n.º 25

Orlando Megasges

INDIAN

MISSIONARY REMINISCENCES,

PRINCIPALLY OF THE

WYANDOT NATION.

IN WHICH IS EXHIBITED THE EFFICACY OF THE GOSPEL IN ELEVATING IGNORANT AND SAVAGE MEN.

BY THE REV. CHARLES ELLIOTT,
SOME TIME MISSIONARY AMONG THE WYANDOTS.

"Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond *nor* free: but Christ is all, and in all," Col. iii, 11.

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PREFACE.

THE following is the history of these Reminiscences. While missionary at Upper Sandusky, in 1822, the author kept a brief journal of passing events, for the first three months of his stay there. The keeping of the journal was interrupted by the increased duties of an extensive revival, in the first place; and subsequently, by his spending the latter half of the year in obtaining supplies for the increasing wants of the mission school and family. The Reminiscences took their origin as follows:—About the end of February, 1834, shortly after the writer commenced editing the Pittsburg Conference Journal, he was relating one day the substance of what is contained in Reminiscence XVI., to some friends in the printing office. They requested that it would be written and published. This was done, and after the publication of this, several others followed. Shortly after this, some thought that the incidents contained in these unadorned and unpretending narratives might be interesting to the public as a Sunday school book. This led the writer to

add the above-named journal and some other incidents not published in the Conference Journal. He judges that the life of Between-the-Logs will be acceptable to most. He also supposes that the concluding observations on the efficacy of the Gospel, both in civilizing and Christianizing man, will not be unacceptable to those who may have patience to read what precedes; or who feel interested in the conversion of the world. No one who peruses this humble production will expect any literary embellishment. This is beyond the reach, and, in this work, foreign to, the design of the writer of the Reminiscences.

CHARLES ELLIOTT.

Pittsburg, Feb., 1835.

INDIAN

MISSIONARY REMINISCENCES.

REMINISCENCE I.

John Steward the coloured man, the apostle of the Wyandots—His conversion—Licensed to exhort—Remarkable dream—Sets out from Marietta toward the north-west—Arrives at Goshen among the Moravian Delawares—Journey to Pipetown—Incidents there.

JOHN STEWARD was born and raised in Powhattan county, Va. He was a free mulatto, and claimed kindred with the Indians. In the early part of his life, he lived without an experimental knowledge of religion. He could read and write but imperfectly, yet, after he became religious, he improved much in reading, so that he could read, with tolerable fluency and precision, his Bible and hymn book. Through the instrumentality of Methodist preaching, he was convinced of his sinfulness by nature and practice. He sought God earnestly, and found the pearl of great price, accompanied with the direct witness of his sonship, by the agency of the Holy Spirit; a clear sense of which he afterward retained. In his Christian experience he was very clear. This I learned from hearing him preach, pray, and exhort, frequently, as well as from frequent private conversations with him. He prayed much, and lived near to God.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Marietta, where he obtained the reputation of a consistent Christian. After some time, in consideration of his gifts, graces, and prospective usefulness, he was regularly licensed to *exhort*; and as an exhorter he laboured, especially among the people of his own colour, with acceptance and usefulness. Shortly after he was thus licensed, he esteemed it his duty to call sinners to repentance, in a more extended way than what falls ordinarily to the lot of exhorters. But as there is something altogether extraordinary connected with this man, a minute history of his early movements may not be unacceptable. With him I had frequent conversations respecting the first steps by which he was led to attempt to preach among the Indians.

About the time, or shortly after he commenced exhorting, he had a remarkable dream. And although dreams are uncertain directories, and are never to be followed, unless they have the authority of the revealed word to sanction what they teach, yet when they teach us what the Bible and common sense teach us, it is wise and safe to follow them. The only reason why we ascribe Steward's dream to a good cause, was, that the subsequent steps by which he was conducted lead us to the certainty of *facts*, which testify that his cause was one that was under the direction of the Almighty.

He dreamed that he was in a certain house, about to commence a religious meeting, and that an Indian man and woman, while he was sitting,

came into the house, clothed in particular garments—they came into the house in a peculiar manner—accosted him, and shook hands with him—retired and took their seats—and seemed to manifest peculiar earnestness and interest in respect to his message. He also gathered from them, that they invited him to go and preach for their people, who lived in a direction *north-west* from Marietta. This dream made an uncommon impression on his mind. And though he used many means to argue away its force, it still clung to him by day and by night. When he resisted the impression on his mind, he was afterward in a state of mental misery. But when he was determined to follow the indented impression of his mind, his peace and joy returned. He would frequently go into the woods and fields, to pray, and ask God for direction. It seemed to him as if he *heard* the voice of these two Indians continually, *saw* them always before his eyes, and heard their *invitation* to him, to come and preach to them, as well as their *warning* to preach the truth faithfully. He would sometimes seem to hear them praise God with sweetest voices. They still seemed to come from the north-west, and invited him to proceed in that direction. He would sometimes find himself standing on his feet, and addressing a congregation. A sense of his weakness and ignorance prevented him from attempting the contemplated journey, though his mind was continually drawn to travel toward the source from whence the voices came. The impression made daily on his

mind became stronger and stronger. And in consequence of having resisted this call, from a sense of his own insufficiency, the agitations of his mind so affected his body, that he was thrown into a severe fit of sickness. During his illness, and as he was recovering, he resolved, with God's help, that, should the Lord restore him, he would attempt the work which he believed it his duty to perform. When he thoroughly recovered, he firmly resolved to go, provided he would be enabled to pay some debts he had contracted before he experienced religion. This he was soon enabled to do, and commenced preparing to take his journey. He opened his mind on the subject to several members of the Church, but they generally viewed his impressions as merely imaginary. From this source he therefore either met with no encouragement, or with repulse. Here his difficulties again increased. And though he was convinced he *must go*, yet he had no person or Church authority to *send* him. The quarterly meeting conference justly enough supposed that the hazard was too great for them to venture any particular interference. At length he conversed with a certain class leader, one of his confidents, on the subject, and the leader gave him the following wise advice:—"Your impressions and sense of duty are so peculiar, that no Church authority can act just now in your case. But as you verily believe it is your duty to go somewhere north-west, and preach to the Indians, obey what you esteem to be the command of God. And probably you

may not be able to decide the question or ease your mind in any other way, than to attempt the work by commencing your journey." The leader and he prayed together, and being thus recommended to the grace of God by this pious man, he came to the determination to make the attempt.

Accordingly he commenced his journey. He had no purse, nor money to put in it, and had no clothes but those on his back, and these were of coarse material and somewhat worn. He had no license, permit or recommendation from any Church authority. He had no one to wish him God speed but the class leader. No large assemblies convened to hear speeches, make collections, or to join in prayer for him. The whole Methodist Episcopal Church was in a profound midnight sleep in regard to Indian missions, when John Steward, the *coloured man*, with his staff on his shoulder, to the end of which was tied the little coarse handkerchief or knapsack, which contained a couple of halfworn shirts, and a couple of thread-bare socks, none of which were ever after washed, except when, on his journey, or at Sandusky, he washed them with his own hands, without soap or smoothing, nor were they repaired by new ones—with his Testament, also, in one pocket, and his hymn book in the other—a small supply of bread and meat too made a part of his *outfit*. John Steward, the coloured man, thus set out from Marietta, not knowing whither he was going, except toward the north-west. Methinks I still see the picture

which he gave of his departure, when we conversed on this subject, in the fall of 1822. He proceeded from the town toward the north-west, leaving Zanesville on the left, sometimes following a road, when he thought it was in the right direction; at other times travelling in the pathless woods. When he supposed he was too far to the east, he inclined toward the west, and when he thought he was too far toward the west, he inclined more toward the east. Sometimes he would stop in the woods, pray to his heavenly Father, sing a hymn or two, or seat himself on a log, and read in his Testament. Thus he proceeded until he came to the Delaware Indians on the Tuscarawas River, at Goshen. These were the shattered remains of those who were so inhumanly butchered during the last war. They were murdered in cool blood, in the most barbarous manner, while at their devotions. They were Moravians. They received him kindly. He preached for them and remained several days among them. He told the minister of his call, who exhorted him to obey it. Steward thought, at first, that he had arrived at the end of his journey, but after he was there a few days, he believed that he must still proceed farther; that this was not the place where he was called to labour, and that there was yet some place north-west where he must go.

While at Goshen, Steward learned that there were Indians north-west of that place. He therefore determined to set out to find them. He had already travelled about 80 or 100 miles. The

distance still before him was about one hundred miles, and for the most part uninhabited, or at least very thinly. He proceeded on his journey as before. When he thought he was too far to the east, he took a more westwardly course, and when he found he was too far to the west, he changed his course more to the east. He lay several nights in the woods. Toward the head waters of the Mohican or Killbuck creek, he providentially found a welcome lodging with a pious class leader, who encouraged him much, and replenished his knapsack with a fresh supply of bread and meat. They spent a good part of the night in prayer, and Steward left his roof much encouraged to fill his mission. Some, whom he met, endeavoured to dissuade him from his undertaking, by informing him that the Indians could not be converted, and if they could, he could never be the instrument of their conversion. But these things did not move him: he still pursued his journey as before, until he arrived at Pipetown, on the Sandusky River, where a part of the Delaware Indians reside. It should also be remarked that during this journey he never omitted any opportunity of preaching, conversing with people on the subject of religion, or praying with them in the families where he stopped. When he entered a cabin in the wilderness, he had no money to offer them for entertainment: his only resource was, to declare the errand on which he was going, which, by the way, was not a popular one among the early settlers of Ohio. Yet his candid tone of sin-

cerity, as well as the good hand of God over him, generally obtained for him a kind reception. They who go on God's errands will find some way to enable them to prosecute them.

When he arrived at Pipetown, he was conducted to one of the Indian cabins, and was cordially received. This was in October, and on the day in which they were gathering in, and husking their corn; after the completion of which they must have a great dance. He told them he was sent by the Great Spirit to teach them. This they rather called in question, but promised to give him a hearing when they would finish their dance. They commenced by setting up the war whoop, and then they proceeded to the dance, which they performed with great agility, Steward being seated in the midst. They danced and frisked around him, sometimes brandishing their tomahawks close to his head and face, as if to cleave his skull, yet dexterously missing him, and touching or grazing only the hair of his head, or skin of his face; at other times they would point their butcher knives at him, and make a thrust at him, as if to kill him; yet, carefully missing their mark; at first he became somewhat afraid, but immediately recalling himself, he composedly kept his seat, felt no fear, and after a little took his hymn book from his bosom, selected a hymn, for the purpose of singing it when they were done dancing. This circumstance called a halt in their movements, so that in a short time they got through their dance, and all became perfectly composed. He

immediately commenced singing his hymn. All were silent while he sung; and when he got through that hymn, one said in English, *Sing more.* He complied, and then inquired for an interpreter: an old Delaware, named Lyons, interpreted for him while he preached, or, as he said himself, *talked to them about religion, out of his New Testament.* The Indians listened attentively, and when he had finished, they gave him the best entertainment they had, and he occupied such a bed as they use themselves, *i. e.* the floor, with a blanket wrapped around him.

REMINISCENCE II.

Steward continued—Departure from Pipetown and arrival at Sandusky—His reception at Mr. Walker's—Journey to Jonathan's—First preaching among the Wyandots—Fulfilment of his dream.

We have already seen that the Delawares listened attentively to Steward's sermon, at the close of which they gave him the best entertainment, as to victuals and lodging, of which they were possessed. He now supposed he had filled up his mission, and accordingly determined to return to Marietta, and from thence proceed to Tennessee, to visit his relations. In the morning his impression of going northwest returned with renewed force; and though the Delawares urged him to continue longer with them, and though he was also strongly inclined to visit his friends in Tennessee, yet the more powerful im-

pression of duty urging him to go farther had the dominancy. Accordingly he proceeded on his journey, and soon arrived at Upper Sandusky, at the house of Mr. William Walker, the United States' sub-agent, and interpreter for the nation. At first he was suspected to be a runaway slave, and was on that account narrowly questioned. Steward declared to them he was a free man, and that he was sent of God to preach the Gospel to Indians somewhere northwest of Marietta, from whence he came; that he had visited the Indians on the Tuscarawas river, and those at Pipetown; but these were not the Indians to whom he was sent, and he came to Sandusky for the purpose of finding them, as he thought the Wyandots were those to whom his mission called him to go. He also informed Mr. Walker that he had been a very wicked man, but that he was brought from darkness to light. He declared to him what God had done for his soul. He sung hymns, prayed with them, and read in the Testament, which he took out of his pocket. The family, as Isaac Walker informed me, entertained a favourable opinion of his sincerity; but they supposed, though a good man, that he was a mistaken man; and though they declined interpreting for him, they treated him kindly, and directed him to go to Jonathan Pointer, the coloured man, who, they said, would interpret for him. Jonathan lived about eight miles from Mr. Walker's, in an out-of-the-way place, to which there was no direct road or trail, only that it was still northwest. He proceeded to Jonathan's,

and though it would appear impossible for a stranger to find it, yet he went toward the direction in which it was, and exactly hit upon the house, which was situated in a hollow place, at a distance of several miles from any other. When Jonathan ascertained his errand, he endeavoured to dissuade him from the undertaking, telling him that many wise and learned men had already, to no purpose, preached to the Indians. Still Steward persisted in declaring that he had a message from God to them, and that he must deliver it.

"Finding that Jonathan was preparing to attend a feast which was appointed to be celebrated on that day, Steward asked liberty to accompany him, to which Jonathan quite reluctantly consented. A large number of Indians being collected together, the feast and dance were conducted as usual on such occasions, with great mirth and hilarity. Permission being granted, at the close of the amusement, Steward, through the agency of Jonathan, delivered to the Wyandots a discourse on the subject of Christianity, dwelling principally on its experimental and practical effects upon the heart and life. They listened with profound attention to what he delivered, and then gave him their hands, in token of hospitality to a stranger.

"He made an appointment for meeting the next day at the house of Jonathan, the interpreter; but how surprised and disappointed was he to find, instead of a large assembly, only one old woman. Not disheartened at this, Steward,

imitating his Lord and Master, who preached to the woman of Samaria, preached the Gospel to her as faithfully as if there had been hundreds present to hear him. The next day his congregation was increased by the addition of one old man. To these two he preached with such success, that they both became sincere and genuine converts to the Christian faith.

"The next day, being Sunday, eight or ten assembled in the council house, who seemed much affected under his sermon, and a work of reformation commenced, which terminated in the conversion of many. This was in the month of November, 1816. Steward continued his labours, visiting the families from cabin to cabin, talking, singing, and praying with them, and preaching to them on Sabbaths in the council house. Very soon large crowds flocked to the meetings, and such was the deep concern manifested for the salvation of their souls, that for a season they almost entirely neglected their secular affairs. This gave occasion for the mercenary traders residing among them to speak reproachfully of Steward, and to accuse him of being instrumental of starving the Indians, by preventing them from hunting, &c.; but it was very manifest that the true reason of their opposition was, 'that their craft was in danger.' But although they threatened him with imprisonment if he did not desist, he gave them practical evidence of a determination to persevere in his labours, regardless of all consequences."—*Bangs' History of Missions.*

A principal difficulty arose to Steward from the hardened state of Jonathan, his interpreter, who, though he interpreted faithfully whatever the other uttered, yet would sometimes add, "So he says, but I do not know whether it is so or not, nor do I care. All I mind is to interpret faithfully what he says. You must not think that I care whether you believe it or not." Yet interpreting was made the means of his conviction. He soon became much alarmed in the act of interpreting. While Steward would be uttering his sentence, he would be meditating his escape before it would be his turn to speak; yet the idea of leaving the preacher, and by this means disappointing the hearers, who were now numerous and much affected, prevented him from running away from the word of the Lord. Jonathan became a convert to Christianity, and was afterward, apparently, hearty in the work. He was certainly an excellent interpreter, of whom, as such, a few words may be said at a future time.

One other circumstance that occurred in one of the first meetings held by Steward among the Wyandots, is worthy of notice. While Steward and Pointer were seated together, and the congregation were assembling, an Indian man and woman came in, approached Steward, shook hands very cordially with him, and then took their seats in an orderly manner. When they had taken their seats Steward observed to Pointer, I saw that man and woman before. No, said the other, you certainly never saw them

before this evening. I am sure, said Steward, I saw them before, for their countenances are familiar to me, as well as their manner of walking, sitting, and acting. It is impossible, said Pointer, for you to know them, as you were never in any place where they were, and therefore you are certainly mistaken. Then Steward observed to him, This is the man and woman whom I saw in my dream before I left Marietta; and I know, from the deep impression made on my mind, that these two persons are just like those I saw in my dream. I give this narrative precisely as Steward gave it to me. The thing is somewhat strange and curious, and would not be worth mentioning were it not that it is connected with matters of importance. This circumstance was an encouragement to this devoted man, when opening the door of faith to the Wyandot nation. One cannot, in this place, avoid thinking of the following passage of Scripture:—Acts xvi, 6–12, "Now, when they had gone throughout Phrygia, and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia; after they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia: but the Spirit suffered them not. And they, passing by Mysia, came down to Troas. And a vision appeared to Paul in the night: there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering, that the Lord had called us for to preach the

Gospel unto them. Therefore, loosing from Troas, we came with a straight course to Samothracia, and the next day to Neapolis, and from thence to Philippi, which is the chief city of that part of Macedonia, and a colony; and we were in that city abiding certain days."—This man and woman were among the first converts to Christianity in the nation. Both of them became stable Christians, and, I think, have finished their course with joy.

REMINISCENCE III

Licensing of John Steward to preach.

Perhaps the partiality of the author for the Wyandot Indians may lead him to bestow too much attention to their history. If in this he errs, the error is an honest one. The fact that John Steward was licensed to preach was formerly mentioned. Brother Brockunier, in the following letter, gives the *circumstances* that were connected with it. These are perfectly novel. He was recommended by the *chiefs*, *the interpreter*, and some white brethren, who had visited Sandusky. The Indians, of course, addressed the conference by an interpreter—which, though new, must have been uncommonly interesting and striking.

Dear Brother:—As the rise and progress of Christianity among the *aborigines* of our country, and especially among the Wyandots,

has been a subject of much interest to the religious world, it may not be amiss to give your numerous readers a short account of the interesting scene which I witnessed in the winter of eighteen hundred and eighteen, in the town of Urbana, Ohio; which was the time that John Steward, a man of colour, received license as a preacher of the Gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church. If my memory serves me, Steward was accompanied by two Indian chiefs, and Mr. Walker, an interpreter, from Upper Sandusky, a distance of forty miles, to attend a quarterly meeting for Mad River circuit. Rev. Moses Crume was presiding elder; Rev. John Strange, preacher in charge; with a number of local preachers, stewards, and leaders, who composed the quarterly conference. Steward was presented as a proper person to receive license among us. Being invited forward by the presiding elder, to answer to those important questions generally proposed to candidates, he gave us a relation of his religious experience, and the exercises of his mind on the important work of the ministry.

He told us that, through the instrumentality of the Methodist ministry, he was awakened and converted to God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Marietta; where he also had obtained a regular license, as an exhorter, (producing, at the same time, his license, and a certificate of his former standing.) He also informed us that he had a remarkable dream, in which he dreamed he was about to commence a

meeting, and at which time there came in an Indian man and woman, who shook hands with him in a friendly manner, and invited him to go and preach to their people who lived north-west from Marietta. This dream made such an impression on his mind, that he had no rest, by night or day, until he consented to go in search of the red men of the forest. He finally started on his journey, called at several Indian villages, but their inhabitants not answering the description of those Indians whom he saw in his dream, he continued his journey north-westward, until he came to Upper Sandusky. At this time there was a general meeting of the *Wyandots*, at one of their festivities or dances. As soon as he saw them, he felt satisfied that these were the people to whom the Lord had sent him. He also gave us an account of the success he had among them, in the conversion of some of the *chiefs* and others of the *Wyandots*.

After having given sufficient satisfaction, he retired: Between-the-Logs, one of the chiefs, was then called on to represent his brother Steward. He commenced telling us how and when Steward came among them; that their nation was engaged in one of those feasts or dances, and that Steward proposed to preach or talk to them about religion; to which they had some objection, but finally consented. He then spoke to them, (through Jonathan Pointer, the interpreter,) on the subject of Christianity, as to its experimental and practical influence on the hearts and lives of men. At the close of his

address he appointed a meeting the next day at Jonathan's house. When the time came only one woman attended, and he preached or talked to her on the subject of religion. The next day he held another meeting, when an additional old man attended. The third day being the Sabbath, a number came out to hear Steward about this new religion. Thus he continued, from time to time, to hold meetings, &c.

Between-the-Logs also told us, that he and his nation were much opposed to this new religion, and that they liked the religion of their fathers much the best. But he finally told us, that the *Great Spirit* had given him to see and feel that their *old religion* was not a good one. Laying his hand on his breast, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, while tears flowed copiously down his red face, he said, I sought and found this new religion, which makes my soul happy. This circumstance so deeply affected a large and intelligent quarterly conference, that we felt more like praising God for his wonderful goodness to the red men of the forest, than to proceed in business.

Mononcue next arose, and gave us a representation of Steward and the work of religion among them, nearly the same as was given by Between-the-Logs, with this difference, he was more eloquent, and introduced several striking figures to illustrate the great moral change among them.

Mr. Walker, the sub-agent and interpreter of the Wyandots, next arose, and confirmed the

statements made by the chiefs; and added, that he believed Steward was a good man, and if licensed and encouraged would be a blessing to the nation.

There were also several of our local brethren present, who had been at Sandusky, who spoke in high terms of Steward. I think there was not one present but was of opinion, that God, in the order of his providence, had called this man of colour to minister in holy things to these benighted people of Sandusky.

His future success and happy death gave abundant evidence that his brethren were not mistaken in their unanimous vote, at the time he received his license. S. R. Brockunier.

Alleghenytown, Sept. 17, 1834.

REMINISCENCE IV.

Steward continued—Opposition from Catholic prejudices—Another objection raised—Opposition from the chiefs Hicks and Mononcue—Their speeches—Several chiefs converted—Speech of Between-the-Logs—Low state of Steward's health—His death—Vindication of his character.

It may be proper to notice that the greater part of the Wyandots had been instructed in the Roman Catholic religion. This proved a particular hindrance in the way of Steward; but, through the blessing of God, he was enabled to overcome it. The following extract from Bangs' History of Missions will show both the

difficulties and the triumph of the Wyandot apostle :—

"The following circumstance contributed not a little, in its result, to confirm the wavering faith of such as doubted of Steward's sincerity; as well as to confound many of his open enemies. When he also boldly denounced the peculiarities of the Church of Rome, and taught doctrines so different from what they had been taught by the Romish priest, they concluded that there must be a discrepancy between his Bible and that used by the priests. To decide this question, it was, by mutual agreement, submitted to Mr. Walker, the sub-agent. He accordingly appointed a day for the examination. Steward and the chiefs appeared before him. Many being present of both parties, and all deeply interested in the issue, a profound silence reigned in the assembly. Mr. Walker carefully examined the Bible and hymn book used by Steward, while all eyes were fixed on him : the Christian party gazing with intense interest, hoping for a result favourable to their desires, and the others no less anxious to be confirmed in their opposition to Steward and his party. At length the examination closed. Mr. Walker informed the assembly that the only difference between the Bible used by Steward and the one used by the Roman priests was, that the former was in the English language, and the latter in Latin; and as to the hymn book, he informed them that the hymns it contained were all good, the subjects having been taken from the Bible.

and that they breathed the spirit of religion. His decision, therefore, was that the Bible was genuine, and the hymns good. On hearing this decision, the countenances of the Christian party instantly lighted up with joy, and their very souls exulted in God their Saviour, while their opposers stood abashed. During the whole transaction, Steward sat calm and tranquil, fixing his eyes upon the assembly with an affectionate regard, as if fully conscious that truth and innocence would triumph.

