ego* made himself a sweat-house, which he did by sticking a number of hoops or poles in the ground, the back pole forming a semi-circle. This he covered all round with blankets and skins. He then prepared hot stones, which he rolled into his hut, and then went into it himself, with a little kettle of water in his hand, mixed with a variety of herbs, which he had formerly procured, and had now with him in his pack, (this was his medicine-bag.) They afforded an odoriferous perfume. When he was in, he told Smith to pull down the blankets behind him, and to cover all up close, which he did; and then the Indian began to pour water upon the hot stones, and sing aloud. He continued in

this vehemently hot place for about fifteen minutes. All this he did in order to purify himself, before he would address the Great Supreme Being. When he came out of his sweat-house, he began to burn tobacco and pray. He began each petition with, "O! O! O!" which is a kind of aspiration, and expresses an ardent desire. He began his address by thanksgiving, in the following manner: "O! Great Spirit, I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs, (he had been afflicted with the rheumatism,) that I am now able to walk about and kill turkies, &c., without feeling great pain and misery. I know that thou art a hearer and helper, and therefore I call upon thee. O, O, O! grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, and that I may be able not only to walk, but to run, and jump logs, as I did last fall. O, O, O! grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears, as they may be crossing the Scioto and Sandusky. O, O, O! grant that we may kill turkies along the banks, to stew with our fat bear-meat. O, O, O! grant that rain may come to raise the *Ol-len-tan-gy* (or Whetstone) about two or three feet, that we may get in safety down to Scioto, without danger of our canoe being wrecked on the rocks. And now, O! Great Spirit, thou knowest how matters stand; thou knowest that I am a great lover of tobacco, and though I know not when I shall get any more, I now make a present of the last I have unto thee, as a free burnt offering; therefore I expect thou wilt hear and grant my requests, and I, thy servant, will return thee thanks, and love thee for thy gifts." I have given this act of worship at length, to show that the Indians not only worship God by sacrifice, but that they do it with great solemnity. Many of the western tribes sacrifice the white dog. This practice prevails with the

Six Nations; but I do not think that it was ever introduced amongst the Wyandotts, the Mohegans, Delawares, or the more northeastern or southern tribes. The manner of offering this sacrifice is once a year, and before the time the sacrifice is to be made, they make the dog as fat as possible. When the day arrives, the priests of the tribe have a great fire kindled, over which they intend to suspend the animal; and then he is taken and tied, his fore feet together, and his hind feet together. His mouth is also tied. Then he is suspended over the fire by the hind legs, and one appointed for the purpose, with a knife cuts both the arteries in his neck, and the blood streams down into the fire. After he is fully dead, and the blood ceases to flow, then the whole body is cut down, and he burns up wholly. In the meantime, the congregation are silent; but as soon as he is consumed by the fire, they begin their feast, and dance and sing to the Great Spirit for the most part of three days and nights. The prophets then prophesy, and it terminates in a great ball play. Between-the-logs, Mo-non-cue and Hicks, with myself, and Jonathan Pointer for interpreter, once visited the remnants of these tribes, on the Sandusky river, and it happened to be on the last day of one of these feasts, which was the Sabbath, and we found a large part of the nation playing ball. Let the modes of offering, and the different kinds of animals offered, be what they may, one fact is beyond all successful contradiction: that the North American Indians do approach the Great Spirit by sacrifice, and appease his wrath, and seek his protection, and the guidance of his merciful providence, by this kind of worship, and by offering prayers to him as their great Creator and Benefactor. Another thing of general belief among them is, the existence of good and bad angels,

The good are supposed to be under the immediate direction of the Great Spirit, and are always employed in doing good, and controlling the bad influence of evil angels, who, they say, are under the command of a great one, that is always doing evil. (See Rev. Ethan Smith's "View of the Hebrews.")

Among the Wyandotts, they hold their great yearly feast of *first fruits*. This is always held in the summer, when the corn is in roasting-ears, and their squashes and other fruit begin to be fit to eat. But before any are allowed to partake of these fruits of the field, they must bring some of them to be offered to the Great Spirit. On the day appointed, each person brings with him to the place fixed on, some of these fruits. They are all thrown into a pile, and then the women go to boiling, a part of which is poured out on the fire to the Great Spirit, and thanksgiving is offered to him for sending them those blessings; after which they all partake of what remains, and then a song of thanksgiving, and then the dance. After which feast, they all return home and partake of the fruit of their labor with joyfulness. They have their feasts for the sick and for the dead, the feast for war, their feast for hunting, the buffalo feast, the solemn or great feast; and there may be more, of which I do not recollect; but a full account of these shall be given hereafter. Tanner, in his Narrative, gives an account of their holding different feasts, all about to the same amount as stated before. All prisoners and travelers have detailed the universality of this custom amongst the aboriginals. Penn, Adair, Col. Smith, Schoolcroft, and a train of others, might be here quoted, and perhaps may be, in future, to prove this fact.

CHAPTER II.

The Wyandotts—Former extent of their territory—Strong and warlike—Division of the nation—Their bravery—Hospitality—Divide their lands with other nations—Diminution of their numbers—Gloomy reflections of the Indian in contemplating the extinction of his race—Ill treatment of them by the whites—The persons of the Indians described—Mental characteristics—Peculiar traits of character—Worship the Great Spirit—Their festivals—Medicine feast—Feast of dreams—Feast of giving names—War feast—The great feast—Wobbeno feast—Feast with the dead—Boys' feast—Garangula—Autumnal feasts—Solemn feasts—Buffalo feasts—Wyandotts in two tribes—Change in the dynasty—Form of government—Manslaughter and the avenger of blood—A singular example—Towns of refuge—An example—Law about property sold—A case where the author was concerned—Law about theft—Theft formerly almost unknown—Sanguinary law against murder—Its beneficial effect—Witchcraft—Case of a young man bewitched by wolves—Stewart and a witch—Horrible death inflicted on her—Games—Their religion—Believe in two Gods—In future rewards and punishments—In inspiration—Seneca prophet—Shawnee prophet—Inferior prophets—Polygamy—Hospitality—Reception and entertainment of strangers—Author eats a dish of locusts—Mode of eating—A case of two white men transgressing it—Their friendship and hatred.

HAVING, in the preceding chapter, presented some thoughts on the origin of the Indian race, I shall in this, give a brief outline of the history of the Wyandott nation, with a sketch of some of the peculiarities in the Indian character, as exhibited in that and the adjoining nations.

The WYANDOTTS were formerly called HURONS; and, 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 northwest 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, and was a bloody conflict. 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 Ottowas 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 cause a lasting separation; and a small part settled below Quebec, of which there is a portion yet remaining. 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 *Seminoles* of the south, from the fact of their speaking nearly the same dialect. The other part continued in the vicinity of Detroit. 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, Mingoës, Mohegans, Mohawks, Delawares, and Shawnees, and spread a deer-skin for them to sit down upon; signifying the allotment of a certain portion of their country, the boundary of which was designated by certain rivers, or points on certain lakes; and freely given for their use, without money and without price.

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

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

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

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. The destructive "fire water," (intoxicating liquor,) introduced among them by white men, has slain its thousands. The fatal small-pox has swept them off with the besom of destruction. Other loathsome diseases, introduced amongst them by the basest of our race, have consigned great numbers of their victims to the tomb. These combined causes have exterminated whole tribes, and swallowd up their vast population. The graves and bones of these ancient lords of this fertile country, may yet be seen. Once in awhile, a stone ax, or other instrument, is turned up by the plow, and frequently the stone dart or arrow head is found on the surface of the ground, the manufacture of men who had no knowledge of the arts, but who manifested great ingenuity in making them.

Much has been said about the barbarity of these tribes in their mode of warfare. But let it always be 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 de-

fense. It is true, they were ignorant of military tactics, and unacquainted with the science of war. They had not the 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 bygone years testify. Their bravery and unwillingness to yield, were clearly proven 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 canebrakes, 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.

In infancy the Indian males are placed on a board, and wrapped with a belt of cloth or skin, to make them straight. In early life they are subjected to hardships, and stimulated to acts of courage, activity, and firmness. The females are rather low of stature, and slow in motion. This may arise from their manner of life, being brought up to hard labor, and to carry heavy burdens. The men possess a lively imagination. This is discovered in the strength of their figure of speech and illustration. Their memory is remarkably retentive; and this may arise from their being destitute of the knowledge of letters, and having to commit all to memory. The correctness with which they can retain is most astonishing. In a speech made to them, every point is retained, considered, and answered distinctly. Their history and traditions are all kept in this way. They comprehend with great acuteness what belongs to their interest; and have given unnumbered specimens of their native strength of mind, and of their eloquence. They excel in stratagem to effect their purposes, both in the chase and in war. They are proverbial for their benevolence, and for the strength of their attachments to a friend—implacable, revengeful,

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

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

fire it would burn) amongst these people, and its most fatal and depraving consequences, those festivals were their principal and most favorite amusements, especially in the days of peace and prosperity.

The *metai-we-koon-de-win*, *medicine feast*, (see Tanner's Narrative,) or the feasting which forms a part of their great religious ceremony, the *metai*. This is under the direction of some old men, who are called chiefs of the *metai*, and the initiated only are admitted. The guests are invited by a *me-zhin-no-way*, or *chief's man* of business, who delivers to each of the guests a small stick. This is initiation, or inviting. In the south, they use small pieces of cane; in the north, quills are sometimes substituted, which are dried and kept for that purpose. No verbal message is delivered with this token. The numerous preparatory measures and ceremonies need not here be detailed. Dogs are always chosen for this feast, from a belief that as they are the most sagacious animals, and useful to man, so they will be more acceptable to the divinities than any other animals. They believe that the food they eat at this and some other of their feasts, ascends, though in a form invisible to them, to the Great Spirit. Besides the songs sang on occasions of this kind, they have numerous exhortations from the old men. Amongst much of unintelligible allusions and ridiculous boasting, their addresses contain some moral precepts and exhortations, intermixed with their traditionary notions concerning *Na-na-bush*. So far as I understand this personage, they believe him to be a being that does the work assigned him by the Great Spirit, and that he often intercedes with the Great Spirit for man, and will undertake to be his friend, and help him in the time of distress; or he will aid in appeasing the anger of the Great Spirit. *Na-*

na-bush is greatly admired and worshiped, as next to the Great Spirit himself. Whenever the name of the Great Spirit is uttered by the speaker, all the audience, who (if they are sober) seem wrapped in the deepest attention, respond to it, by saying, *ke-wa-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho*; the first syllable being uttered in a quick, loud tone, and each of the additional syllables fainter and quicker, until it ceases to be heard. They say the speaker touches the Great Spirit when he mentions his name, and the effect on the audience may be compared to a blow on a string, which vibrates shorter and shorter, until it is restored to rest. This feast is also kept by the Ottowas.

Wain-je-tah-we-koon-de-win, or the *feast of dreams*. Feasts of this kind may be held at any time; and no particular qualifications are necessary in the entertainer or his guests. The word *wain-je-tah*, means *common*, or *true*, as they often use it with plants or animals; as *wain-je-tah o-muk-kuk-ke*, a right, or proper toad, in distinction from a tree-frog, or lizard.

Wan-dah-was-so-wun, *feast of giving names*. These are held particularly on the occasion of giving names to children, and the guests are expected to eat all, be it more or less, that is put into their dish by the entertainer. The reason assigned for requiring this usage, at this and several other feasts, is, that all that has been cooked be eaten, is in imitation of the eagle and hawk, who never return the second time to any thing that they have killed and left.

Menis-se-no-we-koon-de-win, *war feast*. These feasts are made before starting, or on the way towards the enemy's country. Two, four, eight, or twelve men, may be called, but by no means an odd number. The whole animal, whether deer, bear, or moose, or whatever it may be, is cooked, and they are expected to eat it all; and

if it is in their power, they have a bowl of bear's grease standing by, which they drink in place of water. Notwithstanding that a man who fails to eat all his portion is liable to the ridicule of his more gormandizing companions, it frequently happens that some of them are compelled to make a present of tobacco to their entertainer, and beg him to permit them that they may not eat all he has given them. In this case, and when there is no one of the company willing to eat it for him, some one is called from without. In every part of this feast, when it is made after the warriors leave home, they take care that no bone of the animal eaten shall be broken; but after stripping the flesh from them, they are carefully tied up and hung upon a tree. The reason they assign for preserving in this feast the bones of the victim unbroken, is, that they may signify to the Great Spirit their desire of his protection, and that they may return home to their own country with their bones uninjured.

Gitche-we-koon-de-win, the great feast. This is a feast of high pretensions, which only few are permitted to make, and those only of principal authority. But I will say more of this feast hereafter.

Waw-kun-no we-koon-de-win, Wobbeno feast. This, and the other mummeries of Wobbeno, which is looked upon as a foolish and mischievous heresy, are now laid aside by all respectable Indians. Their feasts were celebrated with much noise and disturbance. They were distinguished from all other feasts by being held in the night, and the showing of many tricks by fire.

Je-bi naw-ka-win, feast with the dead. This feast is eaten at the graves of their deceased friends. They kindle a fire, and each person, before he begins to eat, bites off a small piece of meat, which he casts into the fire.

The smoke and smell of this attracts the *Jebi* (or spirit) to come and eat with them.

O-skin-ne-ge-tat-ga-win, boys' feast. This might be called the feast of first fruits, as it is made on an occasion of a boy, or young hunter, killing his first animal of any particular kind. From the smallest bird, or fish, to a moose, or buffalo, they are careful to observe this. They have another, called the medicine feast. During one whole day in spring and fall, every good hunter spreads out the contents of his medicine bag in the back part of his lodge, and feasts his neighbors, in honor of his medicine. This is a feast of great importance.

Ga-ran-gu-la, was a chief of the Onondaguas, amongst the Five Nations. In the year 1684, *De la Barre*, governor of Canada, complained to the English at Albany, that the Senecas were infringing on their rights of trade with some of the other more remote nations. Governor Dongan acquainted the Senecas with the charge made by the French. They admitted the fact, but justified their course, alledging that the French supplied their enemies with arms and ammunition, with whom they were at war; and about the same time the French governor raised an army of seventeen hundred men, and made other preparations for the final destruction of the Five Nations. But before he had progressed far in his undertaking, a mortal sickness broke out in his army, which finally caused him to give over his expedition. *De la Barre*, in hopes to effect something by this expensive undertaking, crossed Lake Ontario, and held a treaty with such of the Five Nations as would meet him. To keep up the appearance of power, he made a high-toned speech to Garangula, in which he charged them with infringing on their rights and peace; and that now he wished for peace, but on the

condition that the Indians should make full satisfaction for all the injuries done, and should promise never to disturb them again; that the Five Nations had robbed and abused their traders, and had conducted the English traders into their country, to get away their trade; and unless they gave satisfaction, he should declare war; and that he had express orders from the king, his master, so to do.

Garangula listened to these words, and much more in like strain, with that contempt which a real knowledge of the French army, and the rectitude of his own conduct, were calculated to inspire; and addressed himself to the governor, seated in his elbow chair, as follows:

“*Fon-non-dio*, (the name they gave the governors of Canada,) I honor you, and the warriors that are with me honor you. Your interpreter has finished your speech. I now begin mine. My words make haste to reach your ears. Harken to them. *Yonnoadio*, you must have believed, when you left Quebec, that the sun had burned up all the forests which render our country inaccessible to the French, or that the lakes had so overflowed the banks that they had surrounded our houses, and that it was impossible for us to get out of them. Yes, surely you must have dreamed so; and the curiosity of seeing such a wonder has brought you so far. Now you are undeceived; and I, and the warriors here present, are come to assure you, that the Five Nations are yet alive. I thank you in their name, for bringing back into their country the calumet which your predecessor received from their hands. It was happy for you that you left under ground that murdering hatchet, that has been dyed in the blood of the French. *Hear, Yonnoadio!* I do not sleep; I have my eyes open. The sun which gives

me light, discovers to me a great captain at the head of a company of soldiers, who speaks as if he were dreaming. He says he only came to the lake to smoke on the great calumet with the Onondaguas. But *Garangula* says that he sees the contrary; that it was to knock them on the head, if sickness had not weakened the armies of the French. I see *Yonnondio* roving in a camp of sick men, whose lives the Great Spirit has saved by inflicting this sickness on them. Hear, *Yonnondio*! Our women had taken their clubs—our children and old men had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of your camp, if our warriors had not disarmed them, and kept them back, when your messengers came to our houses. It is done, and I have said it. Hear, *Yonnondio*! We plundered none of the French, but those that carried guns, powder and ball, to our enemies; because these arms might have cost us our lives. Our warriors have not beaver enough to pay for all the arms they have taken, and our old men are not afraid of the war. This belt preserves my words. We carried the English into our lakes to trade. *We are born free.* We neither depend on *Yonnondio*, nor *Corbear*, (the name they gave to the governor of New York.) We may go where we please, and carry with us whom we please, and buy and sell what we please. If your allies be your slaves, use them as such. Command them to receive no other but your people. This belt preserves my words. We have done less than either the English or French, that have usurped the land of so many Indian nations, and chased them from their own country. This belt preserves my words. Hear, *Yonnondio*! What I say is the voice of all the Five Nations. Hear what they answer; open your ears to what they speak. They say, that when they buried the hatchet at *Ca-da-rackui*, in the

presence of your predecessor, in the middle of the fort, they planted the tree of peace in the same place, to be there carefully preserved; that in the place of a retreat for soldiers, that fort might be a rendezvous for merchants; that in the place of arms and ammunitions of war, beavers and merchandise should enter there.

“Hear, Yonnondio! Take care for the future that so great a number of soldiers as appear there, do not choke the tree of peace planted in so small a fort. It will be a great loss, if, after it had so easily taken root, you should stop its growth, and prevent its covering your country and ours with its branches. I assure you, in the name of the Five Nations, that our warriors shall dance to the calumet of peace under its leaves, and shall remain quiet on our mats, and shall never dig up the hatchet till their brother, Yonnondio, or Corbear, shall, either jointly or separately, endeavor to attack our country, which the Great Spirit has given to our fathers. This belt preserves my words, and this other belt the authority which the Five Nations have given me.”

De la Barre was struck with wonder and surprise at the wisdom of this chief, and equal chagrin at the plain refutation of his own. He immediately returned to Montreal; and thus this inglorious expedition of the French against the Five Nations ended. Garangula was at this time a very old man, and a very Nestor of his nation, whose powers of mind would not suffer in comparison with those of Rome, or a more modern senator.

The Wyandotts, with other neighboring tribes, hold a great fall feast, just before they start out to the winter's hunt. In this feast they offer as great a variety of flesh as they can get. Its annual observance is to secure the blessing of the Great Spirit, and to make them success-

ful in their hunt. In the fall of 1800, at the Rapids of the Maumee, near where Fort Meigs stands, I was present at the close of one of those great festivals. There were present Shawnees, (for they then had there a large town,) Ottowas, Senecas, and others. Their camps were spread along the river for a mile. Nothing was seen or heard but expressions of joy and merriment, as though God had spoken from between the cherubim, and said, "Your sacrifice is accepted, and all your sins are pardoned."

They yearly, and generally in the spring, hold their *solemn feast*. This is always held in the council-house, and is considered their most holy feast. They have a door-keeper, who stands with a rod in his hand, and no notoriously wicked sinner is allowed to enter, especially if he has been recently guilty. If such should venture to approach, the door-keeper touches him with his rod, and this is the signal for him to depart, and this is final. The most profound solemnity is observed during the times of this feast, which is commonly held two days and nights. Nothing is eaten but hommony, and that sparingly. During this festival, the chiefs sit down in a circle; then the men form a circle round them, and the women and children the outer circle. After their devotions, in recalling and rehearsing the goodness of the Great Spirit to them, as a nation, the old men recite the history of their nation and their wars, and then repeat the traditions of their fathers. The young men and boys listen in breathless silence; and the females are said to correct whatever is wrong, or explain what is not properly understood. By these means, and by memorials, such as the wampum, and other things, kept by persons appointed, the history of the nation is handed down with laudable accuracy.

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

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

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

general, who stands at the head of the war department. There are also appointed by the council, town chiefs, to keep order in the villages and on hunting parties. These chiefs have great influence in their respective tribes. If they be good and wise men, their advice or counsel is always taken.

A grand-mother has the principal authority over her children and grand-children. These constitute her true riches; and her own importance arises from this source.

There is one law existing, I believe, throughout all the tribes, the origin of which none could give any account of, and with which the nation never interfered. When one Indian killed another, the right to punish the murderer with death belonged to the nearest kin of the deceased; and this punishment he inflicts wherever he can find him. It was never known that the culprit defended himself, or made any resistance, but bowed his head to the tomahawk, or presented his breast for the butcher-knife; and it often occurs, when the murderer cannot be taken, that some of his nearest relatives are killed in his place. In some instances, three women have been killed to appease the relatives for the death of one man. But there are exceptions to the execution of this law. The friends of the murderer may go to the bereaved relatives of the deceased, and may make recompense by paying them property until they are satisfied, and so redeem the life of the criminal, which is often done. Sometimes the murderer is adopted in the place of the murdered. A remarkable instance of this kind occurred in the village of La Chine, in 1793. There were in the village two Indians, the one remarkable for his stature, being six feet four inches high, and the other for his strength and activity. These two on a certain day met together in the

street, and the former in a high tone of voice made use of some insulting language to the other, which provoked him so much that in a moment he stabbed him to the heart, saying, "I'll prevent you from doing the like again." The alarm was immediately given. A crowd of Indians assembled. The murderer, having seated himself on the ground, by the dead body, coolly awaited his fate, which he could not expect to be any other than immediate death, particularly as the cry was, "Kill him! kill him!" But though he held his head in a position to receive the stroke of the tomahawk, no one attempted to lay hands on him. After removing the dead body from the place where it lay, they left him alone, for none had the right to kill him. The deceased had an aged, widowed mother, to whom the right to dispose of the life of the murderer belonged. Sensible that his life was forfeited, and anxious to be relieved from a state of suspense, he took the resolution to go to the mother of the deceased, whom he addressed as follows: "Woman, I have killed your son. He insulted me, it is true; but still, he was yours, and the Great Spirit had given him to you, and his life and services were valuable to you. I therefore now surrender myself up to your will. You can do with me as you please. I have forfeited my life to you; and I want you to relieve me of my misery. Do with me as you please." She replied, "You have killed my only son, who was dear to me, and whom the Great Spirit had given to me as the only support of my old age; and now I am left alone. One life is already gone, and lost for ever, and to take yours cannot be of any advantage to me, either to comfort or make me happy. But you have a son; and if you will give him to me, to be my son, in the place of him whom you have killed, all shall be wiped

away." The murderer replied, "Mother, my son is yet a child, and can do you little good, but will rather be a charge and trouble to you. But here am I, who am able to take care of you, and provide for you in your old age. If you will receive *me* as your son, nothing shall be wanting on my part to make you comfortable and happy as long as you live." The woman approving of the offer, adopted him as her son, and took him and his family into her house, as her children, in the place of her dead son.

It is strongly believed that the Indians had towns of refuge, for the manslayer to fly to for safety, from the avenger of blood. Mr. Adair, one of the first British traders, speaks of this matter; and Mr. Boudinot says, "The town of refuge, called Choate, is on a large stream of the Mississippi, five miles above where Fort Loudon formerly stood. Here, some years ago, a brave Englishman was protected, after killing an Indian warrior in defense of his property. He told Mr. Adair, that after some months' stay in this place of refuge, he intended to return to his house in the neighborhood; but the chiefs told him it would prove fatal to him; so that he was obliged to continue there, till he pacified the friends of the deceased, by presents to their satisfaction." "In the upper country of Muskagee," says the same author, "was an old beloved town, called Koo-sah, which is a place of safety for those who kill undesignedly."

In their civil policy, property is always held for security until the last farthing is paid. No matter how often sold, or who owned it, the original owner has the right to come and take it away. This I know by experience. I bought a pair of young steers from an Indian woman, paid all down, drove them to the Mission farm, and broke them to the yoke. Sometime in the following spring, an

Indian man came very orderly, and drove off my oxen to his own home. I called on him to inform me why he had driven off my oxen. He told me that the woman had not paid him for them, and that there were three dollars yet unpaid. I told him he ought to look to the woman for his pay; that they were hers when I bought them; and I paid for them, and now they were mine." "No," said he, "I look to the steers. I have three dollars in them; pay me that, and then the steers are yours." When I examined into the law, I found I must pay or lose my oxen; so I paid him, and drove them home. I believe there is recourse to the first purchaser; but this is seldom done.

If one Indian steals from another, the loser may take his property wherever he can find it; and if he can get hold of the property of the thief, he may take as much as will remunerate him for his loss and trouble. Theft, however, is but little known amongst them, except that committed by the profligate and abandoned to dissipation. I was told by Honnes, that after the war with the Six Nations, the Wyandott nation was ruined. Before that time, it was seldom known for one Indian to steal from another; but after that war, they used to commit murder at their hunting camps, and plunder the skins and furs whenever they thought they would not be detected; and murder and robbery were carried on to an alarming extent. The nation, in council, decreed to put to death every such murderer. The trial and execution were as follows: When any person was found murdered, it was the duty of those finding him to bring him to the nearest town or village. Then runners were sent to summon the whole nation; and if any refused to come, they were suspected and brought by force. The dead body was

placed in the middle of the council, and all the assembly was seated round it. Then there were examiners appointed to call on each person to give an account of himself, and to communicate any suspicious or circumstances, that might bring the murderer to light. All who could not clearly show that no suspicion lay against them, were placed in the middle. Then a second examination took place of the suspicious ones, and the offender exhorted to confess his crime; for if an innocent person should suffer in his place, his guilt would be double. By this method they found out the offender. When the sentence of guilt was passed, the body of the murdered person was taken and placed on a smooth piece of bark, supported by a scaffold of forks and poles, two or three feet from the ground, and so fixed that all the matter from the putrefying carcass should drop from a certain place. The murderer was then tied, and so firmly pinioned to the ground by tugs and stakes, as not to be able to move in the least. A gag was then put into his mouth, so as to keep it open, which was so placed as to receive the drops from the putrefying body. In this position he lay, without one moment's respite, until death came to his relief; and this, the chief said, would be from ten to fifteen days. A few were put to death in this way, which so effectually broke up the practice of killing and robbing, that it is hardly ever known for an Indian to touch the property of another, even in the woods, unless hunger compels him to take some meat to subsist upon.

The Indians, like all other ignorant and savage people, are under the influence of superstitious notions, and especially that of witchcraft, which they believe to servility; and they very frequently put to death those that are suspected or accused of being witches. Their

conjurers, by their secret arts of pow-wowing, pretend to tell all who are witches, and all who are bewitched, and who has done the deed. I have no doubt but thousands of persons have fallen victims to these infamous pretenders. Nothing could save the accused from death. No office or services rendered, could avail any thing. The relation of father, mother, brother, or sister, could not deliver. Sometimes the council would appoint some near relation to be the executioner. These necromancers have with them all their apparatus to perform their wonders; and these consist in medicine and little images. Tanner, in his Narrative, says, "It is a prevailing belief, to which the influence of established superstition has given an astonishing power, that the men and women of medicine, or those who are acquainted with the hidden powers of the wusks, can, by practicing upon the Muz-zin-nence, exercise an unlimited control over the body or mind of the person represented, as it may have been in former times amongst the people of our race. Many a simple Indian girl, gives to some crafty old squaw her most valued ornaments, or whatever property she may possess, to purchase from her the love of the man she is most anxious to please. The old woman, in a case of this kind, commonly makes up a little image of stained wood and rags, to which she gives the name of the person whose inclinations she is expected to control; and to the heart, the eyes, or some other part of this image, she, from time to time, applies her medicines, or professes to have done so, as she may find it necessary to dupe and encourage her credulous employer."