"Being foiled in this unrighteous attempt to interrupt the progress of the work of reformation, they next objected to Steward that he had no authority from any body of Christians to preach. To this Mr. Walker replied by asking them whether he had ever performed the rite of matrimony or of baptism. Being answered in the negative, he told them that there was no law, either of God or man, violated, as any one had a right to talk about religion, and try to persuade others to embrace it. He then dismissed the assembly, who 'had great reasoning among themselves' concerning these things. Steward, however, was permitted to prosecute his labours with but little opposition for about three months, when he proposed leaving them for a season. Accordingly he gave them a farewell discourse in the council house. At this time there was a universal weeping, such was their ardent attachment to the man who had been instrumental in leading them to the *knowledge of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he had sent.*

Promising them to come back 'when the corn should shoot,' he made a journey to Marietta. During his absence they continued their meetings for singing, prayer, and exhortation, and religion prospered; so that, on his return, at the appointed time, he was hailed by the Christian party with great joy and cordiality."

Steward was also much opposed by two or three of the chiefs of the nation. As specimens of this opposition, we give the following speeches of John Hicks and Mononcue, which they made in the public congregation, after Steward had preached. To the speeches he replied in a triumphant refutation, which he could not furnish from any other source, except such as is spoken of in the following passage of Holy Scripture:—"Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate before what ye shall answer; for I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist,"—Luke xxi, 14, 15.

John Hicks said, in substance, "I feel myself called upon to defend the religion of my fathers, which the Great Spirit has given to his red children to regulate their faith, and which we shall not abandon as soon as you might wish, because we are contented with it, as suited to our condition, and adapted to our capacities. Cast your eyes abroad over the world, and see how many different systems of religion there are in it, almost as many as there are nations—and is not this the work of the Lord? No, my friend, your declaiming so violently

against our modes of worshipping the Great Spirit, in my opinion, is not calculated to benefit us as a nation. We are willing to receive good advice from you; but we are not willing to have the customs and institutions which have been kept sacred by our fathers, and handed down to us, thus assailed and abused."

After this, Mononcue, another chief, arose and said, "I also have a few words to add to what my friend, who has just taken his seat, has said. I doubt not but that you state faithfully what your book says; but let me correct an error into which you appear to have run, which is, your belief that the Great Spirit designed that his red children should be instructed out of it. This is a mistake; as He never intended that we should be instructed from a book which properly belongs only to those who made it, and can understand what it says. It is a plant that cannot grow and flourish among red people. Let me call your attention to another fact: Where did the Son of God first make his appearance? According to your book, he first made his appearance away in the east, among the white people, and we never heard of his name until white people themselves told us. And what if we had never seen a white man? We never should have heard this new doctrine. The Son of God came among white people, and preached to them, and left his words written in a book, that when he was gone they might read and learn his will respecting them; but he left no book for Indians; and

why should he, seeing we red people know nothing about books? If it had been the will of the Great Spirit that we should be instructed from this book, he would have provided some way for us to understand the art of making and reading the books that contain the words. Ours is a religion that suits us red people, and we intend to preserve it sacred among us, believing that the Great Spirit gave it to our grandfathers in ancient days."

However, by the patience and perseverance of Steward, Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, Hicks, and others, were converted in sentiment, heart, and life, to the Christian religion, and they became powerful assistants to our missionary. The Christian fortitude and perseverance of Steward will appear to advantage from the following extract of a speech of Between-the-Logs, at a quarterly meeting, held Nov. 13th and 14th, in the year 1819, for Mad River circuit, about forty miles from Sandusky. The chief details the progress of religion among the Wyandots. He shows how they were deceived by the Roman priest, the Shawnee prophet and the Seneca prophet: he then proceeds to describe how they were brought to a knowledge of experimental religion, through the instrumentality of Steward:—

"By this time we began to think that our own religion was a great deal the best, and we made another trial to establish ourselves in it, and had made some progress. Then the war broke out between our father, the president, and King

George, and our nation was for war, and every man wanted to be big man. Then we drink whisky and fight, and when the war was ended we were all scattered, and many killed. The chiefs then thought that they would try to gather the nation once more, and we had got a great many together—then a black man, Steward, our brother here, came to us, and said he was sent by our Great Father to tell us the good way; but we thought he was like all the rest, and wanted to cheat us, and get our money and land. He told us of all our sins, and showed us what was ruining us, drinking whisky, and that the Great Spirit was angry with us, and that we must quit all these things. But we treated him ill, and gave him little to eat, and trampled on him, (so now we are sure if the Great Spirit had not sent him he could not have withstood our treatment,) and were still jealous of him until we had tried him a whole year. About this time our father (the president) counselled us to buy our land, and we had to go to the great city to see him; and when we came home, our old preacher was still with us, and he told us the same things, and we could find no alteration in him. About this time he talked of going away to leave 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 that we ought to adopt him. But still we wanted to wait longer. But they 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, and some ran, and some were mad. Now we held our meetings sometimes all night, singing and praying. By this time we knew that God had sent our brother unto us; so we adopted him, and gave him mothers and children. Then we went to the great camp meeting, at Lebanon, and were very happy. Then as soon as this work was among us at Sandusky, almost every week or two, more preachers came, and told us that they loved us, and would take us and our preacher under their care, and give us schools, and do all for us we wanted. But we thought if they love Indians so, why not go to the Senecas and Mohawks? We have got our preacher. Some told us, now we believed, we must be baptized all over in the water;* and now great anxiety for them: but before our brother came, care nothing about us. Now we are many of us trying to do good, and are happy. We have found no change in our brother Steward; but the others that come, some of them, when our young Indians will not hear and mind them, get mad and scold, so that we still think our brother is the best man, though we have many oppose us, and this night I mean to tell it all out. Some whites that live among us, and can talk our language, say the Methodists bewitch us, and that it is all nothing but the work of the devil, and all

* I was told that one of the Indians answered and said, "God made water to drink, not to drown people in."

that they want is to get you tamed, and then kill you, as they have done the Moravian Indians on the Tuscarawas river. I told them, if we were to be killed, it was time for us to be praying. Some white people put bad things in the minds of our wicked young Indians, and thereby make our way rough."

In the fall and winter of 1822–23, when I was acquainted with this devoted man, his health was much impaired, and he showed every symptom of a man whose race was nearly finished. We will quote, from Dr. Bangs' History of Missions, an account of his latter end; after which we will attempt to give a *character* of him as a Christian, a man, and a missionary :—

"In the autumn of this year, 1823, Steward, to whom this mission had been so much indebted for its present prosperity, appeared to be fast declining in health, and it soon became manifest to his friends that he would not long continue with them. Worn down by excessive labours, and enfeebled by disease, in the month of September his sufferings were quite severe; but he endured them patiently, as 'seeing Him who is invisible,' and looking for the 'recompense of reward.' He continued, however, to linger along the shore of mortality until December 17th, 1823, when, in the 37th year of his age, and the seventh of his labours in this missionary field, after exhorting his affectionate wife to faithfulness, he fell asleep in Jesus, and no doubt *rested from his labours*.

"In the life and labours of this man we have

another striking illustration of that declaration of the apostle, that God chooses 'the foolish things of the world to confound the wise'—and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty. That this coloured man, uneducated, almost alone and friendless, should be called to 'come out from his kindred,' to go to a people that he knew not, 'of a strange language,' in the manner before described; that he should succeed in awakening such attention to the things of Christianity among a people so strongly wedded to their heathenish customs, or attached to the mummeries of a fallen Church; and finally bring so many of them to the 'knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus;' cannot I think be accounted for, otherwise than by acknowledging the Divine hand guiding him in all these things, and giving sanction to his labours. It would seem, therefore, as if God designed by this method of procedure to give such a stamp to the work that 'no one should glory in man,' but that the 'excellency of the power might be of God.'"*

* It having been reported by some who wish to tarnish the reputation of those to whom the charge of this mission was committed, that Steward was treated with neglect, and was left to provide for himself, the following facts have been furnished the writer from an authentic source. When the charge of the mission was committed to Mr. Finley, he was instructed to provide for the temporal wants of Steward, which he faithfully did as far as practicable, furnishing him with food and money, even offering more than Steward thought it expedient to accept, lest he might excite the jealousy

REMINISCENCE V.

Character of Steward.

He was a mulatto, of a tall and slender, yet comely form. He was without ostentation or display, yet courteous in his manners.

His *piety* was of that deep and solid character as to have a controlling effect upon himself, and always made a powerful impression in his favour, not only on his acquaintances, but also on those who saw or observed him for the first time. Being thoroughly awakened to a sense of his lost state, by the Spirit of God, he was prepared to receive the grace of remission, and the witness of it, as the pearl of inestimable value, to be prized and preserved above all things.

Patience and *fortitude* were striking features of his character. Consider the fortitude that

of others. In addition to seventy dollars paid him by Mr. Finley, Bishop M'Kendree collected one hundred dollars for his use, and about fifty acres of land were secured to him, on which a cabin was built for his accommodation, and here he lived until his death, and it was then inherited by his brothers, who have since sold it for two hundred dollars. Those things are mentioned only with a view to correct the erroneous statements which have been circulated. Steward, indeed, justly deserved, and has received the gratitude of the Wyandots, and of all the friends of the aboriginal missions. There is no necessity, therefore, to detract from the well-earned fame of others in order to exalt his. His name will ever be associated, however humble and obscure his origin, with the benefactors of mankind, and more especially with the pioneers of Indian missions.

was necessary for him, in order to muster courage enough to leave Marietta, and set out on the perilous undertaking of a missionary to savages, unauthorized by the Church of which he was a member, discouraged by almost all, and encouraged by none except an obscure class-leader. How much patience was required to go moneyless among strangers, and unprotected among savages! And after he was actually engaged in his missionary work, he had many difficulties to encounter. Some of the most influential chiefs opposed him in form. His interpreter, at first, informed his hearers, that he did not believe what Steward said, although he interpreted faithfully for him. When absent on a visit to Marietta, he was grossly slandered. The national prejudices of the Indians were in the way. They think their God is distinguished from the God of white men by his colour and dress; they made feasts for the sick, and offered sacrifices for them; their belief in witches cost many valuable lives, and to oppose it was attended with danger; drunkenness predominated; marriage was disregarded, or had no existence. These and a great many other hinderances were in the way, and against them our missionary had to contend, which he did on all occasions without the least compromise.

But his patience and fortitude were equalled only by the *perseverance* which he manifested in exercising these virtues. It may justly be said of him that he continued in well doing.

Hear what Between-the-Logs says of him: "He told us of all our sins, and showed us what was ruining us, drinking whisky, and that the Great Spirit was angry with us, and that we must quit all these things. But we treated him ill, and gave him little to eat, and trampled on him, (so now we are sure that if the Great Spirit had not sent him he could not have withstood our treatment,) and were still jealous of him until we had tried him a whole year. About this time our father, the president, counselled us to buy our land, and we had to go to the great city to see him, and when we came home, our old preacher was still with us, and he told us the same things, and we could find no alteration in him."

His *labour* and *self-denial* were great. For two whole years he taught the Wyandots from house to house, and from camp to camp, without any human assistance either in temporals or spirituals, except now and then a temporary visit from some white preachers. By frequent watchings and fastings, and continued exertions in preaching, his health became impaired. The missionary who goes out equipped, and builds his house, and then occupies it furnished and supplied with all or most of the comforts of life, knows little of the privations or labours of Steward. He eat and drank, and slept as they did. He went in and out among them, followed them in their hunting excursions, preached and taught, sung and prayed, comforted, exhorted, and rebuked, as he went with them in their wanderings. No one, except an eye-wit-

ness, can tell what he did and suffered during the two first years of his ministry.

Although Steward was a man of good natural parts, his attainments were moderate. He could read and write intelligibly, he had read a few books, was as well acquainted with the world as the best informed of his colour. This is the amount of his attainments. He knew nothing of grammar, geography, or science; although he could speak readily, clearly, and forcibly, and in a better general style and manner than many a man who had all the advantages of the college and theological school. While the world lasts such men as he will be useful.

But the most striking trait in his history is, that he was peculiarly owned and blessed of God. The presence and power of God were with him; and as one sent of God he succeeded in the work whereunto he was called. From his native talent, and the grace of God which was with him, he spoke in a style and manner suitable to the ideas of Indians, which many men of high literary and theological attainments would attempt in vain, unless by a long and painful experience in adapting their discourses to the understanding of untutored men.

He was therefore well qualified to plant in the field to which he was called to labour. His strong faith in God, his patience and perseverance qualified him eminently to sow the seed among the red men.

But though he was qualified to plant and sow, and, to a degree, assist afterward as a

deacon or helper in the work of the ministry, he was not fitted to water, to build up the Church which himself had planted. Accordingly, during his ministry, before he was assisted by more experienced persons, there was no proper church organization, no regular church discipline exercised, no plans of improvement for his new converts, other than the public exercises of religion, with some inadequate attempts to reprove and exhort those that were becoming weary of well doing. In our opinion, then, the church which Steward planted needed the experience and superior knowledge of an abler minister to organize it more thoroughly, and regulate it by a wholesome discipline. The inference from this is clear, that a man may be called of God and qualified to plant churches, who may, at the same time, be unfit for governing and regulating them to advantage; but he may continue to be employed by the church as an important assistant to others; or he may afterward arrive at the knowledge, experience, and prudence necessary to have rule in the church. Others may be qualified to take charge of churches, whose gifts are not well adapted to plant new ones. Much, however, depends on the field of labour, as well as upon the gifts of the labourers. Steward had the enviable honour of planting a church in a soil where few had the proper talents to succeed. But he was taught humility by seeing that same church placed under the watch-care of others; although he was always after, in consideration of his quali-

fications, employed as an assistant in the work of the ministry.

He was no enthusiast. It is true, his friends and the church at Marietta could not venture, and very properly too, to sanction his professed call to the Indians toward the northwest; yet they threw no impediments in his way. In this matter, however, Steward differed from all enthusiasts. They, under the supposed influence of inspiration, look for the end without using the means. He used the means in order to obtain the end; although he knew well, that it was God alone who could bless even the means to secure the end.

He had a proper respect for church order and authority. Some, favoured of God as he was, would have set up a new church among those who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth through their instrumentality. Not so with him. He went to the nearest quarterly meeting conference, a distance of forty miles and more, and there, after being duly recommended and examined, was licensed to preach. Afterward, he cordially assisted the regularly appointed missionary, and his services were acceptable and useful.

REMINISCENCE VI.

The Marietta conference in August 1822, and the Wyandot delegation.

At the Ohio conference, held in Marietta, in 1822, three Wyandot chiefs, viz. Between-the-

Logs, Mononcue, and John Hicks, together with William Walker, Jr., as interpreter, attended, Bishops M'Kendree and George presided. The year previous Bro. Finley was missionary among the Wyandots; but in consequence of ill health he could not return. The chiefs addressed the conference in an affecting and dignified manner, and were responded to by a very appropriate address, by the senior bishop. The addresses themselves will best show the state of things in the Wyandot nation at this time. They are as follow:—

Between-the-Logs.—"Brothers, we have met here all 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 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 favour of this mission, if the rest have gone backward; and we wish to have the mission and school also. Though the chiefs have mostly left us, yet there are four faithful ones among us," (viz. Between-the-Logs, Hicks, Mononcue, Peacock.) "Brothers, we know the cause why they have withdrawn; it was the words of the Gospel. Brothers, it is too sharp for them; it cuts too close; it cuts all the limbs of sin from the body, and they don't like it, but we, (meaning the other four,) are all 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 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 hands. When you placed brother Finley among us in our own country, we rejoiced; and we have been much pleased with his living among us ever since. He is a plain man; he does not flatter our people; he preaches plain truth. He says to them, This is the way of life, and this is the way of 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 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 to our heavenly Father for keeping us and bringing us here. Not long ago one of my brethren asked me my opinion on the school: I told him I would send all my children, for the

reason 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, and the 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 don't want to be long on the subject, but will let you know that I am of the same opinion with my brother that spake before me, with respect to our brother Finley. I hope he will still continue with us; he has done us much good; he has been the means of converting souls; so that many bad men became good men; and very wicked sinners have turned to the Lord, and now keep his good word. May the Great Spirit keep him among us, and bless his labours." Then he took his seat, and brother *Mononcue* spoke as follows:

"Brothers, I have not much to say. You see us all here in good health and peace, for which we are thankful to God. You will not expect much from me on the subject of the mission and school, as my brothers have spoken before me all that is necessary. I wish just to say, we want our brother Finley still to live among us. For my part, last year I expected he would come among us, and it turned out so, and I was very glad, and I am still much pleased with him. The conference made a good choice; it was our

choice; and the Good Spirit was pleased to give it us. He has a particular manner of teaching and preaching to us, different from other teachers who have been among us; and God owns and blesses his labours. May he still go on and prosper. We want him among us still. I know that the words he spake are of God.—When he preaches I feel his truth in my heart, in my soul. O brothers! it makes my soul happy; all of us want him with us; his life among us is very useful, because it is straight. He was very industrious all the time he has been with us, and learns our people to work, and since he has left us, we have been lost, though it has been but a few days. We have felt as if our oldest brother was taken from us, and the place where he lived 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 our chiefs have against our brother Finley are: a coloured man that preached to us used to feed them on milk; 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 joy-

ful—to see this day; for we have long been anxious to see the time when our brethren in the west would embrace religion. Our joy is abundantly increased when we see you face to face, and hear the Gospel from your own mouths.—We are well disposed toward you. In us you have real friends; and you may be well assured that our kindness will be continued. We will make every exertion possible to educate and instruct your children. These men (alluding to the conference) are not your only friends. You have many throughout the country, in general. In the great cities, the white people feel for the red brethren, and are forming societies to send them help. The Great Spirit has come, not only on the old men, but 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."

REMINISCENCE VII.

Journal—My appointment as missionary to Sandusky—Journey, and incidents on the way—Arrival.

At the time of the meeting of the Marietta conference, in 1822, Indian missions in the

Methodist Episcopal Church were just commencing, and it was somewhat doubtful whether they would be crowned with success. Brother Finley's health prevented his return to the mission. It was thought best, after consultation, that I should be the missionary for the ensuing year. When I came to conference, I had no expectation of going among the Indians. But, as it appeared proper for me to go, I did not think it right to confer with flesh and blood, but to go and preach the Gospel to these outcasts of men. Here I formed an acquaintance with the Wyandot chiefs, Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, and John Hicks. They exhorted and prayed in the congregation with excellent effect. When conference was over, I set out for Mercer county, by way of Pittsburg, in order to proceed immediately for Upper Sandusky. Arriving in Pittsburg after dark on Saturday evening, I spent the Sabbath here, very agreeably to myself, (whether with profit to the people or not, God knoweth,) and then proceeded to Salem, Mercer county, where my family resided.

Sept. 26, 1822.—To-day, after a couple of days' preparation, we set out for Upper Sandusky, a distance of about two hundred miles. The feelings of the occasion were various, and the circumstances such as are common. There might, however, be this exception. There were no displays either of meetings, speeches, outfits, or the like. The individuals concerned were too humble in life and station to elicit these things. An Indian missionary, too, at that time,

was not so honourable an appointment as it is now. Accompanied by one brother, who carried our little baggage in a small one-horse wagon, and ourselves mounted on two horses, the journey was undertaken. Having travelled about four miles, our little vehicle upset. We set it upright immediately, fixed it somewhat better, drove more cautiously, and kept on our way, and spent the night at an old resting place for pilgrims, brother William Parish's. The next day brought us to Canfield.

Sept. 28.—The morning and latter part of the night were wet; but being anxious to get on our journey, we set out about eleven o'clock for Deerfield, seventeen miles distant, in order there to spend the Sabbath day. The reason of our haste was this:—The Rev. James B. Finley, presiding elder of the mission, and the Rev. Jacob Young, presiding elder of Lebanon district, were to be present at a quarterly meeting at the Indian station, to be held on the fifth and sixth of October, thus leaving us only six days to travel one hundred and sixty miles, most of the road being bad. As we travelled the rain increased. We proceeded, however, until we and our baggage were thoroughly drenched with rain, and stopped at a small cabin about eight miles from Deerfield. The man and woman of the house received us kindly; we dried ourselves at the fire, got supper, slept soundly, rose early in the morning, got to Deerfield before meeting time, and there spent the remainder of the Sabbath.

Sept. 30.—To-day and yesterday, from the well-meant and undesigning observations of some very respectable friends, we had some trials. They were apprehensive that I and my wife would certainly be sick in that unhealthy country; that our labours among the Indians would certainly be lost; that, notwithstanding all the pains taken for them, they would still be Indians, and that their reformation was only *possible*, but very *improbable*. This was a cause of trouble to me, as I was for a moment led to think these things might be so; but especially because it seemed almost entirely to deject my wife. We here found it necessary to encourage ourselves by Gospel arguments. I observed, "that it appeared to me we were called to go there by the good providence of God; we are in the way of duty; the state of things, in my opinion, is not so unfavourable as it is represented; we will go and see how things are at Sandusky; every situation and every place has its advantages, trials, &c.; God will take care of us, and clear the way before us." Thus we encouraged ourselves in our God. So we proceeded on in the name of the Lord, who promised to be with us. Through God even we shall be enabled to do valiantly.

Oct. 1.—Travelled thirty miles from Canton to Wooster.

Oct. 2—Travelled thirty-two miles: the road being partly bad, we were forced to travel after dark till we arrived in Mansfield. We stopped at a tavern, and sat down in the bar-room be-

cause there was no other, among a company of swearers and drunkards. With difficulty we got supper at ten o'clock.

Oct. 3.—To-day we travelled the worst road I ever saw. Five miles of it, called the black swamp, was indescribably bad. It was with the greatest difficulty we got through the deep mud and beech roots. After toiling all day, we made a journey of eighteen miles. In the evening we came to a little cabin, where we were hospitably received by the inhabitants. We slept soundly on the floor all night.

Oct. 4.—This morning we were within thirty miles of our journey's end, and were very desirous to get there. After travelling three miles, we came to a very dirty cabin, in which a large family, twice as dirty as the cabin itself, dwelt. We asked for breakfast, on which a neighbouring woman was sent for, in order to cook it for us. This family put me in mind of Horace's fancied description of the human race in their first and progressive stages of maturity and improvement, from their first crawling out of the earth, "*mute et turpe pecus*," a mute and vile flock. The old man strove to frighten us, by informing us that "the wolves would break into our houses and devour us, unless we had a dog to keep them off," and confirmed the same by two or three oaths, having in view the sale of a young pup of the first-rate breed, as he said, for which he expected to obtain a large price from us. After this, we departed, and in a short time got into the extensive plains of

Sandusky. These are large extents of level ground, skirted with woods, interspersed with a tree here and there. The trees become more dense as the traveller approaches the woods, until he finally enters the close forest. There is a species of wild grass which grows in some places on these plains, which the inhabitants in the end of summer cut down for hay. Of this coarse provender, horses and cattle, unaccustomed to it, will scarcely eat; but those which are raised on these plains, and are used to such fare, feed greedily upon it in the severe part of the winter season. At other times, the range is so excellent in the new country, that the beasts leave their hay, corn, fodder, &c., to feed on the more delicious fare found in these plains, and in the neighbouring woods. These plains are divided from one another by narrow strips of woods, in which there are sometimes several gaps, which serve as so many doors to open between these vast fields of nature. While you are entering into one of these woody partitions, you think you have perhaps gone through the last plain, or prairie, as they are sometimes called, but in a short time you will abruptly break through into almost a new world of plain, as you will gradually discover through the opening between the trees another place void of woods, and in a little while you will see yourself in the midst of an extensive tract of country, bringing to your mind the patriarch's view of the plains of Jordan: "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan,

that it was well watered every where," Gen. xiii, 10; but with the exception of its being "well watered;" for you might travel till your tongue would cleave to the roof of your mouth before you could get a drink, even of bad water, for of good there is none. Before we entered these Jordan plains, we heard of two towns built on them. The first of these consisted of a few paltry cabins, perhaps five or six, one half inhabited, and the remainder about half built. The other notable town contained three or four worse cabins, inhabited by the same number of German families, from whom this great village received the name of Germantown. It is now, or shortly will be, abandoned to the Delaware Indians, in whose reserve it is contained. After various other adventures, we arrived at a tavern, in a portion of land between the Delaware and Wyandot reserves, within seven and a half miles of our destined place.

When we came partly in sight of the inn, its showy sign gave us a high idea of it; but when it came properly into view, its excellency all vanished. At this house we were informed that the Delaware Indians were in the habit of eating snakes, ground hogs, opossums, raccoons, polecats, and land tortoises. Their manner of cooking and eating the latter is this: They try to get the animal to put out its head, in order to cut it off, but if they fail in this, they take an effectual method: they place them upon a fire, and roast them until the shell will come off tolerably easy; they then eat them up, entrails and all, while the

blood of the half-roasted reptile streams down their dirty cheeks and hands.

Oct. 5.—This morning we set out, at six o'clock, for our appointed station. How great was our surprise, when we found neither brothers Young nor Finley before us; the latter of whom was taken sick, but heard nothing of the former. With what anxious eyes did we look toward the mission house! We expected every moment to see one or both of them coming out to meet us; but in this we were disappointed. However, we put our trust in the Lord, and left the result to him. The Indian brethren postponed their quarterly meeting until James B. Finley should come, though they assembled on this day for that purpose, and an appointment was made for me to preach the next day, which is the Sabbath.

There are two reserves made for the Indians; one for the Wyandots, which is nineteen miles long from east to west, and twelve from north to south. There is also a reserve of three quarter sections in this, one for a school and missionary establishment, another for mechanics, and a third for the Indians' agent. The Delaware reserve includes only nine sections of land, and is situated south of the Wyandot, between both of which there is a fraction of land, mostly inhabited by white people. We entered upon the Wyandot territory with much interest, and looked on all sides to spy out some of our new neighbours. Neither Mrs. Elliott nor myself had ever seen a squaw, though we had frequently seen

Indian men. The first Indian we saw at this time was a man riding on a good horse, dressed in the Indian fashion, driving on at full gallop. We viewed attentively both him and his manœuvres. In a little time we came to a wigwam where we saw a squaw and three or four pappooses. The woman made a very good appearance; so did the children. They were all dressed after the manner of the white people.

REMINISCENCE VIII.

Journal continued—First Sabbath at Sandusky—Interview with the chiefs and Steward—Preaching—An Indian marriage—Questions by Warpole—A child baptized—Visit from Steward.

Sunday, Oct. 6.—Last night we reposed comfortably in our new mission house, being kindly received by the mission family. It consists of three young men, whose names are Riley, John Johnson, and Barnabas Boys, and a young woman named Jane Parker. I will describe the adventures of to-day with as much minuteness as I can, which are as follow:—

The distance to the meeting house is six miles, through a vast plain. The meeting house is a log building, with filling between the logs, without doors, floor, seats or windows. Mrs. Elliott, Mr. Leech, and I rode in our one-horse wagon. The mission family and some other friends rode in the mission wagon, being seven in all. We set out about half past eight. As we rode

through the plains we soon saw the Indians going to meeting, coming from both sides of the road, through their respective narrow paths, going at full gallop; each drove on, without regarding us or one another, as fast as their horses could go. Their running puts me in remembrance of Homer's description of Apollo's fierce and speedy movements—

"Fierce as he moved the silver shafts resound."

They "moved fiercely" and speedily indeed, and though they had no silver arrows or shafts to resound, the lack was amply made up by the gingling of bunches of ear rings and nose trinkets, the dangling of the tassels that hung from their bonnets or turbans, the motions and clatter of their knives and tomahawks hung to their belts; and as they went, their feet moved hastily to and from the horses' sides, keeping time with the movements of the horses.

We hitched our horses within a few rods of the meeting house, and came toward it ourselves. We heard the singing of these children of the forest before we came in sight of the house, which was elevating to our minds. As we advanced, we saw some stretched at full length on the ground, others standing, some smoking, and others in the meeting house, sitting seriously and composed. There were perhaps about thirty whites, some coloured persons, and more than both of Indians. Here I saw and recognized the three chiefs I saw at Marietta, at conference, viz. Between-the-Logs,

Mononcue, and John Hicks, all of whom shook hands with us, and heartily welcomed us. The same did the other pious chiefs, Jonathan Pointer, the black interpreter, and brother Steward, who may be called the apostle of this nation. It was thought best that I should preach first to the white people without an interpreter, and then address the red people by one, as they were not all yet come. This I did, from Luke xviii, 22, "Follow me." My mind was strangely affected in addressing, for the first time, a congregation of red, black, and white men.

After a few moments of intermission, I preached by the interpreter to the Indians. My text was Matt. xi, 28, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From which I took occasion to show them, first, the wretched state of man without Christ, *they labour* and are *heavy laden*; Secondly, the *ability* and *suitableness* and *willingness* of Christ to save them; Thirdly, their duty to *come* to Christ; Lastly, the blessings those will obtain who come to Him, viz. *rest*, i. e. they shall be delivered from the *burden* of sin, i. e. they shall be pardoned; from the *labour* of sin, i. e. they shall be enabled to forsake sin: they shall have inward *rest* from all these, and shall enjoy peace, happiness, and rest in their own souls; and shall finally rest with Christ in heaven. While I dwelt on these things, all were attentive and apparently serious. There is a remarkable gravity among the Indians; they listen and attend with the most serious regard.

When I had done it was agreed that I should preach again to the red people after an hour's intermission. This I did from Isa. lv, 9, "Seek the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." As this was to be a quarterly meeting occasion, the Indians were desirous of holding the meeting all night. When I had done preaching, it was observed to me that a couple of the Indians wanted to get married, on which I told them to come forward. On this occasion the war chief, Warpole, whose Indian name is —— ——, spoke out, and said he had a few questions to ask me; I gave him liberty. He inquired "why was it that we were in the habit of holding meeting all night? that he thought it was not right, was contrary to former custom among them, and that the Great Spirit did not command or approve of it." To this I replied, that there was no command against it, provided it was done decently and in order; that Jesus continued all night in prayer; Jacob wrestled all night with the angel. And to his asking "if we were in the habit of doing so in other places?" I answered that there was no rule among us respecting it, any more than in Scripture. As we were about to proceed, apparently pretty lengthy, some observed, it would be better to postpone our conversation: accordingly we appointed to meet on Tuesday at 12 o'clock, at the mission house. I proceeded then to solemnize the marriage between the waiting and impatient couple, who appeared to advantage on the occasion. I performed the

ceremony as in the discipline of the M. E. Church, making use of the interpreter to inform them of its meaning, sentence by sentence, as I spake it. After this I baptized a child two months old, belonging to members of the Church. It was tied on a board about the child's length and breadth. After this, I and the mission family went home; they continued their meeting until evening, and then dismissed. Thus ended our first Sabbath meeting. Upon the whole, it appeared to me interesting. I am content to live here, if the Lord will be with me: without this I cannot be happy in any place.

Oct. 7.—To-day brother Steward came to see me, and related to me his religious experience, his leaving Marietta to come to this place, his introduction to, commencement with, and success among the Indians. It appears he was the first instrument used by God to bring these ignorant creatures to the knowledge of the truth; and though he may not be as well qualified to carry it on as others, yet he is entitled to the respect of all Christians for what he has done.

REMINISCENCE IX.

Journal continued—Conversation with Warpole—His three questions answered—His account of Indian doctrines—Another objection of his answered.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—To-day Warpole, the Indian war-chief, came to visit me, for the purpose of having some conversation with me, and asking

me some questions, accompanied by Mr. Walker, the interpreter, according to Sunday's agreement. After some desultory conversation before dinner, we all dined together, and then opened our conference. He commenced by asking me the following questions:—

Question 1. "How is it that you hold meeting at different places? why do you sometimes pray and hold meeting all night? I think the Great Spirit does not approve of praying so."

Answer. The reason why we do not always hold meeting in the same place is this; the people live scattered, and cannot all attend at the same place: it is therefore proper to move the meeting from place to place, so that all may have an opportunity to hear. As to our praying and holding meeting all night, and that, as you think the Great Spirit does not approve of it, and that it is not customary among you, I would answer that God no where in his word forbids it; we have an example of Jesus Christ's continuing all night in prayer; Jacob wrestled all night with the angel; both of these were extraordinary occasions; so, among us, when sinners are struggling for pardon, or when saints need peculiar blessings, as on quarterly meeting occasions, we think it proper to pray all night and all day also. And we are convinced the Great Spirit approves of it, because he blesses us in this way.

Quest. 2. "I have been at three camp meetings, and observed, that after the preachers had preached, exhorted, and prayed, they very fre-

quently went into their tent, and left the meeting to be carried on by the common people; beside, the black people exceeded all the others in shouting and various exercises: these things I want to know about."

Answ. The preachers are frequently tired out by having so much to do, and are not therefore able to endure the fatigue of sitting up all night; beside, when the preachers do their parts, which is particularly to preach and exhort, it is very proper for awakened sinners to pray all night for pardon, and for believers to pray both for them and for themselves. In regard to the black people, they are generally ignorant, and have peculiar ways of expressing themselves: it is therefore very proper to give them the permission of using their own mode; furthermore, if, while spectators are marking every thing that they may see amiss in others, they would consider for a moment themselves, it would be of far greater use to them, than in making ill-natured remarks on others. Do not those who do so, act a worse part in thus condemning them and neglecting themselves, than the persons whom they thus charge? In short, I have always found that those persons who find the most fault with their neighbours are generally of the worst characters themselves.

Quest. 3. "Why is it that your people are always finding fault with us for our dress? Wherein is it wrong for us to wear such things as we do, and paint ourselves?"

Answ. Respecting this I would note, that I

think wearing gaudy dress is contrary to the Gospel; and I think it would be enough for our people to tell you plainly and faithfully their opinion in a loving manner, without anger or ill will, and then leave you to God: that it is criminal in you to wear such things, if you take pride in them, and do it for show; but if you wear them without thinking them to be evil, according to your best information, in a conscientious manner, I have reason to think the more favourably of you, for to your own Master you will stand or fall.

After these answers he appeared considerably pleased, and voluntarily gave me the following account of the doctrines professed by them, as he thought:—

"As to the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, I would inform you. When I was a little boy, the old persons taught me as follows: when you are invited to go to a dance and feast, don't go there; stay at home by the fireside; and when you grow up, and have a house of your own, stay in it, and go not to such places as these; for God does not require any of these things, nor does he delight in them, but will bring us into judgment for them. For after death we will be brought before him, and he will open a book in which all things ever done by us shall be written. He shall then go over all our doings, one by one, whether good or bad, beginning at the first and going on to the last, in the order they have been done in; to every single one of which we must answer yes or no. And if our

evil doings exceed the good, he will send us into a place where we shall be punished for all our bad doings, every one, and we can never come out of that place until we are pure and clean. But when we are made holy, we will be brought to a place of happiness and enjoyment, where no evil thing shall come.

"2. As to the crime of murder, our doctrine is this:—If you kill one man you may be pardoned, and if you even kill a second you may yet be pardoned; but if you kill a third person, you can never be pardoned. Because, such is the government of God over his creatures, that to kill a third goes to the end of his law, and the person thus guilty must be punished for ever.

"3. In regard to our common dancing and feasting, I would inform you, that it is not of old standing, but is of recent origin, and instituted by our fathers not many generations back, for the purpose of giving efficacy to a certain medicine, by the power of which it is said we obtain strength and vigour to enable us to be prosperous in hunting. But in these we put little confidence. But there are very ancient customs among us, which we think of great importance, and lawful, and by no means like the former: these are the war dance, the new-crop dance and feast, which is held when we obtain the first ripe fruit, which is generally in August, and the national ball-play, the design of which is to make us strong and vigorous.

"4. Many generations back, more than can be now ascertained, among my own progenitors, a

certain man of them obtained a leather coat from the thunder, by virtue of which he became so famous in war as to excel all others in his nation, and to be the ruin and terror of his enemies. But in times of peace he became so violent and outrageous, and so injurious to our nation, as to commit many and atrocious murders. He was told and warned of his crimes, and required to desist, but still he continued on. They then told him that unless he left off such things they would kill him; but he still pursued his old practices, notwithstanding their threats. They then determined to put him to death, and acquainted him of it. To this he assented, and advised them to do so; but, said he, I will ascend to the thunder, and strive to do you all the good in my power. Shortly after, as he and two more were walking over a log that crossed a creek, the one being behind and the other before him, the one that was behind pierced him with a kind of spear so that he fell down; he then pierced him again with the spear, and killed him. They next carried him to the other side of the creek, built a log heap, placed him on it, and set it on fire. Just as his body was almost consumed, it made a great crack, and a curling smoke ascended toward heaven, out of which they heard a voice which said, 'I am ascending to the thunder from whence I came: appoint in the family to which I belong a feast of a certain sort of provision, to be held annually, to be celebrated by the chief person in our family; let tobacco be thrown into the fire to make a pleasant per-

fume, and you will hear my voice in the spring of the year.' This ceremony was accordingly observed in our family, and which was their exclusive right, down to the present generation. Now I am the chief of the family, whose right it is to regulate the ceremony, but as the injunction was the command of man, and not the command of God, I thought it of no use to attend to it, and have therefore omitted it.

"5. There was a custom among them in old times, that boys should undergo a long fast, and go through certain ceremonies, which are now entirely unknown, in order to obtain from the wild beasts a certain supernatural power, strength, or excellency, whereby they would be enabled to excel in war, hunting, or otherwise. Shortly after this, the wild beasts became very troublesome, and assaulted persons in the woods, but especially the women; the serpents and all venomous creatures seemed to attack them on all sides, and in every manner. By reason of this, there was a universal fear excited among them, which produced general consternation. About this time the Roman priest came among us, and told us if we were to get all our children baptized, we would be delivered from the ravages of the wild beasts and snakes. We accordingly did, and the wild beasts ceased to attack us as they had done before. At this time we lived in Canada."

Here the interpreter, Mr. Walker, sen., who had been taken prisoner from Virginia when twelve years of age, and is now more than fifty

years old, and had ever since lived among them, and married one of their nation, observed that he remembers when the remains of this fear was among them; that it was only a few years since it was done away, which appeared to him to have something strange and curious in it.

After this he was anxious to have another objection answered, which was to this amount:—"Why does your religion produce contention among us, not only between your side and ours, at large, but even among families, when some of them leave the old religion and go over to you? The Roman priest did not say that those who were not baptized, and still followed their own ways, would be lost for ever." To this I replied:—Truth and righteousness are directly opposite and different from error and sin; and those that will pursue the right way will always walk in a way different from those that pursue sin and their own ways. Hence will arise opposition; yet the good way is not to be blamed, though it may have given occasion to the others to be enraged and angry. And this is agreeable to what our Lord Jesus Christ says, when he declares, "I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled? Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on the earth? I tell you nay, but rather division: for from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother;

the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law," Luke xii, 49–53. Thus the dissension, divisions, and strife that are the result of our religion among you, is a proof that it came from Jesus Christ; though itself is not in the fault, but those who oppose it are in a wrong way.—And as to the priest's not molesting you in your security, or reproving you for your sins, it is a plain proof of his religion's being wrong, since he taught you in order to please you, and not to reform you. When we had gone so far, Mr. Walker, the interpreter, was called away, which interrupted our conversation. I then exhorted him to pray to God, and forsake every sin, and he would bless him. He confessed he was a great sinner and drunkard, and was unfit to say any thing good to any person. I invited him to accept of a few turnips. He said he would call upon me some other time for them. We shook hands in good humour; I said I was ready any time to converse with him, and thus ended our conversation for the present.

REMINISCENCE X.

-Journal—Exhortations of Between-the-Logs and Armstrong—Arrival of brother Finley—Incidents during his stay—Prayers of the chiefs for the recovery of his health.

Oct. 13, 1822.—I went to meeting, and preached to my red brethren, by the interpreter,

from Matt. xxvi, 26. After I had done preaching, Between-the-Logs gave us an exhortation, the purport of which was as follows, as near as I could gather from the interpreter:—"My dear brethren and sisters, you cannot leave off drinking strong liquor without the help of God, because God has all power, and we must be aided by him before we are able to overcome strong liquor. The Lord knows whether we are seeking him in earnest or not. We must have patience in this great work, for this is necessary; I found it necessary to be patient, and to continue to wait upon the Lord, and after I had prayed to continue expecting until God would bless me. We shall have many temptations and trials, but they shall be the means of our growing more in righteousness; they shall help us; they shall be wings to us by which we shall fly up from this world." Then brother Armstrong, a white man, who was taken a prisoner when about ten years old, who spoke their language very fluently, and happily experienced religion in this nation, exhorted to the following amount:—"Brothers and sisters, I have been raised among you, and want to tell you the truth as near as I can. This is the truth that the minister tells you; there is no other way that leads truly to heaven, but the way that is through Jesus Christ, and salvation by him. In this way I mean to live and die, by the grace of God helping me." We then concluded our meeting with singing and prayer. God was in our midst to bless us. I felt encouraged

to proceed in the work of the mission, by the assistance of the Lord.

Oct. 20.—In the course of the last week brother Finley arrived, to the no small joy of the mission family and of the Indians. Although yesterday and to-day it rained almost without intermission, yet a good number of our red friends attended. The proceedings of the day were nearly as follows:—Brother Finley commenced meeting with singing and prayer, and then preached from the following text: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The subject of which is nearly as follows: "Every man is led by some spirit. Some are led by the spirit of pride, and think too highly of themselves, and sometimes deck themselves out with needless ornaments. Others are led by the spirit of the world, and love the things of this perishing earth, so as to neglect their souls. Others are led by drunkenness, into a number of other wicked deeds. All these are led by the spirit of the devil, and must finally, if they repent not, be sent into hell with him. But, we rejoice to tell you, that Jesus Christ gave himself for us, and sent down his Holy Spirit to show us the right way. Now I will show you in what way the good book teaches us respecting God's Spirit. It is compared to *fire*. Fire gives *light*, and so does the Spirit. You remember when you were walking in your old traditions, but when the Spirit came upon you, you saw yourselves lost, and by his light you took the back track, and

came right to God. Fires give *heat*, so the Spirit quickened your dead souls, and wrought mightily in you. The Spirit is compared to *water*; water *cleanses* and makes you *fruitful*, so with many of you, you have been cleansed and purified from your sins by his cleansing power, while you have been also rendered fruitful unto every good word and work. Thus the Spirit of God *leads* such as are submissive to him *in* the good way, and leads them from their dances, frolicking, hunting, and old traditions. And such obedient persons, who are thus led, are privileged with being the *sons of God*, which is the greatest blessing that can be; for God will preserve, protect, supply, and comfort all his children. Suppose his (turning round and pointing to Mononcue) child were in danger, he would surely deliver him if he could; if he were sick, he would endeavour to cure him; if he were in want, the father would supply his want. So God will also, in an especial manner, *deliver*, comfort, and supply the wants of his children. Be encouraged, therefore, to serve your God." After this, leave of speaking being given to any of the chiefs who felt free to it, Mononcue rose up and spoke as follows, after an appropriate introduction:—"My fellow sinners, you had better give it up, for this is a way which will not stand. Look at me, and see what I was. I was once in darkness as you are. I was very strong in my old traditions, and in my old forms of religion, and often said I would never follow the way I am now in.

But when the light of Christ came upon me, I saw that I was in darkness; you are also now in darkness. Seek the Lord with all your heart, for the day is coming when we shall be all judged." He burst into a flood of tears in the midst of his discourse, and spoke with a pathos and energy which affected not only those who understood his language, but those also who did not. We then, all together, red, white, and black, partook of the sacrament, at which we had a gracious season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

In the evening we had a marriage; it was between brother John Hicks, one of the chiefs of the nation and an exhorter in our Church, and Catharine Warpole. Seven of the brethren and five of the sisters were present in the mission house on the occasion, all of whom stayed all night. Brother Finley performed the solemnity. It was a very serious time. All behaved with a decorum and decency, which, I think, are seldom witnessed at marriages among white people.

After this, brother Finley and the chiefs entered into a conference respecting the regulation of our school, the appointment of meetings, and the choice and employment of an interpreter. Respecting the school, it was mutually agreed, 1st. That five brethren, viz. Between-the-Logs, John Hicks, Mononcue, Peacock, and Squire Grey-Eyes, should be a committee to inspect the school. 2. That no children would be received for the space of a few weeks or

days, unless they designed to continue at school until they would have time to receive an education. 3d. That no scholar would have permission to go home without leave from the missionary. 4th. No complaint will be listened to respecting the treatment of the children, nor will parents, guardians or others, regard the stories of children, until the matter is inquired into by the above committee.

It was agreed, "that there should be meeting two Sundays out of three at the mission house, and every third one at the Big Springs, which is twelve miles distant; there shall also be prayer meetings every Wednesday evening, to be holden circularly at the mission house, Mononcue's, Between-the-Logs', and Hicks'."

It was ordained by the conference, that an interpreter should be *chosen* by the chiefs, and *employed* by brother Finley. There was a difficulty in coming to a determination on this point, as there were three or four who were in the habit of interpreting, and the choice of any one might lead to murmuring on the part of the others. On this occasion, the chiefs manifested a penetration and caution which show them to be men of sound minds and good hearts.