But these conjurations are often employed to gratify a deadly revenge, or to possess the property of another. To give the reader a specimen of the impositions prac-

ticed by those sons of Belial, I will record one circumstance that came under my own notice. A young man who had over-heated himself and taken a bad cold, was much racked with pain and scorched with fever. His friends concluded he was bewitched, and sent for old Trezue, the head conjurer. He soon pronounced him bewitched; but could do nothing for him until his friends sent to the trading house for a bottle of rum. When this came, and the old man drank freely, he told who the witches were. Having gravely told his patient that one of his dogs had got offended at him for starving him and had gone to the wolves with his complaint, that they had all agreed to bewitch him, and had accordingly done it, he then took his patient, stripped him, and laid him before a warm fire, and cut his back with a sharp flint stone, until it bled freely. Then he put on his cupping horn, in which he had concealed a piece of the thick skin of his heel, formed into the shape of an arrow. This he stuck on his back; and after torturing the youth until he produced a most profuse sweating, he called all present to see that what he had said was truth, by pulling his cupping horn off, filled with blood and the witch arrow that had been shot into him by the dog and wolves. Having produced this, the by-standers, and the man himself, were convinced, by what they thought a demonstrative proof, that he was what he professed to be. The young man, from this sweating, got better. The conjurer then told him how he must do to make friends with his enemies. He must make a feast for all the dogs in town, and especially invite his own; that he must pour all the victuals into a trough, and then get down and eat with the dogs, after which his dog would take pity on him, and get the wolves to let him alone. All this the

young man most devoutly obeyed; and this wise doctor only charged him a horse worth fifty dollars.

Soon after I went to the Mission, there was a woman, who, to make herself noticed, gave out she was a witch, and that she had witch garments, in which she could fly, and that they were hid in the woods. John Stewart, the Wyandott missionary, told the people that it was false, and charged her with falsehood. But she persisted, and appointed a night in which she would undeceive them all. The night came, and many followed her to see her take her aerial flight. That there might be no imposition, Stewart went along. They traveled all night, from log to log, hunting her witch habiliments, but could not find them. Being outdone in this, she stated that she had killed a number of the nation, and, among the rest, a favorite son of De-un-quot, the head chief, who had died not long before. This enraged the old savage chief, to think his blooming son had been destroyed by this worthless woman—for she was nearly an idiot. He called a council and decreed her death, and appointed one of her near kinsmen, and another young man, to be the executioners. They took her out of her house; and her nephew, taking his knife, drove it through her breast bone, and ripped it down. The other, when she fell, struck his tomahawk into her head; after which they dug a hole, put her in, and covered her up. This will give an idea of the degradation of these people, from the influence of the belief of witchcraft, and what influence these base conjurers had over the lives and opinions of the people to whom we were sent to preach.

Among many vices which are practiced by these red men, few are more pernicious than that of gambling; and Tanner, in his Narrative, says it is scarce less hurtful than

drunkenness. "One of the games we used was that of the moccason, which is played by any number of persons, but usually by small parties. Four moccasons are used; and in one of them some small object, such as a little stick, or a small piece of cloth, is hid by one of the betting parties. The moccasons are laid down beside each other, and one of the adverse party is then to touch two of the moccasons with his finger, or stick. If the one he first touches has the hidden thing in it, the player loses eight to the opposite party. If it is not in the second he touches, but in one of the two passed over, he loses two. If it is not in the one he touches first, and is in the last, he wins eight. They fix the value of articles staked, by agreement. For instance, they sometimes call a beaver skin or blanket ten; sometimes a horse is one hundred. But it is the game called beg-ga-sah, that they play with the most intense interest, and the most hurtful consequences. The beg-ga-sah-nuk are small pieces of wood, bone, or sometimes of brass, made by cutting up an old kettle. One side they stain or color black—the other they aim to have bright. These may vary in number, but can never be fewer than nine. They are put together in a large wooden bowl, or tray, kept for that purpose. The two parties, sometimes twenty or thirty, sit down opposite each other, or in a circle. The play consists in striking the edge of the bowl in such a manner as to throw all the beg-ga-sah-nuk into the air; and on the manner in which they fall into the tray depends the gain or loss. If his stroke has been to a certain extent successful, the player strikes again, and again, until he misses, when it passes to the next. The parties soon become much excited; and a frequent cause of quarrelling is, that one often snatches the tray from his neigh-

bor, before the latter is satisfied that the throw has been against him.”

Horse and foot racing, and ball playing, are much practiced, as well as many other games and amusements, which would be tiresome to the reader, as well as exceed the limits of this work, to enter into a description of.

I will now say a few things of their religious notions. These Indians, although they worship the Great Spirit, yet they believe in two Gods: one that governs the whites, and the other the red men. How they came by this notion, is hard to conjecture, except it arose from their aversion to white men, from the treatment they have received from them. Their religious morals consist in skillful hunting, martial prowess, fidelity to their country, and observance of its religion. They believe in a future state of existence, and in the doctrine of rewards and punishments. A person that has not been good in this world, nor a sincere worshiper of the Great Spirit, will be cast off in the next world, and will have poor hunting ground, filled with briars and thorns, and a great scarcity of provisions; and will live as a banished being, in a state of exile from the society of the Great Spirit and of all good Indians. On the other hand, the good and faithful Indian, who has been a worshiper of the Great Spirit, shall live in great ease, and have a pleasant country to hunt in, filled with the best kind of game; and the Great Spirit will always guide him with a father's hand. They believe in inspired men; that God does reveal to their prophets things to be believed and practiced by them. They have often been led astray by men making these pretensions. Some years since, the *Seneca* prophet practiced a great imposition on many of the northern tribes. He said that he had a talk, or revelation, from the Great Spirit to all

the tribes, which was to the following effect: "That he was now about to undertake their cause, and would raise up, and make them a great people; that he would drive the white men back to their own country, and make these lands permanently the land and home of the red man." The *Shawnee* prophet, brother to the great *Tecumseh*, followed. He taught many things, and his fame spread amongst all the nations. Tanner says, "It was while I was living at Great Wood river, that news came of a great man among the Shawnees, who had been favored by a revelation of the mind and will of the Great Spirit. He taught that the fire must never be suffered to go out in the lodge; that the Indians must all quit drinking; that they must not strike or quarrel with one another, but live like brothers; and that the Great Spirit would now undertake for them, and all the nations must unite and rise, en masse, and take up arms against the whites, and the Great Spirit would most certainly give them the victory. These two men traveled through nearly all the tribes north, west and south, and encouraged them, unanimously and simultaneously, to arise and gird on their armor, and make one desperate effort to recover their lost country, and to appease the souls of their fathers and countrymen that had been slain by white men. The prophet assured them that the Great Spirit had talked with him, and told him that they should succeed."

They also have prophets of an inferior order, who profess to have visitations from the spirits of their deceased friends and their former prophets, that make to them many important communications. I have observed that these revelations were mostly received while in a state of intoxication, and always told at some public meeting or feast.

Polygamy is seldom known amongst these Indians;

for however often they may change their wives, if it should be every month, yet a man seldom has two women at one time. And this is, perhaps, owing to the jealousy of the women themselves, for they cannot submit to the state of things connected with a plurality of wives.

Yet, notwithstanding all their vices and superstitions, those Indians are brave and generous. They never say to the stranger, "Be thou fed and warmed," without sharing with him part of what they have. Who ever yet went hungry to an Indian lodge or camp, and was not invited to eat? It is a custom amongst them in their towns and villages, to select some suitable woman, and make her mistress of ceremonies, and the provider for strangers and visitors; and all the rest of the women are her aids, and must be subservient to her commands. When a stranger goes to an Indian village, all he has to do, is to dismount from his horse, and sit down. Soon some one carries the news to this woman, that there is a stranger in the gate. As soon as her arrangements are made for his reception, she goes herself, or sends a proper person, and invites him in, and gives him food and lodging, if he need them. If he has a message, he tells his errand, and all his business is soon adjusted. The hospitality of these people is proverbial, as I myself have experienced more or less for forty years. I recollect that on one occasion, being in the woods hunting, and having been unsuccessful in the chase, I had become very hungry. I happened to fall in with an Indian camp, and soon the squaw set before me a pan full of young locusts, that had just came up out of the earth, and had been gathered and fried in bear's oil and sugar. This was the richest dish my benefactors had. At first I was somewhat start-

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

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

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

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

troit, in the year 1800, in company with two others. We came to the camp of old *Tar-hee*, or *Crane*, head chief of the Wyandott nation. We had sold a drove of cattle, and had money, which we gave up to the chief in the evening. The next morning all was forthcoming; and never were men treated with more fervent kindness.

On another occasion I lodged at a camp where many of the Indians were intoxicated, and were singing, dancing, and fighting. I lay down in my blanket by the fire, undisturbed. I do not think one of them trod on my blanket the whole night. I confess, however, that I had some misgivings. In my whole acquaintance with them, I have found them warm and constant friends; but implacable, subtle, and dangerous enemies, who never tire in seeking revenge, and seldom forgive or forget an injury.

CHAPTER III.

Introduction of the Gospel among the Wyandotts—Their degraded condition before this—Their reception of the Roman Catholic religion—Its bad effects on their minds and lives—John Stewart—His conversion—Is impressed to preach to the Indians—Leaves Marietta for this purpose—Comes to Goshen, on the Tuscarawas—Then to the Delawares at Pipetown—Adventures there—Comes to Upper Sandusky—Kindly received by the Walkers—Interview with Jonathan Pointer, who discourages him in his undertaking—First preaching of Stewart among the Wyandotts—Decision of Mr. Walker respecting the Protestant and Catholic Bibles—Stewart departs for Marietta—Robert Armstrong—Visits of local preachers to the Wyandotts—They are recognized by the Ohio Conference as a missionary station—Rev. James Montgomery appointed missionary—Leaves the station, and becomes sub-agent at Lower Sandusky—Moses Henkle, Sen., supplies his place—First Indian quarterly meeting held at Ebenezer Zane's, November 19th, 1819—Interesting exercise of the meeting—Experience of Between-the-logs—Of Hicks—Of Scuteash—Mononcue's exhortation, and his remarks on whisky—Between-the-logs describes their ancient religion, that of the Roman Catholic, and the Seneca and Shawnee prophets—The Wyandott mission peculiarly blessed—Religion alone truly civilizes savage men—The author persuades them to have a school, and adopt the habits of civilized life—Address of the nation, dated August 7th, 1821, to the conference held at Lebanon—Dangerous voyage to Detroit—The bark canoe—Quarterly meeting at Detroit—Voyage to Portland—Journey to Lower Sandusky—An Indian poney.

HAVING taken these preliminary views, and given a brief outline of the history of this interesting people, I will now proceed to give an account of the introduction of Christianity among them.

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, until many of them became the most degraded and worthless of their race.

The Wyandotts 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, were the amount of their Christianity, and served but to encourage them in their superstition and vice.

In this situation, God in mercy remembered and took pity on 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. Sometime 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, until 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 course of dissipation, and the

wretched state of his soul, had impelled him to this course. 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 asked himself, "Would not my parents be better pleased to hear that I was poor, and honestly trying to make a living, than to hear that I had committed suicide?" And he then determined that he would do better; 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. But 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. But 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. But at last, his mind became more hard, and he comforted himself with the reflection, that once in grace he could not fall from it; and so resumed his course of folly. But one of his comrades dying suddenly, it alarmed his guilty fears, and his convictions all returned, so that he was often 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. With these he fre-

quently met. 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; and there he united himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and met in class in Marietta. Stewart now rented a house, and set up his trade, (blue dyeing,) and lived alone.

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, until 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 northwest 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 northwest, 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, until 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 Capt. Pipe, son of the chief of the same name that 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 English, "*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 afterwards 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 intro-

duce 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 until 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, his congregations began to increase; and I presume that nothing contributed more to increase

them, and keep them up for awhile, than his singing. This very much delighted the Indians, as no people are fonder of music than they are; and Stewart, availing himself thereof, 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 got 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 for ever; that they could not be saved in any other way, but must be lost for ever." 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 to-

gether at the time appointed. Deep interest was felt on both sides, and all waited in solemn suspense. After sometime 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: the one was printed in English, and 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 sister 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 amongst these Indians from November, 1816, until early the next spring. Through the course of this winter there was great religious interest awakened amongst the people. The interpreter, Pointer, professed to obtain religion; which 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 now called on all to repent and forsake these evil ways, for the Gospel had now reached them, so that they could understand it 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 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 speak-

er, 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 amongst the white people, and we never heard of him until 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 grand-fathers 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 until it has reached all the world, and all 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 afterwards Mononcue said to his friend Hicks, "I have some notion of giving up some of my Indian customs; but I cannot 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 pre-

-serving their health, and saving them from diseases. Hicks replied, "You can do as you please. I feel strange, and hardly know what to do."

Sometime 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 which time, a very aged woman got 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 silent spectators, in utter amazement.

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 now had 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 amongst 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, and 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. Sister Warpole spoke of making a collection for him; and ten dollars were given him for the purpose of bearing his expenses.

Sometime 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.

Sometime 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; which request Mr. Walker very readily complied with. The letter is as follows:

“Marietta, O., May 25, 1817.

“WILLIAM WALKER, ESQ.—Sir, I have taken the liberty of inclosing to your care the within written address, directed to the Wyandott nation, for their information and edification, hoping that it will, through the blessing of God, 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 owing to misfortunes and disappointments, to which we are all liable, together with a wound I accidentally received on my leg, will prevent my having the pleasure of seeing or being with you until 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. JOHN STEWART.”

The following is the address which accompanied the preceding letter:

“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 oft times 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 5th chapter of Matthew, 6th verse:

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.’ These words were spo-

ken 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, spake 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 him that is living in open rebellion against God, and going contrary to his commands—that closes his eyes against the light—that is barring the door of his heart against the strivings of the blessed Spirit that is continually admonishing him to forsake the ways of sin, and turn and seek the salvation of his soul; it is that man or woman who has called upon that 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 veil 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 calling on the mighty Savior, as his last, 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 until 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 cannot 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 it and you shall find it, for you shall reap in due season, if you faint not. 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 you that 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

will we 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, until he shall see fit to close your eyes in death. Now, may the blessing, &c. JOHN STEWART."

Stewart returned according to his promise, and found that but few of his flock had remained steadfast. Most of them had fallen back into their former habits; and one of the most hopeful of the young men had been killed in a drunken frolick. He set about gathering up what was left. He now found many Indians whom he had not seen before—they having been absent on a hunting expedition.

At this time, *Two-logs*, or *Bloody-eyes*, and *Monon-*

cue, raised a powerful opposition to Stewart, and represented in most glowing colors the destruction that the Great Spirit would send on them, if they forsook their old traditions; that the Great Spirit had denounced them as a nation, and would abandon them for ever, if they left his commandments; and exhorted the people never to think of turning aside from their fathers' religion. The summer is the season of their amusements. Their feasts, dances, foot-racing, horse-racing, ball-playing, and gambling, were the chief employments of these red men; and these followed each other in swift succession, until fall called them to resume the chase. Although Stewart met with opposition, he continued his labors with some success. Many reports were put into circulation; and some of the diviners saw visions. But Stewart continued his labors until the spring of 1818, at which time the Indians were all called to a treaty, to be held by the Government, at Fort Meigs, with the Wyandotts and others. While the Indians were making preparations to attend the treaty, Stewart deemed it advisable to return to Marietta, and stay until winter.

On his return, a new scene of difficulty arose. Certain missionaries, traveling to the north, called in the nation; and finding that Stewart had been somewhat successful in his labors amongst 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 exhorter's license, he frankly told them he had none. Through 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. The following letter I received from him, dated January 24th, 1838:

“DEAR BROTHER FINLEY:—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 you a brief account of the above transaction; 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. Amen.

MOSES CRUME.”

At this meeting, the local preachers of the circuit volunteered to go in turn, and assist Stewart until the ensuing session of the Ohio Annual Conference. Amongst 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 the 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 amongst them, and many of the Solomons-town Indians began to renounce their heathenism; and amongst the rest, Robert Armstrong embraced religion. This was a great acquisition to the interests of this mission, and the work of God; as he afterwards 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 7th, 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. Russell 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. John-

ston, 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 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 tried 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 towards 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 for ever."

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

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

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." Afterwards 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 settlements. 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 until 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 hindrances, 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 hindrance 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 sometime 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 men came amongst 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 sometime, 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 amongst 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 Mo-

hawks? 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 this was! All seemed dissolved in love. In the morning, we took the parting hand, in hope of meeting in a better world.

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 amongst 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 amongst 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, found them assembled and prepared to answer. On entering in among them, a seat was set in the midst of the room, and I 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 amongst 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 father know that we, the speakers, will not give over speaking and telling our people to live in the right way; and if any of us do wrong, we will still try to help him right, and let none go wrong; and we will try to make our head chiefs and all our people better, and we are one in voice with our queens, and we all join in giving thanks to our good fathers that care for our souls, and are willing to help our people; and we want them all to pray for us, and we will pray for them, and we hope our great heavenly Father will bless us all, and this is the last.

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

“*July 27, 1820.*”

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

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

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

was but little done to improve the nation. Some held on their way, others were added, 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 could 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 until 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 amongst them, on the manual labor principle, but could not succeed until 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 farther inform you that lately our council have resolved to admit a missionary school, to be established amongst 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 amongst us. As to the number of scholars our people will furnish the school to commence with, we cannot 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 teach 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 school-master, we think there will be no need of a traveling missionary to be continued amongst 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 Spirit. Amen.

(Signed,) DE-UN-QUOT, *Chief.*
 BETWEEN-THE-LOGS, *Chief.*
 JOHN HICKS, *Chief.*
 MONONCUE, *Chief.*
 AN-DAU-YOU-AH, *Chief.*
 DE-AN-DOUGH-SC, *Chief.*
 TA-HU-WAUGH-TA-RO-DE, *Chief.*

“Done in the presence and by
 the interpretation of
 WILLIAM WALKER, *U. S. Interpreter.*
 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 Muskunge 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 until 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 to take the middle shoot; 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, until, 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, until it closed on Monday morning.

There was a string of appointments made for me, up the river Rouge. I obtained a poney, 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 until 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 until 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 until 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 musketoes, that I could hardly get him home.

CHAPTER IV.

The author in August, 1821, appointed missionary—Want of missionary funds and resources—Preparations for his journey—Arrives at the mission—Cordially received—Lives in a cold, open cabin—Builds a new one—Works very hard, and prepares materials for building the mission house—Sufferings during the winter—Stewart teaches Indian school at Big Spring—Happy death of Mononcue's aunt—His speech at her funeral—Unformed state of the Church—Organization of a class at Big Spring, and one at the mission—Opposition to this course by the luke-warm and irreligious—Unprincipled conduct of the traders—Heads of a sermon at the mission—Between-the-logs exhorts—Indian woman's dream—Indians repair to their hunting ground, to hunt and make sugar—Author visits their camps to hold a two day's meeting—Eats boiled raccoon and molasses—The hunting camp—The houses, beds, and fixtures—Mode of hunting raccoons—Bears—Their habitudes—Mode of hunting them in winter—Young bears—Bear robbed of her cubs—Bear's flesh and oil—Bear's oil, venison, sugar, and parched corn—Account of the meeting—Return to the mission house—Meeting among the whites on Tyamochte creek—Mononcue's address to them on drinking—Difficulties of regulating classes and explaining Discipline.

THE Indians, in their council, having officially addressed the conference, and made application for a resident missionary and school, designated definitely the place and section of land chosen by them for that purpose, according to the stipulations of the treaty of Fort Meigs, in 1817. The conference accepted the proposal, an answer was sent to the chiefs and nation, and I was appointed to this work.

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 suit-

able wagon made, bought a yoke of oxen, and other things necessary—took my own furniture and household goods, and by the 8th 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 as bad as it could be. 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 for us to shelter in, 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 Gov. 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 it would be hard times. Winter was coming on, and my family exposed in an Indian country, without a house to shelter 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 worked almost day and night, until 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 repaired one of the old block houses—made a stable thereof 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 day-light, we were ready to go to work. 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 until 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 until 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, until 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 children and grand-children 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 sun-down 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 grand-children, now and then a broken sigh escaped. At last Mononeue 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 until 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 person to be in society that tasted it on any occasion. This condition I found many objected to, and plead 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 amongst 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 for ever.

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 hid 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 men 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 for ever. 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 the 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 until then. Now it is like the sun at noon-day. 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 sometime, 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 moccason 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 until 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 sometime; but the higher I got, the easier I traveled, until 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 cannot 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 until the first of April. I sent with them an appointment to meet them at Between-the-logs' 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. Wary 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, until 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 until 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 fine fare, do not quit yet." So I took a little

more; and thought it was a good meal, without bread, hommony, 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 centre, and the beds 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 two 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 with his fore feet, until it is 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, beside 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 an 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 the first shot, his comrade fires, whilst he re-loads; and so they keep up the fire until 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 until their skin becomes 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, until 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 evening. 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-legs, 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 eleven 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 nar-

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

“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 afterwards 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 cannot 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 an 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 for ever.

CHAPTER V.

Interesting examination of the leaders at the quarterly conference—Cleanliness promoted—Better treatment of women—Wicked conduct of traders—Scruples of the chiefs respecting holding civil offices—The author removes their doubts—His reasoning on this topic—Interesting camp meeting on Delaware circuit—Profitable quarterly meeting at the mission—Meeting at the Big Spring—Conversion of an Indian woman on the way, while riding to it—Baptisms and marriages—Organization of two small schools—Erection of the mission house—Dangerous illness of the author, occasioned by hard labor at the house—Illness of Mrs. Finley—Both recover slowly—Their great sufferings—Evil surmisings respecting Stewart—Bishop M'Kendree purchases a farm for him, and provides for his family—Ill health of the author—Unable to receive a re-appointment to the mission—Correspondence with Rev. J. Soule and Rev. S. G. Roszel—Speech of Between-the-logs at conference—Bishop M'Kendree's reply.

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 examination 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 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 arose 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 cannot 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 afterwards 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 spirituous 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.

Sometime 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.

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 our 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 afterwards 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; the 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, "Tamentare, tamentare! Homendezue!" (Take pity on us, take pity on us! O Great Spirit!) After preaching an exhortation was given; when we called up the 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 cannot 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, until we were overwhelmed with his goodness, and all united in giving glory to God in the highest. After a little respite, a sermon was delivered on the subject of the sacrament, as an institution to be observed by the disciples of Christ. Then we proceeded to the administration of the Lord's supper. The humble believer felt he had not followed cunningly devised fables, but that the Gospel and its ordinances, are the power of God to all that believe in Christ. Here many that were enemies to the cross of Christ, by wicked works, stood amazed and trembled, wept and cried for mercy, while others shouted for joy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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. This affliction confined me a long time. 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 sometime. 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, until 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 bed-side, 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 until sometime in the fall—before we recovered, so as to be able to do full work.

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 to 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 good

white men would look upon them as ungrateful; and further, that John Stewart had been appointed to help me, and if they turned 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 upwards 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 until he died; and then his wife and brother sold it, and appropriated the money to their own use.

For a more full account, the following letter, printed in the Methodist Magazine, for January, 1822, page 29, will be read with interest. It is a letter from the Rev.

Joshua Soule, (since Bishop Soule,) inclosing a letter from the author:

“TO THE EDITORS OF THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

“*New York, November 29, 1821.*

“DEAR BRETHREN:—Hoping that the following extract of a letter from Rev. James B. Finley, missionary to the Wyandott and other Indians, may be a source of satisfaction and encouragement to the friends of Christian missions, I have thought proper to submit it to you for publication in the Magazine. J. SOULE.”

“*Upper Sandusky, November 4, 1821.*

“DEAR BROTHER:—Before these lines reach you, it is probable you will have information of my appointment as missionary to the Indians the present year. I left my dwelling on the 8th of October, with two wagons, loaded with our household goods, farming utensils, and other needful apparatus, to commence a missionary school among the Wyandott Indians, with a design to embrace any of the neighboring nations to which we may obtain access. After driving hard for eight days, I arrived at this place on the 16th, and immediately commenced building me a small house for present accommodation, as a shelter from the storm and cold. By constant labor, I have already made this habitation pretty comfortable: and although I am in the midst of savage men, and very much fatigued by hard work, yet the Lord is with me, and I have enjoyed some precious moments, both in public and private. I feel much drawn out in prayer to God for the universal conversion of this people. I have tried to preach to them three Sabbaths, and our meetings have been gracious seasons. *Scuteash*, a chief of the Big

Turtle tribe, is our class-leader; and last Sabbath, while he was speaking to the class, the Lord poured out his blessed Spirit, and we had a season of sweet refreshing from his presence. One of the old sisters, who has been much afflicted, said to me, 'Dear brother, I thank the Lord that you have come to us once more; and I thank the Great Spirit that he sent you, that I might hear once more the blessed word. It has given me much strength; and now my soul is full of love to Jesus and his people. My sickness is all nothing, and I am now ready to die. All that hinders me is my children: I am afraid they will be lost for ever.' She then began to exhort them to seek the Lord *now*; for *now*, said she, is the best time.

"Through bad management, some difficulties have arisen; but I have no doubt but I shall be able to have all difficulties adjusted and amicably settled. The prospect of being extensively useful to these children of the forest is truly pleasing. They are prepared to receive the instructions of religion, and almost universally willing that I should have their children to instruct. I have no doubt, but if I had the means to commence with, I could, within two months, have fifty scholars. I have commenced a small school with fourteen of these native children. They learn fast, and can speak the letters plainly, and will soon be able to speak English.

"The Senecas wish to put under our care and tuition, fifteen or twenty of their children; and some of the Wyandotts, who are poor, and living in Canada, wish to send theirs also. Four of the chiefs have given me liberty to inclose as much ground for a farm as I please, and I can have the use of their saw-mill to cut plank, or any privilege I want, for the benefit of the institution. In a word, my dear brother, I believe the Lord has opened a great

and effectual door to the Methodist Episcopal Church to do this people good, and to extend its missionary labor, and the knowledge and praise of the Savior's name.