After this, we had a very interesting and friendly conversation, in which each spoke his sentiments with the utmost freedom, and without the least reserve. The chiefs anticipated and looked forward to the time when the children of their nation should be taught to read, and thereby be informed of the great and sublime

truths of Christianity; when the rising generation would be able to read the Bible to their parents at their firesides, and interpret to them its contents; when, from among themselves, there would be raised up ministers who would preach Jesus unto them: in short, they not only imagined they saw, but they were confident it was written in the word of God, that the heathen were given to Christ, and that, therefore, the several Indian nations would submit to him. While they were thus gladdening their hearts with this pleasing conversation, brother Finley and I introduced the prospect of the Scriptures being translated into the Wyandot language, and dispersed among the different branches of the nation, as the Seminoles in the south, and those divisions of it that were at Detroit and Canada. Here, I think, I saw plain marks of the Saviour's love in our Indian Christians. All our hearts seemed to glow as we were thus employed. At a late hour we all retired to sleep, the men to one end of the house and the women to the other. Brother Finley and his old bed-fellow, Mononcue, slept together, and for want of beds seven or eight slept on the floor before the fire; thus, with joyful hearts, we committed our bodies to sleep, under the protection of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Monday, Oct. 21.—This morning the chiefs, being informed of two children, an Indian boy and girl of the Wyandot nation, that the Baltimore Finleyan Society designed to make some provisions for, whose names were to be called

Francis Asbury and Mary Fletcher, selected them, being assisted by Brother Finley. The one was a daughter of Mononcue, and the other a son of John Hicks.

The chiefs took leave this morning of brother Finley in a very affectionate manner, being heartily glad and thankful to God for his recovery from his sickness, which was a severe attack of the fever and ague. Peacock told him, "I am glad that God permitted you to visit us once more in health; I feel determined to serve God as long as I live, and hope to see you again in health; I trust God will preserve us all while we will be separated from one another in the woods." Mononcue said, "Brother, I have prayed for you while you were sick; I believe God has answered my prayers in preserving you alive to preach the Gospel to us again. Farewell." Between-the-Logs observed, "Brother, when you and sister Finley were sick I prayed for you, and committed both of you into the hands of God, whether in life or in death. I feel strong in God; he has answered my prayers in sending the Gospel to us. I have now two staffs to support me when I walk, both you and the other missionary, and trust I shall, with the help of God, walk firmly. Brother, farewell." Thus our very interesting meeting ended.

REMINISCENCE XI.

Journal—Meeting at the Big Springs—Description of the wigwam—Supper—Evening's devotions—Manner of sleeping.

Nov. 2.—To-day I set out, about 12 o'clock, P. M., for the Big Springs, which is twelve or fourteen miles from the mission house, accompanied by brothers Armstrong and Pointer, our interpreters. These people are very much civilized, and still more advanced in religion. Their piety appears to me to be genuine, very unaffected and deep. We stopped where two families had built their little cabins, both of which were in the same enclosure, being only a few yards distant, and surrounded by a low fence. The good people received us with the greatest cordiality and friendship, unaccompanied with those artificial compliments, so general in what is termed the polite world. Where we stopped, was a cabin of thirteen or fourteen feet square. On the north side was the door, hung on iron hinges. On the right side, as you go in, were three shelves, which served as a dresser, on which stood a coffee pot, a few pint tin cups, some delph plates, and several other utensils. On the west side was the fireplace. Opposite the door stood a table, under a window or square hole, with a wooden shutter, which served in the place of glass. On the east side were two beds, or rather bedsteads. Their form was this, thin puncheons placed upon narrow benches, about twenty inches high. On them

were no bed ticks; a few skins served in the place of feathers and straw, while the blankets lay unspread on this platform. There is a very great contrast between this and the commodious habitations in which I was accustomed to lodge in the towns, villages, and country places, among respectable white people. This place put me in mind of the humiliation of Christ, who did not make his appearance among the rich and great, but was born in a stable, a manger serving him as a cradle, while it taught me humility and contentment. The good woman, shortly after our arrival, commenced to cook supper. Eating among these people had formerly been considered by me as a cross, for fear of dirty victuals. A racoon I saw hanging up in the house, when I arrived, was, in my opinion, to be part of my supper: but I was happily disappointed, when, in a short time, I saw a supper prepared, cleaner than I sometimes saw among some whites. The repast was made up of venison, mountain tea, and corn bread: the meal of which it was composed was made by pounding corn in a hommony trough. After supper the interpreters translated the first three verses of John's Gospel, and I from their mouth wrote it down. I hope this first trial will not end here. I trust we shall be enabled to give to these poor people at least some of the word of God. After this I gave an exhortation to the two families, who by this time had assembled. The Spirit of God bore witness to our hearts while I spoke to them. O! the rich grace of God, through Jesus Christ, which

has visited these poor people in the forest, making them partakers of like precious faith with us. While I am now writing, they are singing in animated strains,

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone," &c.

the meaning of which they understand, from its being so frequently sung and explained to them by the interpreters. This seems like *seeing his track* and *pursuing* it also, even the *narrow* road. It looks like the way the *holy prophets went*. They had doubtlessly their *hopes fixed on Jesus Christ*. How the little cabin did resound while they were singing about having nothing but sin to give, and that nothing but love would they receive. I saw the tears drop down their faces, while the name of Jesus was praised, as plainly indicative of the grace of God in their hearts, of which I heard them speak last Sabbath in class meeting, and which they manifest in their life, obedience to God. This little wigwam is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven to our souls. My pen catches the sacred fire which has already reached my heart from the live coal from the altar which has touched our lips. I am inclined to proclaim aloud the praises of the Redeemer. Carry the sounds, ye fleet winds of God, even to the uttermost tribes of the Indians; and then announce it with speed to all Christendom! Ye plains of Sandusky, what voices are these I hear echoing through you, and reaching the neighbouring woods? It is the voice of Indians, that a few

years ago were singing the war song, but who now sing the song of the hundred and forty and four thousand. Where we now are is near the place where Crawford was put to death. Hallelujah to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, for he has redeemed us out of every nation and tongue and people;—for I see here black Jonathan Pointer, the red brethren and myself, all joining in the same song, all equally indebted to the same Saviour, and rejoicing in him.

We next joined in prayer, after I had given them a little lecture on its nature and advantages, during which the Lord continued to bless us. It was now about eleven o'clock. Our kind host spread a cloth before the fire; on this I spread a blanket to lie on, put another over me, both of which I brought from home for that purpose; put my surtout under my head for a pillow, threw my great coat over all, and thus committed my body to rest. Brother Armstrong lay next me, and next to him our coloured friend.

Nov. 3.—To-day we had a glorious time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

REMINISCENCE XII.

Organization and progress of the school—General character of the children—Two anecdotes—Contemplated good results of the school—Different lights in which it is viewed by the Indians—Two anecdotes of Mrs. Hill—Behaviour of the children at prayer.

Nov. 15.—I shall here write down some particulars concerning the commencement, progress, and present state of the school, together with some anecdotes respecting the children, as well as some other circumstances which do not come in a regular way, or which might have eluded my observation at a former time.

Brother Finley and I proposed that the school should be opened on Monday, 22d of October, and he took his departure the day following. The first week, we had only four or five children; one of these was a profligate, as we found out afterward. She found way to my wife's chest, and that of the servant maid's, and pilfered them of some trifling articles; after a few days she went away. I thought that if many of the children were like her, we could not live with them, and my acquaintance was so little with Indians, that I thought a majority of them might be of that caste. My discouragements, this week, were many, but I thought that precipitancy in judging or acting in my critical situation might be accompanied, or at any rate followed, with serious consequences. Amidst these embarrassments, patience and faith were called into exercise.

The next week we had eight children under our care, one or two of whom appeared to be a little refractory, but by some attention to them, I found it was possible to regulate them. Not knowing that it was customary with Indians to correct their children, I was peculiarly careful not to take any measure that might give umbrage to the nation in our first commencement; for this might raise such a prejudice against us as to render us entirely useless to them; nay, it might altogether destroy the school establishment among this people.

The next week, which ended October and began November, our school increased to eighteen. The children appear to be doing better, and more submissive than at first. On the 11th inst., we had twenty-two children, and we have now, Nov. 15th, thirty-seven; before Christmas we expect to have between forty and fifty, and a considerable increase beyond this in spring. The greater part of the nation are now out hunting, which prevents the increase of our school: they will return about the end of December, or beginning of January, when we expect a considerable augmentation of scholars.

Little had been done before my arrival here, in teaching the children to read; though as much as could be done under the circumstances. Brother Steward taught between two or three months last winter at the Big Springs, but so short a time could effect little. My worthy predecessor, the Rev. James B. Finley, did all he could by way of preparation. He employed a

young woman last year, but for want of a school house little could be done, as the school was taught in a shed; the mission house then being a small cabin, could not furnish room for the children. Only two of the twenty-seven children here now can read, only six can spell a little on the book in easy monosyllables, seven know their letters, and twelve of them knew nothing of their letters when they came here.

The children by assiduous care, are learning fast, notwithstanding the obstacles in their way. It is very difficult for them to pronounce some English words, especially those in which *b*, *p*, and some other letters are to be found, as there are no sounds corresponding to these letters in the Wyandot language. I must also speak to them by an interpreter; but in merely learning to spell and read, after learning the elementary sounds, their progress is not so much retarded as one would suppose. Here I found the great disadvantage in teaching English, compared to German or even French, in consequence of the various sounds given to the same letters and combination of letters in our language. During the first six weeks of the school's existence I taught it myself. Only consider the picture which between thirty and forty children entirely untutored, mostly beginning, and all in a strange language, presents to the observer. No six weeks of my life were ever spent more busily than in teaching these children their alphabets and other elementary lessons. Every mode which invention could devise was resorted to;

and it is believed they learned as much as any children ever did in the same time, and under the same or similar circumstances.

As to the *general character* of the children, I would remark, that they are very sober, all things considered; are very agreeable among themselves, and of a very obliging and good-natured disposition, and perhaps in these respects excel white children in general. They are, for the most part, willing to do what they are told; they do not proceed immediately to do a thing when bid, which at a first or slight view would appear like unwillingness to obey; but upon consideration, it appears to me to be owing either to the general character of this nation, which is the direct opposite of precipitancy, for they seem to diliberate, reflect, and consider, and even in some cases to delay and suspend, both in speaking and acting, before they will decide; or rather it may be owing to their not understanding us. An instance of the latter happened a few days ago, which is as follows:—The maid told one of the Indian girls to put the tea-kettle on the fire, full of water; she went away and filled the coffee pot and put it on. The girl it appears did not understand her, or not knowing the distinction between tea kettles and coffee pots, &c. and thinking them all of nearly the same kind. Into this error she was led by the meaning of the Indian word *kweestah*, which is a name common to any *metal*, as tin, copper, brass, &c. and to most vessels made of them. It is similar in meaning to our word *metal*, but more general.

The instances of contention and disagreement among them are very rare. Yet fallen nature manifests itself sufficiently among them even in this. We had an example of this also a few nights ago, between two little boys of eight or nine years of age, one of whom had been put out of bed by the other boy, and forced to lie on the bare floor. When this was known to us, we made him a bed by himself. At the time referred to, he went early to bed. The other, who a few days before had come, and was accustomed to do as he wished, endeavoured to put him out of his bed by getting on the top of him, and endeavouring to take the clothes off him, and get in himself. P. being incensed that he should be deprived of his only asylum, with his teeth laid hold of J.'s ear, and made the blood come freely. They both engaged in combat—the other boys called for me, and I was under the necessity of reproving sharply both of the boys, but since that they have lived in the greatest unity.

While I was administering reproof, one of the large boys who was standing by said in Wyandot, as I afterward learned, "Now the boy who is in the wrong will certainly cry, but he that is not will cry none." Whether each of them thought himself innocent, or not being willing to own their guilt, I cannot tell, but neither of them cried, but on the contrary bore their reproof with the greatest firmness.

The greatest good may result from this school. The female children, it is expected, will be

taught to read, write, spin, sew, knit, weave, cook, and do all sorts of house work necessary for comfortable living, and thus will become industrious and economical wives, submissive to their husbands, and affectionate parents. Beside, they will be taught the great principles of the Gospel, which will lead them into the ways of piety, and will preserve them from Indian superstition and tradition. The boys will be taught in like manner the Christian religion, in its theory, experience, and practice; they will be instructed, practically, to farm, so that when they leave school they may be qualified to become industrious farmers, good citizens, intelligent men, tender parents, affectionate husbands, and obedient children, and thus people their nation with a generation equal, as men, citizens, or Christians, to any perhaps in the United States. More still: from these boys, part of whom are pious, and others of them inclined to piety, while most are moral, will be raised up Christian preachers, to preach to their fellow men, and to carry the word of life to other Indian nations. They shall be qualified to instruct their parents and the other members of their respective families in the great doctrines of the Gospel. At the fireside they will be able to interpret to them the word of God, and recite to them the truths they have learned. They shall here unavoidably be taught English, and thus can be more perfectly instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, for they can hear more sermons, and those they do hear will not be through the tedious and

imperfect means of an interpreter. Beside, they shall, by early imbibing Gospel truths, be preserved from the superstitions of heathenism, and the practice resulting from them. The Indian god shall be neglected, the war dance shall be no more celebrated, and the idolatrous feasts shall be entirely done away and neglected.

At present some of the Indians are in favour of the school, and others are opposed to it. They say that Indians who have been learned are worse than others; that the Great Spirit never designed that Indians should learn. While others seem to take a middle way, and wait in suspense to see what shall be the fruit of our doings. The religious part are very much in favour of the children's instruction. They say themselves are too old to learn, lament they cannot read the word of God, but hope their children will learn, and not labour under the disadvantages they are irrecoverably involved in. A little circumstance will show how much some are in favour of our establishment, and will afford an example of the anxiety and zeal of others. Sister Hill, a very pious and sensible woman, came last Saturday with her little son of nine years of age, to leave him at school, and to stay all night with us, to see how we came on. After she had seen all she could, and we showed her all things, and told her of our regulations, she was very much pleased; but she expressed her sorrow that she was not now a little girl, so that she might also come here and learn to read the Bible, &c; for these people think more of read-

ing the Bible than any other acquisition in the world, which should be a lesson to many who can read, but seldom peruse that holy book. So zealous was she that others should learn, that in a few days she brought to school a brother of hers, a young man of eighteen years of age; and she has, as I am told, persuaded two other persons to come to the school.

I cannot avoid, in this place, making mention of another little anecdote about this good woman, which places her piety in a very conspicuous point of view, while it will also put to the blush the half-hearted devotion of many professors. The story is this: her husband, who is a wicked man, determined to go to hunt in company with a number of very profligate and profane persons of the same nation. She endeavoured to persuade him not to go with them, but to seek for better company, but all in vain, go he would with these same persons. She doubted whether it was her duty to go, even with her husband, in company with such abandoned wretches. Her conscience could not be easy in this matter, till she acquainted Mr. Finley of the affair, and asked his pastoral advice. He advised her to go, but not to forget to pray to God and serve him. Every night she prayed with her family in her husband's camp, while it was frequent with the above persons to make much disturbance outside the camp in time of prayer. But God in this did not leave her pious labour without its acknowledgment. For after hunting was over, and all had returned, a cer-

tain woman, who was one of her greatest opposers, came to Mr. Finley and told him that if it had not been for the prayers of that woman, God would have punished them all, and the devil would have got them. So sister Hill's fidelity proved to be the instrument of conversion to others.

Their behaviour at prayer is very good. The mission family assemble for prayer in the kitchen, morning and evening, the boys and girls sitting apart. They sit during the reading of the Scriptures with the most becoming reverence, stand in singing, and most of them join in the tune, though they do not know the words, and kneel when we pray. I never saw better behaviour, or more solemnity among any people in the time of prayer. This is a most interesting season. It supplies the place of meetings to a great degree, as the number of the mission family, including the Indian children, at this date is about thirty persons.

REMINISCENCE XIII.

The school continued—Description of the mission house—Employ of the boys and girls—Number and employ of the mission family—Dress of the Indian children—Religious state of the Indians—Skill of the children in singing—Their manner of sleeping.

A DESCRIPTION of our house will be necessary, in order to give a proper idea of our regulations respecting the government of the children,

considered as a part of our family. Our house consists of four large rooms, two above, and two below stairs, with a fireplace in each, the upper and lower rooms communicating with each other by stairs, there being no door in the partition wall which divides the house into two equal parts. The upper is a half story. Below stairs, south, is the room for the missionary and the female part of the mission family, and above it the Indian girls' room; below stairs, north, is the kitchen, which serves also for a dining room, and above it the boys' room. The school house is about four rods from the mission house, or rather we have converted the old mission house into a school house. All rise in the morning so as to have prayer over before it is properly light.

After prayer the girls are required to stay in the kitchen until bed time, unless in school hours, where they are taught to spin, sew, knit, assist in cooking, &c.; and they must all sleep in their own room at night, to which there is no entrance but through my room; they are not generally permitted to stay in my room, or go into the boys' room on any pretext, unless to make the beds, sweep it, &c. As to the boys, when prayer is over in the morning, they go to the school house, put on a fire, and stay there till night, unless they choose, when school does not hold, to play innocently, and are not to come into the kitchen until night, unless when called to eat, or are employed otherwise: but the most of their spare hours they are engaged in chop-

ping, taking care of cattle, husking corn, &c. In the evening they are to put on a fire in their own room, where they are to stay till bed time. These regulations I found necessary to make, for the purpose of preserving such order as that one part may not prevent the other from pursuing their several employs.

Our mission family consists of myself and wife, one young woman and two young men, one of whom is a good part of his time employed in hauling from a distance provisions and other things needed by the mission; and the other young man is employed on the farm. Two young women, as an addition to our family, were employed by brothers Young and Finley to come here, one to do house work, and the other to teach school; but by reason of sickness they could not come; and we expect none sooner than Christmas. All the children board with us, which gives us a great deal of trouble, and makes much work for us all to do.

As to myself, I am closely employed at school hours in teaching, which is a difficult job, seeing they are almost all beginners, or nearly so; and in the intervals of time not employed in teaching, it is as much as I can do to keep so large a family in order, especially since they have every thing to learn. You must, in short, teach them every thing.

Mrs. Elliott and the young women have three times as much to do as any women ought to do, yet there is no remedy but to work the harder, and continue longer and closer at it. As the

mission family and the Indian school, being in all between thirty and forty, board in the mission house, it is no small job to cook and wash for them, to say nothing of making and mending clothes for all the Indian children, as well as cleaning them, both of which must be done. It is true, our cooking is very simple. Our supplies consist of bread, hommony, meat, no milk or butter, and sometimes tea and coffee. As the family increased so much before we had time to prepare for them, we laboured under no small inconveniences in baking for our large family, with one Dutch oven, as it is called, and a skillet. After a while Mr. Shaw, the United States' agent, and myself, built an oven, made of brickbats, small stones and clay, which answered an excellent purpose, and in which eighteen loaves were baked at a time, and we baked four times each week. The women sit up usually to ten, eleven, and sometimes to twelve o'clock at night, and even later, in order to furnish clothing for our half-naked children, as they came in rags. To clean and comb them, so as to rid them of vermin, was a most loathsome and difficult undertaking, as they greased their heads with bears' oil, and never combed them; to comb their hair was an unpleasant yet necessary work. They could not do this themselves, being never accustomed to it: we found it necessary to do it for them first, and then instruct them how to do it themselves. The cincture too which they wore around their loins, for the purpose of tying their legging

strings to it, was a fruitful reservoir of living creatures. Although clean clothes were furnished, all was unavailing toward producing cleanliness, until we prevailed on them to cease wearing them, which they did with considerable unwillingness.

The children are very poorly clothed in general when they come. They wear moccasons in the place of shoes, both males and females. The boys have leggings instead of overalls, which go down as far as their ankles or upper part of the foot, and reach up as high as mid-thigh: these are kept up by two straps, fastened to a cincture which surrounds the loins. Their shirts are not concealed as ours are, but hang down as far as their knees, in fashion of the old sort of bed gowns; their shirts are mostly ruffled in the most ludicrous manner, and generally with as coarse stuff as the shirts themselves, and of the same colour, which varies to every hue, for some are white, some cotton, some muslin, &c.; beside, the ruffles are about as dirty as they can be. They generally wear jackets similar to ours, which are rarely kept buttoned. Over these is worn the hunting shirt, some of deer skin, as are sometimes the leggings also, but mostly of linsey, and always well fringed off. Some, in the place of the hunting shirt, wear surtouts, made, for the most, very well, and generally of fine cloth. Around the waist, and to complete the body dress, is worn the belt, made of thick leather about three inches broad, buckled tight with a strong buckle, and having

the knife scabbard hung to it, which is made of a thick piece of leather, mostly made with tacks, riveted at the point end, after passing through the two folds of the leather. They have long knives, like those used by butchers, which they wear at all times and in all places, and use on all occasions. Their head dress is a large handkerchief, folded like a neck handkerchief, but twice as broad, and tied round the upper part of the head so as to leave the lower half of the hair bare, and going about two inches above the crown of the head, and with it forming a sort of crater.

The females wear moccasons and leggings in common with the boys. They wear what is generally called a *shroud* or *wrapper* in English. It is about a yard long, and is nothing more than a piece of plain cloth, without any other making than two straps on the upper side, which are fastened to a belt tied round the body a little under the breast, and which keeps the shroud from falling down. It is thus suspended, after being wrapped round the lower part of the body, and overlapped about one foot. It goes down almost as far as the ankle, and ascends as high as to reach above the loins, so that when it is tied to the belt, the weight of the cloth makes the belt rest upon the haunches, by which the belt is preserved from falling down. They wear a sort of frock, loose gown, or bed gown, with a long waist, which reaches down as far as the middle of the leg. Sometimes they wear a handkerchief on their heads, but mostly nothing

at all. The hair is generally plaited or braided, and the long plaits dangle on their backs and shoulders.

They have something of dislike to change their dress, and the change sometimes affords very ludicrous circumstances. They are very choice in their clothes, for they always buy, when they can, the very best. We saw an instance of this lately: we made a shirt of coarse linen for one of the boys, who had only one; after he put it on he seemed to dislike it very much, and threw it off in a short time, saying *it hurted his back.* It was with difficulty we prevailed on them to wear hats. At first they would wear them a few minutes and then throw them away, but after a little they seemed to wear them like others.

Nov. 20.—After being here about six weeks, and having become acquainted with the Indians, I had some opportunities to form something of a tolerable opinion of their religious character. Between sixty and seventy of them belong to meeting, most of whom are sincere Christians, and walk worthy of the Christian name. The most of them have continued these five years firmly attached to the truth, both in their hearts, as far as we can judge, and in their lives.—There are as few instances of backsliding among them as I ever saw among white people. They are very simple and honest-hearted in their profession.

It is surprising with what facility and accuracy the boys and girls learned to sing. Two or

three of the Canadian Wyandots came to the school, who had been somewhat acquainted with singing by note. They brought with them their note book. In the course of a few days several learned to sound the notes, and learned completely the gamut. And although scarcely any of them could read or recite the words, within a few weeks almost all the boys could sing nearly every tune in the book. They spent the long winter evenings in this exercise, and so great was their proficiency in vocal music, that they joined as one, in congregational singing, and their improvement tended much to improve the singing of the congregation.

Their manner of sleeping in their rooms is worthy of a passing notice. We had no beds for them. Indeed they were not accustomed to beds, for every Indian carries his bed with him in his blanket, in which he wraps himself at night, and lies on the floor or ground. Every boy brought his blanket with him as a matter of course. In this he lay at night on the floor.—The room in which about twenty-five boys lay was about twenty by eighteen feet. It is a curious sight to see the floor as closely spread over with Indian boys as they can well find place. The blankets, in the morning, are hung on a rope stretched across the room at the farther end from the fire, where they remain till each at bedtime seeks for his own, unless the inclemency of the weather urges them to wear them around their shoulders during the day.

REMINISCENCE XIV.

Naming the children—Strong passion of the boys for hunting—Manner of sitting at meals—An interesting meeting—The Little Chief—Prayer meeting at John Hicks'—Prayer meeting at the school house—Confession of the Little Chief—The school—Second quarterly meeting—School examination—School committee—Rules to govern the school.

When they came to school, they were without English names, and their native names sounded so strange and so harsh, and were withal so long, that we found it necessaay to give them names in our own language, with which distinction they seemed considerably pleased. The Indian names seemed to be given them as a *description* of character, or as referring to some historical event of their lives. So, *Between-the-Logs*, *Bloody-Eyes*, *Lump-on-the-Head*, &c., are nothing else than a literal translation into English of the Wyandot words applied to these persons as names. Accordingly, when giving names to us in their language, they follow the same rule. They called me by a name that signified *priest;* they called my wife by a name that signifies in English, *The young woman, the priest's wife;* a young woman who lived at the mission house, and who wore about her neck a small red cape, they named *Red-bird*, in reference to the colour of her cape. Indeed this seems to be the custom of all nations in their early days. So Adam means *earthy* or *red earth*, or *in the likeness*. Eve means *life;* Cain, *acquisition;* Abel, *van-*

ity: Moses, *drawn out*. The same evidently obtained among the Romans, Greeks, and indeed every nation. We named the Indian boys after persons of piety, or after those who were patrons of the mission. Among others we mention the following names, Wm. M'Kendree, Enoch George, Joshua Soule, James Finley, David Young, John M'Lean, &c.

The passion of the boys for hunting was strong and unconquerable. All of them came equipped with bows and arrows, in the use of which they were very dexterous. The bows were made of the toughest hickory, the strings of which were of the sinews of deer. It was rarely any would miss the mark. Their exercises for practice, when shooting at a mark, at an hour's leisure, were quite amusing. The attempt to excel, and the pride arising from excellence, were strikingly manifest. The rabbit hunt was an amusing sight. He who first saw the rabbit uttered the well known war whoop, at which every one in the company joined in the pursuit; and unless the animal was near his hole, nothing was more certain than that an arrow soon laid him on the ground. Squirrels and birds of every description were killed by their arrows. Whenever any one killed any thing in hunting, the first trophy of his victory was to tinge with the warm blood of the victim some prominent parts of the face, as the cheeks, chin and forehead. Thus from their childhood they are assiduously trained for the chase.

Their behaviour at meals, and their manner

of sitting, may be mentioned as a family regulation. There were, when the school collected, two tables that sat in succession. The older half of the boys and girls took the first table, then the younger succeeded them. The boys sat on one side, and the girls on the other side of the table. The oldest also sat at the head of the table, and so on, according to their age, to the youngest, who occupied the foot. The mission family and the oldest children took the first table.

Dec. 1, 1822.—To-day attended meeting at our meeting house. It is without any loft, and the two doors and three windows are open, without doors or shutters: beside the gable ends from the square upward are open. It snowed hard and blew hard also, and drove the smoke of the fire, which was in the middle of the house, on a place left without any floor for that purpose, through the house, while the cold freezing wind penetrated on all sides. The Indians, wrapping their blankets round them, sat down in a circle about the fire, seated mostly on the ground; and when the wind would blow the smoke to any one side, as it frequently did, for the wind whirled round in all directions, they wrapped their heads in their blankets, and stood it out with the greatest firmness. About thirty attended, some being prevented by the stormy day, and others being absent hunting. I stood in a corner, shivering, and somewhat disheartened, and strove to preach to them. We had no person present but those of the Wyandot nation

and myself. But on the whole God was with us, and perhaps we had the most profitable meeting we yet held. A circumstance took place which boded well to our Zion in this place, which is as follows:—A young chief, called *The Little Chief*, son to John Hicks, had formerly, in the commencement of our religion among them, been a zealous Christian. But by the influence of the head chief, with whom he was somehow connected by marriage, he was drawn away from the Gospel, and turned back to his old superstitions. In this way he travelled for some time. But he never could be persuaded in his mind that he was right, and turned back rather through respect to his head chief. He could not, as he afterward acknowledged, find any happiness in this way; and his guilty conscience was continually harassing him, as he was going contrary to its plainest duties, and to his better judgment. He therefore resolved, a few weeks, or rather a few days ago, to return to the Gospel way. At a prayer meeting last Wednesday, while brother Mononcue was exhorting zealously, and perhaps pointedly to his case, he determined to forsake the old religion, informed the head chief of it when he came home from hunting, got married publicly, and openly joined again the Church. He went home to his house with these determinations riveted in his soul, and accordingly requested the privilege of me of speaking a few words. This I readily granted. He got up and told us that he was determined to serve God; that he could find no

rest to his soul in the way he was then going; that the old religion was dying away among them; and that he was determined to leave it and follow Christ. This was really refreshing to my soul: I took fresh courage, and, through grace, determined to pursue the good and right way myself, and gladly preach the Gospel to these dying fellow mortals, suffering all the privations of a missionary life. Our Christian Indians rejoiced, while those of the old religion were astonished, confounded, and disheartened. After several exhortations and prayers by the chiefs, our meeting ended, having lasted between three and four hours, which is the usual length; for after preaching is over, then the exhorters give several long exhortations.

Dec. 4.—Went to prayer meeting to John Hicks', accompanied by most of the school children, amounting in all to thirty-seven persons. With those that were already there, we more than filled the house. The house merits the notice of a description. It was about sixteen feet square, with round poles for joists, covered with bark, which formed the loft. There was also a covered porch at the end, about half the breadth of the house, and extending along the end. I commenced with singing and prayer, and then delivered an exhortation. Some of the chiefs exhorted also. The house was filled and wedged so close that few had room to kneel. Those who came last filled up the porch and even more. The door got completely filled, so that those outside could neither see nor hear us who

were within. Our exercises were partly in English and partly in Wyandot. Those outside, finding themselves excluded, commenced a prayer meeting. This was conducted by Between-the-Logs, who was late on this occasion. He commenced praying himself. His pathetic and melting strains of deep engagedness reached the inside of the house. The prayer was unusually fervent and powerful, and had an uncommon effect on all. A number of persons, among whom were many of the school children, were cut to the heart at this meeting, and there is already every symptom of a powerful revival. Indeed the work is already begun; how far it will extend is impossible to say, but there is every mark of a plentiful shower.

Dec. 18.—This evening we had prayer meeting at our school house, at which a good number attended, making with the school children a congregation of between seventy and ninety persons. I preached to the children on obedience to parents. Some of the chiefs exhorted and prayed. One sister, the Queen of the Bears, prayed. The *Little Chief*, whom I mentioned on the first of December, spoke also, and said several very interesting things. After rising up he, with a good deal of deliberation, humility and feeling, made the following remarks, as near as I can now (two days after) remember. "I am glad (said he) that God has preserved us, and that I have the privilege of speaking to you. I was once doing well and following the Gospel, but through complaisance to the head chief I

joined him in the old religion. I then knew I was doing wrong. All the time I was convinced that the Gospel way was the only true one. I attended meetings with the head chief, but I never could find any good in them. When I saw the people going to Christian meeting, it always brought to my mind my own duty, and what a bad part I was then acting. I looked at my father, (John Hicks,) and saw him walking according to the Gospel. How often did he exhort me, and tell me of my duty? How anxious was he that I should do right? His words stuck fast in my soul. I saw him walking to heaven. I saw myself going in the contrary way. (Here tears interrupted his words, and perhaps he stood for more than a minute in an erect posture, with his hands covering his face, while the tears flowed plentifully down his cheeks. He then proceeded.) But by the help of the Great Spirit I have turned from my evil ways in part, and hope he will enable me to do it entirely. I went to the head chief to-day, and told him that I must leave him; that I am determined to follow the Gospel, and turn from all my old superstitions. He told me that I might do as I pleased, and that if others also would follow the Gospel, he would not hinder them; that they might choose for themselves. I intend for the time to come to leave off every wrong thing, and serve God. I intend to get lawfully married, and join myself to the Church of God." This man's testimony will be of considerable use, and perhaps may have a ten-

dency to break up superstition. Several of the Snake tribe were present, and it appeared that his words made some impression on them.

Dec. 20.—The school for three weeks past consisted of thirty-seven persons. It requires the greatest attention to keep them in order. The care of this establishment affords me a multitude of cares. For there is the farming business, the school, the regulation of the family and the Church in this place; every one of them affording its due quota of employ. It is a matter of much concern to regulate the family, viz. to get all up in the morning by day light, after first putting on a fire in my own room, attending prayer, setting the boys to their business, teaching them to put on fires, of which they are in a good degree ignorant, attending to them frequently while they are eating, to prevent disorder, sending them to school, after school hours regulating them, and frequently, about every fifteen minutes, going to the boys' room and keeping them in order. Beside a thousand other things impossible to describe.

I find it necessary to pay attention to the school also, and inspect them sometimes a great number of times in a day. Beside frequently teaching either parts or whole days.

The farming business is also to be attended to, so as to get the work done in due time and form.

Together with these, it requires some attention to the Church, consisting of about sixty-six members.

Dec. 28 and 29 were the days in which our second quarterly meeting was held. Brother Finley, who was to be present, was prevented by sickness. I repaired to the meeting house, which was six miles off, and found no person there, and after waiting till toward sundown, some began to come, and in a short while about two hundred were present. On such occasions it was customary among them to hold meeting two days and two nights, and encamp round the place where the meeting was held. Accordingly, in a few minutes, several fires were made round the meeting house, around each of which a little company was convened, wrapped in their blankets, and expecting a great meeting. I opened the meeting by singing, praying, and preaching, at which God was present in a very gracious manner: a Divine unction rested on the whole assembly. Brother Between-the-Logs exhorted with uncommon zeal and effect. After this all turned in to singing, praying, and exhorting in English and Wyandot, and God was with us of a truth. The meeting continued till about midnight, and then almost all went to rest, wrapping themselves in their blankets, and stretching themselves, some on the ground, round their fires in the open air, and others in the meeting house.

On Sunday God was truly with us. It was proposed to those who were present, that if any were anxious of joining meeting they would come forward. Seven gave me their hands, among whom was the chief before referred to, son to brother Hicks; another was the son of

Mononcue. Surely this was a good time among the Indians and whites. Every face was wet with tears. The followers of the old superstition were confounded and disheartened. Our meeting continued till midnight. Some shouted *Orameh, orameh! glory, glory!* and the meeting was carried on with singing, praying, rejoicing, exhorting, &c., some in English and some in Wyandot.

The prospect of religion now in this nation is very favourable. There is every reason to expect that all will embrace the Christian system; and the whole of the old religion will perish with this generation, and that only a very few of them will continue in it till the end of their lives.

Dec. 30.—To-day our school examination commenced, which was a day of much interest to us, and I hope what was done will finally tend to the establishment of the school. I invited the chiefs all to attend, and several other respectable and influential persons in the nation. The head chief had formerly acted neutral in regard to the school, but seemed very well pleased with our rules and regulations. I found it very necessary to have the chiefs give the weight of their authority to our general rules for governing the children; because, first, their having a voice in making them, they would come to the children with the greater force; and, secondly, because these regulations, made by their concurrence, would show them that we wanted to govern no otherwise than what would be for their

interest. The committee being assembled, we proceeded to examine the following rules, one by one, and after discussion adopted them.

1. The following persons, viz. Between-the-Logs, John Hicks, Mononcue, Peacock, and Squire Grey-Eyes, shall be a school committee, to assist the missionary to govern the school.

2. The missionary and committee shall have power to make such general rules and regulations for the government and employment of the school children, as they, from time to time, may think proper to adopt.

3. No person shall be admitted into the school unless both they and their parents or guardians will engage that they will continue so long as to learn to read at least; and so far beyond that as the person or persons having the oversight of the school shall think fit.

4. No scholar shall be permitted to go home, or to any other place without leave from the missionary, nor to stay any longer than he shall think proper to allow.

5. The complaints of parents, guardians or others, respecting the treatment of the children, shall not be thought worthy of notice, unless complaint be made to one of the above committee; and if in his judgment it is worthy of attention, he shall convene the other members of the committee at the mission house, and have the accuser and accused face to face; and after due examination, the judgment of the majority shall fully determine the matter.

6. The missionary, and under his direction

the school teachers, shall have authority to use such corrections as he may think proper for the purpose of punishing offenders and of preserving order.

7. The missionary has not only *power*, but he is also *required* to see that all the boys and girls will be employed, both in school hours at their books, and in other parts of the day at such work as they can do, or can be taught to do. And he will also have power to cause them to be employed any part of a day, a whole day, or more, at a time, if he thinks proper.

8. Any person refusing to comply with the order of the school shall be brought before the missionary and committee, who shall have power to reprove, suspend, or expel, such from the school.

9. The missionary shall have power to make such particular rules and regulations for the conducting of the school, the government of the children as a family, their employment, &c., as he from time to time may think proper to adopt.

After these received the sanction of the committee, the opinion of the chiefs, and particularly the head chief, was asked concerning them, all of whom acknowledged their fitness and utility for conducting the school. Between-the-Logs was selected to make an appropriate speech to the children, after the reading and interpreting the above rules.

We then all went to the school house, and heard several classes say their lessons. Their

progress in learning far excelled the expectations of any one present. The rules of government were then read and explained to the children. Between-the-Logs then rose up and spoke a very appropriate speech on the occasion, which I got interpreted to me as he spoke it, by an interpreter who stood beside me and whispered it into my ear, only some parts of which I remember.

REMINISCENCE XV.

Interpreting—Good behaviour of the Indians at meeting—Shaking of hands—The Amen—Number of dogs—of horses—Marriage—Witchcraft—Painting their faces—The Wyandot language.

The journal stops abruptly at the close of the last section. It was intended to continue it, so as to include the passing occurrences, and whatever of ancient tradition could be collected. But at the time where it stops, an extensive and deep revival of religion broke out, and the labours that accumulated left no time for writing for several weeks. Beside, the writer left the mission at Sandusky, in February, and employed the remainder of the conference year in making collections of clothes and clothing material for the mission. During the few weeks transpiring between the first of January and the middle of February, about 150 persons professed to experience religion. The school also increased. These things demanded additional labours. Accordingly Rev. James B. Finley

took charge of the mission, and the writer spent his time as mentioned above. There are, however, several things which still linger on his memory, that may be worth mentioning.

Interpreting.—The mission from the beginning was blessed with excellent interpreters. This remark is peculiarly applicable to Jonathan and Armstrong. Jonathan could copy the preacher with the utmost precision. He was, by nature, an adept at imitation, so as to copy precisely the voice or gesture of any person. So also in interpreting for preaching. Whether the preacher spoke in a low tone, and whatever gesticulations of hands, feet, or any part of the body were used, Jonathan would exactly follow the copy, and at the same word where there was a high or low tone of voice by the preacher, there precisely Jonathan would use a similar tone of voice or gesture, so as to form a complete imitation of his model. Armstrong was next to Jonathan in the art of imitation. All the Walkers, too, were men of good sense and information, and faithful interpreters. And though they far excelled Jonathan and Armstrong in intelligence, they fell far short of them as interpreters for preaching, especially pathetic preaching. The mode of interpreting was as follows: The preacher first uttered a sentence. The interpreter, standing beside him, uttered the same in Wyandot. The preacher then uttered another sentence, and this was given by the interpreter in like manner. Thus both proceeded till the sermon was finished. As Steward by preaching, so

Jonathan by interpreting, had the honour of opening the door of faith to the Wyandot Indians. Interpreting was made the means of conversion both to Jonathan and Armstrong. The same was probably the case with the Walkers and others. Prayer was never interpreted. Each prayed in his own language without any interpretation.

Good behaviour at meeting.—It seems to be a trait of Indian character to behave with due decorum at any public meeting, whether religious or civil: a speaker is never interrupted, nor any marks of inattention manifested by those who hear. It is strikingly so at religious meetings. Every person, whether religious or not, conducts himself with Indian propriety. It is true, most of the men smoke during preaching, but never in the time of singing or prayer. But this causes no disturbance. It is a matter of course, an old established custom, to smoke while a discourse or talk is being delivered. The Indian will rise up, go to the fire, and light his pipe, then take his seat, smoke on, and all this so as to attract no attention whatever. In short, his smoking is a mark of sedateness, and he never takes his pipe out of his mouth during meeting, except for the purpose of singing, praying, saying *Yattuyeh*, or *Amen;* or in order to deliver an exhortation.

Shaking of hands.—This is always used as a mark of friendship. And as every Indian is friendly to every person except his enemies, he shakes hands with him whenever he meets him.

Among the religious this custom seems to obtain to greater extent than even in common Indian society. When they meet for religious worship, there is a general shaking of hands. It is more striking when a congregation is nearly collected for worship, or even after the services begin. Before the services begin, those who come in, generally shake hands with all in the house.—And very often this is done with the preacher while he is preaching. If one comes in late, while the preacher is preaching, he goes forward to him, shakes hands, and retires to his seat, or sits down on the floor; and all this is done without interruption or observation. But there is no shaking of hands in the time of singing or prayer.

The Amen.—This custom seems to prevail among the Wyandots, according to the primitive Christian usage. If the preacher utters any striking truth, or any thing properly pathetic and important, then the well-timed Amen will be heard simultaneously from every man in the house, but especially from the aged and the chiefs. The word answering to our Amen is the Indian word *Yattuyeh, It is true.* At the close of the weighty sentence, each takes his pipe out of his mouth, and utters in an audible and solemn tone the significant *Yattuyeh.* In this there is no vociferation. Nor is it ever uttered except at the end of the sentence, so as to come in connection with it, to make good sense.

Number of dogs.—Each family possessed

from four to ten dogs. The breed had a large portion of the wolf incorporated with it. Dogs were necessary for them in hunting. They followed their masters wherever they went. At meeting, the number of dogs present was very great. Sometimes from ten to fifty got into a fight; and when this occurred in the meeting house, as it sometimes did, there was no small stir till the battle was over, or until they were all expelled out of the house. The exclamation *steek, get out*, uttered with an impressive tone, and well known to every dog, seemed generally to clear them out of the meeting house. When this had not the desired effect, the weight of John Hicks' crutch (as he was lame, he always had one) soon accomplished what words could not effect. He had a mortal hatred against the entrance of dogs into a meeting house, but especially during meeting; and when he was present we had very little annoyance from them.

Number of horses.—Every person able to ride had a horse, saddle, and bridle. Some Indians had a large number; and all had one or more young horses, as well as a saddle horse. The horses ran in the prairies summer and winter, and they rarely needed any other food than the prairie grass, except when the snow was very deep. They were a small and hardy race. Their saddles were of the most costly kind, with plated stirrups and bits, and many trappings. The women used men's saddles, and preferred them. There were, however, a few who rode on women's saddles; but then these were made

so as to require them to sit on the side opposite to that which women usually ride on. The reasons of this we cannot give. Their gait was sometimes a trot, but mostly a gallop, rarely a walk or rack.

Marriage.—In the pagan state, marriage among the Wyandots could scarcely be said to exist. Their custom was, for a man and a woman to live together as long as one or both were agreed. But when either party was displeased with the other, or when a more desirable connection could be formed, then they parted. In such cases the children belonged mostly to the mother. As they were divided into seven tribes, and as a man and his wife never belonged to the same tribe, there seems to have been some restriction on marriage. When any of them embraced religion, they became married according to the Gospel, and the man and wife lived together till death separated them. Considering the advantages of Christian marriage, in providing for the education of children, or preventing family broils, the sober part of those who did not profess religion fell in with it.

Witchcraft.—This reigned with uncontrollable and deadly sway, until it was exterminated by the light of the Gospel. The infatuation common to every form of heathenism arms witchcraft with destruction. It appears that persons pretending to commerce with evil spirits were considered by the body of the nation as exercising malignant and destructive power over others. It is true that some in former times,

pretending to be prophets, commanded some respect. But in consequence of the deception of some, and the pretended injurious powers of others, witchcraft, whether real or supposed, was deemed a capital offence, and punished with death. That there were real witches and wizards, or persons pretending to supernatural powers which they did not possess, but employed their assumption in injuring others, there is not the least room to doubt. Hence such persons, as deceivers, were under the immediate influence of Satan. Many were put to death for being real or supposed witches or wizards. Some did pretend to be endowed with supernatural powers. Others who did not were suspected. In either case a horrible death ensued. Every year, before the introduction of Christianity destroyed this dreadful superstition, several were put to death. The last that were killed on this account were two women. This happened two years before I was there, or the year previous to the coming of brother Finley as resident missionary. The details of one of these cases are as follow:—

The woman suspected of witchcraft was condemned to death by the head chief, Deunquat, the Cherokee Boy, and other heathen chiefs. The woman professed to be a witch, and would not give up her pretensions. The head chief was, by usage, to be the executioner himself, or to obtain some other person to discharge the duty. He commanded J——— B———, a young Indian, and another of the same tribe with the woman, to put her to death. They obeyed

his commands. They proceeded to the cabin where the woman was. She went to the door, and saw them coming. She returned and exclaimed, with a horrid shriek, to another woman in the house, that two persons (naming them) were coming to kill her. J—— B—— entered the house and accosted her, saying, "Sister, I come, by the authority of our father, to kill you. Come out of the house before I accomplish this deed." She instantly obeyed. He then seized her with his left hand by the long hair, and with his right hand sunk his tomahawk into her skull. The other, with his butcher knife, mangled her in so shocking a manner that we forbear to describe it. They then dragged her lifeless and mangled body to a hollow place, and covered it slightly with earth, leaves, and rubbish. The hogs immediately devoured part of her, and would have devoured her entire, had not John Steward and some Christians interposed, and buried what remained. Whatever modern unbelievers may say, witchcraft, in some form, exists in every place, except where the light of the Gospel has done away those works of darkness which produce it. The Christian party always opposed every thing of this description. But at the time that this tragic scene occurred, their influence was too feeble to counteract the effect of a long-established heathen custom, which was supported by the more powerful part of the nation. Steward always exposed witchcraft, and denounced the wickedness of putting persons to death for pretending to it. Brother Finley op-

posed it with masterly success, and gave it an incurable wound. When I was there little of it was to be found. The young man, who put to death the woman, came to school, and became a sound convert to Christianity.