“To put this establishment into complete operation, it will require for the first year, between two and three thousand dollars. But probably after the first year, one third of this sum will support the institution. It is my most ardent desire and prayer to God, that he would open the hearts of our brethren and friends to *lend Him* this small sum. If I had only the money which even the Methodists in your city, not to say in America, consume in smoking segars, chewing tobacco, and in other unnecessary expenditures, how many of these poor little naked savages could I feed and clothe, and learn to read the word of God! O send over and help us! For the sake of Christ, and the souls of this people, get help from those who have to spare! Dear brother, I shall depend much on your exertions. Your last letter to me was one of the instruments that placed me in this forest. I am now in need of funds; but am still pressing on. I want to grasp all these children; and learn the girls to knit, sew, spin, weave, and the art of housewifery; and the boys agriculture; and all of them to read the Holy Scriptures, and serve the true God. This I know is a hard task; but by the grace of God, and the help of his friends, I shall succeed. I know I have the confidence of these Indians. God has opened my way, and I now see nothing to hinder my success, but a failure of means and labor. I am determined, by the help of God, not to stop at this nation, but to visit the Delawares, Senecas, Tawwas, and Chippewas. The two last live at Chicago, three hundred miles from this place. My interpreter can talk all the tongues, and the Lord has convert-

ed his soul, and he is willing and wants to go. I feel the heavenly flame run through my soul. I have confidence in God, that he will be with me in this important undertaking. Our conference is much in the spirit of the work. Clothes and food can be amply supplied in this country; but money is scarce, and the people are much in debt. I have confidence that you will do all for us that lies in your power. Your extensive acquaintance with the preachers may afford you the means of aiding us, which others do not possess. I pledge myself that whatever may be collected for this purpose, shall be faithfully appropriated to the best advantage. My intention is to inclose a large pasture, and plant fifteen or twenty acres of corn, and sow as much wheat, if I can. This will enable me to support the institution the next year without purchasing provisions at a very dear rate, or conveying them through very bad roads from eighty to one hundred miles.

“Dear brother, pray for me and my family, which now consists of myself and wife, two young men, and two young women; but must be increased by two additional teachers, as soon as our school house is finished. Farewell. Write to me, and give all the instruction and encouragement you can.

“I am sincerely thine in the Lord,

“J. B. FINLEY.”

“We may consider the opening of this mission among the aboriginals of our own country, as an auspicious prelude to the conversion of thousands and tens of thousands of these children of nature. After so long a time, the Christians of this happy land are waking up to the spiritual and eternal interests of their fellow men,

who, although inhabiting the same country, have never heard of salvation by the Son of God. Is it not remarkable that vast sums have been expended in this country, for the establishment of missions in India, while the numerous tribes of savages in our own neighborhood, have been almost entirely neglected? As all souls are of equal value in the sight of God, being all purchased by the blood of Christ, it should seem that, on this general principle, the heathen on our own continent, have an *equal* claim on the exertions of Christians. But there are various considerations which give the Indians of this country a claim on American Christians paramount to all others. Missions and schools may be established among the American tribes of Indians, with a trifling expense, when compared with those establishments in India or Africa.

“The friendly relation existing between many of these tribes and the United States, is a circumstance peculiarly favorable to the introduction and establishment of religion and civilization. But, at the same time that I consider these relations favorable to missionary enterprise, I am fully persuaded that the conversion of these Indians, under God, *depends almost entirely upon the exertion of individuals*. State policy has seldom embraced the conversion and salvation of the souls of men. In every age of the world, the prevalence of true religion has depended more upon the zeal of individuals, than upon national authority and influence. The history of the Church will afford abundant proof of this. Nearly every missionary establishment in the world, at the present time, is supported by individuals. Perhaps our government has done more to encourage and support such exertions, than any other under heaven; and if, as Christians, we

do not avail ourselves of this aid, we shall be doubly culpable.

“While writing these remarks, I have received information that delegates from a number of tribes of the western Indians, are now on a visit to the seat of our national government, with the most friendly dispositions toward the United States, and desirous to see their *Great Father*, (the President,) as they are pleased to call him. Happy will it be for them, and for us, if their friendly visit prepares the way to introduce them and their respective tribes to the blessing of civilized life, and the light and comfort of the Gospel. I confess I feel an honest blush at the consideration that the Methodists should be behind any religious community in a work which is worthy of the zeal of apostles. It is deeply to be regretted that the intercourse of the Indians with the citizens of the States, has generally proved unfriendly to their religious, if not their civil, improvement. The reason is obvious. Such intercourse has furnished the Indians with opportunities to witness those vices which would disgrace savage life, and at which the child of nature would blush. Ardent spirits, equally hostile to religion and civilization, have been made one of the principal articles of trade with these poor, untaught creatures. By this means, almost every disorder has been introduced among them. This tremendous engine of death, more destructive than weapons of war, has scattered its deadly venom into the abodes of savage life; domestic quietude, perhaps the greatest enjoyment of the Indian, is disturbed: in the fatal moment of intoxication, the parents rise against their children, and the children against their parents. Acts of violence and death follow in their train. Tribes are involved—war ensues—and slaughter, famine and

desolation, like ferocious beasts, roam abroad through the wilderness. All these evils may be traced to their *cause*. To what? Ardent spirits! How will the dealers in this mortal poison answer at the righteous tribunal of their eternal Judge, for all the evils which result to the poor Indians from this deplorable traffick? Already the Indians have suffered irreparable injury; for it is much to be feared that many of them have been ruined for ever. In consequence of this ruinous course, the work of the missionary and of the civilian, has become doubly difficult. Measures must be adopted to stop the progress of this destructive traffick, or to counteract its pernicious influence. Already thousands of Christians are presenting their petitions to the national authorities, praying for the arm of civil power to be stretched out, and for law to interpose between the Indians and destruction. We have, indeed, no expectation that civil authority will make them Christians, but we desire it may prevent unmerciful speculators from making them devils. The most effectual method of counteracting the pernicious influence of this practice, where it cannot be prevented, is to establish missions and schools amongst them: to instruct them in the useful arts, and bring them to the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. If St. Paul could say, 'I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise,' how much more are we debtors to the Indians of our own country? We are in possession of the soil, which, by the laws of nature, belonged to them. The same God hath created us. We are children of the same Father. What would our condition have been better than theirs, if others had not labored for our instruction and salvation? The time has come for the light of the Gospel to shine in the dark corners of

the earth. It is ardently to be hoped that American Christians will not sit all the day idle, while such a vast field lies before them, white and ready for the harvest.

“J. SOULE.”

The following letter from the Rev. Stephen G. Roszel, will also aid in showing the state of things at this time:

“*Baltimore, January 21, 1822.*”

“MY DEAR BROTHER:—Some of our young sisters are zealously engaged in this city, raising a juvenile society, the funds of which are to be applied to the education of the Indian children under your care. They give themselves the name of *The Finley and Juvenile Society*. This may satisfy you of the estimation in which they hold your laudable exertions to civilize and evangelize the savages of the west.

“The object of this letter is to obtain direct from you, what will be the probable expense of educating one Indian child per annum. Direct to me, to the care of the Rev. Abner Neal, No. 174, Market-street. I hope the good Lord will be with you, and give you great success and abundant fruit in your arduous labors; and although I cannot join you in the active business in which you are engaged, I assure you, you have my prayers; and I shall always feel a pleasure in raising all I can to aid you in your mission.

“We are progressing in our missionary societies, though we have but recently begun. In this conference we have already five or six promising societies. I shall not be surprised, if our preachers are active in this good work, if our conference, in a few years, should raise a thousand dollars per annum for missionary purposes.

Should the cause suffer or languish, it will be for want of zeal in the ministry; and if all our superintendents were as much in the spirit of the work as Bishop M'Kendree, they would inspire the preachers on this subject.

“Yours, in much love,

“STEPHEN G. ROSZEL.”

The next letter from Mr. Soule will also present the views entertained at that time, by this distinguished man, concerning the evangelization of the heathen:

“*New York, March 15, 1822.*”

“MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter, giving an account of the state of the Wyandott mission under your care, was duly received, and such extracts from it as were thought proper were published, both in the Magazine, and in a separate missionary notice. This notice has been sent into almost all parts of the Atlantic states, and I am happy to say, has been productive of the most blessed consequences. Many have been stirred up to zeal and activity in the blessed cause of missions; and especially in Baltimore a juvenile society has been recently formed, the funds of which are to be exclusively appropriated to the support of the Wyandott mission.

“I took the liberty to represent to the bishops, by letter to Augusta, the seat of the South Carolina Conference, the situation of that mission, and the necessity of making appropriations accordingly; at the same time, informing them that there were three thousand dollars in the treasury, subject to their order.

“In answer to this letter I received an order to pay over to you, for the benefit of the missionary establishment under your care, one thousand dollars. At the

same time, Bishop George desires me to request you, in his name, to write to him to meet him, at the Baltimore Conference, and let him know whether this sum of one thousand dollars will answer your purposes. I have thought it proper to write to you before I made any remittance, that I might receive such information from you as would enable me to remit to you with the greatest safety. If you could draw on me, and sell the draft there, at a considerable premium for such money as would answer your purposes, perhaps it would be the best, as it would certainly be the safest way.

“Should you be unable to sell drafts on me in this way, write to me, and let me know particularly what kind of money to send to you; (perhaps notes of the United States Bank would be as good as any for you;) and what quantity at a time, as it will be the safest to send it in perhaps three or four remittances; also give me particular information how to direct.

“I desire to know the state of the mission in general, especially of the school, and whether any of the converted Indians are learning to read. I have a particular desire to make a present of a large quarto Bible to one of the Christian chiefs of the Wyandott nation, with his name printed on the cover, in golden capitals. If such a present would be acceptable and *useful*, let me know, and name in your next letter the chief to whom it will be most proper to make the present. Be careful to have the name spelt *right* and *plain*.

“The great Head of the Church is marching in majesty through our land. Blessed be God, the western wilderness begins to bud and blossom like the rose. Farewell, my brother. The Lord give thee the souls of the Indians as thy hire.

JOSHUA SOULE.

“N. B. Your proposed history of the Indians, I think, would be highly interesting. I should be glad to contribute all in my power.”

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 were conducted there by brother 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 got along. 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 the Rev. Cornelius Springer, secretary of the conference. Bishop M'Kendree's reply is also added:

“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 our first brother to preach, we were pleased, and listened with attention. Then when you sent 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 this 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 backwards; 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, (viz., 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 dont 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 lands 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 my Finley amongst us in our own country, we rejoiced; and we have been much pleased with his living amongst 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 heav-

only 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 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 ways. 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 dont 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 amongst us, and 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 amongst us. For my part, last year I expected he would come amongst 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 amongst us ; and God owns and blesses his labors. May he still go on and prosper. We want him amongst us still. I know that the words 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 amongst 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 objections 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 towards 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 VI.

The author is appointed to the Lebanon district, and superintendent of the mission—Charles Elliott is appointed missionary—Arrives at Sandusky early in October—A school committee appointed—A school opened, and becomes very large—Two teachers, viz., William Walker, Jr., and Lydia Barstow, appointed—Revival among the children—The author quits the district, and takes charge of the mission—Brother Elliott is employed in making collections for the mission—Opposition of the heathen party—Bloody-eyes determines to kill his brother, Between-the-logs—The author's rencounter with the head chief, De-un-quot, and his party—Their dress—The chief maintains that there are two gods, one of the whites, another of the red men—The author's reply to this theory—Pertinent remarks of Between-the-logs—The head chief dies shortly after—His wife joins the Church—Difficulty in exercising Discipline—A curious case between a trader and Between-the-logs.

SUCH was the state of my own health and that of my wife, that at the conference held at Marietta, in August, 1822, it was thought doubtful whether I could take my stand again at the mission. Therefore, my name was set down to the Lebanon district, and superintendent of the mission, with the understanding that if my health returned, I was to go back, and brother John Strange was to take my place on the district. Brother Charles Elliott was appointed missionary, and also to take charge of the school. Brother Elliott arrived at the mission house on the 1st of October, and commenced his labors. The house now being in a state of readiness to receive scholars on a larger scale than before, the school increased rapidly. I did not reach the place until the last of October. We then held our sacramental meeting, and a council with the chiefs. We fixed on a time to commence the school; and lest some difficulty might take place to the disadvantage of the institution, we appointed a school committee, consisting of five persons, who were consid-

ered the most substantial members of the Wyandott society, four of them being chiefs of the nation, viz., Between-the-logs, John Hicks, Mononcue, Peacock, and Squire Gray-eyes. These were to oversee the conduct of the children, and if any difficulty should arise between the teacher and the parents or guardians of the children, or should any of the children misbehave or become unruly, the matter was to be submitted to the committee, who, after the parties were heard, should determine what was to be done in the case. And if any evil report should be raised against the school, and should the parents or guardians become uneasy, this committee was to examine into it, and make it plain and satisfactory to the nation. Having thus agreed on the plan of governing the school, I returned to the district. A short time after this, brother Elliott wrote to me that the school had increased beyond all expectation, and that the children were much in need of clothing. As soon as possible, I went to their relief with a supply, which lasted until spring. The school became so large that it was now thought necessary to employ a male and female teacher. William Walker, Jr., was employed to good advantage, as he belonged to the nation, and could speak their language; and sister Lydia Barstow was their female teacher.

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 out into shouts. First one, and then another, would go and join in singing; and others collecting to-

gether 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, Jr., the school 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 upwards of two hundred.

Circumstances made it necessary for me to quit the district, and stay all the time at the mission, and brother Elliott spent much of his time in collecting things for the mission.

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 Between-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. Sometime 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 until 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 afterwards in great peace.

Sometime after this, the head chief, De-un-quot, and his party, came one 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 ear-rings, 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?" &c.; and commenced on 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 conduct to himself, his drunkenness, &c.; and that all the good we have comes from God, to 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 cannot; and what he has said, will do for white men, but with us it has nothing to do. Once, in the days of our grand-fathers, many years ago, this white man's God came himself to this country and claimed us. But our God met him somewhere near the great mountains, and they disputed about the right to this country. At last they agreed to settle this question by trying their great power to remove a mountain. The white man's God got down on his knees, opened a big Book, and began to pray and talk, but the mountain stood fast. Then the red man's God took his magic wand, and began to pow-wow, and beat the turtle shell, and the mountain trembled, shook, and stood by him. The white man's God got scared, and ran off, and we have not heard of him since, unless he has sent these men to see what they can do." All the time he was speaking, the heathen party were on tiptoe, and often responded, saying, "*Tough gondee,*" that is, *true* or *right*; and seemed to think they had won the victory.

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 gondée.*") "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 grand-father 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 cannot show in all your Book, where an Indian is forbid to paint. You may find where white people are forbid, but you cannot 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 pun-

ishment; 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. The total ignorance of the Indians respecting Discipline was the cause. It was a hard task for them to learn the reason for, and the object to be ob-

tained, 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.

CHAPTER VII.

The author visits neighboring tribes—Conversation with the chiefs on the difference between Methodist and Presbyterian doctrine—Visit to the Mohawks—Dangerous passage over Honey creek—Interesting meeting and formation of a class among the Mohawks—Visit to the Senecas—The Seneca feast—Reception of the Wyandotts—Speech respecting the Seneca prophet—Preliminary answer of Between-the-logs—Commences a religious meeting—Admirable speech on the superiority of the Christian over the Indian religion—Answers and objections—Speech of Hicks—Speech of Mononcue—His description of the judgment—Effect on the hearers—Closing interview of the Seneca and Wyandott chiefs—The author renews his acquaintance with Wiping-stick, a chief—Good effects of their visit upon the Senecas.

ABOUT 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 subject 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 for ever. 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 cannot lose it. "And what becomes of the rest?" said Hicks. "Why," said I, "they are left to perish—the devil gets them."

“This cannot 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,” said Mononcue, “you would be a better father to take your tomahawk and kill him, than leave the poor fellow to starve. I don’t believe a word of such doctrines,” said he; “nor do I believe that a man cannot 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 sometime 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 spice-wood 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 until 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 hommony, 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, and to speak to us. We will hear what you have to say."

Between-the-logs then arose, and after returning his grateful acknowledgements 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 until 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; and when we knelt 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 cannot 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 amongst 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 guess work, 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 re-

ligion 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 then 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 can also 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, worshipping 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 worshipping 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 here 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 minister. "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 afterwards 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 until he was bit by a rattle-snake between the heel and ankle, his leggin not being tied down to his moccason. 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 sometime, 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 distance 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 until 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."

Sometime 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 VIII.

Quarterly meeting held July 26th, 1823, in the woods—Love feast—Speech of Between-the-logs—Good effects of the meeting—The school—Formed on the manual labor plan—Classification and employ of the boys—Of the girls—Bishop M'Kendree's visit—He teaches the boys to hoe—His letter to T. Mason—Mr. Johnston's letter—The Bishop visits and instructs the Indians at their houses—Interesting conversations with them—Religion can civilize savage men—Attempts of the government agents to purchase the Wyandott reservation—Speech of a chief on the occasion—The whites steal their horses—Expedient to remedy this—Journal of their doings in council kept in writing—Regulations concerning marriage and divorce—Extract from their journal—Laws respecting drunkenness—Case of a young man—Good effects of religion on its professors—Treatment of the children—Manner of convincing the Indians of the truth of religion—G. R. Jones' letter.

ON the 26th of July, 1823, we held our quarterly meeting at a place previously prepared in the woods, 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. Amongst 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 under their lofty and spreading branches I spent my juvenile years, in all the vanities and follies of Indian youth. Among the groves of this 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 over-awed 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, plead 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 parted, 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 house-work, sewing, knitting, spinning, cooking, &c. 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, &c. 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 his letter, dated at Chillicothe, Ohio, August 13, 1823, in the Fifth Annual Report of the Missionary Society, for 1824. There is also one from Col. John Johnston, Indian agent, in the same report. Both are given hereafter.

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.

The following is the letter from Bishop M'Kendree. (See Methodist Magazine, vol. vi, p. 393.)

“TO THE REV. THOMAS MASON, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE ‘MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.’

“*Chillicothe, Ohio, August 13, 1823.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—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, &c., 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 Christian 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 truths; 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 told 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 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, &c.

“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 in-

terference 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 Gov. 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 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.

“Yours in the bonds of the Gospel of peace,

“WILLIAM M’KENDREE.”

The following letter from Mr. Johnston, the Indian agent, will furnish a strong argument in favor of the mission. It is copied from the Methodist Magazine, for October, 1823, p. 396:

“EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM JOHN JOHNSTON, ESQ.,
AGENT FOR INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO BISHOP M’KENDREE.

“*Upper Sandusky, August 23, 1823.*

“SIR:—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 fine 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, turneps, and garden. Sixty children belong to the school, of which number fifty-one are Indians. 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 any 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.

“I am, &c., &c.,

JOHN JOHNSTON,

“*Agent for Indian Affairs.*”

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, until 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 until 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 until 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."

The Bishop left us in good spirits, and, I believe, well satisfied with the success of the mission.

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 Indians could not be christianized until they were civilized, and that they must first be taught the art of agriculture, and be brought to its habits, before it was 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 was 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 amongst the American Indians. The proof of this is fully given in the extensive revivals of religion amongst 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 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 for ever. 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 until 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 amongst 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 pay-

ment of missionaries, and all the expense of clothing and feeding between fifty and sixty children, was two thousand 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. By referring to the letter of Bishop M'Kendree, and that of John Johnston to him, it will be seen what the prospect of this mission was at the end of the conference-year for 1823.

It was a prosperous year, every way, to the nation; but difficulties 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, until 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 this 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 until death parted them. I then gave the reasons for this law: 1st. It was for their own good, because a number of wives would create jealousy and cause quarrels. 2d. 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. 3d. 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 for ever, for his guilt was condemned in the same way, as the word of God expressly says that none such shall enter the kingdom of heav-

en. The subject being new, was entered upon with care and close examination. But after they had 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 afterwards made application to be married, but was refused; and then to join the Church, but was also refused. This was the only divorce which 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: Provi-*

ded, 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 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 regulation was made public. The cause that produced this regulation, as stated by the chiefs, 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 it was best for them to try and prevent such evils, by taking the law into their own hands.

This conference year closed at the sitting of the Ohio Annual Conference, held in Urbana, in September, 1823. Much good was effected this year by the Rev. Charles Elliott, who spent the last six months in traveling through the districts and circuits, awakening in the minds of the preachers and people a missionary spirit. Rev. Jacob Young, and many others, did much, and manifested a laudable zeal for the prosperity of this mission.

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 Indians, who were considered the outcasts of the earth, who lived in the benighted forest, where superstition, ignor-

ance, 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, &c., 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. This principle is even cultivated and strongly felt in their children. They seldom use corporal 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 until 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 were 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, for ever.

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." This 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 amongst 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 until 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, until 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.

We will conclude this chapter by inserting the following communication from Rev. G. R. Jones, published in the Methodist Magazine, for November, 1823, p. 436:

“TO THE REV. THOMAS MASON, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH.

West Union, Ohio, September 18, 1823.

“DEAR SIR:—I feel a degree of hesitancy in attempting to sketch the history of a scene of which I was, in

part, an eye and ear witness; and which excited a deep interest in my own, and I believe, in the minds of all present. Conscious of my incompetency to the task, for indeed human language fails, had I any assurance that the matter would be furnished by other hands, I should willingly decline.

“A desire to furnish my mite to enrich missionary reports, and thereby circulate useful information, and strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of those actively engaged in missionary labors, and add to the number of its friends and benefactors, is my only apology for troubling you on this occasion. You are at liberty to make what use you may think proper of this.

“Yours respectfully,

G. R. JONES.

“At our late Ohio Annual Conference, held in Urbana, there were several of the red, and one or two of the colored brethren present, from the Wyandott mission at Upper Sandusky. Several interviews took place between our General Superintendents and them, during the sitting of the conference, at Bishop M’Kendree’s room, at one of which I was present part of the time.

“A few friends were invited to be present at the interview. As breaking bread together has been a token of hospitality and friendship among most nations, a cup of tea was prepared by the family, and at a suitable time they were waited on with it. Bishop M’Kendree, without any previous arrangement or design, appears to have been made a kind of master of ceremonies. He was waited on first. The sagacity of the red brethren was quite observable—they kept their eye on him, and conformed in every particular. Jonathan, a man of color, (who has served the mission from the beginning as an interpreter, and who, while engaged in this work, be-

came convinced of sin, and happily converted to God,) was one of the company. He modestly declined partaking with them, but being pressingly solicited by Bishop M'Kendree, yielded. After the repast was over, the red brethren joined in singing several hymns in their own tongue, during which a number in the house within hearing, crowded into the room, until there might have been as many as forty present. Mononcue, a chief, rose, and approaching Bishop M'Kendree respectfully, held out the hand of friendship, which was cordially received, and a warm embrace took place. This appears to have taken off all restraint. Between-the-logs, another chief, followed his example, and they proceeded round to all in the room, while sighs and tears witnessed the feelings of most who were present; but they were sighs of gratitude and astonishment, and tears of joy. The spirit of hostile foes in the field of battle was lost in the spirit of harmony and Christian love, which appeared to fill the room. I have witnessed few scenes which carried stronger conviction to my heart of the truth and excellency of the religion of the meek and humble Jesus. I was ready to cry out and say, 'What hath the Lord wrought?'

"A worthy gentleman, high in office and respectability, had received an invitation, and was present at the interview. It seems he had imbibed an opinion which is, perhaps, prevalent among politicians, that it is impracticable to christianize the aboriginals of our country. He was placed in a part of the room farthest from the door. When the chiefs approached him, all his unbelief appears to have given way, his arms were open to give the friendly embrace, while the flowing tear bore witness to a reciprocity of feeling. He was heard to exclaim a day or two afterwards, 'I am fully converted.' At the close

of the singing by the red brethren, Bishop Roberts made a few appropriate remarks, and we all joined him in singing, at the close of which, from the fullness of his heart, he offered up a fervent prayer. We again joined in singing, and one of the chiefs, (Between-the-logs,) being called on, prayed in a very feeling manner, while every heart appeared to respond the hearty amen! The meeting was then closed.

“From the various accounts of individuals, as well as from the report laid before the conference by brother Finley, the superintendent, the Sandusky mission appears to be prospering beyond any former example. May the great Head of the Church hasten the time when ‘the kingdoms of this world shall be converted, and become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ.’

“I am requested by Bishop M’Kendree, who is now in this town in good health, to inform you that the Methodist Missionary Notice, No. 5, came to hand in this place, and was thankfully received.

“At our late annual conference, the superintendents present divided the important business between them. The stationing the preachers devolved on Bishop Roberts. The missionary business, it seems, was committed to Bishop M’Kendree. He reported a plan to establish a mission among the Chippewa Indians, about eighty or ninety miles from Detroit; two missionaries to be sent to Michigan territory, to the Rapids of St. Mary’s in particular; and another plan to establish a mission in New Orleans, was recommended. These, with the reasons which influenced the attempt, the probability of success, the ways and means by which the objects might be accomplished, together with arrangements for the Wyandott mission, were laid before the conference, in order

to secure its approbation and co-operation. The plan was thought to be judicious, and the preachers resolved to use their influence to support the undertaking. How it will eventuate will be seen hereafter."

CHAPTER IX.

The year 1823-24—The author re-appointed, and with him the Rev. Jacob Hooper—Letter from Hon. Lewis Cass—Last illness and death of John Stewart—The author sets out for the north, to visit other tribes, accompanied by two Indians—Incidents on the way—The ring hunt—A Wyandott hymn—Sin of selling ardent spirits—Lodging at a Frenchman's—Meeting at the house of Honnis—Description of this venerable man—His speech—Roman Catholic priests among the Wyandotts—Mouth of the Detroit river—Malden—Brownstown—Detroit—Interview with Governor Cass—Crosses to the Canada side of the river—Forms the first Indian class ever formed in Canada—Return to Detroit—Revival there.

At the conference held in Urbana, Ohio, September, 1823, I was re-appointed 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-tried friend. We had been fellow-laborers in another field, in former years.

At this conference I was instructed to extend my labors to the Ottowas 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, previous 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. To my letter I received the following answer:

“Detroit, October 22, 1823.

“DEAR SIR:—YOUR letter of July 22d, was received here during my visit to Ohio, where I was detained by sickness, and whence I have but recently returned. This circumstance will account to you for the delay, which has taken place in answering your letter.

“I rejoice that such success has attended your zealous labors among the Wyandotts. I do not doubt the truth of your statement, for it is corroborated by information which has reached me from many quarters. Your plan has been well matured, and what is more important, it has been faithfully executed.

“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 confor-

mity 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 towards 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.

“I am, dear sir, with sincere regard, your friend,

“LEW. CASS.

“*Rev. James B. Finley, Upper Sandusky, O.*”

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, until at last, he fell a prey to it; but he continued his labors among

us until 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 among 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 10th, 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 Spring 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 for ever, 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 begun 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 obstructed by logs and swamps. This morning our pack horse got scared, and ran off with our camp equipage; but we soon caught him, and but little damage was done.

Our conversation this day, was varied, comprehending many topics. One, however, seemed to interest my companions; which was, the providence of God over the world. There were many things that seemed dark to their minds, and which they could not solve. For instance, we were passing through a great wind-fall, where every tree was either blown down or broken off. Now, what purpose God could have in sending so strong a wind into this wilderness, or what purpose it was designed to serve, was to them a mystery. I said, "My brothers, if you knew all God's reasons why he does so, you would be as wise as God himself. This we cannot know now, but we may know hereafter." "But has God the right to break down all these trees, when he pleases?"

“O yes, he has the right, for he made them; and he has the right to kill and make alive.” “‘There,” said Mononcue, pointing to one which had been broken off, “there is one that is like me. Almost all my friends are dead, and I am broken off at the top. Many winters have blown on my head, and the frosts of years have whitened it. These saplings fitly represent my children and grand-children. They are growing around my roots, and soon I shall fall into the ground, and they will cover me with earth.”

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,” &c.

This day my two companions and Pointer learned to sing the translation tolerably well, and we made the swamps 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 moccasons 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 their *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 amongst 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 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 prayer 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 sweetest strains, in Indian, the following hymn:

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

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

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

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

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

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 13th. 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 sun-set, we crossed the River Raisin. This is 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. Sometime 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 until 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 sun-rise we reached the woodland on Stony creek. Here the snow had drifted until 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 hungry." "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 until 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 a 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 sun-down 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 until 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 cannot walk without these sticks, and the sun is hid from my eyes. But I hope my children and grand-children will take hold of this great word, which God has spoken to all nations, and now to us, and hold it fast until 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. He gave me a history of the wars, customs, and manners of the Indians, which will be found in another part of this work.

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, until the blue etherial and the blue wave seem to meet. The heavens above, and the waters of the lake below, seem to unite together, and vision cannot 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 influence 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 sceptical 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 sometime, and then parted, in hope of meeting in a world of glory.

The next morning we visited Gov. 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," &c.; 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 Indians 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 afterwards 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, 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 meantime, 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 Gold 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," &c. In this discourse I gave a history of the creation, of man and his fall, &c. ;

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 afterwards ministers, to preach the gospel to every creature on the face of the earth. I then showed that God required men everywhere 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 Gold 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 Gold leader. Among those who joined were Samuel Brown, (afterwards 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 their 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 26th, 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 some 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 Rev. xx, 12, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened," &c. 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 until 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 X.

The author's return home from Detroit—Preparations for the journey—Incidents on the way—Sleeps on the ground—Passing the Maumee—He and his companions come to an Indian camp—Spoons of lynn bark—Return to the mission—Attempts of the heathen party to revive their old religion—Their curious notions respecting the Bible—The chiefs accuse the sub-agent—His trial before Mr. Johnston—Unfounded allegations against the author—His manner of defense—Mr. Johnston's letter—The author's life threatened—He employs no means of offense or defense—Respect shown to him by the wicked Indians.

THE next day we bid 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 until 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 out 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 until 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 until just before sun-down. 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 until brother Mononcue aroused me to supper. He had made soup, and in order to use it, he also made 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 meantime, 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 War-pole, 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 Col. 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 by 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 Col. 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 Col. Johnston to select a man who would conduct the trial for them. To this Col. Johnston readily agreed; and, after some little counseling amongst 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 for them. This trial lasted three days.

In the meantime, 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, on this occasion, I am able, and will do it, with your permission.

Col. 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 cannot 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; and it is in the following words:

"Complaints having been made to me by the Wyandott chiefs, against John Shaw, sub-agent at this place, a public investigation of the charges was held and terminated on yesterday; and, as it appeared in the course of the inquiry, that some insinuations had been made that the Rev. James B. Finley, or persons connected with the missionary establishment here, under his care, might have countenanced, aided or encouraged the Indians in making those charges against Mr. Shaw: Therefore, I hereby certify that in the course of the whole investigation, which continued for several days, there were not any facts or circumstances developed that could be construed in any degree to implicate Mr. Finley, or any of the persons belonging to the mission. On the contrary, the most clear and satisfactory testimony was produced to

show that Mr. Finley, or the persons attached to the mission, never interfered, in any way whatever, to encourage the Indians in their opposition to Mr. Shaw. From my long experience among Indians, and an examination of the testimony and information derived from other quarters, I pronounce the aforesaid suspicions to be groundless, and without any support whatever.

“Given under my hand at Upper Sandusky, the 27th day of March, 1824. (Signed,)

“JOHN JOHNSTON,
“*Agent for Indian Affairs.*”

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

CHAPTER XI.

The year 1824—A class formed of the school children—Their religious exercises—Their Christian behavior—Death of Hannah Armstrong, in May, 1824—The Indians go to White river to hunt during the winter—Between-the-logs has charge of the party—They all observe the Sabbath, and hold religious meetings—White persons coming to trade on the Sabbath, are reprov'd—Admirable exhortation of Between-the-logs on one of these occasions—Their return to Sandusky—Sum-mun-de-wat and the unknown preacher—Unprincipled conduct of the traders—Attempt of the heathen party to restore their religion—Manner in which the author restored those who had been led astray by the heathens—Kindness and revenge of the Indian—Instance in the case of Adam Poe and Rohn-yen-ness—The Indians turn their attention to agriculture and domestic improvements—They receive much aid from the example and assistance of the missionaries—Erection of a meeting house—Interview of the author with President Monroe—Also with Mr. Calhoun—Letter from Mr. M'Kenney—Form of a report for an Indian school—Objections to this by some—Efficiency of the Gospel to civilize man.

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, until 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 seemed to be their constant theme; and when they went home on a visit to their parents or friends, they pursued the 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 for ever. 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." Sister 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.

Reader, have you found this Christ? You who have been born of Christian parents, and brought up at the altar of prayer, have you resisted the Holy Spirit, and are you in the way to hell and ruin? while these poor Indian children, just emerged from the wild woods, seek and find the Savior?

Hannah's race was short, but it was brilliant. Grace sweetened all the charms that nature had bestowed upon her. She shone with uncommon lustre, and departed this life while I was absent at the General Conference, held in Baltimore. The following is an extract of a letter from William Walker, dated—

"Mission House, Upper Sandusky,

"April 25, 1824.

"On my return home, I found, with great pleasure, affairs in their usual prosperous situation. Nothing extraordinary had transpired in our charges, but all was per-

fect harmony. But, 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 her, 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. Her funeral was attended by brother Hooper and the mission family, with others.”

If my memory serves me now, this was the first of our mission children that died, and the first fruit of our labors among the children, who entered into heavenly glory. Halleluiah to God and the Lamb! If I should never have any other reward or comfort for all my toil and labor, my beloved Hannah is in Abraham's bosom. 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 until 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 until you return home. Then you must answer for your conduct."

This being adjusted, I wrote a letter of recommendation, and gave it to brother Between-the-logs, stating that he was a correct man, a chief of his nation, and an exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Upper Sandusky mission; and that if any difficulties should befall any of the party, he was the proper person to adjust them.

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 parity 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 until 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, 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 afterwards 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 Indian 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 until 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 reproved by the piety of these Wyandotts.

They remained there hunting, until spring; and I never learned there was a just complaint, or, indeed, any complaint at all, alledged against them during the time. Many were convinced that even the Indians may receive the Gospel of Jesus, and obtain religion.

Sum-mun-de-wat amused me after he came home, by

relating a circumstance that transpired one cold evening, just before sun-down. "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 dont 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 cant pray. No go sleep—I cant—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, until 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 cannot walk much. I say, 'I cannot 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 amongst the Indians; that their fathers never knew it, until 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 ut-

tered 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 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 until 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 all their fierce passions of soul. Friendship will never be forgotten. "*My friend*," is an endearing title amongst 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.

I will here give an instance, as related by the man himself, to me and others. The reader will easily recollect the great conflict of Adam Poe, in 1782, with the Wyandott Indian, Big-foot, and the victory he then achieved. The Wyandott nation's loss in this conflict, was two of their greatest warriors; and knowing that Adam Poe was the man who killed them, they always meditated his destruction. Poe then lived on the west side of the Ohio river, at the mouth of Little Yellow creek. The Wyandotts determined on revenge. They chose Rohn-yen-ness as a proper person to murder him, and then make his escape. He went to Poe's house, and was met with great friendship. Poe not having any suspicion of his design, the best in his house was furnished him. When the time to retire to sleep came, he made a pallet on the floor for his Indian guest to sleep.

He and his wife went to bed in the same room. Rohn-yen-ness said they both soon fell asleep. There being no person about the house but some children, this afforded him a fair opportunity to have executed his purpose; but the kindness they had both shown him worked in his mind. He asked himself how he could get up and kill even an enemy, that had taken him in, and treated him so well—so much like a brother? The more he thought about it, the worse he felt; but still, on the other hand, he was sent by his nation to avenge the death of two of its most valiant warriors; and their ghosts would not be appeased until the blood of Poe was shed. There, he said, he lay in this conflict of mind until it was about midnight. The duty he owed to his nation, and the spirits of his departed friends, aroused him. He seized his knife and tomahawk, and crept to the bed side of his sleeping host. Again the kindness he had received from Poe stared him in the face; and he said, it is mean, it is unworthy the character of an Indian warrior to kill even an enemy, who has so kindly treated him. He went back to his pallet, and slept until morning.

His kind host loaded him with blessings, and told him that they were once enemies, but now they had buried the hatchet and were brothers, and hoped they would always be so. Rohn-yen-ness, overwhelmed with a sense of the generous treatment he had received from his once powerful enemy, but now his kind friend, left him to join his party.

He said the more he reflected on what he had done, and the course he had pursued, the more he was convinced that he had done right. This once revengeful and powerful savage warrior, was overcome by the kindness of an evening, and all his plans frustrated.

This man was one of the most pious and devoted of our Indian converts. Although a chief, he was as humble as a child. He used his steady influence against the traders and their fire water.

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 meantime, 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 fire-place 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. This gentleman 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.

I was treated with the greatest kindness by this honorable man. He told me that many heavy complaints had been written against me as a bad man. I told him that I had made some sacrifices to meet the wishes of the Church and the general government, in civilizing and christianizing the Indians, and had done what I thought was right; and it was my deliberate opinion, that it was of little use to spend money on Indian schools, where they were not established on the manual labor system, and attended with religious instruction; and, as to my character, referred him to the Governor of Ohio, members of Congress from Ohio, or Judge M'Lean.

He said, in reply, that he had formed a plan to systemize this part of the department. His plan is indicated in the following copy of a circular, from Mr. M'Kenney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs:

“CIRCULAR.

“*Department of War, Indian Office,*

“*May 22, 1824.*

“SIR:—In order to obtain the information in relation to the several schools in the Indian country, in a more

uniform and condensed mode, the inclosed printed forms have been adopted for the annual returns of the respective superintendents or persons in charge of the schools. These should be filled up with great care, and forwarded to the department annually, on the 1st of October, accompanied by a report, setting forth, in detail, the prospects of the school; the dispositions of the Indians, whether more or less favorable to it; the names of the teachers and other persons; and the kinds of property belonging to the institution. Also noting any thing remarkable in the progress of any Indian child, accompanied by his or her age, and the tribe to which he or she belongs; the general health of the children; their advances in the work of civilization, with such remarks as may be deemed useful, as to the climate, soil, and productions of the surrounding country.

“Any specimens of birds, minerals, Indian costumes, or other curiosities, which you can conveniently and without expense, command and forward, (also seeds of indigenous plants, with their names and virtues,) will be very acceptable.

“Very respectfully, I am, sir, your ob’t servt’,

“THO. L. M’KENNEY.

“*Rev. J. B. Finley, Sup’t of the School among the Wyandotts, near Upper Sandusky, O.*”

That my readers may have a proper understanding of this regulation of the War Department, in reference to the schools in the Indian country, I will give them a draft from one now before me, for 1826.

AN EXHIBIT
 Of the state of the Indian School, for the year ending September 30, 1826.

Name of the Site or Station.	Wyandott Mission School, Upper Sandusky.
By whom established.	By the Bishops of the Methodist E. Church, with the consent of the Ohio Annual Conference.
When.	October 16, 1821.
Name of Superintendent.	J. B. Finley.
Number of Scholars.	Sixty-nine.
Number of Teachers.	One male and one female teacher, principals—ten others—in all, twelve.
The number who have completed their course and left, Oct. 1, 1826.	One.
Number entered since Oct. 1, 1825.	Twelve.
Amount of funds, including annual allowance of government.	Two thousand four hundred and fifty-four dollars forty-seven and a half cents.
Amount of Disbursements.	Two thousand six hundred dollars.
Deficiency.	One hundred and forty-five dollars fifty-two and a half cents.
Surplus.	
Amount of property belonging to the establishment.	Improvements and all other property, ten thousand dollars.
Remarks.	I have put here the amount for 1826, as this is the only one I have at hand, at present; but this will show with what a watchful eye government inspected the mission schools.

These requirements of the government formed a new era in Indian missions. The public are now made acquainted with the amount collected for all these institutions. The expenses may be compared with the probable amount of good done, and the number of children taught. There were some complaints against this measure; and some said they would rather do without the aid of government funds, than have such strict inquiry made into their private concerns. The department favored me with the amount of every establishment in the United States for one year, and I should give it now, but it is mislaid, and I cannot find it; but the reader will not think me vain when I say, that our school and mission was the most prosperous one under the government. I attribute its prosperity to the account of faithfully preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to these Indians, and its blessed effect on the hearts of those that believed. Nor do I believe that any mission can be successful to any extent, unless the power of the Gospel of Jesus makes it so. All these preliminaries to the civilization and christianization of the heathen world, are the inventions of man: the Gospel is God's own institution. All that is necessary is to preach the Gospel to every creature. It is adapted to his condition; and God has chosen it as the great means of saving the world. To human policy this plan is contemptible, and is judged quite inefficient; but it is the power of God unto salvation, to all who believe.

CHAPTER XII.

May, 1824—Missionary meeting at Baltimore—Anecdotes and address by Summerfield—The aunt and her niece—Mr. Wirt taken for an Indian—Note from Rev. Richard Reece—Influence of religion in civilization—Impulse given to missionary exertions—Letter of T. Jackson, Philadelphia—Also of L. Dorsey, Baltimore—Mr. M'Kenney's letter—Contemplated division of their lands—Mr. M'Kenney's letter on this point—State of the mission at the close of the year—Bishop Soule's letter—State of the Wyandott mission in Canada.

DURING the session of the General Conference in Baltimore, in 1824, the "Baltimore Missionary Society" held its anniversary, on the 11th of May, to which I was invited by a note from William Brown, Corresponding Secretary. It was expected that some of the chiefs of the Wyandotts would have been present; but from circumstances which they could not control, they were prevented. Nevertheless, the assembly was large, and the venerable M'Kendree presided. With him sat on the platform, his worthy colleagues, Bishop Roberts and Bishop Soule, elect, the Rev. Richard Reece, delegate from the British Conference, with his colleague, the Rev. John Hannah, the Rev. John Summerfield, of precious memory, the Rev. William Capers, of the South Carolina Conference, with many other ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Kemp, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was present; also, the Hon. William Wirt, with many others, too numerous to be named, graced the platform.

This was a meeting of the greatest interest I had ever seen. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Reece, Hannah, and Capers. I was called up to tell about the work of God amongst the Wyandotts. I felt confound-

ed, to speak after the thrilling addresses that had preceded me; and indeed should not have been able to say any thing, but from the encouragement of my English friends.

I commenced telling how we preached, and what effect it had produced; how we lived, and what pleasure we had in the prosecution of our labors; that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was adapted to the condition of men in any situation; and the only means to be successfully employed in the civilization of man, wherever he lived, whether in the city or in the wilderness; and that missionary societies and missionaries promote civilization.

These remarks opened a fine field for the eloquence of Summerfield, and the narration of appropriate anecdotes, which I shall never forget. First, 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 sometime. 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 oat meal, 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 towards the fire, and saw the bread burning. He then walked on his knees, and turned the cake. The women still prayed on, until God blessed them both. Then the woman gave the minister his breakfast. "Then," 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.

This was a meeting of great interest. Mr. Wirt, who was a swarthy looking man, was sitting on the platform. Two ladies, who expected to see an Indian chief, selected him for one. The one said to the other, "That is Between-the-logs." To this the other replied, "He has ruffles in his bosom; and a Christian Indian would not wear them." "Yes," replied the other, "I have no doubt, but on such an occasion as this, he would." They were overheard by a person, who next day informed Mr. Wirt of the circumstance. He said that he would give any sum, in reason, for such a meeting once a week; for he had never seen one of so much interest.

The next day I received the following note from the Rev. Richard Reece:

"MY DEAR BROTHER FINLEY:—I beg your acceptance of the inclosed mite, (five dollars,) towards the Christian education of a fine, tall, ingenious Indian boy. Requesting an interest in the prayers of my red brothers in the wilderness, I am your affectionate friend and brother in Christ,

RICHARD REECE."

Through what God had wrought at this mission, and what had been published of this revival amongst the na-

tives, a missionary spirit was awakened in many parts of this continent, especially amongst Methodist preachers. The flame was greatly increased by the zeal and example of the Bishops, so that missions were commenced in Canada, in Georgia, and in the Tennessee and Mississippi Conferences, with great success. Ministers, whose hearts burning with love to God, sallied forth into the wilderness, and entered the red man's wigwam, preaching Christ and the resurrection. Thousands of these wanderers were speedily converted to God. It is most obvious that prejudice and unbelief had prevented this work. It was argued that it was impossible for Indians to embrace the Gospel and become religious; that they were too bad, and too deeply sunk in vice and ignorance; and before they could be brought to a state of moral health through the means God has appointed, they must be civilized: that is, tamed and taught the arts and agriculture. Then ministers may be sent to teach them the lessons of salvation. This was the doctrine of the day; and many long lectures were given, and thousands spent to accomplish this work. But the Indian remained unreformed; and what is wisdom with man is foolishness in the sight of God. So soon as the laborers entered this vast field, according to God's instituted plan of grace, it was found that the preaching of the Gospel is the only plan to christianize and civilize men; and until men become religious, or are brought under the influence of Christianity, they will be savages. This is the nature of fallen man. It now seemed as if the scales had fallen from our eyes, and the forest was entered with the utmost confidence of success. These revivals among the forest Indians very much increased missionary zeal throughout the eastern states. In the great Atlantic

cities, thousands were induced to come forward and lend their assistance to the great work of spreading Bible knowledge and holiness over these and other lands. Societies were formed, and being formed, all over the country, and commenced sending their much needed aid to those engaged in this glorious work.

Our correspondence with these societies had now become pretty extensive, and cheering to our hearts. Among the communications received, were the following from the Philadelphia Missionary Society :

“ Philadelphia, September 23, 1823.

“REV. SIR:—By a resolution of the Managers of the ‘Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the bounds of the Philadelphia Conference, for promoting Domestic and Foreign Missions,’ passed on the 12th day of May last, it is made my duty to address you on their behalf, and to request of you to be so kind as to furnish the Board, through me, from time to time, with all the information you may deem proper and find convenient to communicate, respecting the state of the mission under your superintendence; your own labors and privations; the improvement, moral, intellectual and mechanical, that may have taken place among the children under your charge: and also, what success may have attended your labors among the adults, together with the prospect of doing good to our red brethren.

“The Second Annual Report of the Managers, which I learn has been forwarded to you by our President, will furnish you, no doubt, with information very gratifying to your feelings, and cause *our* hearts, though at such a distance from each other, to vibrate in unison with grateful emotions of love and gratitude to Him who hath done

so great things *for* us; and who has graciously condescended to do so great things *by* or *through* us, unworthy as we are. Here, I know, you will join me in saying, with unfeigned sincerity, ‘Not unto *us*, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory.’ May the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit, wherewith our hearts have been warmed and cheered since we engaged in this good work, and which, I humbly trust, will ever be afforded, prove such a stimulus as to induce us to persevere to the end in well doing: then shall eternal life, with all its glorious fruition, be ours.

“I remain, reverend and dear sir, with much esteem, your friend and brother in Christ,

“THOS. JACKSON, *Cor. Sec’y.*

“*Rev. James B. Finley.*”

“*Philadelphia, June 25, 1824.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR:—At the last stated meeting of the Board of Managers, held on the 15th inst., it was enjoined on me to forward to you a copy of our Third Annual Report, which, I hope, will get safe to hand, and afford some consolation, and much matter for praise.

“What is it, my brother, that the omnipotent power of grace Divine cannot accomplish? How little did you or I think, a few years ago, that we should ever have been made glad by *such* good news; how much less, that we should have been made so happy as to be humble instruments in effecting so *much* good! O, may we be ever willing to ascribe the praise to Him, to whom alone it is due. O, may we ever be found willing to give—to do—to *suffer* in His cause, to whom we owe *so much*!

“I can only, with you, regret sincerely, that we have not been able to obtain copies of the four addresses al-

luded to in the preface to the report. They would certainly have been a great acquisition.

“We truly regret, as the disappointment was great, our not seeing you, with your two Indian friends, at our late anniversary.

“I know not that I have any thing to add, worthy your attention. However, I please myself with the hope that your soul—your society—your *whole charge* is greatly prospering, under the smiles of a gracious God.

“With much esteem, I remain, dear brother, yours in Christ Jesus,

THOS. JACKSON,

“*Cor. Sec’y M. S. M. E. C.*”

“*Rev. Jas. B. Finley.*”

In January, 1822, there was a society organized in the city of Baltimore, under the title of the Juvenile Finleyan Missionary Mite Society, composed mostly of children, consisting at first of one hundred, which increased to seven hundred and seventy members. The contributions were six and a quarter cents, and two cents per month. This noble company of children did much towards the cause of missions, both by their example and their pecuniary aid. According to the treasurer's report for the first year, they raised the sum of two hundred and eighty-seven dollars seventy-four and a quarter cents, and the second year, two hundred dollars sixty-seven and a half cents, making in all, four hundred and eighty-eight dollars forty-one and three-quarter cents. This money was appropriated to the education of four Wyandott children in the mission school, to be called *Francis Asbury*, *Mary Fletcher*, *John Summerfield*, and *Richard Whatcoat*. These were to receive instruction and support for four years; and after Francis Asbury had

been to school one year, it was thought by some of his friends that he ought to be sent to Augusta College, to receive a liberal education. I accordingly wrote to the society on the subject, requesting their advice; and whether the money given by them for his education at the mission, might be appropriated toward his education at the college; and whether they would be willing to make any further appropriations towards his education at college. To these inquiries I received the following answer:

“*Baltimore, September 16, 1824.*

“**REV. JAMES B. FINLEY:** *Dear Sir*—In answer to yours of July 9th, I have to state, that if you allude to the money that has already been appropriated to Francis Asbury, the society can have no objection to its being used for his maintenance at the Augusta Academy; but if more is requisite, you will see a difficulty by a reference to our constitution, which can only be removed by an alteration of its provisions; before which, we should be glad to know what sum would be sufficient, as our funds, at present, are low, having, previous to the receipt of your letter, appropriated one hundred dollars for the maintenance and education of a female child for four years, to be called Hester Ann Rogers. But, is it not to be feared, that the introduction of the boy among the students of a college, who are sent from various parts of the country, and who almost universally carry with them the prevailing vices of their neighborhoods, might not only make him liable to injury from the continual example about him; but, in all probability, would give him unfavorable impressions as to the effects of Christianity on society. It would be a natural conclusion in the mind of

an intelligent boy, that these Christian people have imparted to their children with as much assiduity as my parents have to me, the sentiments they hold in respect to religion and morality. But you, who know how to appreciate religion by an experimental acquaintance with the Redeemer, are well aware that they are 'not all Israel who are called Israel.' This distinction is not likely to be made by a person, and he only a boy, emerging from the darkness of superstition. Then, with respect to his acquaintance with the manners of the whites, should he ever enter on the ministerial duties desired, he will no doubt have that kind of affectionate intercourse with the best of our people, so congenial with the first impressions that he received of us, and which are correct ones, so far as they apply to the true Christian, that he will readily imbibe their spirit and manners. These considerations are, however, stated rather as mere suggestions than as insurmountable obstacles, for, we presume, you have weighed these difficulties.

"Eliza Jane Hyam, who you will see by the reports, has been a very active member of this society, died on the 22d of August, after an illness of only two days. She was ten years and four months old. A short time before she was taken sick, she commenced the custom of retiring to her room to read her Bible. We believe the Lord was preparing her for another and better world; and has now taken her from the tears of her doating parents to himself.

"We intend having a public meeting the last of October or the first of November; and we should be glad to hear from you before that time, if the letter comes to hand.

"Pray for us, that we may grow in grace daily, and

that at last we may be brought to praise God eternally in heaven.

Very respectfully yours,

“LORENZO DORSEY,

“*Cor. Sec. of the J. F. M. M. S., of Baltimore.*”

My readers cannot help but admire the prudence, judgment, and piety, manifested in this letter of my young correspondent. Indeed it would do honor to the head and heart of riper years. What endless blessings flow from an early pious education! The dear Eliza Jane, at ten was a zealous actor in promoting the Redeemer's cause. Let parents consider and feel the importance of the Scripture injunction, “Train up a child in the way he should go.” No greater curse can be inflicted on a child than to bring it up in ignorance. Reader! is this your crime? Do you live an irreligious life? and are you not bringing up your children in the same certain way to ruin? Wake up, before the God of heaven pronounces an anathema against thee for thy negligence to thy family! The chained thunders of his wrath are struggling to be loosed, to execute the vengeance of eternal justice against thee! Fly this moment—begin to repent and pray to God for forgiveness! Mercy weeps over you—the Savior stoops to save! Cry, “Lord, save or I perish!” If you sleep on a little longer, death and hell will suddenly overtake thee!

In August of this year, I received the following communication from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs:

“*War Department, Office Indian Affairs,*

“*August 9, 1824.*”

“TO REV. JAMES B. FINLEY: *Sir*—With the view of preserving in the archives of this government, what-

ever of the aboriginal man that can be rescued from the ultimate destruction which awaits his race, I have to beg the favor of you to prepare and forward to the Department, as soon as you conveniently can, an alphabet and grammar in the language of the tribe or tribes among whom you and your associates are located. I would like to have this neatly penned, on sheets of octavo size, and put up between thin boards, or well secured between thick paper, and forwarded as directed. Whatever may strike you as worthy of preservation, in this or any similar way, I will thank you to possess me of.

“I am, dear sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 THOMAS L. M’KENNEY.”

In reference to the information called for in the above letter, I aided a Mr. Stickney, who was appointed by the government to this work, the following winter.

The following encouraging letter was also received from Mr. M’Kenney:

“TO THE REV. JAMES B. FINLEY, SUPERINTENDENT OF
 THE MISSION SCHOOL AT UPPER SANDUSKY.

“*War Department, Office Indian Affairs,*

“*August 9, 1824.*

“DEAR SIR:—Your letter to the Secretary of War, of the 27th ult., is received, together with the talk of Between-the-logs and others. I am directed by the Secretary of War, to convey to you his high approbation of your zeal and industry in the cause in which you are engaged; and to express his regrets that the almost exhausted state of the contingent fund of the Indian Department will not authorize any drafts upon it for expenses, other than those which are in the way of being met.

Otherwise, he would cheerfully, on your recommendation, and from his own views of the propriety of the visit, authorize the coming to the seat of the general government of the four Indians you recommend, and yourself as their leader.

“A letter has just been received from Mr. Johnston, of the 27th ult., from which it is hoped the difficulties in regard to Mr. Shaw, will be overcome; but should they recur, the Department is determined to maintain the authority and preserve the influence of the missionary establishment.

“In the talk which accompanies this, and which you will present, the Indians are requested to express, in writing, what they want; and, if it is possible, their wishes will be complied with; but such is the reduced state of the fund, that nothing can be promised until the estimate is made, and its amount ascertained.

“They will be particular on the subject of their lands. There is no doubt but a proper location of families upon fixed premises, would tend very much to their harmony and prosperity.

“Very respectfully, I am, reverend sir, your obedient servant,
THO. L. M'KENNEY.”