Painting the face.—This was a general custom among the heathen Indians; but it was opposed by those who embraced Christianity. The most striking kind of painting was that of the face, with the appearance of rattlesnakes. By a reddish kind of paint, the snakes, with their scales, head, tails, and hissing tongues, were drawn always to the life, in bunches on their faces, writhing and folding in each other, and emitting their poisonous venom, so as to present to a beholder at first sight a most shocking spectacle. A few of these painted faces in a congregation made a singular and frightful appearance. And when, in a time of revival, an Indian with his painted face became convinced of sin, and wept in consequence, the streaks made by the tears, across the heads, tails, and folds of the snakes, made a sufficiently odd appearance.

The Wyandot language.—This and the other Indian languages have scarcely any trace of European origin; while it appears pretty evident, that there are to be found in their construction at least some traces of oriental origin. As the Wyandot language was never committed to writing, there were several difficulties to be encountered in learning it so as to commit it to paper. The writer of these remarks found

it necessary to learn some of the language, in order to fix upon the elementary sounds of its vowels and consonants. He soon found that there were several consonants employed in the English, which had no place in the Wyandot language, and that there were several vowel sounds for which there were no exact similars to be found in any of the European languages, nor in the Hebrew or its derivatives, the Chaldee, Syriac, or Arabic. After examining the alphabets of these languages, he found it necessary to make one to suit the Wyandot language, adopting those letters in our own alphabet whose sounds were found in the Wyandot, and then using certain marks attached to other letters, so that there might be a character to represent every sound in the Wyandot language. Our consonants, *b*, *f*, *l*, *p*, *v*, had no place in Wyandot; and the strong guttural vowel sounds which prevail in this and every other Indian tongue had no similar sounds in any European, or probably in any oriental tongue. After having, with great care and much labour, formed a suitable alphabet, between six and eight hundred words were collected, and formed into a vocabulary. The imperfect outlines of a grammar were also drawn up. The Lord's prayer was translated, and carefully written down, for the purpose of using it at the conclusion of each prayer. The work of translating the Scriptures was begun; and although only eighteen verses of the first chapter of John's Gospel were translated, it might soon have been extended so far

that a chapter or portion of Scripture could be read on the Sabbath, and thus, after some time, the reading of the Scriptures would have become a part of each Sabbath's exercises. It was moreover intended to translate hymns, and write some practical discourses, and to read them in the congregation for general instruction. It was also in design to collect a polyglot dictionary, and a polyglot version of parts of the New Testament, in Wyandot, Delaware, Mohawk, Seneca, Chippewa, and some other Indian languages; but the short time the writer was at Sandusky admitted of nothing more than to form the plan, which he had not the opportunity to accomplish, and does not now expect ever to have the opportunity. He is not only convinced that it could be done, but he also thinks it is no argument in favour of the skill and industry of the missionaries who have had such opportunities, that the Scriptures have not been translated, and grammars and vocabularies formed, though the work might never proceed so far as to make polyglot dictionaries and versions of Scripture. One manuscript copy of principal portions of Scripture would be of incalculable value to a missionary, as out of it he could read in the public congregation the Divine truths of our holy religion.

REMINISCENCE XVI.

The Big Springs meeting—Journey there—Supper—Meeting on Saturday evening—Mode of sleeping—Between-the-Logs' account of his brother Bloody-Eyes' attempt to kill him—Meeting on Sabbath.

It was on a Saturday morning, late in the fall of 1822, while missionary at Upper Sandusky, that I set out, in company with Between-the Logs, Jonathan Pointer, and some others, for the Big Springs, a distance of fourteen miles from the mission house, in order to have meeting that evening and the ensuing Sabbath at that place. As we passed along the plain, John Hicks joined us, and so did Mononcue and the Little Chief, who had lately left his own and the old head chief's (Deunquat's) heathen party, and embraced the Christian religion, although he was to have succeeded to the head chiefship. The queen of the Bear tribe also, at full gallop, overtook us, with several others, making a considerable company, in expectation of having a great meeting at the Big Springs; for the Lord was then beginning to revive the work of religion among the Wyandots—every believer was looking for the overturning of heathenism, and a wider extension of Christianity. Several had lately abandoned the heathen cause and come over to Christ. We talked of our prospects and the progress of the work. We spoke of such things as the following:—One had come to meeting careless, and got under deep conviction for sin—another had obtained rich mercy in

Christ, and rejoiced in his salvation—another was on the hinge of turning to God. The head chief, Deunquat, and his chief man, the Cherokee Boy, were said to be trembling for their *old religion*, for this *new* religion was about to take every body—the Little Chief was gone, and Bloody-Eyes was on the eve of going.

We proceeded on our journey till we came to the Big Springs, by sunset, and, dividing our company among the wigwams of the village, we took the weeds out of our horse bells, and turned them into the woods to browse for the night. Black Jonathan and I stopped at Brother ——'s. (I do not remember his long Indian name, but it was something like Squaw-inde-yu-rah.) When I entered I saw a fat racoon, skinned and well-dressed, hanging on a pin in the wall to my right hand. To the left, (the cabin was a large one,) was a bedstead made of clapboards, laid on two rough supporters, about two feet from the ground. They received us with the well-known salutation, *Tee-sha-meh*—You are welcome. We *felt* ourselves entirely welcome. The good man and his wife were glad, very glad, to see the *white priest*, and *black, jet-black Jonathan*, his speaker. Very soon the hommony kettle was placed on the floor—the blessing of the Great Spirit was asked before any one tasted—then the *jerk* was handed round—and the *big round wooden spoon* put into my hand, to take the first sup out of the full kettle—then it was handed to Jonathan—then Jonathan took the spoon and his sup—then the

father—then the mother—then the others—and then again I commenced another round—and thus it proceeded till all were satisfied. But He that gave corn, and the flesh of the deer for jerk, and the game, must be thanked, and his name blessed, and Jesus praised for his grace and mercy to men. I thought on Homer's guests, and the patriarchs.

A little after dark we commenced our meeting, at the house of Squire Grey-Eyes, who has commenced this year as an itinerant missionary among the scattered settlements of the Wyandots, and some other Indian nations. Grey-Eyes's house showed that Christianity was there: there were the hewed logs, the brick chimney, a table, some chairs, a teapot, cups and saucers, &c.; but no bed was as yet found among his furniture. Each of us, according to custom, had our blanket with us, for the purpose of wrapping ourselves in it at night, when making the floor our bed, with our feet extended toward and near the fire. After singing and prayer, in which all joined fervently, I preached to them in the squire's full house. A powerful breach had been already made, within a few weeks past, on Satan's kingdom, by the Holy Spirit. It was a time of awakening: much inquiry, several conversions, and omens indicating that a time of much power was at hand. After preaching we had several exhortations and prayers. John Hicks exhorted; Mononcue exhorted; the Little Chief exhorted, confessed his sins, expressed his determina-

tion to abandon the head chief's heathen religion, and shun the familiar company of Deunquat and the Cherokee Boy. The meeting was concluded by exhortation, singing, and prayer, by Between-the-Logs.

Between ten and eleven o'clock we were ready to take some sleep. Black Jonathan, Between-the-Logs, and myself, agreed to distribute our blankets so as to have one spread on the floor under us, and the other two over us, and thus sleep all three together—I in the middle, Jonathan on my right, and the chief on my left hand. Just as we three had seated ourselves on the spread blanket, with our feet stretched toward the fire, and as we were about to recline, and draw the other two blankets over us, Between-the-Logs observed to me, by the interpreter, "I will tell you a piece of my history, if you are not too sleepy to hear it." I replied, "I will cordially hear what you have to say." He then gave me the following narration, the interpreter interpreting it, sentence by sentence, as the distinguished chief gave it to him:—

"When I first," said Between-the-Logs, "embraced Christ's religion, my brother Bloody-Eyes was exceedingly mad against me for leaving the *old religion*, and for taking up with this *new* religion. He often endeavoured to persuade me to quit this new religion, by all the arguments in his power, as he loved me much, and was anxious for my welfare. I argued with him in this way:—'Brother, you know that before

I embraced Christ's religion I was a very wicked man, as we all were then. I used then to get drunk, and in a drunken fit I killed my first wife. I also was guilty, like others, of a great many other sins. Brother, you know these things were so. But you also know, brother, that since I became a Christian, Jesus saved me from these and all my other sins—and now, brother, I find great peace in my soul. My burden of sin was taken away. The Great Spirit came down into my heart. I feel very happy in being a Christian. I would recommend this religion to you, brother—I would recommend it to every one of our nation—it would do us all good.'

"When my brother bloody-Eyes could not persuade me to leave this new religion, as he called it, he began to be very mad at me. He forgot all the good feeling that a brother should have to a brother. He came to the full determination to kill me. He came to me, and said, 'Brother, unless you will give up this new religion, I will kill you.' I said, 'Brother, the Gospel is the power of God to my salvation; and Christ himself said, He that loveth life more than me is not worthy of me. If you kill me, I cannot help it. I *cannot* deny Christ. He loved me so well as to die for me, (and for you too, brother,) therefore I cannot forsake his religion.' This made him madder yet. He often repeated his threats, and I always gave him the same answer; for God made me very strong, and I found it easier to die than to deny my Saviour, who died for me.

"One day, while I was in my cabin, and standing on the floor, I saw a man at a distance across the plain, coming toward me. After a little I knew it was Bloody-Eyes—a little after I saw he was armed as a warrior, just as when he and I fought in the wars, side by side. When he came a little nearer I knew, from his *walk*, then his *actions*, and lastly his *looks*, that he was determined to kill me. I then thought, Will I deny Christ? My heart said, No, for the Gospel is the power of God to my salvation; and, unless I am willing to give up life for Christ's sake, I am not worthy to be his follower. If I die, let me die. Bloody-Eyes entered. He seized this long hair, (catching his hair in his hand,) with his left hand, and wrapped it round his hand. He took hold of his tomahawk in his right hand, and raised it up, as prepared to strike. He then furiously cried out, 'Brother, unless you give up this new religion, and come back to our old religion, I will kill you now.' I said to him, mildly, (for I felt very happy, and had no fear,) 'Brother, I have found the Gospel to be the power of God to my salvation; and Christ tells me, that unless I am willing to give up life for his sake, I am not worthy of him. Brother, if you kill me, you may kill me—but I cannot give up Christ's religion.' I went on to exhort him. His countenance fell—his hand, that had my hair wrapped round it, fell—his hand with the tomahawk fell down also, as if powerless, by his side. I still exhorted—he began to appear more con-

fused—he did not say one word more to me—he stood a while longer, looked at me, and then went out of the house, and proceeded home. He has never molested me since. I hope and pray he may get religion. I have prayed much for him." When Between-the-Logs had concluded we laid ourselves down, and slept soundly until morning.

After breakfast, at the squire's, the congregation began to assemble. Several persons who had some difficulties in the way respecting our Bible, asked me several questions; among others, that they heard that I and the Protestants had not the right Bible. I replied, that our Bible was the same, in every thing material, with the Bible of the Catholics. I told them I was willing to use the Catholic Bible, and would preach out of it that day. I had in my hand Bagster's Polyglot Vulgate Latin Bible, just obtained from Mr. Loomis of Pittsburg. I observed that the differences among the Bibles were just like so many different interpreters, all of whom would give the sense generally, but they would use different ways of expression in telling the same story. Or the difference between a translation and the original Scripture was just like saying a thing in English, and then saying the same thing in Wyandot. I preached from this Bible, taking the beatitudes for a text. The Lord was with us indeed; and after preaching, and exhortations by the exhorters, and other exercises, our inquirers, with several others, joined the Church.

Thus ended the Big Springs meeting at that time. There are many interesting narrations still fresh in my memory, which might not be unacceptable to my readers. I will examine my journal kept at that time, consisting of sixty or seventy manuscript pages. I have also a vocabulary of about eight hundred Wyandot words, some outlines of a grammar, an original alphabet of the language, with some specimens of translations. But perhaps none of these may be of great interest to the most of readers. There are also many adventures deeply indented in my memory, but not committed to paper, as was the case with that here given, several of which I think would be interesting. There might be mention made of the quarterly meeting at which Bloody-Eyes cried to God for mercy, as a penitent, when Between-the-Logs prayed for him, and where Deunquat and the Cherokee Boy trembled like Belshazzar—also an accaccount of a sermon preached to a Mohawk woman, by the aid of two interpreters, when she sat with her baby in her arms, and wiped her teary face with her rough blanket. But I must stop for the present.

REMINISCENCE XVII.

The Mohawk Woman.

The following occurrence transpired in the fall of 1822, on one of those pleasant sunshiny days that sometimes we are blessed with in that

season of the year. It was on Sabbath day, at the rough log meeting house, then without door, window, stove or fireplace, except a *hearth* in the middle of the house, where the large fire was usually made on cold days, the smoke hovering all around, or frequently blown toward one side by the rush of wind through the door, (without a leaf,) or through the window holes; on which occasions I stood on the windward side, thus taking advantages of the circumstances; or, when this could not be done, to keep the eyes shut answered a good purpose. The meeting house was about six miles northward from the mission house, on the edge of the great plain, where it was skirted by a sparse wood. When we approached the house of worship, we heard these words fervently sung, with sweet Wyandot voices, "By the grace of God, I'll meet you on Canaan's happy shore." As we approached it sounded like heaven; when we went in, the *feeling* was heavenly—it was all heaven. We might that day have called the rough smoky house *Bethel*, i. e. God's house—for it was *his* house. The meeting was opened with singing in English the following hymn, in which more than two hundred red men, with a few black and white men, heartily joined—

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view," &c.

Then the prayer was offered up to God through Jesus Christ, in English; but the Indians prayed

in their hearts, and God was well pleased. Prayer over, the Indians sung another of Zion's songs in their own language, and we who did not understand sung *in our hearts*. The text was then read out in English, and black Jonathan interpreted it; then another sentence was given, and he gave them that—then another was given—and thus we proceeded; and frequently, when a weighty truth was attered, the utterance *Yattuyeh, it is true*, was heard from many voices, in a grave and solemn tone. When we had proceeded thus about one-third way through our sermon, I noticed an Indian woman coming into the congregation, who appeared to be a stranger. She had a coarse, rough blanket in the customary Indian mode around her. She carried a babe in her arms, fastened upon a board. She sat down on the floor with the other women. She looked sorrowful, earnest, inquisitive—not without much interest—she was tremblingly, though in sadness, alive to the whole exercises. After a while the sermon was ended; then Hicks exhorted; then Mononcue; then, last, Between-the-Logs exhorted, sung and prayed—I dismissed with the customary benediction. The woman, I perceived, began to make inquiries; one did not understand her, another did not understand her; at last she and the last-named chief got into serious conversation. She wept, the tears fell on her baby's face, and she carefully wiped them off with the corner of her rough hairy blanket. After some conversation between Between-the-Logs and her, the chief and she

and Jonathan the interpreter approached me. She spoke to Between-the-Logs, then Between-the-Logs to Jonathan, and Jonathan to me. This was the narrative and inquiry: "I am a Mohawk woman; I heard that the Good Spirit was among the Wyandots. I felt very bad about my sins—I could not tell what to do—I cannot now tell how my heart will get relief. But I determined to come to the Christian's meeting, that I might learn the right way. I walked nine miles this morning, carrying this baby on my back, that I might hear and see for myself. My heart is heavy; I did not understand any thing that was said; but if you would talk to me as you do to the Wyandots, and pray with me to the Great Spirit, I think it would do me good. Will you make a *talk* for me?" The emotion of the occasion was too much to be gotten over. I dare scarcely now permit myself to dwell on these feelings. When I could speak—Yes, yes, I will preach Christ Jesus to you. But we were in a difficulty. She could not understand Wyandot or English. Between-the-Logs did not know English, but he could speak Mohawk. The chief then proposed this plan to me: "You preach in English, Jonathan will interpret into Wyandot, and I will then give the *talk* over to the woman in Mohawk." All were agreed. The Mohawk woman took her seat with her baby in her arms. I stood before her, Jonathan to my left, and Between-the-Logs to his left. The Wyandots stood all around. The following passage of Scripture was pronounced,

"*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*" A sermon something like the following, was spoken:—"Christ loved us so well, as to come down from heaven to save us. He was born of a woman, grew up to be a man; he was like all other men, only he was no sinner, either in his heart or in his doings. He lived holy, and taught men the way to live well and do good. But the wicked took him and killed him; but on the third day he arose from the dead by his own power, for he was God as well as man. The man could die, God could not die. When he went up to heaven, he sent down the Spirit to teach men, and to change their hearts. He also commanded his ministers to tell all kinds of sinners, that if they will forsake their sins, believe on Christ as their Saviour, he will save them from sin, he will give them a new heart, he will take the darkness from their minds, he will send his Spirit into their hearts, and they will then feel very glad. Jesus will keep them, and give them grace to keep away from all sin here, and, if they serve God, he will take them, when they die, up to heaven, where they will never have any sorrow, but be happy for ever." When an expression was uttered by me, it was then interpreted by Jonathan into Wyandot, and then by Between-the-Logs into Mohawk. When a declaration respecting Christ, his *love* and *pardon*, would reach her, by this circuitous route, then would the big tears run down her face, and besprinkle her infant's face, while it lay on her

knees, or hung on her breast. When the emotions of her mind would admit it, she would wipe her baby's face with the corner of her blanket, while the word of the Gospel was going through its slow progress of communication. She drank the word with greediness. As we three were striving to unfold to her pardoning mercy through Christ, her agitated mind would sometimes get so smoothed down as to indicate an earnest mental grasp after some object almost near enough to seize on. When the *open door of faith* was presented, and the *urging* of Gospel invitation bade her a hearty welcome to Christ, she appeared as if she would throw away her blanket, and cast off every encumbrance, and enter in. Whether some one of the Indian sisters who were standing close to her in the crowd, and praying and rejoicing too, took her baby from her arms, and thus relieved her temporarily of its care, I cannot now tell exactly. However, something like this took place. From the expressions of her face, and the other expressions of silent language, manifested by her, we could perceive the sure indications of fear and hope, and then joy, with some interruption. When the preaching was over I prayed in English for this poor woman's soul. The heavens were already open, but a larger blessing was invoked—the witnessing Spirit was asked for, and the joy in the Holy Ghost which is unspeakable and full of glory. Surely the Lord heard. Then Between-the-Logs was requested to pray in Mohawk, all still

kneeling. O how he prayed!—with what earnestness! Though no tongue there could pray with him, except that of the Mohawk woman, every *heart* joined. The unutterable groan was heard through the dense crowd of believing Wyandots kneeling around.

Prayer being over, by the same circuitous manner as before, I inquired of her respecting her views, feelings, and hopes. The following is the reply in substance, as near as twelve years' recollection can be relied on. But the impressions of this scene are *indented* in my mind. Till memory be lost by old age, delirium, or some other cause, the recollection of this event will be recorded in my memory. She replied, "I feel light in my mind; I can carry my baby home without being tired; I feel glad, very glad in my heart: I believe in Jesus; I love him; I will serve him; I will be a Christian; I got more than I came for."

Such another privilege of preaching would be full pay for crossing the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps our brethren who are now on their way to the Oregon Territory may find it necessary to preach by *two interpreters.* This need not discourage them or their brethren, or be much of an obstacle in their way. God can make his word as powerful in the mouth of one or two interpreters, as if it were spoken in the language in which it is understood. I have no doubt this Mohawk woman obtained mercy on that day

REMINISCENCE XVIII.

The Delaware camp meeting—Rev. Mr. Hughes—The Urbana conference—Conversion of Lamp-on-the-Head—Administration of the sacrament.

Mr. Editor,—Having seen, in the fifth number of the Conference Journal, an account of the "Big Spring meeting," it brought to my recollection a camp meeting, which I had the pleasure of attending, near the town of Delaware, in the state of Ohio, in the summer of 1823, and perhaps a short account of that meeting, and the circumstances connected with it, might be interesting to some of your readers.

At this meeting, for the first time in my life, I had the pleasure of uniting in the worship of God with a congregation composed of Indians and white men. The scene, to me being new, had a tendency to impress the circumstances connected with it more deeply upon my mind. There were about two hundred Indians in attendance, with your old friend Jonathan as their interpreter. As this camp meeting was held but a few days before the sitting of the Ohio annual conference, at Urbana, many of the preachers attended on their way to conference; and among others, Bishop Roberts and the Rev. John P. Durbin. The Indian encampment was in the rear of the preachers' stand, while that of the whites, according to their usual order, was in front. In the congregation the Indians were generally seated by themselves; and a more solemn and devout congregation I never before

or since have seen: no circumstance that might occur could even appear to divert their attention from the great object for which they had met. The big tears that rolled down their red faces, and moistened their prominent cheeks, together with the hearty and solemn *responses* they gave to the important truths they heard, evinced the devotional feelings of their heart, and the deep interest they felt in the plan of salvation, as unfolded to them in the Gospel of Christ. Their prayer meetings, in the intervals of preaching, were conducted with the greatest order, and with a spirit of devotion seldom witnessed in a white congregation. The Indians are good singers, and their voices appear to be peculiarly adapted to sacred music; and the deep and solemn tone in which they sung the high praises of God their Saviour, produced a most thrilling sensation on the minds of all that heard them.

There was another pleasing circumstance connected with this meeting, which I cannot forbear to mention, as it goes to show that Christian spirit and feeling that ought ever to prevail among different Christian denominations. The Presbyterian minister of that place, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, attended the meeting from the commencement until the close. He had at first intended to preach on Sabbath to his own congregation, as usual; but having attended the meeting, together with many of his people, until Sabbath morning, his feelings became so much interested in the exercises, that both himself and his people determined to remain upon the ground

until the close. Accordingly, after the close of the first sermon on Sabbath morning, he ascended the stand, and addressed the congregation, for a short time, in a very feeling and powerful strain of sacred eloquence. I yet remember the concluding remarks of that address:—"My brethren," said he, (addressing himself to the members of his own Church,) "God is here: his presence is felt in this place: we cannot be employed in worshipping *him* in a better; I will therefore recall the appointment for this afternoon, and we will continue upon the ground, that both you and myself may get good, and do good." With these remarks he sat down, with his face bathed in tears, which evinced that his whole soul was engaged in the work of God. When evening came, he was unwilling to leave the ground, but kindly invited Bishop Roberts and Rev. D. Young to lodge at his house, (about half a mile from the encampment;) and after having conducted these two aged ministers to his house, he left them, and returned himself to the ground, and there laboured, the greater part of the night, with those who were seeking redemption in the blood of Christ. A few weeks after the camp meeting, this devoted man of God was called from the walls of Zion to that rest that remains for the people of God. He died in the triumphs of faith, much beloved and lamented by the people among whom he laboured.