This summer the division of the Indian lands was much agitated; and it was believed that such a division would very much increase the industry and civilization of the nation. Every man would be encouraged to labor, if his property were set off to himself. The Indian chiefs wished to counsel with the government on this subject. So I wrote on to the Department of War, to permit four of them to go on to the City of Washington,

and have this business settled on a permanent and lasting foundation.

On the subject of dividing the land, I received the following letter from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs :

“TO THE REV. JAMES B. FINLEY, UPPER SANDUSKY.

“*War Department, Office Indian Affairs,*

“*August 17, 1824.*

“SIR:—The Secretary is highly pleased with your zeal, and has entire confidence in your judgment, and has no doubt you will use every effort to make the experiment successful. He approves of the suggestion of dividing the land among the Indians, and establishing suitable regulations for them. If you should choose to make a division, with the entire consent of the Indians, and to establish, in like manner, regulations for them, and transmit the same to the Department, the Secretary will lay them before the President for his consideration and direction. It will be proper to accompany the division with a map of the reservation, marked with the lots laid out to each family. The suggestion relative to the smith keeping a book of accounts, is judicious, and instructions will be given to Gov. Cass on the subject.

“Very respectfully, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

“THO. L. M'KENNEY.”

In closing the history of the mission this year, it will only be necessary to say, that great have been our conflicts of body and mind, and great have been our comforts. This first Indian missionary establishment under the care of the Methodist Church, rising by the blessing of God, triumphed over all opposition. The society has grown, and waxed stronger and stronger. Many have

been converted, and added to the Church of Christ. The means of grace have been generally well attended—our congregations large, and attentive, and orderly. Our camp meeting was a time of great grace. At this time I had no help but the Indian brethren. Every day the cloud gathered thicker, and hung over us, portending great good. On Sabbath and Sabbath night, and on Monday morning, the heavens poured righteousness on the congregation. All were preachers and exhorters, for all tongues were fired with the love and praise of God. Some of the most hardened sinners fell like men slain in battle, and cried for mercy. Others were so overwhelmed with the love of God that they were not able to stand, but lay and praised God with the voice of thanksgiving.

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, upwards 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.

It was the will of a kind Providence, that we should be visited by our beloved Bishops, M'Kendree and Soule, this year. Their visit proved a great blessing to the mission family and nation.

We shall here copy Bishop Soule's communication to

the editors of the Methodist Magazine, as contained in that periodical for the year 1825, p. 32:

“LETTER FROM BISHOP SOULE, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE INDIAN MISSION AT UPPER SANDUSKY.

“*Gallatin, Tenn., November 13, 1824.*

“DEAR BROTHER:—Shortly after the close of the General Conference, I left Baltimore and proceeded to Sharpsburgh, where I met Bishop M’Kendree, who had set out a week before me. Since that time, we have generally traveled in company, visiting the churches and preaching on our way. We have been mercifully preserved in safety and in health, in a sickly country, and at the season most subject to the prevalence of disease. In the path of duty we walk unhurt in fire. To God be all the praise.

“Saturday, August 14, we left the Wyandott mission, at Upper Sandusky, after having spent a week with the mission family, and in visiting and receiving visits from the Indians. The change which has been produced, both in the temporal and spiritual condition of this people, is matter of praise to Him, ‘who has made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell upon the face of the whole earth;’ and cannot be viewed but with the most lively pleasure by every true philanthropist. Prior to the opening of the mission among them, their condition was truly deplorable. Their religion consisted of Paganism, improved, as they conceived, by the introduction of some of the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. Hence, although they were baptized, they kept up their heathen worship, their feasts, their songs, and their dances: sad proofs of their deep ignorance of God, and of that worship which he requires. In this

state, the belief in witchcraft was so strong and prevalent, as to produce the most melancholy consequences. Numbers have been put to death as witches, under the influence of this belief. Their morals were of the most degraded kind. Drunkenness, with all its concomitant train of vices, had overrun the nation. Poverty, and nakedness, and misery, followed in their desolating course. In this condition, the chase was their chief, if not their only resource. The cultivation of their lands, although among the most fertile and beautiful in the western country, was almost entirely neglected. To the comfort of domestic life, they were consequently strangers. Such were the Wyandott Indians, when the missionary labors were commenced among them.

“Their present situation presents a most pleasing contrast. A large majority of the nation have renounced their old religion, and embraced the Protestant faith; and they generally gave ample proof of the sincerity of their profession by the change of their manner of life. Those especially who have joined the society, and put themselves under the Discipline of the Church, are strictly attentive to all the means of grace, so far as they understand them, in order to obtain the spiritual and eternal blessings proposed in the Gospel; and the regularity of their lives, and the solemnity and fervency of their devotions, may well serve as a reproof to many nominal Christian congregations and churches. As individuals, they speak humbly, but confidently, of the efficacy of divine grace in changing their hearts, and of the witness of the Spirit, by which they have the knowledge of the forgiveness of their sins, and of peace with God, referring others to the *outward* and *visible* change which has taken place, as the evidence of the great and blessed

work which God has wrought among them. The happy effects of the Gospel are becoming more and more obvious. Their former superstitions have almost entirely yielded to the force and simplicity of truth. The wandering manner of life is greatly changed, and the chase is rapidly giving place to agriculture, and the various necessary employments of civilized life. The tomahawk, and the scalping knife, and the rifle, and the destructive bow, are yielding the palm to the axe, the plow, the hoe, and the sickle.

“It is delightful to notice their manifest inclination to the habits of domestic and social life. If we may depend on the correctness of our information, and we received it from sources which we had no reason to dispute, those of the Indians who have embraced the Protestant religion, are generally, if not unanimously, in favor of cultivating the soil, and of acquiring and possessing property on the principles of civilization. This, with suitable encouragement and instruction, will lead to a division of their lands, personal possession of real estate, and laws to secure their property. The national government, in its wisdom and benevolence, has adopted measures for the instruction and civilization, not only of the Wyandotts, but also of many of the Indian nations on our vast frontiers; and the Christian missionary, animated with the love of souls, whose great object is to do good on the most extensive plan within his power, will rejoice to contribute his influence to promote the success of these measures. Such are the relative condition, the education, and the habits of the Indians, that much depends upon the character of the government agents, the missionaries, and the teachers employed among them. They must be instructed and encouraged both by precept

and example. Happy will it be for the Indians, when the efforts of their civil, literary, and religious agents are thus harmoniously united. With such a joint exertion, there can be but little doubt but the Wyandott nation will, at no very distant period, be a civilized, religious and happy people. It is to be feared that a number of traders near the boundary lines of the Indian lands, have, by supplying them with whisky and other articles, contributed in no small degree, to prevent the progress of religious influence and civilization among them. This destructive traffick calls the Indian to his hunting ground to obtain skins to pay his debts, and, at the same time, it affords the means of intemperance and intoxication, from whence arise quarrels and sometimes blood-shedding. Will not this be required in the great day of righteous retribution, at the hand of the white man? The reformed among the Indians see and deplore the evil, but have not the means of removing it.

“ Having, thus far, taken a general view of the former and present state of the Wyandotts, I now proceed to a more particular narrative of our visit to the mission. 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 op-

portunity 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 has 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 Finley, and hope they will not take him away. They might send a better man, but they cannot 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 cannot 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 old 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 spring-

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

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

“*Gray-eyes.*—‘My language is weak, and I have not

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.'

“*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 were very bad, I find them sober, and praying, and weeping, and striving to serve the Lord, and live well. Religion is sometimes 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 which had gone before. But I have much cause to bless God that I have set out; and since I started, I have been always 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 bap-

tized, 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 older 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 for ever. I thank the good people everywhere, 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 satisfaction 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 fellow-

ship, 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.

“Wednesday we commenced visiting private families, and were not a little gratified with their cleanliness, order, and decorum in their domestic affairs.

“Thursday Bishop M’Kendree continued visiting from house to house, attended by an interpreter. In these visits, experimental and practical religion were the subjects of inquiry and conversation. Questions, embracing conviction, conversion, and the evidence of acceptance with God, were answered clearly, readily, and satisfactorily. In several of the families thus visited, there were sick persons. In these the blessed effects of the grace of God, in changing their hearts, were clearly manifested. Patience, confidence, and peace in their afflictions, with humble triumph in prospect of death and immortality, were as evident in these Indians, so recently converted to the Christian faith, as in others who have lived and died happy in God, in lands long illuminated by the light of the Gospel. They appear to have embraced the Gospel in its simplicity and purity, uniting faith, experience, and practice. Considering the circumstances under which they have been placed, it is matter of pleasing astonishment, that they have so clear and consistent ideas of the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, as, from various sources of evidence, we found them to possess. Of the Trinity in unity; of the fall and depravity of man; of redemption by the death of Christ; of justification,

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

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

fields are ripe, and ready for the harvest; but where are the willing laborers! Lord raise them up, and send them forth into thy harvest! O, that the spirit of Wesley, of Coke, of Asbury, names of precious memory, may remain with us, their sons in the Gospel!

“Friday was chiefly employed in conversations with the family, and with visitors, and in making necessary preparations for leaving the establishment.

“Saturday morning we set out, after an affectionate parting with a family rendered dear to us, not only by the importance of the work in which they are engaged, and their truly laudable zeal in the prosecution of it, but also by the kindness and cordiality with which we were received, and which seemed to increase with our continuance with them.

“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 this already protracted communication, 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 Su-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. If the whole, or any part of this communication, shall be thought of sufficient importance to appear before the public, it is cheerfully submitted.

“Yours in the Gospel of Christ, J. SOULE.”

Our small society in Canada still prospered, as will be seen from the extract of a letter from a young man appointed to visit them, in company with some others :

“*August 29, 1824.*”

“One of your spiritual children in this country, has been called home to her blessed Lord and Master, to inherit a crown of everlasting life. Her last words were, ‘I see my way clear to Jesus;’ and then added, ‘I have not one doubt.’”

“The brethren and sisters are doing well here. We have visited another settlement of Wyandotts, in Michigan, and tried to preach to them Christ and him crucified. O, that the Lord may gather all the tribes into his fold!”

CHAPTER XIII.

Conference year commencing 1824—The author and J. Hooper re-appointed to the mission—Division of the Indian lands considered—Proposal to remove west of the Mississippi—Letter from Mr. M'Kenney—Letter to the War Department, on the state of the school—Mr. M'Kenney's reply—Gov. Cass' letter—The author's letter to the War Department on the removal of the Indians—Annoyance of the whites, and the remedy—Gov. Cass' letter—Blackhoof's view on removing by the government—Mr. M'Kenney's letter—Removal of the Indians—Religious state of the mission—Letter from the Female Missionary Society of New York, accompanying a donation of books—Mr. Dando's letter—Letter of the chiefs—Letter of Methodist Female Missionary Society of Philadelphia—The author's reply.

CONFERENCE was held this year (1824) at Zanesville. Brother Hooper was returned, with me, to the mission. As soon as we could, we resumed our labors; and the work went on with the same success as formerly: although as soon as one difficulty was overcome, another presented itself. Great uneasiness was felt on account of the late project of removing the Indians west of the Mississippi. Our chiefs thought it was necessary for them to address the War Department on the subject, and remonstrate against any farther attempts to effect this end. In their communication they stated that it was not their wish to remove, and reminded the Secretary that at the last treaty (the treaty of Fort Meigs) they were told, and 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 Gov. 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 for ever; 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.

To this letter the following answer was received:

“Department of War, Office of Indian Affairs,

“March 24, 1825.

“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 Gov. 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.

“Your friend and brother,

(Signed,) “TH. L. M'KENNEY.”

In February, 1825, I addressed a letter to the War Department, on the state of the school and mission; and to know how much the government would appropriate for the support of the school the present year: stating that the Wyandotts would soon be a civilized and happy people; and that, so far as they were concerned, the long disputed question about civilizing the savages, was settled.

To this I received the following answer:

“TO THE REV. JAMES B. FINLEY, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INDIAN SCHOOL, UPPER SANDUSKY.

“*Department of War, Office Indian Affairs,*

“*February 22, 1825.*

“DEAR SIR:—I have been gratified by the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst. There can be no doubt as to the result of your labors. The intelligence and industry which you keep in such perpetual operation, cannot but produce a rich reward for your toils.

“It has ceased to be a matter of doubt among intelligent people, that Indians can be civilized and christianized. The proofs have multiplied so of late, as to convince the most sceptical. The system of education now in operation among the Indians, is, I think, more effectual in qualifying them for *practical* usefulness, than those systems which have obtained among us. The Indians have (so far as they are embraced by it) all the

practical parts of learning, with fine examples of morality; and, at the same time, they grow up practical farmers, mechanics, &c.; and these, after all, constitute the strength and the wealth of every country.

“The allotment for the year 1825, for your school, will be the same as last year.

“I wish you a continuation of your successful efforts to benefit the poor, and otherwise friendless unfortunates, who have been, or who may be placed under your care.

“I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“THO. L. M'KENNEY.”

The division of their lands, at this time, was much agitated. I wrote a letter to Gov. Cass, on the subject, and received the following answer:

“*Detroit, June 8, 1825.*

“DEAR SIR:—Your letter of May 11th, arrived here while I was absent at Waghpaghkonetta, in Ohio. I embrace the first moment in my power to answer it.

“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.

“I shall spend the next winter in Washington, at which time I shall not fail to urge upon the government the strong claims of the Wyandotts. I shall be glad to have you write me, at that time, fully and freely. The state of the appropriation this year will not enable me to afford them any more aid.

“ You have doubtless, ere this, learned that the Shawnees were not disposed to sell their reservations. It is a subject the government would not urge too strongly, although satisfied they would do better by migrating to the west of the Mississippi.

“ I shall leave here next week for Prairy du Chien, where a great council will be held with the Indians. I regret that I shall not be at home when you visit here.

“ I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

“ LEW. CASS.

“ *Rev. J. B. Finley, Upper Sandusky..*”

The next winter I wrote the following letter to Washington City, exhibiting the claims of the Wyandotts, and the reasons why I thought they should not be removed :

“ *Upper Sandusky, December 15, 1825.*

“ 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 to you 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; as it is agreed to by all, that individual possession will facilitate the great work

we are engaged in. 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.

“1st. 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 have never 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.

“2d. 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.

“3d. 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, until they are much

mixed with white blood, and some of the best families in our country are allied to them, viz., the Browns, an old Virginia family, the Zanes, another well known family, Walker, of Tennessee, Williams, Armstrong, M'Cullough, and Magee, of Pittsburgh. 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?

“4th. 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 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.

“5th. 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 never would 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 am, respectfully, dear sir, your obedient servant,

“J. B. FINLEY.

“*Hon. Lewis Cass.*”

Our white neighbors now began to be very troublesome to the Indians, hoping that they would so annoy them as to render their situation so disagreeable as to make them sell, and remove hence. They commenced by extending their laws over the reservation, and taking Indian property, and driving off their cattle for debt, &c. I wrote immediately to Gov. Cass, who was our chief agent, and requested his advice; when I received the following reply:

“ Detroit, October 26, 1825.

“SIR:—Your letter, post-marked October 22d, reached me to-day. I imagine there can be little doubt, but that the laws of the state of Ohio do not operate in any of the Indian reservations, and that, consequently, whoever attempts to execute process there, either mesne or final, must be a trespasser. In the circumstances you state, respecting the driving away the cattle, it appears necessary to apply some immediate remedy; and, therefore, if time will not permit you to consult Mr. Johnston, you are at liberty to employ some able lawyer, at the public expense, to conduct any proceeding which may be necessary. But if the case be not too urgent, I wish you to correspond with Mr. Johnston on the subject, sending him a copy of this letter, and taking his advice respecting the proper person to be employed.

“I shall, this day, write to the War Department in full, requesting that the District Attorney may be instructed to take this subject up, and to apply such a remedy as the case may require. I agree with you fully, that if you are to be subjected to the operation of all the state laws, your prospects are wholly blasted, and the sooner you abandon your station the better. But I trust

this will be decided otherwise, and that you will be freed from this inquietude, as well as from all claims for militia services and taxes.

“I shall leave here about the 10th of December, for Washington.

“I inclose you a copy of the act of Congress of 1802, with some sections of subsequent acts.

“Very respectfully, sir, I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

LEW. CASS.

“*Rev. Jas. B. Finley, Act. Sub-Agent, Upper Sandusky.*”

My readers will see from the correspondence with Gov. Cass, that he is not only the gentleman, but the counselor, and the vigilant officer. I have no doubt but that he was a firm friend to the Wyandotts, and rejoiced in their prosperity. At the same time, he was the officer of the government, and must do as directed. I have also reason to think that others in the employment of the government, firmly believed that it would be greatly to the disadvantage of the Wyandotts to be removed. Yet, when government gave instructions, they were compelled to act.

This reminds me of an anecdote of old Black-hoof, the Shawnee chief. After the Shawnees had sold their land at Waghpaghkonetta, 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 possession of poor and defenseless Indians, their property and homes, and with these all their earthly comfort.

In the month of September, 1825, I received the following from the War Department :

"TO THE REV. JAMES B. FINLEY, UPPER SANDUSKY.

"*Department of War, Office Indian Affairs,*

"*September 10, 1825.*

"DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter of the 25th ult., on the subject of the removal of the Indians. I have only to repeat to you that this will, no doubt, be provided for by the next Congress, and in accordance with the plan submitted by the late Administration to the last Congress; and in which the present Administration, I have every reason to believe, coincides. But no steps will be taken to *compel* the Indians to emigrate. Believing, however, as I do, that their future happiness and prosperity depend very much upon their having a country of their own, in which they will be free, and for ever, from the encroachments and injuries to which experience demonstrates they are now constantly liable. I think it advisable to prepare them to receive the proposition in the spirit in which it will be made. It is a plan conceived in the utmost kindness towards their race, and cannot, I think, but eventuate in making them an enlightened and prosperous people.

"In regard to your improvements, meanwhile, I should think that such as are *really necessary*, ought not to be dispensed with, under the *prospect* of the contemplated change. But as there is only a short time before the

meeting of Congress, when the question will be settled, I should think it advisable to suspend any extensive improvements involving heavy disbursements.

“You are to expect persecution in the discharge of the delicate and responsible trusts which arise out of your agency, in seeing justice done to the Indians. The Intercourse law of 1802, you will take for your guide, and, in all respects, act upon and conform to it. As to the fretfulness of those who may heedlessly and wickedly place themselves within its provisions, and become subject to its penalties, you will not regard it. *Do your duty.* No man has any thing to fear while in the honest discharge of it.

“It will be necessary for you to make your report of the condition of your school, as usual. Judge Leib’s report has not yet been received. When it is, I will have a copy made, and forwarded to you, as you request.

“Your proceedings appear to be judicious; and, judging from the past, I can have no doubt that the benefits conferred by your agency upon those Indians who are within it, will continue to be multiplied.

“I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“THO. L. M’KENNEY.”

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 see and feel the truth of my sentiments. Notwithstanding this and other perplexities to prevent the progress of the mission, the work still went on and prospered.

In June of this year the government appointed Judge Leib to examine into the state of the schools at the mission, who bore the following note from Gov. Cass:

“*Detroit, June 8, 1825.*”

“*SIR:—I have been instructed by the Secretary of War to authorize the bearer, Judge Leib, to examine and report the state of the establishment under your superintendency. I will thank you to afford him any aid which may be necessary to carry into effect the view of the government upon this subject.*”

“*I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,*

“*LEW. CASS.*”

“*Rev. James B. Finley, Superintendent of the Missionary establishment, U. Sandusky, O.*”

We had no objection to be inspected, but rather courted it; for as the children were used to answer questions, the work would speak for itself. Judge Leib made us a visit, but I was not at home. However, my colleague was, and gave him all the information he wanted. He was well pleased, and made a favorable report.

It is a very difficult thing for a man, who has such cares, and is watched for evil, by almost all that he has intercourse with, always to stand guarded as he ought to be; and nothing but divine grace can support and direct under such a mass of cares and anxieties. But conscious-

purity of intention, the protection of Providence, and the support of his grace, are sufficient, under all circumstances.

I must now turn the attention of the reader to the religious department of this year, and our correspondence with the different missionary societies. I received a letter from the Secretary and Managers of the Baltimore Conference Missionary Society, requesting me to furnish them with an account of the state of the mission, to be communicated to the society when it met. I also received one from the Philadelphia Missionary Society, to the same purport. Both of these societies have afforded us timely aid in our arduous undertaking, and deserve the thanks of all concerned in missionary labors. We humbly trust that they will receive their full reward in a better and happier world. This year we received a letter from the Secretary of the "Female Missionary Society of New York," accompanied by a box of books.

The following is the correspondence of the missionary societies, above alluded to :

COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE FEMALE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

"DEAR SIR:—This being the centenary of the ordination of the Rev. John Wesley, our brethren in England regard it as a jubilee, and intend to celebrate the auspicious time (19th September) as a day of thanksgiving, &c. They also inquire if any of their friends in America are disposed to join them. The Female Missionary Society answer that they do thank the Lord for his distinguished blessings bestowed upon them, through this great event, and would unite some useful work with the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

“ We have, therefore, collected books, to assist in forming a circulating library among the Wyandott Indians, with whom you have so successfully labored. The affecting accounts we have repeatedly heard respecting their obedience to the faith, have very much interested us in their behalf; and we desire they will regard this present as a token of our Christian affection for them.

“ As some pains have been taken to collect the books, we are aware that some pains and method will be necessary to preserve the collection.

“ We have sent you copies of some of our circulating library regulations here, which you may adopt or amend, to suit circumstances, &c. We would, however, suggest that you have a large book-case made for the reception of these books, and for any that may be forthcoming: for we are persuaded that from various quarters you will be frequently receiving accessions to your stock. One method will be necessary to adopt at the beginning of your operations, viz., to have each book with a uniform ticket inside the first cover. We have, therefore, for your convenience, printed one thousand, which are forwarded with the books.

“ Thus, having freely received the Gospel as preached by Mr. Wesley, we are endeavoring to send it westward, and to the ends of the earth.

“ We pray that you, sir, may long be preserved as a burning and shining light in the world; then, in a good old age, be gathered to your fathers, and so be for ever with the Lord: where may we be so happy as to meet you, and all the faithful Wyandotts.

“ By order, SUSAN LAMPLIN, *Sec'y.*

“ P. S.—We have also accompanied the whole with a catalogue in a bound book, and began by numbering

them; but being packed up sooner than one of the friends expected, the tickets or labels are only attached to a few volumes, which is left for you to complete. The book containing the manuscript catalogue is large enough to contain one thousand volumes, which we hope will soon be made up. The number we have put up is (besides some hundred tracts and pamphlets) two hundred and fifty-six volumes. S. L."

“New York, September 3, 1825.

“REV. J. B. FINLEY: *Dear Sir*—The idea of sending books to the Wyandott Indians arose simultaneously in the minds, it seems, of several friends, on hearing what Rev. Joshua Soule related of the improvement they were making in reading, writing, &c., especially the former; but he observed, ‘They have but few books.’

“I hope this endeavor of our Female Missionary Society to be serviceable to the Indians, may be truly appreciated by them, and by all who have the guidance of that truly good mission.

“I hope this assortment of books will be found such as will suit the taste of those for whose benefit they are intended. A number of books have been rejected, which were presented, on account of their Antinomian tendency. You are at liberty, of course, to make what further selections you may deem meet.

“The tune books, of which you will receive a number of copies, will afford fine scope, in their rich variety of tunes, for the exercise of the talents of those among your companions, who have good voices. The Bishop (Soule) says he never heard melodious singing to surpass the female voices among the Wyandotts. I really hope these natural qualifications may be made subservient to

the best of purposes; and here I would suggest the importance of their being now taught to sing according to our Discipline. Let all, men, women and children, sing one part, (that is, generally speaking,) and when a tune has a repeat in it, let the measure be what it may, let the women sing that part alone, unless a man, or a few men of good judgment and a good voice, shall have learned the base. I could tell you the names of persons now living, and now members of our Church, who have been present when Mr. Wesley and Mr. Bramwell, (two of the best of men,) have stopped the men when they, perhaps owing to fervency of mind, intruded into the women's part of this delightful exercise. I have heard it observed that, 'The female voice is an instrument of the Almighty's formation;' and yet some of our males appear to be as indifferent to it as the deaf adder.

"If, on examination, you find any error in the catalogue, you will please to correct it.

"I should be much gratified if I heard these books had met a favorable reception from you, and that your charge is still in a flourishing condition, in every sense of the word.

I am, respectfully, yours,

"STEPHEN DANDO.

"P. S.—As the final closing of the case for the books has been assigned to me, I thought proper to address the above to you.

S. D."

"TO THE FEMALE MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN NEW YORK

"*Upper Sandusky, Ohio, January 13, 1826.*

"SISTERS:—It is with great pleasure that we inform you that the valuable present you made us has arrived safe to hand. We delayed expressing to you our gratitude in consequence of the sickness of our friend and

brother, Finley, through whom we intended to make this expression.

“ We accept of the gift with grateful hearts, and, at the same time, praise that God who, by his Spirit, moved your hearts to bestow on us this great favor.

“ We hope that these books will be the means of directing the minds of our children to that Savior who died to redeem a fallen and lost world.

“ We are still striving, through the blessing of God, to build up the Redeemer’s kingdom in this once dark part of the earth, and are still endeavoring to have our children educated, and brought to an experimental knowledge of the sublime truths of the Gospel.

“ Dear sisters, we live far from each other, and, in all probability, we shall never have the pleasure of seeing your faces in this land of sorrow and affliction; but, blessed be God, we hope we shall one day see each other’s faces in that kingdom where all shall speak one language, and all shall understand each other.

“ We avail ourselves of the present opportunity of returning you our grateful acknowledgements for all the favors we have received from your society.

“ Sisters, we salute you in the bonds of Christian affection. (Signed,) BETWEEN-THE-LOGS,

JOHN HICKS,

MONONCUE,

MATTHEW PEACOCK,

School Committee, and Chiefs of the Nation.

ESQ. GRAY-EYES, *Class-leader.*

JAMES BIG-TREE, “

JAMES HARRYHOOT, “

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, “

GEO. PUNCH, *Chief.*”

“Philadelphia, September 12, 1825.

“Agreeably to the wishes of the Female Missionary Society, attached to the Parent Society of this conference, I now address a few lines to you, respecting the success of the mission in which you are engaged. In February last we were favored with a visit from Mr. Johnston, who gave us a very pleasing account of your family. Shortly after we sent a small parcel, and inclosed two letters, to which we requested an answer. We again solicit a few lines from you. We know your time is very precious; but as our annual meeting will be held on the first Monday in December, hope you will excuse the liberty we now take. The missionary cause, with us, is yet in its infancy. We wish to arouse the minds of our subscribers and others, to a sense of the great benefits arising from such a work among the children of the forest; and, as we find by past experience, nothing operates so powerfully upon the mind, as an account of the great things God has done among our red brothers and sisters, will thank you to favor us with an account of the success the Gospel of Christ has had among them, during the past year. We do anticipate a great and glorious work. Tell them we do rejoice to hear that the Lord has done such great things for them; and our sincere prayer for them is, that He who has opened their eyes to see the light of the Gospel, and given them grace to close in with the offers of divine mercy, will strengthen them to run the race that is set before them, not turning to the right nor to the left; but in the strength of the Lord, go on conquering and overcoming every thing that may present itself to stop their progress; for they may rest assured, that the enemy of souls will not be wanting in wicked devices to insnare them, and

turn them back to the pit from whence they have been taken. But if they continue fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, as he caused his love to take possession of their hearts, he will, in every temptation, make a way for their escape. In a little time, I trust, we shall meet them in the kingdom of their God and ours, and together unite in singing, to Him that hath loved us and washed us in his most precious blood, be glory and honor for ever and ever. Amen.

‘There all the ship’s company meet,
Who sailed with the Savior beneath,’ &c.

“How it would delight my heart, could I be permitted to unite with them and their squaws in prayer and praise to him who is the God of the Indians, and whose ear attends the softest cry. I should feel much satisfaction in surrounding the same table with you and them, and in assisting in your school; but as my lot is not thus cast, I feel myself bound by the love I feel for the missionary cause, to do all in my power to promote its prosperity. When I call to mind the years of my childhood and youth, and think of the pleasant hours I have spent in the company of those eminent servants of God, Mr. John Wesley and Dr. Clarke, and witnessed their zeal and unwearied diligence to plant the standard of the cross in every part of the world, my soul catches the sacred flame, and all my powers cry out, ‘Lord make me useful in my station, to help on such a great and mighty work!’

“You, my dear sir, are called to fill an important post. You have many privations to experience—many hardships to encounter, and frequently have to labor hard; but when you see souls coming home to God, I have

no doubt but, like a good soldier of Jesus Christ, you are willing to fight on the good fight, looking at the great recompense of reward that awaits the faithful. It will be but a little while, and you will have done with all trials and difficulties, and enter that rest prepared for the people of God. Think what a bright crown awaits the faithful missionary. There you shall meet Wesley, Coke, and Asbury, and all the saints of God, who have finished their course and kept the faith, and dwell where they are—

·Free from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.’

“Uniting in our sincere prayers for you, and all your fellow laborers, in time and eternity, we remain yours.

“By order of the Board of Managers,

ANN CHUBB, *President.*

CATHARINE G. M’NAIR, *Sec’y.*”

To this letter I returned the following answer:

“*Upper Sandusky, Mission House,*

“*November 18, 1825.*

“DEAR SISTERS:—Sometime has elapsed since I received your affectionate letter, in behalf of your interesting society; and, until this moment, I have not had time to answer it deliberately. I do assure you that the Lord God of Israel is still with us in the wilderness, and we sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Our work is still progressing, although we meet with opposition at almost every step. But hitherto the Lord and his children have helped us. We have had some precious seasons lately; and for three Sabbaths past, there

has been symptoms of a gracious revival. ‘*Lord let us have it;*’ seems to be the cry of every soul. This fall we had a quarterly camp meeting in the woods; and the Sabbath evening was the most blessed I have seen for years. There were more than forty mourners came to be prayed for, at the invitation of brother Mononcue. This old Indian chief seemed as if he could not live, he was so overwhelmed with the love of God. I think he could say with the poet—

‘Tis grace that supports me,
Or glory would crush me.’

A good number experienced the blessing of forgiveness that night, and some the next morning. The parting exceeded all that I have ever seen. Their prayers, groans, and shouts, were all mingled together, all over the camp ground. Here were the parents and children folded in each other’s arms, and giving glory to God for the gift of Jesus Christ and his blessed Gospel, that had pierced their ignorant and guilty souls. One of our sisters, being filled with the love of God, came and took me by the hand, and said in her own language, (for few of them speak English,) ‘I thank the Great Spirit with all my heart for Jesus: I thank Jesus for you. He sent you, and God’s children sent you, to tell us about heaven. I thank God my children have heard it, and some of them are in heaven already, and I too shall soon be with them.’

“Indeed, sisters, it is not uncommon to hear more or less of this every Sabbath at prayer meetings, and especially at class meetings. Thanks be to God and his children, for the benefit of the Gospel! Now I do know, that if any member of your society could stand without the walls of the meeting house, and hear these

children of the forest chanting their soft and holy lays in songs of praise for redeeming grace; could you see them sitting wrapped up in their blankets, listening to the Gospel with streaming eyes, and thanking the Great Spirit for the good news of salvation, you would never think of becoming lukewarm in so glorious a work. You would labor for the sake of the thousands that yet are starving for the lack of knowledge, and the thousands that may yet be born to God, and will make vocal the solitary places with his praise. These you may never see, until you meet them in glory. Never think of relaxing your zealous labors. I often have felt as if I could throw my last coat into God's treasury.

“We have upwards of two hundred in society—twelve leaders, and three exhorters, all men of the wood. The classes are regularly attended and profitable. On the Sabbath day our house of worship is crowded, and great attention and the best order generally prevail.

“Our school, at present, contains fifty-seven native children; and we expect, by Christmas, to add a few more to the number.

“We are still scarce of beds and bed clothes, and the winters are excessively cold. About twenty of the children belong to class, and some of them are truly pious. They are peaceable and quiet; and many of them learn fast. The last annual conference passed a resolution for the traveling preachers, or as many as could find good places, to take each one of the largest boys for six or eight months, to learn the English language more perfectly. There would be but little difficulty to christianize and civilize these wild men, if the Christian world acted towards them as they ought. But this, I am persuaded, will never be the case.

“I am authorized to state to you, and through you to your respected society, that your children in this place, whom yours, and other societies with you, have taken out of the dark and cold, and brought to your fire-side, and warmed, and fed, and clothed, all return you their warmest thanks for having taken pity on them and their children; and they hope you will help them by your prayers and other means, until they can stand alone, and help themselves. Then they will try to help others, as you have helped them.

“They thank you, and I join in thanks to God and his Church, for all the benefits, temporal and spiritual, which have been bestowed on these, my Indian brethren. Indeed, I would think it no shame to beg for them on my knees.

“I hope you will still hear the voice from the wilderness, ‘*Help us,*’ not only with your goods and money, but with your fervent prayers. However it may appear to others, it seems clear to me, that if God’s people would perseveringly ask, the time has come when he will give the heathen to his Son for an inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for his possession.

“You may wish to know how I feel in my own soul. I bless God, though I am unworthy, I love God; and, although cut off from many privileges, I have happy moments and joyful seasons in this place. My cares, tears, and trials, are almost without number; but glory be to Jesus, he is with me. He is my unchangeable friend, when my way seems stopped up. I think the Lord’s people are praying for me; and though I have never seen you in the flesh, yet God knows I love you for Christ’s sake, and hope to meet you in our heavenly Father’s kingdom.

“My love to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ and missions.

“I am, with every sentiment of respect, yours sincerely,

J. B. FINLEY.

“*Mrs. Ann Chubb, Pres't, and Mrs. Catharine
G M'Nair, Sec'y F. M. S., Philadelphia.*”

96, 97, 99, 107, 125, 244,
245, 301

 CHAPTER XIV.

Robert Armstrong—His capture when a child—Brief notice of his life—His character—Usefulness—Death—Author appointed Sub-Agent for the Wyandotts—Correspondence on that subject—Discharges its duties gratuitously—Letter from a Juvenile Missionary Society—Reflections—Exhortation to the young—Condition of the mission—Efforts of traders to entice the Indians to intemperance—Severe reproof to makers and venders of ardent spirits—Scuteash seduced by the traders, and led into incurable drunkenness—Unsuccessful attempts of the author to reform him.

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 Pittsburgh, on the bank of the Alleghany river. On one Sabbath morning, when nature was spreading forth her glory, and all the feathered tribes were basking in her zephyrs, and warbling their melodious notes in praise to the Father of mercies, a young man, with little Robert, took the canoe, and crossed the river to visit a camp of Corn-Planters, (Indians,) and then return. This camp was supposed to be four miles from the river, on a path leading farther into the forest. On their journey they were dubious of the wild Indians, (as they called them,) for they were constantly watching for their prey. But softly did they tread the path until they gained the camp. It seems that these friendly Indians, who resided on the Alleghany, were down at Pittsburgh, trading for flour and other articles, and the man that took Robert with him, had some, which he wished to trade. 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 until it was late in the night, and then stopped to rest and sleep. The next morning, I had to take it afoot as long as I could travel; and although they treated me kindly, yet I was afraid they would kill me. Thus they traveled on several days, crossing some large rivers, until they got to an Indian town, as I learned afterwards, on the Jerome's fork of Mohickan creek, one of the branches of Muskingum river. Here they rested awhile, and then went on until they came to Lower Sandusky."

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

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

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 afterwards moved to Zanesfield, on Mad river. Thence he moved to Upper Sandusky, where he died.

Robert Armstrong possessed a good mind naturally, but his want of learning, exposed him to many impositions. He was easily misled by those he thought to be his friends. He had a strong inclination to be wealthy, and would devise many ways to accumulate property; and was frequently imposed upon and injured in his pecuniary circumstances, by buying goods, the remnants of old stores, then trading them off for peltry to the Indians, so that he was frequently involved. He also had to pay considerable sums of security money. Indeed, to my own knowledge, deep and ruinous schemes were laid by some of his white relatives, to strip him of all he had; but they did not quite succeed, being preserved by some of his other relations by marriage, who interfered.

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 himself to the Church, in the then Mad River circuit; but he did not experience the witness of his acceptance with God until the fall of 1819, at a camp meeting; and he never doubted the genuineness of the work afterwards.

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 until 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 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 until 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 following correspondence relates to this subject:

“TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GOV. LEWIS CASS.

“*War Department, August 17.*

“SIR:—I inclose a copy of a letter to Mr. Shaw, Sub-Agent, from which you will see his duties as such will terminate at the end of the present quarter. It is believed that where there are few Indians, as in Mr. Shaw’s sub-agency, among whom is a well organized establishment, under the act of Congress providing for the civilization of the Indians, no sub-agency is required. In fact, it is thought that the presence of such an officer, under such circumstances, operates rather unfavorably than favorably to the views of the government and the interests of the Indians. The department has entire confidence in Mr. Finley, who is superintendent of the establishment on the Wyandott reservation, and has no doubt that he will readily execute any of the orders or requests of the government or the superintendent gratuitously, as he is devoted to the improvement of the Indians.

“Very respectfully, I have the honor to be your obedient servant, (Signed,) J. C. CALHOUN.”

“TO MR. SHAW, SUB-AGENT, UPPER SANDUSKY.

“*War Department, August 17, 1824.*

“SIR:—It is believed that the duty of sub-agent is not so much required among the Indians attached to your sub-agency as at other points, and as the appropriation fixes the number of sub-agents, your functions, as such, will terminate at the end of the present quarter.

“Gov. Cass is apprised of this decision, and will give you instructions previous to the termination of your sub-agency, should any be required.

“I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
(Signed,) “J. C. CALHOUN.”

“*Detroit, September 2, 1824.*

“SIR:—The Secretary of War has thought it unnecessary that a sub-agent should be longer employed at Upper Sandusky, and has, therefore, informed Mr. Shaw that his term of service will expire on the 30th inst.

“I shall be at Upper Sandusky in the course of a short time, to arrange the affairs of the sub-agency. In the mean time, I have written to Mr. Shaw, requesting him, at the expiration of his term, to deliver to you the public property in his hands, and also the instructions he has received for the government of his conduct.

“You will please to discharge such duties as have heretofore been performed by Mr. Shaw, and as circumstances may render necessary, before I can have an opportunity of making the final arrangements on the subject.

“You will give such instructions as you may think necessary, to the interpreters and other persons employed in the department at Upper Sandusky. These instruc-

tions will, of course, be inoperative until the expiration of Mr. Shaw's term of service.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"LEW. CASS.

"*Rev. James B. Finley, Upper Sandusky.*"

"*Upper Sandusky, September 24, 1824.*

"SIR:—You are hereby appointed to execute the duty of Sub-Agent of Indian Affairs at Upper Sandusky, from the 30th inst., until this authority shall be revoked by the directions of the Secretary of War.

"You will report yourself to John Johnston, Esq., Indian Agent at Piqua, Ohio, and will receive instructions from him.

"In the execution of your duty, you will be governed by the laws and such instructions as have been transmitted to the present sub-agent, Mr. Shaw.

"As it is understood that your services in this capacity will be gratuitous, I am not authorized to hold out to you the expectation of any pecuniary compensation.

"Respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

"LEW. CASS,

"*Superintendent of Indian Affairs.*

"*Rev. James B. Finley, 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 without any reward.

I received many letters on business, from various missionary societies, the most of which I have heretofore spoken of; but I received one from Samuel Chubb, Jr., as Secretary of the Juvenile Missionary Society of the Union Church, Philadelphia, which I shall place before my readers. I do this with the more pleasure, as it may be read with interest by the young and rising generation; and even by those yet unborn, who will see that the young people and children of the nineteenth century, were engaged in devoting their labors and money, and offering up prayers to evangelize the heathen world. May the great Head of the Church make the youth of each succeeding generation more zealous in this blessed work than the past!

“Philadelphia, February 19, 1825.

“DEAR BROTHER:—I avail myself of the favorable opportunity now offered to congratulate you on the success that has attended the preaching of the Gospel, and the diffusion of civil and religious knowledge among the Wyandott Indians. It is a source of pleasure to us, who are blessed with the benefits of Christendom, that those who have been considered a savage and barbarous race, have been made the subjects of Gospel grace, and are enabled to participate in the pleasures of religion and piety, by becoming members of the spiritual Church of Christ, and being adopted as his children.

In the year 1822 a juvenile missionary society was

founded within the bounds of the Philadelphia Conference. Since that time the society has been slowly progressing, and although still small, we hope it will be somewhat instrumental in spreading the knowledge of Christ, and improving the present and eternal condition of our fellow creatures. We have hitherto raised, on an average, about forty-five dollars per year, which has been paid into the hands of the treasurer of the parent society, to be appropriated to missionary purposes. From the increasing interest felt for the inhabitants of the wilderness, and the favorable accounts received, we hope our little efforts will become more successful; that we may help forward the ark of the Lord, till Zion shall be enlarged, the sons of the forest become the worshipers of our Lord, and the desert places be made temples for the Holy Spirit to dwell in.

“We have a meeting of our society once a month, at each of which the members are addressed by one of the managers of the parent society, and some missionary intelligence is read, when it can be procured. Should you favor us with communications, as often as it will be convenient, containing accounts of the progress of the children, and any thing suitable to be read on the occasion, it would be a source of encouragement to us, and might be productive of good effects in the minds of our members, who are all young.

“Wishing you all the pleasures of Gospel grace, a successful ministry, and a happy entrance to eternal felicity, I am truly yours,
SAMUEL CHUBB, JR.,
“*Sec’y J. M. Society, Union Church.*”

This, with the other correspondence of the societies of the youth, augurs well for the next age. It is pleas-

ing to see in our young friends such laudable zeal and anxiety to assist in the great and glorious work of saving a lost and wicked world, and especially to redeem the savage man from his prison of death, by unloosing his bonds, and giving him the candle of the Lord, that he may find the narrow path for his feet to walk in, that will terminate in eternal life.

My young reader, are you thus engaged? or are you not spending your precious youth in neglecting God, and forming habits of wickedness that will confine you like a yoke of iron, which you cannot break off? You are spending the morning of your life in idleness and some foolish plays and pastime, or in reading novels instead of storing your minds with the germs of science, virtue, and religion. Why not take on you the yoke of Christ, which is easy, and bear his burden, which is light? You may be an idiot, when you get old, or a hardened drunken sot. You may die in your sins, and be eternally lost. The promise of God to you is, "They that seek me early shall find me." There is a time coming, and a period to be arrived at in wickedness, when the prayers of Job, Noah, and Daniel, will not be heard. Turn, therefore, and seek the salvation of God. Fly while it is called to-day, for to-morrow may never come to you.

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. How many thousand ruined families and individuals shall live to prove the terrible doings of this fell monster? and how many are in hell now, that have found their way thither through its means? Yet it is still tolerated in a religious community, and upheld in its use by those that call themselves friends to their country and to their neighbor! Reader, are you a maker or vender of this "accursed thing?" Have you increased your goods by this means? Remember, you have built your house with your neighbor's substance, and cemented every brick with his blood and the tears of his widow and orphans! Your carpets and side-boards are the price of blood, and have been obtained at the expense of the groans and tears, and poverty and wretchedness of the innocent and helpless child and mother! and if the beams in your dwelling, and the dollars in your coffer, could testify against you, the cry of murder would never be out of your ears! But you shall hear and feel the weight of your crimes in hell! The cries of the damned, that you have been the wicked instrument of sending there, will sound in your ears with an eternal wail that my pen cannot describe! Murderer of men, women, and children! desist immediately from your cruel practice, and by a timely repentance, undo, as far as you can, the evil you have done, restoring the pledge to the injured, and then seek forgiveness in the blood of the covenant! I do not hesitate to say your crimes are worse than stealing or robbing. If you were to steal

a horse worth sixty dollars, it would be but that loss to the family. But you have made the husband and father a drunkard, and now count the loss! But it stops not there; it reaches beyond the grave. You are like your father, the devil. You hold the poisonous fruit to your neighbor's lip; and although God and man, and the experience of all ages, prove that the day they eat thereof they shall die; yet you say, "Not so—it is good to take a little." You entice the wretch to drink; and when smitten, then turn round and say, "It was his own fault—he had no business to take it." O thou, child of the devil, cease to destroy, or you shall be destroyed! for with the measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again.

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. Tremble for the consequences, ye men who have caused nearly a million of human beings to be swallowed up in this vortex of destruction!

"Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls!"

DR. WATTS.

This year 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 in-

temperance. 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 sometime 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 amongst the first that took hold of this new way, and I was not long in it until 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 all became a burden to me, and every day I got weaker, until 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. They then 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 until 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 until 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 loose 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 must 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 will get so weak that we cannot

walk in it. But if we continue praying, we may grow stronger and stronger, until 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 until 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 until 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 courage to resist than you have. You must be a perfect *squaw*, and worse, if you cannot 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 sometime 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 pil-

low. 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 backslider 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 XV.

Conference year commencing in 1825—The author and Rev. J. C. Brooke appointed missionaries—Twelve of the largest Indian boys sent to live among the whites—The author's exposure in lying out all night—His dangerous sickness—A good quarterly meeting—Conversion of Scionta, the high priest of the heathen party—Letter of the author—He and Between-the-logs, Mononcue, and others, set out to visit the eastern cities—Voyage to Buffalo—Religious exercises on the canal—Arrival at Schenectady—At Albany—At Newburgh—At New York—They lodge at Dr. Pitt's—Are disturbed with drays and carts passing before day—Mononcue's opinion of sea crabs—They are amused with the curiosities of the city—School of colored children—Museum—Gas lights—The chiefs speak in the congregation—Rev. H. B. Bascom's admirable missionary sermon—Missionary meeting—Speech of Between-the-logs—Of Mononcue—Of Rev. J. P. Durbin—Letter from Bishop Soule—They visit Philadelphia—Occurrences there—Proceed to Baltimore—Received by Bishop Soule and others at the wharf—Lodged at his house—Kindness of his family—Bishop M'Kendree—Great curiosity to see the chiefs—Favorable impression made by their visit—The Baltimore camp meeting—Address of Between-the-logs—He addresses the congregation by signs—Good effects—The Severn camp meeting—Anecdote of a German—Visit to Washington—The author and the chiefs return home—Their report to their people—Letter from Sarah B. Sargent—Reflection—Judge Leib's Report to the Secretary of War.

THE conference, in 1825, appointed the Rev. John C. Brooke and wife, to take charge of the mission, farm, and family; and passed a resolution that twelve of the largest boys should be taken on to the circuits or stations, where provision could be made for them, and sent to school, that they might acquire fully the use of the English language; and that, if any of them should choose to become mechanics, they might have the opportunity.

According to this resolution, I started with them in a

wagon, sometime in December, 1825. The weather was cold; but without any difficulty, I arrived safe with them at Urbana, distant sixty-five miles, mostly through a wilderness. On my return, the weather grew extremely cold, and not being able to reach a house, I was obliged to lie out without any bed-clothes, except a thin quilt, and with very little fire. Here I was very near freezing to death, and it was with the utmost exertion that I saved my life. The next day I reached the mission; but such was the injury I received, that I never afterwards recovered my former state of health. I was taken suddenly ill, and the whole labor fell on my colleague. But God still prospered his own work, and every thing went on encouragingly. Our meetings were well attended, and some of the Pagan party were occasionally converted.

The failure of my health forbade my longer discharging the duties of Indian Sub-Agent. This fact I communicated to Gov. Cass; and in February, 1826, I received the following letter from the Indian office at Washington:

“TO THE REV. JAMES B. FINLEY.

“*Department of War, Office of Indian Affairs,*

“*February 6, 1826.*

“DEAR SIR:—The Secretary of War has learned, with regret, that you are not in good health; and supposing your duties, which have been gratuitously and very satisfactorily rendered, as Sub-Agent, may be oppressive, he has appointed Charles L. Cass to succeed and relieve you from the duties of that office.

“Wishing you a speedy relief from the affliction which has overtaken you, and much health and happiness, I am, reverend sir, your most obedient servant,

“THO. L. M'KENNEY.”

I had served the government from October 1st, 1824, until February 6th, 1826, about sixteen months. In May following, I received a communication from Gov. Cass, requesting me to take charge of, and conduct the affairs of the sub-agency, during the absence of his brother.

Our second quarterly meeting was held in our new stone church, in the month of April, 1826. At this meeting God poured out his Spirit on the people. Scionta, an old heathen, who was high priest of the heathen party, was converted. This man had served Deunquot, 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 called 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 an 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 see what was done, and what was doing.

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 has been one hour from that time to this, that he has not enjoyed the love and presence of God in his soul. I saw and worshipped 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 for ever.

God owned that house, 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 class house; and, with but little intermission, lasted all day.

I insert the following extract of a letter dated Upper Sandusky, April 21, 1826, which I wrote for the Magazine, and which was published in 1826, vol. ix, p. 275:

“For the encouragement of your most useful and benevolent society, I give the following brief account of

the progress and present state of the work of God among this people, taken from our Church records. In January, 1821, the first class was formed. Since that time 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 brother 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 prayer, and it being considered advan-

tageous 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. I wrote to brother Bangs, at Palmyra, the seat of the Genesee Conference, whither he had accompanied Bishop M'Kendree, that we would be at the anniversary of the Female Missionary Society, of New York, on the 14th of June, 1826.

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 horse-back. 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 sea-sick, and affected me some. We had many questions asked us: who we were? where we were going? and what our business was? &c., &c. To all these inquiries we gave the following answer: "We are Christians, going on a visit from the woods to see Christian friends in the cities of the east, and to learn of them the ways of God more perfectly." 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, until 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 Capt. 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," &c.

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 until 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 sometime, I took hold. I went to a great camp meeting, (below Lebanon, in Warren county, Ohio.) 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, until 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 afterwards 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 Aets 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. We landed at Schenectady, and took stage

for Albany. Here 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 Newburgh, and were received with great cordiality by brother Mason. It was thought best for us to remain here, and rest over the Sabbath, and then proceed on Monday to New York. I wrote a note to brother Bangs, informing him of the arrangement.

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, on Fulton-street, 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.

I shall not pretend to give the reader all the circumstances which transpired with us in this city, but only a few of the most prominent. 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, 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, "*Fute!*" and said, "The hogs do this in our river."

We visited the Book Room in the morning, and found from our own country brother Durbin, who informed us that brother Bascom was also in the city. The chiefs were much pleased to find brother Durbin, whom they had seen but once at a camp meeting near Delaware, in this strange land. Brother Durbin supposed they would not recollect him; but Mononcue, as soon as he got the first sight, exclaimed, "Here is my friend!" and took him in his arms. Such is the acuteness of their observation and memory, that they can always recognize a person whom they have once seen.

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 upwards, 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 a fogle-man. The boys presented my comrades with paintings done by them, which were well executed.

When we visited the Penitentiary, we saw the prisoners working on the tread-wheel. This was, without doubt, a severe exercise, and was rather calculated to

excite pity. One of the company said, "Poor men, you have great punishment for your crimes;" and they were disposed to turn away from such a sight.

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 grand-mother! (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!*" and then we retired. 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 manœuvre. 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 by a note stuck up on the door, in the dark, where, in all probability, none would notice it. Brother Brown and myself, however, went into the Park, to see if there was much stir. 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, until the Sabbath; when we repaired to the crowded churches, and worshiped with the great congre-

gations 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 an 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. Its fullness is most beautifully expressed by the poet, when he sings—

“Rivers of love and mercy here,
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows
 Like floods of milk and wine.

“The happy gates of Gospel grace,
 Stand open night and day:
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.”

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, at my request, preached the missionary sermon from Matthew, the twenty-fourth chapter and fourteenth verse, "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." His propositions were, 1st. To show the Gospel of the kingdom. 2d. The field of its operation: all the world, and all nations. 3d. Its triumphs and end.

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 headstone 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 until 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. Sometime afterwards 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 grand-fathers had

followed, 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 the 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, until 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 cannot 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 he feasted them with the sweets that flow from the truths of the Gospel. This was a happy night, and there are many who will never forget it. The collection which was taken on this occasion was a liberal one, amounting, if I remember right, to about seven hundred dollars. Between-the-logs closed with prayer, which was responded to with many amens.

I was no little gratified in the thought that we were all from "the west," and had been enabled to entertain our city friends. All the speakers acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of the occasion.

We now made preparations to leave our dear friends for Philadelphia. In the meantime, the Managers had all our likenesses taken by brother Paradise.

While here I received the following letter from Bishop Soule, at Baltimore, which will show how much care this teacher in Israel had for his brethren of the forest, and in what light he viewed our visit to the eastern cities:

"Baltimore, July 22, 1826.

"DEAR BROTHER:—A letter from brother Bangs informs us of your arrival in New York, and of the time

when you intend to visit Philadelphia and this city. Bishop M'Kendree and myself will both be here, to meet you on your arrival.

“I expect you have provided suitable clothing for the Indian brethren, so that they may appear in our cities in plain and decent apparel; or if you have not, as yet, been able to do it, that you will feel no delicacy with respect to the necessary means of doing so. We wish to see them in Baltimore, in a plain, decent, and comfortable English habit in full.

“I cannot but consider their visit to the Atlantic states and cities as a very auspicious event, and trust that it will be productive of great good. More when I see you.

“I advise you to take the day line of steamboats from Philadelphia to this city, leaving Philadelphia at 5 o'clock on Monday morning. You will then arrive in Baltimore the same evening, before sun-set. You will be met at the wharf, and directed to your lodgings.

“Remember me affectionately to the chiefs, and let them know how much I want to see them.

“Yours in much affection,

“J. SOULE.

“*Rev. J. B. Finley.*”

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 as ignorant as we." This answer rather surprised the Doctor. We returned to our lodging places, and remained with these benevolent people until after the Sabbath, and spent a day of peaceful worshiping 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 led on by curiosity, our company incessantly increased. This, together with the heat, had worn down my companions, until 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," &c.

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, "until 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; and 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 fore-finger he placed the nail,

and then with his hand closed, he drove it, exclaiming, "Jesus! Jesus!" He then showed how 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 a little 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 towards heaven, he exclaimed, "Duramaya! duramaya! Homendezue! (Halleluiah! hallelu-

iah to the Great Spirit!) Dezamah! dezamah, Jesus!" He then turned to Bishop Soule, and handing the Bible to him said, "Here, take this good word 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.