From the camp meeting we proceeded on to conference, accompanied by the Indian chiefs

and several of their brethren. At this conference, several gentlemen from a distance attended; among others, Mr. M'Lean, (brother to Judge M'Lean,) then a member of Congress from one of the lower districts of Ohio. He had previously been skeptical with regard to the conversion of the Indians. One afternoon, during the sitting of the conference, Bishops M'Kendree and Roberts, and several of the preachers were assembled at Judge Reynolds', together with the Indian chiefs and the gentleman referred to: after some time spent in conversation on religious subjects, they engaged in religious exercises. While thus engaged in worshipping God, our Indian brethren became exceedingly happy, and appeared to be filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory, for it was indeed a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The venerable old chief, Between-the-Logs, embraced every one in the room in his arms, and, with a heart overflowing with love to God and man, he hung upon their necks and wept. This Christian interview had a happy effect upon Mr. M'Lean. While the Christian Indian held him in his arms, all his prejudices gave way; the statesman wept and rejoiced in the arms of a Christian Indian; then he felt and acknowledged that God was no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness shall be accepted of him. What a delightful scene was there witnessed; the statesman, the lawyer, the learned divine, and the simple, un-

taught Indian, folded in each other's arms, and mingling their tears and voices together in praising him who had bought them with his blood. At this scene I have no doubt the Saviour smiled, well pleased, and angels rejoiced.

Some of these Indians have since died in peace, and gone home to heaven. Many of the white brethren, too, have gone to unite with them on the other shore, and when a few short months or years are passed, I hope to join them, where we shall be for ever with the Lord.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS BY THE AUTHOR.

The above communication brings to my recollection the occurrences of the last night of the camp meeting, especially the *Indian prayer meeting*, and the conversion of Lump-on-the Head. This Indian was a very grave and sober man. From the introduction of the Gospel into his nation he was convinced of its truth, and of the importance of religion. He entirely abandoned the heathen superstitions, and was a regular attendant upon the preaching of the Gospel and the prayer meetings. He reformed his life, built himself a comfortable house, with a brick chimney and glass windows, with a sufficient supply of household furniture. But he built himself up on the foundation of morality, and made this his strong hold. He found it difficult to come to the foot of the cross. He was not favourable to the warm expressions of ardent, experienced Christians. He thought it would do fully as

well to be religious without talking much about it. In short, he supposed, like many white persons, that to be *telling* of it was unnecessary; but to praise God aloud, or shout his praise, was very unbecoming. During the camp meeting, Lump-on-the-Head appeared very serious, and indeed more than usually excited. On the last night of the meeting, the Indians, as usual, held their prayer meeting by themselves. I assisted in conducting it. After a little exhortation, I invited all that were seeking religion to kneel at the mourners' bench. Among a number of others, Lump-on-the-Head, with a broken heart, came forward and kneeled down. We sung, in English and in Wyandot, "Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast," &c. Between-the-Logs prayed, Queen-of-the-Bears prayed like an apostle, Mononcue prayed, so did John Hicks and many more—all prayed. Many white people mingled with us. Several white penitents, struck with the power of God, cried to God for mercy. There you could see white and red men praying on their knees at the same bench. Some prayed in Wyandot, some in English. Sister Finley was in ecstasy. But the greatest struggle among all seemed to be in the case of Lump-on-the-Head. At last, about eleven o'clock, he entered into the liberty of God's children. He shouted loud and long, so that the whole camp and its vicinity resounded again. Then he told Between-the-Logs of the amazing mercy of God through Christ to his soul. The news ran through the encampment, and the effect

was like electricity. How the Indians rejoiced! Several of them, who had previously stood at a distance from Christianity, yielded when Lump-on-the-Head obtained the sense of pardoning mercy. How many, I cannot tell, but the number was considerable. Among the white people the effect was nothing less. This Indian still, as far as I can learn, adorns the doctrine of Christ our Saviour.

Another circumstance may be mentioned. On the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the scene was truly heavenly. There white, red, and black men promiscuously surrounded the table of the Lord. I noticed, particularly, that Bishop Roberts and the Presbyterian brother mentioned in brother L.'s communication, together with Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, Hicks, and several other white preachers and Indian chiefs, partook, at the same table, of the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. These were scenes of the most interesting character.

REMINISCENCE XIX.

The second quarterly meeting.

I THINK it was about three or four weeks after the Big Spring meeting, that our second quarterly meeting was held. Brother James B. Finley was the presiding elder. We looked

earnestly for him on Friday, but he did not arrive. on Saturday morning we were still looking out for him, but he was providentially hindered, as we afterward learned, and did not come at all. Preaching was to commence at twelve o'clock, at the old log meeting house, six miles distant from the mission house. I set out, in order to be there in time, with rather low feelings, and a little discouraged. I rode through the plain, frequently looking in different directions, in order to see if any were going to meeting. No one appeared in any of the Indian trails or narrow paths that led to the meeting house. When I arrived no person was to be seen of any colour. I hitched my horse, stepped into the meeting house, and laid by my bundle of candles, (intended for light during the two nights of the quarterly meeting.) I also laid up in a secure place, out of the reach of dogs, my portion of provisions of bread and jerk, that was necessary for two day's sustenance. After praying to God, and mustering up all the faith I could, I stepped out, and walked a little distance, and saw brother Steward, a mulatto, the apostle of the Wyandots, riding toward me. He took the grass out of his horse's bell, for the purpose of allowing it to toll, took the saddle and bridle off his horse, and turned him into the woods. We gave to each other a Christian salutation, sat down on a log, and there he told me how he was led by God's Spirit from Marietta to Sandusky—how Jonathan interpreted—how Between-the-Logs experienced religion—how a

large number of others were also converted—how the word of God grew—how the heathen party opposed, and how they killed witches.

Between-the-Logs had now come, Jonathan came, John Hicks and Mononcue arrived, Indians were seen coming rapidly from all directions. What is the reason, said I to Steward, they did not assemble sooner? O, said he, they always encamp around the meeting house at time of quarterly meeting, and when they come, they stick it out two days and two nights without intermission, very much like camp meeting; therefore they are delayed in making their preparations. They were now coming in rapidly. The bells had full play on the horses' necks. The horses themselves were turned out into the long prairie grass on the Sandusky plain, or ran browzing into the thin woods skirting the plain. In a short time the fires were kindled, the temporary encampments were formed, and all seemed activity and preparation. But, said I, it is late now in the afternoon—our meeting should begin. Our apostle responded, The Indians are accustomed to provide supper in the first place, and the necessary supply of wood for Sabbath; but the meeting is not to commence till night, for when it begins there will scarcely be any intermission. I agreed to submit cordially to their custom in this respect. So the preparations went on with new and increasing life. The partially boiled hommony was put into the kettles, brisk fires soon prepared it sufficiently for use. In companies here and there,

all around the meeting house, they went to supper; yet none touched till the patriarch of each little company had blessed the Giver of corn for hommony, and of deer for jerk. Then the big wooden spoons were used by the circle around the hommony kettle. I and the Wyandot apostle, and black Jonathan, and the chief Between-the-Logs, ate, with thankful hearts, the provisions supplied by Heaven. There were, however, no distinctions of rank there; all were equally supplied, and all seemed thankful to God, whose name every red man blessed the second time, after he had partaken of his bounty. All things were in readiness on the approach of night, for the commencement of meeting. There were no tables to be removed, nor cups and saucers, or such things to be washed or laid aside. No table courses delayed us. The only delay was to pause solemnly, and bless and thank the Great Spirit for his goodness. I left my own provisions neglected; the Indians supplied my wants, and I partook with them altogether.

As night began to approach, the candles were lighted, and the house was nearly filled. I and black Jonathan took our stand together. We all first sung a hymn of praise to God. I then prayed in English, for we never interpreted prayer; each prayed in his own language, but prayer was never interpreted. After preaching by the slow mode of interpretation, there were several exhortations. John Hicks followed me, with a grave, serious, moral lecture, yet fully Christian; but, as to style and manner, such as

Cato or Seneca would have delivered, had they been Christians. Then Mononcue, with strong, highly figurative language, such as Isaiah prophesied in, or such as Demosthenes used when pleading the oration concerning the crown. With all the vehemence and thunder of a Christian orator, he would plead for Christ. After him, Between-the-Logs arose. His style was Ciceronian; but the pathetic was peculiarly his own, for of it he was complete master. His gestures, as well as speech, and his subject, were all melting—all pathetic: under his eloquence hardness of heart always melted. His speech was not the utterance of thunder, like Mononcue's; but it first caught the attention; then it got possession of the heart; then it conducted his audience as with the spell of enchantment, to Calvary—to Gethsemane—and to the returned prodigal—to heaven itself. But I forget myself now: at another time we will take occasion to describe them as orators, and compare them with one another.

After the exhortations were all over, the prayer meeting commenced, and this was to last during the whole night, which accordingly took place. Many were seeking religion, and some had received the pearl of great price. The little cloud was enlarged; indeed it had already burst. The prayer meeting went on. After midnight, some got sleepy, and wrapped themselves in their blankets, and went to sleep toward the corners of the house, and around the fires, while others continued the prayer meeting. After

some time, those who had been asleep awoke, and commenced anew their devotions, while those who had slept none retired to rest, as the others had done. After midnight I wrapped myself up in my blankets, and slept in a corner of the meeting house, being lulled to sleep with the soft and sweet melody of the Wyandot singing, as well as the plaintive and devotional tone of their prayers. A while before day I awoke, and in my turn joined in the devotions of the night. Toward daybreak all exercises ceased. When it was sufficiently clear to distinguish objects, I surveyed all around. The females had their separate places of rest, preserved inviolably from any intrusion. I especially noticed the men. In one place, near the fire, some were stretched in profound sleep. In another place, a little farther off, was one at his private devotion, anticipating the rising sun by his prayers. A little after sunrise, all were roused from their beds, by the general voice of prayer and praise that was heard from every camp. Then they prepared breakfast, as on the evening before they prepared supper, with this difference, that it was now Sabbath, and therefore the shortest method was taken to prepare the morning meal.

About 10 o'clock a large congregation convened, among whom were many white persons. It was agreed that I should first preach to the white people in English, and then, by the interpreter, preach to the Indians. This was done. After both sermons, I administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to about seventy In-

dians, and thirty white persons. This was a striking and solemn time indeed. To see Indians, white persons, and Africans surround promiscuously the table of the Lord, was a sight worth seeing indeed. Here was nothing like war or scalping. Brotherly love reigned in every heart. The power of God was eminently among the people. Sinners of every description were cut to the heart. Many of the heathen were among the professed penitents; and the balance of them, if not entirely penitent, were struck with awe, and wonder, and downright consternation. But I must reserve for another number the calling up of the mourners—the conversion of Bloody-Eyes—the trembling of Deunquat and the Cherokee Boy—the exultation of the Christian party—and a variety of other particulars, sufficiently interesting to write and read.

The old log meeting house, at which we held our second quarterly meeting, I suppose by this time is in ruins. Deunquat was the head chief of the nation; the Cherokee Boy was a native Cherokee, who lived among the Wyandots from his youth, but at this time he was an old man, at least past middle life. Both of these were familiar—both were heathens—both were a sort of priests in the heathen religion, and administered its rites—but both at that time were powerfully confounded, and *almost* persuaded to be Christians—in short, both shook to the centre at this powerful, tremendous meeting, and after that day, as far as I can learn, they never tried

to hold another heathen meeting. A word, too, about the meeting house. The west end had a door, without a leaf. The north side had two open windows, on which we hung blankets to stop the fierce blasts of the wind. As was said already, I administered the sacrament to Indians and white people. We stretched two rough benches within about six feet of the north side of the house, and parallel to it, for the purpose of administering the sacrament. We had not, and we needed not any other table. The power and glory of the Lord were there. When the sacrament was administered, I proceeded to call up the mourners, inviting them to kneel and seek God's mercy. Duenquat and the Cherokee Boy were seated close in the corner to my left hand, opposite me, or the northeast corner of the house, trembling—weeping—confounded—perfectly astonished. I stood with my back to the north wall; Jonathan, my interpreter, was at my left—Between-the-Logs at my right—Mononcue, Hicks, Squire Grey-Eyes, the Little Chief, lately deserted from old Deunquat, formed a part of the same line. Sister Queen-of-the-Bears, with several other pious sisters, stood toward the door, praying and rejoicing. Many sinners were cut to the heart. I commenced then to call up the mourners. The invitation was brief, but something like the following:—"My red brethren, we are all, by nature and by doings, sinners. Jesus Christ came to seek and save us. Turn from all your sins, and seek mercy through Christ, and he will bless you.

Come and kneel down here, and we will pray with you and for you. Thank God, here is one!—here is another!—you are welcome to the Lord Jesus Christ! Here are two more! Blessed be God! Here are three more!—here are twelve more! Now the benches are full, but there is room enough in God's mercy for you—room enough in heaven for all. Now the others may kneel down and pray where they are—no matter where—God is near—Jesus Christ is near. Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Bloody-Eyes came among others, and kneeled down just before me, with the bench between us, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, crying, *Jesus sementera, Jesus, have mercy!* Just a little before this time, Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, and Hicks went to the corner of the house where Deunquat and the Cherokee Boy sat trembling. Between-the-Logs stood over the head chief, with his arm around his neck, entreating him to turn to Christ. Mononcue kneeled before him, and prayed aloud for God to save Deunquat, who trembled like Belshazzar. John Hicks was equally engaged with the Cherokee. Between-the-Logs did not yet notice his brother. We commenced singing, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," in Wyandot and English. I kneeled down beside Bloody-Eyes, who was crying to God for mercy. He seized me fast round the neck, in his earnestness and agony of soul. I then remembered what his brother told me three or four

weeks before. But the hands that held his brother's hair and the tomahawk were then clasped round my neck, and the bench between us: the mouth and tongue that threatened death to a brother were employed now in seeking mercy. I prayed in English for the murderer especially, and in general for all the weary sinners then seeking for God's mercy. But it is impossible to write these things—my talk about these scenes cannot approach a description. We prayed on. I entirely forgot what the chiefs were about, but I lifted my head after prayer, and glanced toward Deunquat. Between-the-Logs then turned his face toward me, and caught a sight of me—he also saw his brother beside me. In the twinkling of an eye he was with us—his arms around both our necks—all suffused in tears—all praying. After a moment's recollection, I said, Let all the congregation pray. Brother Between-the-Logs, pray for these penitents, but especially for Bloody-Eyes. Such a prayer!—What intercession!—There was glory there that could be *touched* and *seen*. What melting accents were uttered then!—Between-the-Logs was directly before the mercy seat—then he seized on the horns of the altar—then he employed such wrestling as Jacob had with the angel of the covenant, and cried, I will not let thee go till thou bless my brother Bloody-Eyes. Surely God heard prayer that very moment. If the sacrifice consumed with God's own fire, or the temple filled with the glory of the Lord, or the utterance of tongues at pente-

cost, declared that God was present and heard prayer; surely it was equally certain to us all then, (and the conviction is now as strongly engraven on the tablet of my very soul as it was then,) that God manifested his glory, and converted the murderer's soul. The following verses, from Charles Wesley's unmatched hymn of *Wrestling Jacob*, come nearer than any other composition, to describe the *struggle* and the *victory* of that prevailing prayer of Between-the-Logs for his brother:—

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me:
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Among others also, who that day cried for mercy, was George Punch, chief of the Snake tribe. His face was painted over with rattle snakes, writhing and twisting in each other's folds; for snakes were the insignia of his tribe. His head also was caparisoned off with feathers and other gaudy ornaments. When he kneeled before

God in deep penitence, the turban fell from his head, and the feathers flew around and lay neglected. The tears rushed from his eyes. O what a sight! When he lifted up his hands and snaky face, the tears cut *tracks*, and made *channels* across the heads, bodies, tails, and folds of the snakes on his painted face. I exhorted him to trust in Jesus Christ, who *bruised the big snake's head*. I belonged to the same tribe with this chief. With him I wrestled with God in prayer; and George Punch obtained mercy through the blood of the cross.

But it is impossible for me to describe the scenes of that afternoon. God knoweth how many obtained mercy, and how many were led to seek him. The glory too is all his. To me belongs not even the *instrumentality*. In it I had neither part nor lot, except to see it with my eyes, and feel God's grace in my unworthy soul. Brother Finley laboured hard there the preceding year. And Steward, the *coloured* man, without money, outfit, learning, or human authority, was the apostle of this nation. The scenes of the afternoon cannot be written. I myself was then ignorant of nine-tenths of what transpired around and beside me. Some were exulting, and others in the depth of penitence. I remember, however, of approaching Deunquat and the Cherokee in the corner, but the particulars are fled. At any rate, a decisive breach was made that day in the ranks of heathenism. The wound inflicted was deadly, and from it there never was a recovery.

It is a cause of great exultation, that the way is opening to preach the Gospel to the Indians, and many have cordially received it. At that time there were very few Indians who professed religion; but now there are several thousands. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! Amen!

REMINISCENCE XX.

Big-Tree.

When I was at Sandusky, Big-Tree was an old man, and much afflicted with rheumatic pains, so as to be compelled to use crutches. If my memory is correct, he embraced religion when Steward first preached among the Wyandots; but he was even then an old man. His children, also, then grown to maturity, were zealous and active Christians, and indeed some of them occupied the useful stations of class leaders and exhorters. In the advanced age of their patriarchal father, they provided for him with much care. They took him from the little bark-roofed cabin in the bottom below the mission house, and built for him, on the other side of the river, just opposite the mission house, a comfortable, warm cabin, about fourteen feet square. They piled up wood for him at his door, ready to put on the fire. They furnished him with jerk and other game, as Providence favoured them. His corn for hommony was

hung up in bunches, fastened to the round rough joists that were overlaid with rough clapboards. When the corn was husked, some of the husk was left on the ear, by which means the husks were braided together, and the corn hung down from the braids, and thus it was preserved in fine order. In the fall Big-Tree's cabin joists were closely strung over with blue hommony corn. He had a patch cleared beside his old cabin, which furnished him with his annual supply. Now the brush and pole fence needed repair; but his sons made rails in the fall, in order to fence anew their father's little field.

While brother Finley was their missionary, he used to visit the old man frequently. On one occasion he gave brother Finley a noble treat. He broke fine the jerk, and put it in his old bark dish, mixed up with it also a good share of his best home-made sugar, and then poured on these a due proportion of his best bear's oil, and mixed up the whole by stirring the compound with his finger. Such was the mess prepared for brother Finley. Of this he *must* partake, or *seem* to partake. He shut his eyes, and with his fingers took some of the preparation—eat some—and made out to convey the greater part to some other place than his mouth or stomach. But Big-Tree ate. Yet neither touched till the missionary blessed the Great Spirit for the jerk, the sugar, and the bear for oil. When the repast was over they devoutly prayed together, and parted with hearts glowing with the best Christian feeling; although the meal would be viewed, by

some, as not very desirable. The pastoral visits to this old man were always interesting. There was at every meeting a cordial Christian greeting—there was religious conversation: frequently questions respecting experimental religion were introduced, as well as questions respecting almost every point of divinity—prayer must never be omitted on any occasion, on parting, whether the meeting was in his cabin, or beside a fallen tree, or at the root of a standing one, or any place where the missionary and the now decrepit Big-Tree would happen to meet. But these meetings were in or about the old man's little tenement. But when he ventured occasionally to ride to meeting, (being carefully put on horseback by his children, and watched on his journey by them,) he would never require the formality above referred to, for then he was in public—but his cabin, the root of the tree, or the seat on the log, or on the soft grass on the bank of the Sandusky, was his *private chamber*, where he attended to his private devotions, and received the visits of his religious friends. One cannot help associating with these visits the meeting and preaching of Philip to the eunuch, of our Lord to the woman at the well; but still more particularly of Abraham entertaining his guests under the shade of the tree, or of Moses aiding Jethro's daughter to water the flocks.

As I said, when I lived at Sandusky brother Big-Tree lived about three quarters of a mile from the mission-house, on the opposite side, and just above his little corn patch and former cabin,

but on the other side of the river. I set out one Saturday afternoon, after the school had been dismissed, for the purpose of visiting the old patriarch. One of brother Armstrong's sons accompanied me. We went down the river about one mile, and crossed it by scrabbling over a fallen tree whose tops reached driftwood; and thus by cautiously choosing our steps we crossed safely, and approached toward the cabin of Big-Tree.

As we approached the cabin we noticed the little porch was well filled with dry wood, prepared by the old man's children, and ready for the fire. The door was toward the north, the fireplace to the west, and his bedstead, made of rough clapboards, placed on two rough benches, and overspread with deer skins, was in the north-west corner, and came up to the fireplace, so that when the old man sat on the bedside, he was just beside the fire. We entered the house. He was seated on his bedside, with a tin pan of hommony on the floor between his feet, he had a piece of jerk in his left hand, and his large wooden spoon in the other. He cordially welcomed us with the well-known salutation, *Tee-shameh.* He laid down his spoon hastily in the pan, and gave us a hearty shake hands. He then, with equal speed, reached to me the piece of jerk which he had in his left hand, and reached back his other hand, raised up the edge of a deer skin which lay on his bedstead, and from the deposite of jerk, there safely kept, he soon supplied the boy and himself, and placed several

handfuls on the bed beside him, in order to draw upon them when we had eaten what we had in our hands. He then reached me the big wooden spoon, and invited me to partake of his hommony, which I did with great cordiality. I then reached the spoon to the little boy, my interpreter, who took his sup, and handed the spoon to Big-Tree, who took another and reached the spoon to me. I took another sup, and reached the spoon again to the boy, and thus we proceeded, being abundantly supplied with the jerk. Both the hommony and jerk were quite palatable, especially as I and the boy were sufficiently hungry to relish well whatever kind of food was calculated to appease our hunger. As a matter of course, I must return thanks to the Great Spirit, through Jesus Christ, for having so richly supplied our wants.

Then we must have our *talk* about religion, which was considerably lengthy. The old man was much afflicted with rheumatic pains. He said, "I can now very rarely go to meeting, to hear any thing out of the good book, or to join in prayer with my brothers and sisters. But I pray here alone, and God hears me. It is true I cannot bend these knees and kneel, for my knees are all pains; but I strive to *bend low my heart*, and try to get humble *in here*, (laying his hand on his breast,) and then my Saviour blesses me, and I feel very happy in my mind. I often think, too, of the time and circumstances, when brother Steward first preached for us. It was then that the Spirit broke small, like these

little crumbs of jerk, my heart, and then the same Spirit healed it up, and made it anew, and put a voice in my inside, just *here*, (with his hand on his breast,) and this voice reached my ear, and I heard it say, *All thy sins are forgiven thee.* Then I just felt as a little child, and I called God my *Father.* I know I might have been more faithful; but God still was good to me. And when the devil tempted me, I would pray to God, and he would deliver me. I ought always to be very thankful for the many blessings which I enjoy. Look up there; do you see what hommony corn I have got? What I have hanging there will be sufficient for me till the new corn comes. My children also supply me with plenty of deer meat, and bear meat, and racoons, and sometimes they catch a fish or a rabbit, and give it to me. Brother, I ought to be very thankful because I have so many good things. A great many people have not such things as I have. Beside, you know my little corn field will yield me a sufficient supply for next year; and my children have made rails to fence it. And it is very likely I will not want any corn after one or two years more; as I think I will get home to the Great Spirit before two years. And in that place there will be no want of any thing. Brother, I ought to be thankful to God for his grace to me. Brother, I am thankful, but I want to be more so. I am often very glad to think that I will soon be delivered from my present weakness, and then I will not need these crutches."