Good was done this day by the Holy Spirit, and thousands were satisfied that this man had been converted to God; for no man could speak and act as he did, without supernatural aid. This meeting waked up in many the missionary spirit and zeal for the conversion of the world, and for sending the Gospel to every creature. On this and other occasions, I had a clear demonstration of the different effects produced by *hearing* and *seeing*. Many had heard of the conversion of this savage race, but doubted the possibility of the untutored Indian being made the subject of God's converting grace; but now, like Thomas, they saw and believed, and wondered at the mighty power and grace of God.

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 sometime. 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 sometime. Although he was scarcely able to attend meeting, yet he did so until a short time before his death, which occurred on the 1st 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.

That our visit was attended with good to the missionary cause, will be seen by the following extract of a letter from an association of ladies in Philadelphia:

“Philadelphia, September 20, 1826.

“REV. MR. FINLEY: *Sir*—Immediately after you left this city, a society of young ladies was formed for the

purpose of assisting to clothe the children of the mission school under your superintendence. On me devolves the pleasure of announcing to you, that they have so far succeeded in their exertions as to be able to send a box of goods. We have endeavored to select such articles as we thought would be most useful during the winter season.

“The following is an inventory of the articles contained in a box which we have consigned to the care of Mr. Hall, of New York, to be forwarded to you immediately:

“Sixty-one and three-fourth yards cassinet, one hundred yards scarlet flannel, thirty-five yards linsey, eighty-one yards unbleached domestic muslin, sixty-one and a fourth white muslin, fifty-eight colored cotton handkerchiefs, thirty-two pair woolen stockings, forty-two pair of boots and shoes, fifty-three New Testaments, (a donation from the Bible Society of Philadelphia,) thirty-eight and a fourth yards of cotton check, fifty-six and three-fourth yards of domestic gingham, forty-one yards twilled domestic stripe, two pounds of yarn, one and three-fourth pounds of thread, (red and blue,) thread, binding, tapes, pins, sewing cotton, buttons, scissors, sewing and knitting needles, thimbles, combs, eight boy’s waistcoats; and three pair of striped blankets.

“The books with ‘Wyandott mission,’ and John and Sarah Gilder’s names in them, were sent to Mr. Merwin’s, after Mr. Finley had left the city. They were sent to us with a request that we should forward them with the goods.

“A bundle for Mr. and Mrs. Finley, and Mr. and Mrs. Brooke; a small parcel for Mononcue, Between-the-logs, and Mr. Brown, and their wives.

“Ours is an infant society, which received its first

impulse from your visit to our city, accompanied by our Wyandott brethren. It is now about six weeks since it was first organized; and we feel that the blessing of Heaven, thus far, has accompanied our labors.

“The separate parcels, which we have taken the liberty of sending, we hope will be accepted as a small token of our respect and remembrance.

“We should be gratified to hear from you when the goods are received, as our anxiety will be great until we are informed of their safe arrival. We should also be glad to know what articles are most needed, as we hope to be able to send something annually.

“I remain yours respectfully, in behalf of the Managers,

SARAH B. SARGENT, *Sec'y.*

“*Rev. James B. Finley,*”

Nothing can give the missionary more pleasure, amidst the sufferings and privations of his life, than to be sustained by the virtuous; and especially to see the young and rising generation employed in promoting the interests of Christ's kingdom among men. How much better this, and how much more promising for the next generation, than to see them spending their precious time in the morning of life, in attending theaters, balls, and other fashionable amusements and diversions of the cities, which

“Widen and strew with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.”

We found that during our absence on this journey, the work had still progressed, under the watchful care and faithful labors of the Rev. J. C. Brooke and wife. The mission school was in the full tide of successful operation,

How far this mission had succeeded in bringing this nation of Indians under the influence of christianity and civilization, will appear by the following extract from the Report of Judge Leib to the Secretary of War, made in 1826. The Judge was the government agent to visit all the Indian mission schools to which the government had made appropriations of money to aid the work :

“ On Tuesday, the 10th of November last, I left Detroit for Upper Sandusky, where I arrived on the 12th, and found this establishment in the most flourishing state. All was harmony, order, and regularity, under the superintending care of the Rev. Mr. Finley. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on this gentleman. His great good sense, his unaffected zeal in the reformation of the Indians, his gracious manners, and conciliating disposition, fit him, in a peculiar manner, for the accomplishment of his purpose ; and the fruits of his labors are everywhere visible : they are to be found in every Indian and Indian habitation. By Indian habitation here is meant a good comfortable dwelling, built in the modern country style, with neat and well finished apartments, and furnished with chairs, tables, bedsteads, and beds, equal, at least, in all respects, to the generality of whites around them. The Wyandotts are a fine race, and I consider their civilization accomplished, and little short in their general improvement to an equal number of whites in our frontier settlements. They are charmingly situated in a most fruitful country. They hunt more for sport than subsistence, for cattle seem to abound among them, and their good condition gives assurance of the fertility of their soil and the rich herbage which it produces ; for the land is everywhere covered with the richest blue grass.

They mostly dress like their white neighbors, and seem as contented and happy as any other portion of people I ever saw. A stranger would believe he was passing through a white population, if the inhabitants were not seen; for beside the neatness of their houses, with chimneys and glazed windows, you see horses, cows, sheep, and hogs, grazing everywhere, and wagons, harness, plows, and other implements of husbandry, in their proper places. In short, they are the only Indians within the circle of my visits, whom I consider as entirely reclaimed, and whom I should consider it *a cruelty to attempt to remove*. They ought to be cherished and preserved as the model of a colony, should any be planted and nurtured in remote places from our frontier settlements. They are so far advanced, in my opinion, as to be beyond the reach of deterioration. The whole settlement may now be looked upon as a school. Two acres of the missionary farm have been cleared and inclosed since last year, and sown with timothy seed, and about eighteen acres cleared which were before inclosed and sown with wheat. There is but one male teacher, who instructs the children in spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar. There are seventy children from four to twenty years of age—thirty-four boys and thirty-six girls. The wife of the school-master assists her husband, and instructs the girls in knitting, spinning, &c. The children are contented and happy. There are two men regularly hired, who work on the farm under the direction of the Rev. Mr. James Gilruth, who appears to be an able and experienced husbandman. The boys assist in the farming operations. A good and handsome stone meeting house, forty feet in length by thirty in breadth, has been erected since last year. It is hand-

somely and neatly finished inside. There are of the Wyandotts two hundred and sixty who have become members of the Church. They are divided into ten classes, in which there are thirteen leaders, five exhorters, and five stewards. Some of the largest boys belonging to the school are about learning trades. Forty-three acres of ground have been sown in corn, ten laid down in grass, and three appropriated for a garden, since my last visit. The farm is well supplied with horses, oxen, cows, and swine, and all the necessary farming utensils. I cannot forbear mentioning a plan adopted by this tribe, under the auspices of the superintendent, which promises the most salutary effects. A considerable store has been fitted up on their reserve, and furnished with every species of goods suited to their wants, and purchased with their annuities. An account is opened with each individual who deals thereat, and a very small profit required. Mr. William Walker, a quadroon, one of the tribe, a trust-worthy man, and well qualified by his habits and education to conduct the business, is their agent. The benefits resulting from this establishment are obvious. The Indians can at home procure every necessary article at a cheap rate, and avoid not only every temptation which assails him when he goes abroad, but also great imposition. What he has to sell is here purchased at a fair price. The profits of the store are appropriated to the general benefit. This plan, it seems to me, promises many advantages. The merchandise with which this store is furnished, was bought in New York, on good terms."

CHAPTER XVI.

Conference year commencing in 1826—Rev. James Gilruth appointed missionary to the Wyandotts—Death of Between-the-logs—Bishop M'Kendree's last visit to the mission—Rev. John P. Finley—The Bishop's pastoral care of the mission—Holds a council with the chiefs—His address to them—Their reply—Notes of this council, taken by the Bishop—His notice of some of their peculiar customs—Sciонта, formerly high priest of the heathen party—His conversion noticed—The Bishop's valedictory—Affecting parting scene—The Bishop, the author, and others, set out for Urbana—Indian provision for the journey—Incidents on the way—Reflections concerning the Bishop's plainness and humility—Indian "cold coffee"—Arrival at Urbana—Bishop's letter to Editors of the Methodist Magazine—Slander against the author investigated and refuted—Certificate of the chiefs in his favor—Young Ladies' Wyandott Missionary Society of Philadelphia—Letters from same.

AT the conference held at Hillsborough, October 4th, 1826, the health of the author was such, that it was deemed inexpedient for him to be returned again as missionary; and the Rev. James Gilruth was appointed to take charge of the Wyandott mission, whilst I remained as superintendent.

This year the mission sustained incalculable loss in the death of that distinguished and useful chief, Between-the-logs. A letter from Upper Sandusky, dated December 22d, 1826, gives the following information respecting his illness and approaching death:

"Before this reaches you, I have no doubt we shall lose our excellent chief, brother Between-the-logs. He will, in all human probability, have bid farewell to the shores of mortality, and will have gone to enjoy that rest which remains for the people of God. He is now lying very low with that merciless destroyer, the consumption;

and his recovery is entirely hopeless. We have no doubt our brother's end will be triumphant."

The mournful event of his death, which occurred on the first of January, 1827, is announced in the following extract of a letter from the Rev. James Gilruth, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, dated Upper Sandusky, January 20th, 1827:

"When I commenced this letter, I had no thought of saying any thing with respect to the mission; but believing that you, as a friend of Zion, would take pleasure in every thing that relates to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, I shall give you a succinct account of the work of the Lord, and the state of things. Our meetings are large: the trickling tear, and expressive gesture, often bespeak a heart under the influence of divine grace. Four have joined society since I came to the mission.

"Brother Between-the-logs is gone to rest. He died in the Lord, on the 1st day of January, 1827; but as brother Finley intends writing for the Methodist Magazine an account of the life and death of this excellent chief, I shall not enter into particulars.

"Our school is, perhaps, larger at this time than it has ever been. Our children are, at present, very healthy in general, though about a month ago they were much afflicted with colds, of which, together with worms, one (Richard Whatcoat) died.

"There is some reason to believe that the Lord has a people even among these children. At a prayer meeting, sometime ago, there was evidence of several being converted, and others deeply affected. In short, it was a

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 would be of advantage. 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 one should stumble and fall, they are first to help to lift them up. Father, we are a 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 work: raise our corn, cut our wood, and carry it; dress our skins, make and mend our moccasons 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 wigwam, 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 until we got a taste; then there was no stop until 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 until 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 own fur and skins; then our people would not be ex-

posed 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 was 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.*"

I have before me notes taken at this council, in Bishop M'Kendree's hand writing, respecting some of the traditions of this people, from which I extract the following:

"The Wyandott nation is divided into ten tribes. Formerly, these tribes were very numerous. Each tribe had its head chief, or ruler, who possessed high authority, and lived in the confidence of his tribe. There is a tradition among them, that there were originally twelve tribes; but two of them are said to be lost, and they have no remaining account of them. The tribes are now very much reduced; and two of them are nearly extinct, being so few in number that they have no chief. There are, therefore, now but eight *tribe chiefs* to this nation, seven of whom were present at this council, and all professors of religion. The other thirteen were principal

men of the nation. Their tribe law is kept up by the mother's side. All her children belong to her tribe; and the reason assigned for this is, that if it was kept up by the man's side, there would often be confusion and deception, so that the thing could not finally be settled. But now there can be no dispute in settling the matter respecting the members of the different tribes. Of the origin of this custom, they have not the most distant knowledge, but suppose it was so from the beginning, and that the Great Spirit directed it to be so. 'There is no crime or offense that can be committed among them, that is so heinous, and so much reprobated, as the violation of this law: that men and women of the same tribe shall not marry among one another, or have any sexual intercourse; and for its violation they have sometimes been put to death.'

Among the chiefs present, the Bishop notes the Warpole, (or Secretary of War.) This man continued long in opposition to Christianity, but at length yielded to be saved by grace. When the late chief, Deunquot, died, his office was to be filled by the Warpole, until another one was chosen or set up. On this occasion, there was great anxiety manifested by the heathen party to have one chosen to fill Deunquot's place, who should hold the same heathen principles. Hence his tribe met, and set up his nephew, *Sa-ra-has*—a fine young man, but not religious. The rest of the tribes paid no attention to this selection, for it was not their prerogative to nominate the successor. It belonged to the Bear, the Deer, and the Big Turtle tribes to nominate, but all voted in the election. The principal part of the chiefs and head men of the nation, now wanted to change their old Indian

custom of being obliged to take their head chief out of the royal tribe, and, therefore, delayed their nomination, and let the Warpole act as head chief. After counseling, they agreed to have the head chief and eight counselors chosen by election, every year, on New Year's day. Thus they have changed their form of government, and the mode of choosing their governors. Their first head chief elected according to the new plan, was the Warpole. This man was wise in counsel; and, after he joined the Church, was a faithful Christian, humbly walking in the ways of piety. He was appointed a leader and an exhorter in the Church, and was chosen as a deputy to attend the annual conference once or twice.

The Bishop, in his notes, makes mention of another person of distinction, who was present at the council—Scionta. He was the high priest of the heathen party, and used to keep regular meetings on the Sabbath, and expound the Indian religion, and exhort them to faithfulness in their worship of the Great Spirit. This man was present at the first quarterly meeting held in the new stone chapel built for the nation, and was then awakened, and fell to the floor under the power of God, and cried for mercy, and found it. He has, ever since, been an ornament to his profession.

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 up 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. 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 making 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, until 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.

While at Urbana, the Bishop addressed a letter to the editors of the Methodist Magazine, an extract of which was published in the Christian Advocate and Journal, of July 20, 1827, and is as follows:

“ Urbana, O., June 16, 1827.

“ Yours of May 31st was received while we were at Sandusky. Your account of the Sunday school and tract affairs is gratifying. I recommend all our societies of this description, to unite in our general union, and en-

courage the introduction of all such societies everywhere, but am sorry to find so little life in this part of our missionary work.

“We reached New Lancaster, in this state, with a foundered horse. To continue our journey with him was improper. I could not obtain one to answer our purpose, either by purchase or for hire, at that place. My mind was set upon visiting the mission, unless providentially prevented, which could not be determined without resorting to the last means. Nor was I willing to disappoint the expectations of those who were looking for me. Therefore, on the 4th inst., I left the foundered horse and carriage in care of my kind and attentive friend, Crist, borrowed a saddle and bridle, took Dr. Joshua Soule, Jr., with me, and set out on horseback for Sandusky. My infirmities rendered the undertaking doubtful, but it was necessary to satisfy my own mind. In the evening of the same day arrived at Columbus, and met brother J. B. Finley, according to previous arrangement. On Wednesday preached at Idleman’s meeting house, and on Thursday, the 7th, arrived at Sandusky, and found the mission family and school children in good health. The next morning, brother Gilruth conducted us over the farm.

“It is supposed they have about one hundred and thirty acres under cultivation, fifty-three of which are in corn, twenty-five in wheat, and the balance in oats, flax, potatoes, and a variety of useful vegetables for the use of the family, all in good order, and promising the husbandman an ample reward for his labor. In the afternoon we received visits from Capt. Cass, the agent, Mr. Lewis, and some of the Indians, and, with the assistance of brother Finley, attended to the examination of the schol-

ars, both male and female. Many of the children who were at school three years ago, have finished their education and retired, and their places are filled by another set of younger children, so that there were but few present whom I saw three years ago; but those who were at school then are now considerably advanced, and the young scholars are progressing as well as could be expected under existing circumstances. The mission has labored under some inconveniences this year. In consequence of a very severe winter they suffered unusually. This suggested some improvements, but from want of funds, they have not been completed; however, two large stoves have been purchased, and placed in the mission house. It is hoped that these, in addition to the large fire places, will render them comfortable, and that they will still pursue their accustomed course of success.

“On Saturday morning, Dr. Soule, accompanied by Capt. Cass, the agent, whose humane and kind attention to the afflicted natives deserves the warmest praise, and Mr. Walker, an interpreter, visited an Indian who had broken his thigh bone and two of his ribs, and was otherwise much injured, by being thrown from his horse while in a state of intoxication. It has been ascertained, that not more than fifteen or sixteen of the Wyandotts are addicted to intemperance, and this unfortunate creature was of the number. Myself and brother Finley visited Capt. Cass and some of the natives at the garrison; and, upon the return of the Doctor, dined with Mr. Lewis, in company with several of the chiefs of the nation, with whom we had a conversation preparatory to a general interview, which was appointed to be held on the following Tuesday.

“On the Sabbath we preached to a large Indian con-

gregation. Some white people from the settlements attended. Brother Finley spoke to great advantage. It had a powerful effect. The Indians, old and young, especially the school children, were much affected, and hung around him as their spiritual father and particular friend. It was a good meeting, and I hope its beneficial effects to that people will neither be forgotten nor lost.

“On Monday, accompanied by brother Finley, Dr. Soule and an interpreter, visited six families of the natives, observed their farms, entered their houses, conversed freely on civil and religious matters, and dined with Mononcue, where we conversed with ten or twelve of his acquaintances, principal men of the nation, and returned to the mission highly gratified with our visit. Their improvements are considerable, their houses comfortable, and their manners quite respectable.

“On Tuesday, the 12th, we had a very interesting and profitable interview to ourselves, as also to the nation and school, with twenty principal men of the nation. All the chiefs of the nation, except one, who still retains his heathenish practices, were present. All the natives, who were officers of the Church, were present. From these we obtained a very pleasing and encouraging account of the Church, their moral conduct, the attention of the members to the duties of their respective relations as members of families and of the Church, from which their attainments in vital religion appear to great advantage.

“From this council we obtained an account of the Wyandotts, setting forth their heathen state, the introduction of the Gospel among them, and its influence and effects on their civil, religious, and social character. They modestly alledged their want of qualification as a

reason for saying but little with respect to the school, yet spoke of its utility and their future prospects resulting from it, in a very pleasing manner. We had two interpreters, and pains were taken to obtain the correct ideas of the Indians. This document will be prepared and sent to you as soon as possible.

“For some years, materials have been collecting to bring this unfortunate people more fully to public view, which, when connected with this official account from the Indians, may form outlines for the history of that people.

“On Wednesday we visited ten families, and dined at the house of John Hicks, in company with some of the chiefs, where we were handsomely entertained. In the afternoon took leave of the mission family, preached to the Indians, and bade them farewell. I have never seen more punctuality and faithfulness among preachers and leaders, than among these Indians.

“On the 14th we left Sandusky, and on the 15th arrived here, at least sixty miles. To me this has been a very fatiguing and somewhat afflicting journey; but the weather has been favorable, and I have been supported far beyond my expectation. I am much indebted to brother Finley and Dr. Soule, not only for their attention to my person, but for the use of their saddles and horses, which were far more pleasant than my own. By changing at pleasure, and resting frequently, I have been supported, and trust no material injury will result from my laborious visit to the mission.

“Yours respectfully,

W. M'KENDREE.”

In the course of the last year some of my enemies, who never slept, tried to arouse the Indian nation against

me; and after I had left for conference, with the chiefs whom the Church had sent to represent their nation, two others followed, with charges against me. These charges were investigated before Bishop Hedding, by the missionary committee, David Young, Jacob Young, and Jas. Quinn. They were found to be nothing but some tales that had been put into circulation by some fellows of the baser sort; and when I was there with the Bishop, the council voluntarily made the following communication to him, and without my saying a word in reference to the subject. I copy it from the Bishop's certificate, which lies before me:

“At the house of our friend, John Hicks, Sandusky, June 13th, 1827: Jonathan Pointer, the interpreter, informed me that Sum-mun-de-wat desired to have an interview with brother Finley and me. We retired, and Sum-mun-de-wat informed us, through the interpreter, that the leaders who complained to the conference last fall, against brother Finley, had held a counsel on the subject, and had sent him to tell us their minds; and state, as the result of their deliberations, that their letter to conference was written in a dark hour, after brother Finley was gone; that they were influenced to write it, not from their own knowledge, but from evil reports. He said their minds had been uneasy ever since that letter was written. They thought the devil was at the bottom of it. They confessed they did wrong in writing the letter, and felt guilty for what they had done, asked his pardon, and hoped he would forgive them, and relieve their minds; and furthermore requested that I should inform the next conference of this communication, in order to remove improper impressions from their minds. Sur-

mun-de-wat wished to say something for himself on this subject, and added, 'I put my mark to that paper, not from any thing I knew about it, but because others did so. I never had any thing against brother Finley. I never saw him do any thing wrong.' He concluded with some of the most pathetic expressions of Christian friendship.

"Instead of granting pardon, Finley assured them that he had never been offended. He had too much confidence in them to believe the thing originated with them. The business was concluded in a very affectionate manner.

W. M'KENDREE.

"Ridgeville, June 25, 1827."

As I had been most bitterly persecuted, and many reports put in circulation respecting me—such as, that I had taken the chiefs to the eastern cities, and showed them for twenty-five cents a sight, and put the money into my own pocket; and that afterwards, when I left the mission, I had robbed it of valuable property to the amount of three wagon loads of goods, and made my escape to Kentucky—I now beg leave, for the sake of the cause I was engaged in, and to guard my own reputation from future defamers, to record here the following certificate, given voluntarily by the chiefs of the nation, without seeking for it, on my part:

"We, the chiefs and leaders of the Wyandott nation, have been acquainted with the Rev. James B. Finley for seven years—two years as presiding elder, and five years as missionary in our nation—and as such, the chiefs thought proper to give him a name in the Wyandott tongue, which is *Re-waw-waw-ah*; and we do say, that

we, as a nation, have been much benefited by his labors as a minister of the Gospel; and he has done us much good, and we do not know that he has done wrong.

“Mr. Finley’s conduct was good, as a minister and missionary among us. We, the chiefs and leaders, say this from our hearts: that the conduct of our friend, Mr. Finley, is that of an honest and good man; and he has done much good for us, and, we think, he cannot be guilty of a mean thing. We have all confidence in him.

“Given under our hands at Upper Sandusky, January 31st, 1826.

BETWEEN-THE-LOGS, *his* × *mark*.

JOHN HICKS, *his* × *mark*.

MONONCUE, *his* × *mark*.

ROHN-YEN-NESS, *his* × *mark*.

LITTLE CHIEF, *his* × *mark*.

BIG RIVER, *his* × *mark*.

JAMES BIG-TREE, *his* × *mark*.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, *his* × *mark*.

J. HARRIHOOT, *his* × *mark*.

SUM-MUN-DE-WAT, *his* × *mark*.

SQIN-DA-TEE, *his* × *mark*.

“Signed in presence of Isaac Walker, United States Interpreter.”

I think it due to the Young Ladies’ Wyandott Missionary Society of Philadelphia, to record their laudable zeal for the promotion of the cause of God among these people. This will abundantly appear from the following letters addressed to me by that society:

“*Philadelphia, August 17, 1827.*

“I have the pleasure to address Mr. Finley on behalf of the ‘Young Ladies’ Wyandott Missionary Society.’

In a former letter, we requested to be informed what description of goods were most needed, that we might make our purchases accordingly. The object of my writing, at present, is to reiterate this request. I preferred making our communication to Mr. Finley, as we consider him the father of the nation, and the one most deeply interested in their concerns. We wish to know the wants of the children for the ensuing winter. Mr. Finley would oblige us by writing immediately, as, by that time, our moneys will be collected, and we can send the goods, that some, at least, may be converted into comfortable clothing ere the winter season commences. We feel deeply interested in the situation of our 'red brethren;' and to contribute, in the smallest degree, to their comfort, is a source of unfeigned pleasure to us. Their claims on us seemed to be brought nearer to our hearts by the visit of the chiefs with Mr. Finley, last year, than by the most eloquent appeals, unaccompanied by their presence. One of them has since entered into rest, and now an 'angel's wing,' a seraph's tongue are his, to soar through all the host of heaven, and to ascribe, 'Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever.'

"If Mr. Finley could spare the time, it would gratify us to have some account of the present situation of the mission and school. Many of our subscribers are entirely ignorant of the missionary exertions at Sandusky, except such accounts as we were able to give them; and it would add greatly to the success of our exertions, if we could give them some information on the subject from Mr. Finley.

H. B. COMEGYS, *Pres't.*

S. B. SARGENT, *Sec'y.*

"*Rev. James B. Finley.*"

“*Philadelphia, October 23, 1827.*”

“We had the pleasure to receive your very interesting communication, dated September 11th; and the information contained in it, respecting the mission, has increased those feelings of zeal and interest with which our hearts have long been burning. We feel ourselves honored in being enabled, in some small degree, to contribute to the comfort of so interesting a portion of the Lord’s vineyard. But it is a source of sorrow and mortification to us, that so little is in our power. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, our collections were not made as early this year as the last. Neither did we experience the same liberality of spirit among some of our contributors. Consequently, the goods will be later in reaching you, and the supply will not be so plentiful. We did hope to have had it in our power to have sent a supply of blankets with the clothing, but our funds were small. Perhaps another year will increase the number of our subscribers, or something may occur to give a fresh impulse to their benevolent feelings.

“We found it impossible to procure second-hand clothing. Almost every family has a little band of pensioners, to whom every thing in that line is given; and this is the season in which the poor of our city are looking out for their supplies, from the superfluities of their wealthy brethren.

“We have done what we could, and we feel a satisfaction in knowing that it is not in consequence of any negligence on our part, that we have sent so small a supply where we had hoped to have been most bountiful.

“Your Christian advice has made a deep impression on our minds; and we do *hope* and do *pray* that it may be of lasting benefit to us.

“Our parents, and the members of our little society generally, unite with us in the sincerest and most affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Finley and yourself.

SARAH B. SARGENT.

H. B. COMEGYS.

“*Rev. J. B. Finley.*”

This excellent association of young ladies rendered us great service, in clothing the children; and will be a laudable example for other young ladies to engage in so benevolent, noble, and interesting an enterprise. Their donations this and the previous year, in garments and cloth, were among the most useful gifts received. May the Lord make their bed in affliction, and bring them to rest with the good Wyandotts, who have gone to heaven!

CHAPTER XVII.

The Wyandotts want their lands divided—Letter from Gov. Cass on the subject—The division made—Good effects thereof—Letter from Mononeue—Case of cruel murder among the Indians—Death of the murdered man—The murderer's life purchased by presents to widow of deceased—Her conversion—She returns the price of her husband's blood, and marries—Stricture on the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits—Publishers' notice—Letter from Rev. James Gilruth.

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. On the 23d of October, 1827, I wrote to Gov. 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 of all. I immediately received the following in reply :

“Detroit, October 30, 1827.

“DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter of the 23d inst., respecting the proper mode of dividing the Wyandott lands; and fully coincide with you in opinion. In fact, it appears to me, that there is no other plan by which the object can be effected in any reasonable manner.

“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 upon the same principles, until 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. Until 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.

“I am glad to learn that my brother’s course is acceptable to those who know it best, and are most interested in it. Your information is corroborated by Mr. Johnston’s report; and, I think, the same prudence will continue to characterize him.

“With sincere regard, I am, dear sir, your friend,

“LEW. CASS.

“*Rev. James B. Finley.*”

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 greatly promoted. Stock was increased, and

much improved in a short time; and religion and civilization went on, hand in hand.

As I am recording letters of interest, I now have in my possession one received from my old and well tried friend, Mononcue, Indian chief, which I will here lay before the reader:

“*Upper Sandusky, October 29, 1830.*”

“DEAR SIR:—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 Barnett’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 day-light, 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.

“I remain yours affectionately, MONONCUE.

“*Rev. J. B. Finley.*”

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 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, until he will reform, and cease to murder the souls and bodies of his fellow men.

HERE the *Narrative* of the Rev. J. B. Finley ends, and with the Biographical chapter that follows, we must close the volume.

The publishers deeply regret that they have not the means of continuing the History of this interesting mission down to the present time. The Wyandott mission is still in existence, and has been regularly supplied every year with missionaries, whose labors have been crowned with success. The last report represents the state of the

mission as prosperous; and we can but hope, that in another edition of this work, arrangements will be made to meet the reasonable expectation of the public, to furnish a detailed account of its history from the year 1827 to the time of publication.

We close this chapter with an extract from the last report of the Rev. James Gilruth, for 1827:

“The state of religion is still prosperous. The majority of the members are uniform and pious Christians. There have been about forty added to the society this year, ten have been expelled, two discontinued, and two have withdrawn. At our camp meeting, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of August, we had a good time. There were some converted, and several reclaimed from a backslidden state. In point of behavior, the Indians far exceeded their white neighbors in general.

“The Wyandotts are thinking of adopting a system of written laws, for the government of the nation. If this can once be carried into effect, their entire civilization will be completed in time.

“The principal part of the young men and women who were scholars, have received their education, and gone home—some of whom promise to be ornaments to society. Those that now remain are promising children; and what is a most pleasing circumstance connected with these children, is, that many of them are the subjects of a gracious work in the soul.

“There was a pleasing circumstance took place the other evening. A poor afflicted little girl, so covered with scrofulous sores, as scarcely to be able at times to walk, obtained a manifestation of grace, and exultingly rejoiced in God her Savior. The fire ran; and, blessed

be God, the whole school seemed to partake of the heavenly repast.

“Although the young men and women have left the school, there are numbers waiting to fill their places. The Delawares are also talking of sending some children to this school, if all things are agreeable.

“Our class-leaders and exhorters are catching the missionary fire. They are talking of forming a kind of itinerancy among the Senecas, Shawnees, and Ottowas. How they will succeed is only known to God; but they appear, at this time, determined to make the attempt. The Seneca chiefs (I was informed by their agent) have held a council among themselves, and have determined to abandon drunkenness. The thing was proposed to the tribe, and about thirty entered into the measure. The agent says, he has more hopes of these people receiving the Gospel, than he has ever had.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

OBITUARIES.

Between-the-logs—Big-tree—Jos. Williams—Cu-an-da-ma Hicks—Maurice—Mary—Wah-shu-ta-mah—An-daw-ya-wah—Thomas Mason—Isaac Walker—Co-ban—Hannah—Eliza Jane Hansberger—Sister Frost—Two Feathers—Maurice—Ken-taugh-que—Susan Brant—In-cats-see—Cu-ali's wife—John Brant—Eli Pipe—Ta-zuh—Nau-gah-hat—Mary Fighter—Sy-on-to's wife—None-way-sa—Yas-yah—Sister Jaco—Men-da-za—Tar-un-ene—Polly Zane—Ya-men-dash—Ta-sa-tee—Sister Jacques—Tay-how-wa-ha—Tar-e-sha—Tar-he-too—Maurice Big Spoon—An-da-wiz-u—Peter Warpole—Jesse Lee—Jacob Hooper—Men-sa-noo—May-yat-ta-hat—John Coon—John M'Lean—Ya-zhe-ah—Charlotte Barnet—Elizabeth Mononcue—Tom Long—Mariah—Rhen-yan-ness—Concluding remarks.

1. BETWEEN-THE-LOGS was born near Lower Sandusky, about the year 1780. His father was a Seneca, and his mother a Wyandott, belonging to the Bear tribe. When he was about eight or nine years old, his father and mother parted—a thing very common among the heathen Indians. After this he lived with his father, until the old man's death, by which time he had nearly arrived at manhood. After the death of his father, he lived with his mother, among the Wyandotts. Of the particulars of his life, previous to this time, there is but little known. Not long after his return to his mother, he joined the Indian warriors; and with them suffered a defeat by the army under Gen. Wayne, in the decisive battle at the Rapids of Maumee. He then lived at Lower Sandusky. His good sense, persevering and enterprising disposition, with his prompt obedience to the commands of the chiefs, and faithful discharge of whatever duty was assigned him, began to call him into public notice in the nation, and laid the foundation for his

being promoted to the office of a chief; and because of his retentive memory, and ability in discussion, he was constituted chief speaker of the nation. He soon became the intimate friend and counselor of the head chief. When he was about twenty-five years old, he was sent to fathom the doctrines and pretensions of a celebrated Seneca Prophet, whose fallacy he soon detected. About two years afterwards, he was sent on a like errand to a noted Shawnee Prophet, (Tecumseh's brother,) with whom he staid nearly a year, and then returned, convinced, and convincing others, that the Prophet's pretensions were all delusive, and destitute of truth.

Shortly after his return from this Prophet, the late war commenced. On the part of the Wyandotts, he and the head chief attended a great Indian council (of the northern nations) at Brownstown, in which he firmly rejected all overtures to join in the war against the Americans, although surrounded by warriors attached to the opposite interest. They left the council; and on their return to Sandusky, immediately joined the American cause. When Gen. Harrison invaded Canada, Between-the-logs, in company with a party of Wyandott chiefs and warriors, attended him. But the principal object of the chief, at this time, was to detach that part of the Wyandotts from the British interest, who, by the surrounding Indians, had, in a measure, been forced to join the English. This was effected.

After the war he became permanently settled in the neighborhood of Upper Sandusky. He now sometimes indulged in intemperance to excess, on which occasions unbridled passion got the better of his natural good sense. In one of these drunken fits he killed his wife. As well as I now recollect, Between-the-logs was excited to this

deed by a wretch who owed her some ill will, and took the opportunity of his drunkenness, and insisted that she was a bad woman, a witch, &c., and that he ought to kill her. For sometime he maintained that she was a good woman, and refused; but was, at last, overcome, and stabbed her. When he became sober, the horror of this deed made so deep an impression on his mind, that from that day forth he measurably abandoned all use of ardent spirits. Being deeply impressed with a sense of the necessity of a preparation for another world, and having a strong regard for his countrymen, he frequently besought them to forsake drunkenness, and pursue a righteous life.

In 1817 a new field opened for the exercise of his wisdom and courage. The United States having made arrangements to extinguish the Indian title to the lands claimed by them in Ohio, commissioners were sent to treat with them. The Wyandotts refused to sell their land; but the Chippewas, Potawatomes, and Ottowas, without any right, laid claim to a great part of their land. Gabriel Godfroy and Whitmore Knaggs, Indian agents for these nations, proposed in open council, in behalf of the Chippewas, &c., to sell said land. The commissioners then declared, that if the Wyandotts would not sell their lands, they would buy them of the others. Between-the-logs firmly opposed all these measures; but however just his cause, or manly his arguments, they were lost upon men determined on their course. The Wyandotts, finding themselves so circumstanced, and not being able to help themselves, were thus forced to sell on the terms proposed by the commissioners. They did the best they could, and signed the treaty; but *only from a strong hope*, that by representing to the President and

the government the true state of things, before the treaty was ratified, they should obtain some redress from government. In resorting to this course, Between-the-logs acted a principal part. Accordingly he, with the Wyandott chiefs, and a delegation from the Delawares and Senecas, immediately proceeded to Washington, without consulting the Indian agents, or any other officer of government. When they were introduced to the Secretary of War, he remarked to them that he was surprised that he had received no information of their coming by any of the agents. Between-the-logs answered with the spirit of a free man, "*We got up, and came of ourselves. We believed the great road was free for us.*" He so pleaded their cause before the President, Secretary of War, and Congress, that they obtained an enlargement of their reservations, and an increase of annuities.

About a year afterwards, the Gospel was introduced among the Wyandotts, by a colored man, named John Stewart. Between-the-logs was decidedly in its favor, and maintained its cause in the national council; and when the Rev. J. B. Finley, sometime afterwards, formed a Church amongst them, he was the first man who joined society—the first who turned his back on their old heathen traditions.

After he embraced religion, and his understanding became enlightened, he earnestly pressed upon his people the necessity of faith in Christ, and a life of righteousness. Soon after this, he was regularly appointed an *exhorter* in the Church, in which station he remained till his death—a devoted friend and advocate of the cause of God. He also watched with unremitting diligence over the temporal interests of the nation; enduring the fatigues of business, and of the longest journies, for the

welfare of his people, without complaint. He was uniformly an attendant upon the Ohio Annual Conference, before which he made some of the most rational and eloquent speeches ever delivered by an Indian before that body. He felt, and always manifested a deep interest in the welfare of the mission and school.

In his last illness (pulmonary consumption) I had the pleasure of visiting him. On my first visit, I strove to be faithful. I asked him of his hope. He said it was, "The mercy of God in Christ." I asked him of his evidence. He said it was, "The comfort of the Spirit." I asked him if he was afraid to die. He said, "I am not." I inquired if he felt resigned to go. He said, "I have felt some desires of the world, but they are all gone. I now feel willing to die or live, as the Lord sees best." Some days afterwards I visited him again. I found his mind still stayed on God; but he was evidently approaching his dissolution. I informed him that there were some evidences that his son (Richard Reese, his only child) had experienced religion. He rejoiced, and said, "I wish you to keep him at the mission. It is the best place for him. Keep him at school—keep him out of bad company." A few days after this he closed his life, in peace with God and man, on the 1st of January, 1827, about the forty-sixth year of his age; and was buried in the grave-yard by the meeting house, (a little way south-east from the house.) The Rev. J. B. Finley preached his funeral sermon, to a large, attentive, and weeping company of his people, the mission family, &c.

Between-the-logs was rather above the common stature; broad and thin built, but otherwise well proportioned, with an open and manly countenance.

Through his life he had to contend with strong pas-

sions, which, through grace, he happily overcame in the end. His memory was so tenacious that he retained every matter of importance, and related it, when necessary, with a minute correctness that was truly astonishing. And such was his natural abilities otherwise, that had he received a suitable education, few would have exceeded him, either as a minister of the Gospel, or as a statesman or politician.

P. S. The particulars of the foregoing narrative (except what relates to his attending conference, his death-bed, &c.) were told me by Isaac Walker and John Hicks. I wrote them down at the time, as related, and have given them substantially as I received them.

The foregoing biography of *Between-the-logs* was furnished by Rev. J. Gilruth, and is, as will be seen, merely a brief notice of some points in his history. Many other important and interesting particulars will be found in the preceding *History of the mission*; which, in some sort, is, itself, a history of the life of this distinguished Indian chief and faithful servant of God.

2. **BIG-TREE.** This Indian was of the Bear tribe. He was more than six feet high, and possessed great strength and activity. When I first knew him he was about eighty years of age. The rims of his ears were bent round; and by hanging weights of lead to them, they were so stretched that they hung down on his shoulders. The inner part of the ear was perforated with holes, for the purpose of wearing silver ear-bobs. There was a hole through the inner gristle of the nose, to which he hung his nose-jewel. His hair was cut off close, excepting a small portion on his crown. This was long and plaited, and drawn through a silver tube. His face was large, with aquiline nose, and high forehead

and cheek bones. No person could look at this venerable man without feeling a reverence for him. His whole person was dignified, and his manners were friendly, open, and affable. He lived on the river bottom, in a small field, containing about one-third of an acre, which he had fenced with brush and tree-tops. He cultivated this in corn, beans, squashes, and some other vegetables.

In the middle of this patch he had a house, made of corn-stalks, set up on end like a shock, but larger; in the middle of which, and at the top, he had his chimney, made of bark, peeled from a tree. The chimney was set on a frame of poles, supported by four forks, which were set so as to brace against each other. Bark was wound round each of these forks, and extended from one to the other, so as to keep them in their right place, and to sustain the corn-stalks. The blades of the stalks were all carefully peeled off on the inside; and on the outside the tops were turned down. This was all done with so much exactness and regularity, that it was water-proof, and perfectly warm. The door was small, and was the only place to admit light or air. This was shut with a piece of bark drawn over it. The fire was in the middle. His bed was raised ten inches, by laying three sticks of wood, say three feet long, cross-ways, and then spreading his bark, peeled from the tree, then his skins, and last his blanket. His pillow was a small bundle of clothes, with his tobacco-pouch. He had a small kettle of brass; a gun, tomahawk, and a butcher-knife; a wooden tray, and bark spoon. He had several horses, which got their living in the woods, summer and winter; an old saddle and bridle, with some bark kettles. Such is a description of his house, property, and person.

This man had, perhaps, passed through as many vicis-

situdes as any other person. When young, he used to hunt on the skirts of the Alleghany mountains, at the head of the Monongahela river; and has often drawn for me a very correct map of the country, on a piece of bark, with coal. He was at Braddock's Defeat, when a boy. He was in the wars with the southern Indians, and was once taken prisoner by the Cherokees, in a battle which was fought on the Kentucky river. He told me this was a bloody contest; so much so, that the Indians laid down their guns, and bows, and arrows, and fought with their war-clubs, and knives, and tomahawks. So closely engaged were the combatants, that they did not know their friends from their enemies. At last, night separated them, and both parties retired from the field. Big-tree, however, was made prisoner, and carried away, with others, to the Falls of Ohio, where they got their canoes, and went down to the mouth of a great river, probably the Tennessee, from his description of a broad shallow place, supposed to be the Muscle shoals. Ascending this river they came to the forks, and took the right hand fork, which led in a southwestern direction; and after going up this some distance, they left their canoes and traveled by land, until they arrived at their towns. All this time he had to work hard all day at the paddle, and at night was tied fast with tugs, and pinioned to the ground by strong stakes driven into the ground for that purpose. He also got very little to eat. Although they claimed the victory, it was a mournful one, for not one-third of the warriors that went out ever returned. Many of the wounded died on the journey. The old man said, "We all expected to die, to satisfy the revenge of those that had lost their friends; but we were all parted, and not two of us left together. I fell to the lot of a family that

had lost three young men in the battle. A council was held over me, and I was at first condemned to be burned. But the mother of the young men that were slain came up and claimed me in their place. She said, 'You took all my sons with you. Now they are all dead, and I am left without any help, and I now claim this young man in the place of my sons. You will pity my age and helplessness, and release him to me.' After some altercation, my sentence was reversed, and I was given up to the widowed family. When I recovered from my weak and reduced state, brought on by starvation and anxiety of mind, I got a gun, and went to hunting, in company with my new relations. We traveled a good way, to where the buffalo had gone to feed on the cane-brakes. I gave up thinking of making my escape, for winter had now set in. So I staid contented for the winter. But when the time of sugar-making came in the spring, I meditated my escape, and privately made some preparation. I durst not ask which way my nation lived, for fear of being suspected; though I could not certainly say respecting the right direction, but I knew if I could reach the Ohio river, I could find my way home. About the time the dog-wood blossoms, I set out one morning to hunt, and took a new pair of moccasons; which led to the suspicion that I was going, and was watched. I started, and had not been long gone until I was followed; and although I took a short course for the river, yet in the afternoon I found I was pursued. I then knew if taken it was death, and I set forward, with all speed, to baffle my pursuers. They followed me three days and nights, in which I never stopped to eat, but carried my gun loaded all the time. On the third day, awhile before sun-down, I got to the Ohio river, where it was very

wide, and I was so weak and faint for the want of food that I was afraid I could not swim over it. But I thought the Great Spirit, that had spared my life, would help me; and I lifted up my prayers to him and said, 'O Great Spirit, help a poor prisoner to swim this river, that I may get home to my own country.' Then I tied my gun on my head, and put in, and got over; but I was ready to sink several times. Then I looked up for help, and he did help me over. Here my enemies left off following me; and I went out some distance, and killed a deer. A part of this I offered to the Great Spirit for his goodness to me. I cooked the rest; and then went off, and lay in a thicket for two days, until I got rested. After this I then started home; and after three moons' traveling, I got back to my own nation."

He was in all the wars with the Americans; but was preserved from being killed, although he was wounded several times, and made very narrow escapes. He was a humane man; and no doubt but the promise of God came upon him, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." This man had several children, and amongst them three sons that grew to manhood; but in a drunken frolic, one of his sons drew a tomahawk, and struck it into the brains of an older brother, and killed him on the spot. The old man told this circumstance, while the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, and said this was the greatest affliction that had ever befallen him. His enmity and opposition to the deadly and fatal poison was implacable. His two surviving sons became religious; and the offender became one of our exhorters and leaders.

Big-tree was the first man that fell in with the Gospel, and was one of the two persons that heard Stewart

preach his first sermon in Pointer's cabin. He then embraced religion, and never forsook the good way until he was called from this to a better world. He was always, when able, in his place at the house of worship. He was much afflicted with the rheumatism, and sometimes so that he could not walk. I used to visit him every day in his corn-stalk hut, and carry him food, and frequently shoot squirrels for him. I never found him but in a praying frame, and always rejoicing in God. I had him frequently brought to the mission house, and sometimes he would stay a week. The Indian boys were delighted with his company. They would gather around him, and for hours, at night, hear this sage relate the adventures of his life, or tell them the history of their nation, traditions, laws, &c.; and would frequently show them the advantages the Great Spirit had given them over their fathers, by sending the good Book and ministers, to preach and furnish them a school to learn to read. "Now," said this venerable man, "dont let one blessing go by; but treasure all up, and you will be rich in good things." His Christian experience was related to me at one time, a few months before his death. He said, "When young, I took no thought but to eat, and drink, and play; yet when I did any thing that was wrong, I felt something in my heart that made me afraid and ashamed, and I felt bad until it wore off. At last I listened to the old people talking about the Great Spirit, and how we must worship him. Yet I did not know how, unless it was to give him the best I had. When it thundered, I was afraid the great Man in the clouds was angry. I followed this religion until the Prophet arose. I heard the Seneca Prophet, and believed he was right. All the Indians, also, followed him for

awhile, but turned back. Then the Shawnee Prophet came, and we listened and followed him; and soon we found out he was for war, and we quit him. Then all turned to the religion of our fathers. We sang, and feasted, and danced on until the last war. Then came the whisky, and the drunkard's song, and murdering one another, and poverty. Our women and children were almost naked and starved.

“At last Stewart, a colored man, came with the good Book, and said he would teach us the good and right way. I resolved to go and hear him. I did so; and he told me I must pray to God, and keep away from all sin; and that God, by his Spirit, would drive all darkness from my mind, and fill me with peace and love. I said, ‘I will try this way, and see if it will do any better than my old way.’ So I went home, and got down on my knees, and said ‘*O Homendezue, tamentare, tamentare. O Great Spirit, take pity on me, take pity on me!*’ I felt better in my heart before I got up. So I continued to pray every day, three and four times a day, until one day in the woods I felt a great weight on me, as if it would crush me. I got down on my knees and said, ‘O Father, take pity on your child, that you have kept till his legs and arms are stiff with pains, and his whole body is worn out. Now his load will throw him down. Then he can never get up. Again help him. Now take this load out of his heart, so that he can walk again.’ I had not prayed long until I felt every thing gone; and the first I knew was that I was on my feet; and I felt as young as ever. My heart was emptied; and I now felt so light that I thought I could run and fly.”

From this time, this son of the woods was a faithful follower of his Savior. Religion was his only and con-

stant theme. He pressed forward after holiness, which he no doubt obtained. This aged man continued to rejoice in hope of eternal life until the winter of 1824, and died in the full triumph of faith. It fell to my lot to bury him. This I did in a plain and decent manner. I preached his funeral sermon. He was much lamented by us all.

The old man was hard of hearing; and when he came to church, if the speaker spoke too low for him to hear, he would call out, "*Speak louder—I cannot hear. I had hard work to get here, and you must speak out.*" When any person prayed, the old man would kneel down, or lay across a bench, for he said he could pray best when he could get down low in his body and soul. Gentle reader, have you not had many more privileges than this Indian? Have you improved them, or are you yet in your sins? Wake up, for now is the day of your salvation, and your accepted time.

3. JOSEPH WILLIAMS was a half Wyandott, of the Land Turtle tribe, then nearly extinct. His father was an Indian trader. He was a man of a meek spirit, and much good nature, and somewhat inclined to be indolent. He joined the Church in 1823, and found peace with God a few months after. In the first love feast after he experienced religion he expressed great joy in believing, and praised God that he was delivered from the guilt of sin. He was able in prayer, and zealous in the cause of religion. He was appointed leader, and sustained this relation to the mission for sometime, and was useful; but he never acquired the influence he might have done, had he not been indolent. Yet he persevered until his death, which was sudden and unexpected. He rested from his afflictions, December 2d, 1827.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Spirit, so that she was constrained to cry out for mercy; and after many prayers and tears, and desperate struggles, she obtained the pardon of her sins. Her joy was now full. Her expressions of gratitude were constant, and sometimes rapturous. She now awaited the day of her transfer to heaven with great solicitude; and, at length, the joyful messenger came. She bid her friends and earth adieu, and by angels was carried to Abraham's bosom, March, 1829.

9. THOMAS MASON. This Indian boy was named after the Rev. Thomas Mason, of New York. He was one of the mission school scholars, and was a very promising boy. He joined the Church, and gave proof of the sincerity of his profession. He was much beloved; but his stay was short. He exhibited in his last moments the power of divine grace, and left his earthly for a heavenly school. My young readers, you have much greater privileges than this poor Indian boy. Have you embraced Jesus? O what will be your portion if you continue to reject him!

10. ISAAC WALKER was the son of William Walker, Sen., who was made a captive when a child by the Indians, and married a Miss Rankin, a half-blood Wyandott. Isaac was a pretty good English scholar; and although he had this advantage, he was raised with the Indians, in their customs and manners. Naturally he was intelligent, active, generous, and warm-hearted. He was a good interpreter, and acted as such for the government some length of time; and was often employed in interpreting the Gospel to the wanderers of his own nation, when his own heart became filled with its important truths. Brother Walker joined the Church, and was a worthy and an acceptable member for some years, always

using the means of grace, more or less, but without the enjoyments of religion, until the sickness which terminated his life. Ten days before his exit, he obtained the pardon of his sins; after which he manifested an unshaken confidence in God to the last moment; and died peacefully and triumphantly, on the 27th day of May, 1829.

11. CO-BAN, or *Tall-man*. This man was, perhaps, as great a miracle of mercy, as any who have been brought from darkness to light. He was addicted to intemperance from his youth, and it had become a settled habit with him, so that he was a common drunkard. I have heard him recite the mercy of God to him, in love feast, in this wise: "He preserved me when drunk, and lying in the mud holes, and my horse tramping over me, when neither men or devils had pity, and both would have been glad to have seen me killed. Then, O then! when I had no friend on earth, God pitied my poor soul, and kept it out of the lake of fire. And when no one had either love or hope for me, God sent his Son after me; and his voice waked me up, and his Spirit showed me the hell I was staggering over. It smoked and burned with awful horror. But his word was not to be shut out. I went home and tried to hide it, and shake it off; but it took faster and still faster hold, until I thought my heart would break down my body. It got so big and so hard, that I felt like dying. I then prayed and cried to God for mercy. I went and joined meeting; when all joined in prayer and prayed all night; and in the morning, God took away that old hard and drunken heart, and gave me a new one, full of peace and quietness. O how much I owe to God and his ministers, for saving my soul, and opening my blind eyes to see, and then to fill

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

39. MAURICE BIG-SPOON was the daughter of James

Big-tree, and was among those children who were first admitted into the mission school. Her father and mother were both religious, and she had their example and influence to aid her early piety. She appeared to be about ten years old when she, with many others of our school children, sought and found a Savior's love. One night, while I was at family prayer, this child rose from her knees, and came and caught me round the neck while I was yet praying, and asked me to continue in prayer for their souls. O how affecting was this scene! Nor would they be comforted until God had blessed them with his pardoning love. And I can, with others, bear testimony to their faithfulness in the service of God. She was a fine singer, and soon learned all the hymns that were sung in their language, and could sing delightfully; and almost every evening they would sing before going to bed.

One night sister Lydia Barstow (now sister Taylor) came to me, and asked me to step in and see the little girls in their evening religious exercises. When I went down, and looked through a hole in the wall, Maurice was meeting the rest in class, and calling on them, one by one, to tell how they felt; and then they would sing a verse. While in this exercise some wept aloud, and others praised God for his redeeming grace. After they were through, they sung in Indian,

“Jesus my all to heaven is gone,” &c.

Then she prayed, and all went to rest for the night, in calm resignation to God.

She made good proficiency in her education; and after she left school she was married to Big-spoon; which union, like all other unequal matches, was a great hin-

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

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

the price, and directed his wife where to get the money and pay for it. Then he said, 'Call in all my family, and I will rest, to gather strength to talk a little to you before I go.' He first addressed his wife, and said, 'When I am gone I fear you will cry and feel lonesome. But you must not. I am going home to God, and you must be glad. You will soon come after. Jesus will still be with you. Keep up prayers in the family, and let the children be kept at school, that they may learn to read *God's Holy Book*. Attend to your meetings, trust in Jesus, and all will be well.' He then charged his children to be good and obedient to their mother, to go to school and to meeting, to work and raise enough to live on, to serve God and meet him in glory. He then kissed the infant babe, and without a sigh or groan, bid this world a final farewell on May 4th, 1834."

41. PETER WARPOLE departed this life, after lingering several months with the consumption, on the 2d day of January, 1835. He had been a professor of religion for several years; and though, in some degree, unstable part of the time, yet in the last two years of his life he evinced more stability and devotion.

42. JESSE LEE was one of the boys who attended the mission school; and though he made but little proficiency, yet there is no doubt but his stay with the mission family was a blessing to him. It was there he learned of the Savior; and though he did not comply at first, he joined the Church afterwards, (March 1st, 1834,) and in September following was unanimously admitted into full membership. He was deeply afflicted, and those afflictions doubtless were sanctified to him.

43. JACOB HOOPER was at the mission school but a short time. He embraced religion when young, and

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

50. ELIZABETH MONONCUE was one of the mission

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

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

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

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

love feast, told the wonders of redeeming grace, clapped his glad hands, and looked up to heaven, as his future and blessed home, and on the following Thursday died, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

Now, dear reader, I have related to you the glorious effects of redeeming mercy on the hearts and lives of a few of the Indians that embraced religion through the preaching of the Gospel at this mission; and more than double the above number might be given, who were saved from the wrath to come, by "the foolishness of preaching" Christ and him crucified. These notices were taken from the Church book at the mission. In some I have added a few things from my own knowledge; and might say much more. These Indians were in a most degraded state when the Gospel reached them. How many thousands, in similar circumstances, are asking for the bread of life! And here are the laborers, waiting to be employed, saying, "Here I am—send me." But who will help? Need I exhort you, after having read the facts here stated? No! The love of God and worth of souls will constrain you to aid with your money and prayers, in evangelizing and bringing to God those poor wanderers; and where you have heretofore given one dollar, now give two. It will be well laid up in heaven. But if you withhold your aid from the missionary cause, and lay up treasure on earth, it will soon be taken from you; or it will, perhaps, be the curse of your family, when you are taken from it. *Let the Indians have the Gospel; let them all have it, and let them have it now!*





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