Much conversation, beside this, took place between Big-Tree and me. After our talk was over we prayed together, and truly it was a glad season to us both. If I have been correctly informed, brother Big-Tree died before his contemplated two years were expired. At any rate, I was assured he died in the triumphs of Christianity. God wonderfully blessed his soul toward the close of life, so that he left the world in the possession of perfect love.

Just as the above was penned, I cast my eyes on a paper, and found a petition presented to congress, praying for an appropriation to be made, in order to purchase the Wyandot reservation. It seems a hard matter that this *small remnant* of a once powerful nation cannot be permitted to occupy their little reservation, without being compelled to sell it. Why should they be driven from their homes, and the little residue of their former extensive territory, to gratify the accursed cupidity of white men? Is there not land enough for us on this and the other side of the Rocky Mountains, without violently seizing on their little spot? Must this most interesting and Christian nation be driven forcibly from the lands of their fathers—from the ashes of Crane and Deunquat, of Between-the-Logs and Big-Tree? If they are driven away, their expulsion will bring a curse upon their oppressors. Such an outrage upon the principles of truth and righteousness is enough to endow the stupid with the gift of satire. If eloquence be wanting here, indignation, beyond that of Juvenal, will find

words to express itself: for, *Si natura neget, indignatio facit versus.* God be merciful to our guilty land!

REMINISCENCE XXI.

Council of Indian chiefs.—An account of it.

What shall I do without a God? I will inquire for the GREAT GOD of John Sunday.—*Shingwaukoonse.*

THE following is from the pen of the Rev. G. Marsden, in a communication of December, 1833, in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for January, 1834. Mr. Marsden was delegate from the British to the Canadian conference. The design of these reminiscences is, to show the power and necessity of religion, as well as to call forth assistance in behalf of Indian missions in particular, and of the great missionary cause in general:—

There appears, at present, a peculiar providence in the openings which present themselves for preaching the Gospel of Christ to the various tribes of Indians on the immense continent of North America. While I was in Canada, I heard that a meeting of Indian chiefs, of a very singular nature, had been held in the month of July last: and that one of the converted Indians of the Chippewa tribe, resident at the Credit, was present at the meeting. Having an opportunity of seeing him during our conference at York, I desired him to give me an account of the meet-

ing; and the following is the purport of his statement:—

The council of the Indian chiefs was held at the Narrows, by Lake Simcoe. There were present Christian Indians from Credit Mission, Grape-Island Mission, Rue-Lake Mission, Sahgeeng Mission, and Mud-Lake Mission. The Pagan Indian chiefs were from various tribes, scattered abroad between that place and the Rocky Mountains, some of whom must have travelled from fifteen hundred to nearly two thousand miles. The names of the Christian chiefs were, Joseph Sawyer, John Crane, George Pahtans, John Crane, Jun., George Yellowhead, Thomas Shilling, Joseph Nainingkishkungk, and John Big-Canoe, with two Christian Indians who are not chiefs. There were six pagan chiefs. The council was opened with singing and prayer by one of the Christian chiefs. After prayer, the first pagan chief who arose to address the meeting was Shingwangkoonse, which signifies a young pine tree. He held in his hand a string of white wampum, (a bed of pearls,) which colour signified his present object, viz. searching after a clean white heart. He inquired first of the Christian chiefs, "Are you truly more happy now in your hearts than when you had our father's religion? If you are so, I wish you to tell me. You see me this day, with this string of white wampum, come to inquire whether you are now more happy in the white man's religion than you were before." He then said, "I had a child, an only child, whom I loved much. This

child was taken sick. I took all the *munnetoogk*, (meaning his gods,) out of my *mahshkemoodt*, (his bag,) and placed them around the child, to see if they could cure it. I told them to leave none of their power behind, but to bring all their power with them; but the child died. I then gathered them up for the last time, and I said, *kewabenenin*, I throw you away. I then began to think, What shall I do without a God? I remembered John Sunday* speaking about a great God; and I thought that I would come to this country, to see who knew about John Sunday's God. I have heard of many stars shining over my head," (meaning the different denominations of Christians:) "I wish very much that some of you would give me information which is the true star. Just before I left home, I received a string of black and white wampum, and a tomahawk, the blade of which was painted red. When I considered that although my arms were very long, and my body very large, should I enter into this war, I should be the means of spilling much blood, I determined to decline it, and therefore made this answer:—'I am now unable to render you any assistance in this warfare, having just commenced to seek after a Great Spirit, (*Keche Munnetoo,*) and feeling very poor in my heart.'" He then delivered the string of white wampum which he held in his hand, to Joseph Sawyer, the head chief present, as a token of

* John Sunday is a pious and zealous Indian, now a preacher of the Gospel.

peace and union between the tribe of Sawyer and Shingwangkoonse.

Here it may be necessary to explain some of the terms which were used by the chief. A string of white wampum is a token of peace; of black and white—of peace, but at the same time of distress, and requesting assistance. A tomahawk painted red denotes that the assistance requested is for war. The having long arms denotes the possession of a large country. A large body signifies that he has many people in his tribe.

The chief, Joseph Sawyer, then arose to reply. He said, "I can inform you, that since I got this good religion in my heart, I have had more true happiness in one day, than I ever enjoyed before in all my life. I wish you to look for yourself which star is best. You see this village built since we got this religion; you see this school house; and the change from drunkenness to sobriety. And could you visit our village at the Credit River, you would see a great many good houses, a chapel, a school house, a work shop, a saw mill, and many other improvements." After Joseph Sawyer, the other Christian chiefs spoke equally in favour of the Christian religion.

Before the council closed, all the pagan chiefs said, "Send us teachers and missionaries, and we will worship as you worship." They farther said, "Be sure to send us books, missionaries, and teachers, next year, and our people will listen to them."

This highly pleasing and important statement

was given to me by Pahtahsegaih, or, according to his baptismal name, Peter Jacobs. In addition to this interesting account, I heard, while in America, of several other remarkable proofs that God is influencing the hearts of the Indians, and leading them to inquire after the salvation of the Gospel. Surely the time, yea, the set time, is come, for the savage tribes of America to be gathered into the fold and family of God.

REMINISCENCE XXII.

Between-the-Logs.

His name is a literal translation of his Wyandot name, which is the word used to signify *a bear* in that language, and means in its radical import, *to crouch between the logs*, because this animal sometimes *lies down between the logs*. Hence, as this chief belonged to the *Bear tribe*, the name given him is the distinctive name of his tribe, *the Bear tribe*, which is one of the seven tribes into which the nation is divided.

He is said to have been born about 1780, in the neighbourhood of Lower Sandusky. His father was a Seneca, but his mother was a Wyandot of the *Bear tribe*. And as the line of descent, among the Indians, is by the mother, independent of the father, Between-the-Logs was both by birth and natural civil right a *Wyandot* and a member of the *Bear tribe*. When he was eight or nine years old, his father and mother parted. This was very often done;

for marriage among them continues no longer than while both are agreed; and when misunderstandings arise, separation ensues. Then, for the most part, the mother takes all the children. But in this case, the young Between-the-Logs was taken by the father, with whom he lived till the old man's death. At this time he had nearly arrived at maturity. From his father and the Senecas he obtained a perfect knowledge of the Seneca language. He afterward added a knowledge of the Mohawk, Shawnee, Delaware, and several other Indian languages; on account of which he became *interpreter general* of councils and embassies.

After the death of his father, he returned to live with his mother, among the Wyandots. Of the particulars of his life previous to this time, little is known. Shortly after his return to his mother, he joined the Indian warriors, and with them suffered a defeat with Gen. Wayne. At this time his residence was at Lower Sandusky. His enterprising and persevering disposition, his prompt obedience to the commands of the chief, his known talents and eloquence, his knowledge of so many languages, his faithful discharge of whatever was assigned him, in brief, his acknowledged superior abilities every way, called him into public notice in his own nation, and gave him celebrity among the most distinguished chiefs of other Indian nations. These qualifications, connected with a sound judgment, soon procured for him the chiefship of the Bear tribe. And in consequence of his

eloquence and uncommon memory, he became chief speaker of his nation, and the intimate friend and counsellor of the head chief.

When he was about twenty-five years of age he was sent to ascertain the pretensions and doctrines of the Shawnee prophet, whose imposture he soon detected, and whose religion and deceit he describes as follows. After speaking of the fallacy of the Roman Catholic religion, he says:—"Then the Shawnee prophet arose, and pretended he had conversed with our Great Father, and that he had told him what Indians ought to do; and we heard and followed him. To be sure he told us many good things with the bad: he told us it was wrong to drink whisky; but after awhile we saw he was like the Roman priest; he would tell us we must not do things, and he would do them himself." Concerning the Seneca prophet, Between-the-Logs speaks as follows, after stating how they were deceived by former false teachers:—"After some time, then the Seneca prophet arose, and we all heard, and followed him a little while: but by this time we were very jealous, and watched him very close, and found him like our former teachers; so we left him, and were again misled. By this time we began to think that our own religion was a great deal the best, and we made another trial to establish ourselves in it, and had made some progress. Then the war broke out between our father, the president, and King George, and our nation was for war, and every man wanted to be big

man. Then we drink whisky, and fight, and when the war was ended, we were all scattered, and many killed."

Shortly after his return from this prophet, the late war between the United States and Great Britain, in 1812, commenced. There are several historical incidents connected with the actions of our chief, that will be necessary to describe briefly in order that we may have a correct view of his talents and character. At this time the great body of the Wyandots lived at Upper Sandusky; about sixty of them lived near Malden in Canada; and about two hundred and fifty on the American shore, nearly opposite the British post at the mouth of the Detroit river. Tarhé, or the Crane, an aged and venerable man, of the Porcupine tribe, was then the head chief of the nation. He lived at Upper Sandusky, about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Detroit river. When the Crane became satisfied that a war was inevitable, he convened a general council at Brownstown; and, alarmed at the situation of his own people, he attended in person with his confidential friend Between-the-Logs, and with the principal Shawnese chief, Black-Hoof. At this council, the Potawatomies, the Chippewas, and Ottawas, solicited the Wyandots to take hold of the British hatchet. Walk-in-the-Water, who was at the head of the Wyandots on the American side at Detroit, and was the chief speaker of the nation at that time, answered:—"No, we will not take up the hatchet against our father the Long-Knife.

Our two fathers are about to fight, but we red men have no concern in their quarrel, and it is best for us to sit still and remain neutral." This advice was approved by the Indians, but it was violently opposed by the British. At a council convened at Malden, Elliott, the British Indian agent, and the British commanding officer, demanded of the Wyandots whether they had advised the other tribes to remain neutral. To this, Walk-in-the Water answered:—"We have, and we believe it is best for us and for our brethren. We have no wish to be involved in a war with our father, the Long-Knife, for we know by experience that we have nothing to gain by it, and we beg our father, the British, not to force us to war. We remember, in the former war between our fathers, the British and the Long-Knife, we were both defeated, and we, the red men, lost our country; and you, our father, the British, made peace with the Long-Knife without our knowledge, and you gave our country to him. You still said to us, my children, you must fight for your country, for the Long-Knife will take it from you. We did as you advised us, and we were defeated with the loss of our best chiefs and warriors, and of our land. And we still remember your conduct toward us when we were defeated at the foot of the rapids of the Miami. We sought safety for our wounded in your fort. But what was your conduct? You closed your gates against us, and we had to retreat the best way we could. And then we made peace with the Americans,

and have enjoyed peace with them ever since. And now you wish us, your red children, again to take up the hatchet against our father, the Long-Knife. We say again, we do not wish to have any thing to do with the war. Fight your own battles, but let us, your red children, enjoy peace."

This speech so enraged the British that they shortly after sent a strong detachment of armed men, surrounded and took prisoners the Brownstown Wyandots, compelled them to embark in their boats, and then carried them to Malden on the Canada side.

About a year after this, the Crane proposed to general Harrison, who was then encamped with his army at Seneca, that an embassy should be sent by the Wyandots, to their brethren in the British camp, and to all the Indians who adhered to the British cause, advising them to consult their true interest, and retire to their country. This was approved by the general, and the Crane was requested to take such steps as appeared most proper to give effect to the undertaking.

The Crane took immediate measures to accomplish the design. He appointed *Between-the-Logs* the ambassador, and a small escort of eight warriors, commanded by Skaoteash, the principal war chief of the nation, was selected to accompany him. Two speeches were sent by the Crane, one to be delivered privately to his own people, and the other publicly to the British Indians. Hazardous as this undertaking

was, Between-the-Logs entered upon it with undaunted courage, determined to accomplish the embassy or perish in the attempt. Indeed he always risked his life on every proper occasion, for the benefit of his nation, or for the sake of religion, after he became Christian.

The Wyandot embassy arrived at Brownstown in safety, and the following morning a general council was assembled to hear the message from their uncle the Wyandot; for the title *uncle* was given from time immemorial to the Wyandots, as a mark of peculiar respect, and a proof of the acknowledged superiority of their nation. The multitude assembled was very large. Elliott and M'Kee, the British agents, were present. In the midst of this host of enemies, and with unshaken firmness, Between-the-Logs arose, and delivered without a falter or variation the following speech from the Crane, which had been entrusted to him :—

"Brothers, the red men, who are engaged in fighting for the British king, listen! These words are from me, Tarhé, and they are also the words of the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawnese, and Senecas.

"Our American father has raised his war pole, and collected a large army of his warriors. They will soon march to attack the British. He does not wish to destroy his red children, their wives, and families. He wishes you to separate yourselves from the British, and bury the hatchet you have raised. He will be merciful to you. You can then return to your own

lands, and hunt the game, as you formerly did. I request you to consider your situation, and act wisely in this important matter; and not wantonly destroy your own people. Brothers, whoever feels disposed to accept this advice will come forward and take hold of this belt of wampum, which I have in my hand and offer to you. I hope you will not refuse to accept it in the presence of your British father, for you are independent of him. Brothers, we have done, and we hope you will decide wisely."

Not a hand moved to accept the offered pledge of peace. The spell was too potent to be broken by charms like these; but Round-Head arose, and addressed the embassy.

"Brothers, the Wyandots from the Americans, we have heard your talk, and will not listen to it. We will not forsake the standard of our British father, nor lay down the hatchet we have raised. I speak the sentiments of all now present, and I charge you, that you faithfully deliver our talk to the American commander, and tell him it is our wish he would send more men against us, for all that has passed between us, I do not call fighting. We are not satisfied with the number of men he sends to contend against us. We want to fight in good earnest."

Elliott then spoke. "My children, as you now see that my children here are determined not to forsake the cause of their British father, I wish you to carry a message back with you. Tell my wife, your American father, that I want her to cook the provisions for me, and my red

children, more faithfully than she has done. She has not done her duty. And if she receives this as an insult, and feels disposed to fight, tell her to bring more men than she ever brought before, as our former skirmishes I do not call fighting. If she wishes to fight with me and my children, she must not burrow in the earth like a ground hog, where she is inaccessible. She must come out and fight fairly."

To this, *Between-the-Logs* replied. "Brothers, I am directed by my American father to inform you, that if you reject the advice given you, he will march here with a large army, and if he should find any of the red people opposing him in his passage through this country, he will trample them under his feet. You cannot stand before him.

"And now for myself, I earnestly entreat you to consider the good talk I have brought, and listen to it. Why would you devote yourselves, your women, and your children, to destruction? Let me tell you, if you should defeat the American army this time, you have not done. Another will come on, and if you defeat that, still another will appear, that you cannot withstand; one that will come like the waves of the great water, and overwhelm you, and sweep you from the face of the earth. If you doubt the account I give of the force of the Americans, you can send some of your people, in whom you have confidence, to examine their army and navy. They shall be permitted to return in safety. The truth is, your British father de-

ceives you. He boasts of the few victories he gains, but he never tells you of his defeats, of his armies, being slaughtered and his vessels taken on the big water. He keeps all these things to himself.

"And now, father, let me address a few words to you. Your request shall be granted. I will bear your message to my American father. It is true, none of your children appear willing to forsake your standard, and it will be the worse for them. You compare the Americans to ground hogs, and complain of their mode of fighting. I must confess, that a ground hog is a very difficult animal to contend with. He has such sharp teeth, such an inflexible temper, and such an unconquerable spirit, that he is truly a dangerous enemy, especially when he is in his own hole. But, father, let me tell you, you can have your wish. Before many days you will see the ground hog come floating on yonder lake, paddling his canoe toward your hole; and then, father, you will have an opportunity of attacking your formidable enemy in any way you may think best."

This speech terminated the proceedings of the council. All the Indians, except the Wyandots, dispersed; but they secretly assembled to hear the message sent to them by their own chief. By this speech the Wyandots were directed to quit the British. This message was faithfully delivered to the Wyandots, and produced its full effect. They requested Between-the-Logs to inform the Crane, that they were

in fact prisoners, but that they had taken firm hold of his belt of wampum, and would not fire another gun. They promised, that on the advance of the American army, they would quit the British troops, as soon as it was safe to take that decisive measure. Shortly after they did so a few miles from the river Tranch, and retired into the forest. Thence they sent a message to General Harrison, informing him of their design. After this, the Wyandots assisted the Americans.

The facts connected with this embassy we received from Mr. Walker, a white man of intelligence, and from his wife, a respectable and intelligent half Wyandot woman, and their two sons, Isaac and William. The former, now dead, was public interpreter at Upper Sandusky, the latter was teacher of the missionary school at that place, and is now post-master. Both are well educated, intelligent, and men of undoubted integrity. They and their father and mother were with the Wyandots of Brownstown, and were taken across the Detroit River. And they were all present at the great council where Between-the-Logs delivered his speech. Mr. Stickney, then United States agent for the Wyandots, bears witness to the same facts. And a writer in the North American Review, to whom we are indebted for an interesting narrative of this nation, says he was present when the ambassador received his instructions, and heard the Crane, when he made his report to General Harrison of the result.

When General Harrison invaded Canada, Between-the-Logs, accompanied with a party of Wyandot chiefs and warriors, attended him; but his attention was directed principally toward bringing over the scattered Wyandots, yet in Canada, to the American interests, which he successfully accomplished.

After the war he became permanently settled in the neighbourhood of Upper Sandusky. He now sometimes indulged to excess in drinking spirits; on such occasions the wicked principle entirely got the better of his good sense. In one of these excesses he killed his first wife. A survey of this act, on the return of soberness, made such a deep impression on his mind that he almost entirely abandoned the use of ardent spirits ever after. From strong impressions of the necessity of a preparation for another world, he was led, even before he embraced Christianity, to exhort his fellow creatures to righteousness.

In 1817 a new field opened for the display of his talents. The United States having made arrangements to extinguish the Indian titles to the lands in Ohio, commissioners were sent to treat with the Indians on this subject. The Wyandots refused to sell their land; but the Chippewas, Potawatomies, and Iowas, without any just title, claimed a great part of their land, and Gabriel Godfrey, and Whitmore Knaggs, Indian agents for the three nations, proposed in open council, in behalf of the Chippewas, &c. to sell the lands claimed by the Wy-

andots; and the commissioners declared, that if the Wyandots did not sell, they would buy the land from the others. Between-the-Logs firmly opposed all these measures; but however just his cause, and conclusive his arguments, they were in *vain*, with men *determined* to pursue their course, right or wrong. The Wyandots, finding themselves so circumstanced, and being unable to help themselves, concluded to do the best they could, and sign the treaty; yet with an expectation of obtaining redress from government, by representing the state of things to the president, before the treaty would be ratified. In resorting to this course, Between-the-Logs acted a principal part. Accordingly he, with the Wyandot chief, and a delegation from the Delawares, and Senecas, immediately proceeded to Washington, without consulting the Indian agent, or any other officer of government. Their appearance, therefore, at Washington was unexpected by the president and the secretary of war, and their arrival was considered informal. Accordingly when they were introduced to the secretary, he expressed his surprise that they had come without his having any notice from the government agents or officers, and that their arrival was out of order, and their embassy irregular. Between-the-Logs answered with the true spirit of a great and independent mind. "We got up and came of ourselves—we believed the great road was free to us." This retort made such an impression on the secretary, that he used all his influence with the president to

obtain a hearing for our chief and his company, which he accomplished with difficulty. When Between-the-Logs obtained the wished-for audience, the president rather abruptly and angrily asked Between-the-Logs, "why he came to trouble him, what was his business, and who sent him?" Between-the-Logs was roused; he was all dignity and acuteness, and with a majesty and air of independence which struck the president with awe and respect, made the following brief and cutting speech:—"Father, when we first came to your city, we saw roads leading from every part of the United States, and all of them ended at your house. Father, we thought these roads were intended for all to walk on who had any grievance to complain of, that they might have access to you at all times, and have their wrongs redressed. Father, we your red children have been wronged, we have therefore walked on this free road—we have come to yourself, that we might receive justice from you, and have our wrongs adjusted. Father, we want you to listen to our talk on this business." The president immediately requested him to stop his apology, and relate his grievances. Indeed, the abrupt and surly reception of the Indian ambassador was instantly converted into a patient and good-natured hearing of all he had to say. And so ably and faithfully did he plead the cause of his nation, and that of the Delawares and Senecas, before the president and secretary, that he obtained, if not all, nearly all he claimed, and returned with the

highest regards of the heads of department at Washington, and related to his dejected people the success with which his labours were crowned. Thus, through his instrumentality, his nation obtained an enlargement of territory, and an increase of annuities. The above speech too was altogether unpremeditated, and was produced at the spur of the moment. Mr. Isaac Walker, who interpreted on the occasion, gave us the account of this affair.

When the Gospel was first introduced among the Wyandots, by John Steward, the coloured man, Between-the-Logs was decidedly in its favour, and in the national council did all he could to encourage and promote religion among his people. At the time that Steward was about to visit Marietta, after his first arrival at Sandusky, Between-the-Logs and others, at the suggestion of some pious Indian women, attended a meeting of Steward's, at the council house, which proved a great blessing to those who attended it. There the Divine presence was peculiarly present to enlighten and renovate. Between-the-Logs at this time became a subject of converting power. And when the Rev. James B. Finley formed the first church among them, he was the first who openly joined it, and turned his back on the old superstitions.

His Christian experience and character, too, were such as to entitle him to the respect and esteem of all good men. The following narrative of his Christian experience at a love feast, held on Mad River, on November 13th, 1819,

will show the temper and feelings by which he was actuated. He first rose and spoke as follows: "My dear brethren, I am happy this morning that the Great Spirit has permitted us to assemble here for so good a purpose as to worship him, and strengthen the cords of love and friendship. 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 enemies to one another, are come together as brothers, at which our Great Father is well pleased. For my part I have been a very wicked man, and have committed many great sins against the Good Spirit, and was addicted to drinking whisky, and many evils; but I thank my good God that I am yet alive, and that he has more perfectly opened my eyes to see those evils by his ministers, and the good book, and has given me help to forsake those sins, and turn away from them. Now I feel peace in my heart to God, and all men; but I feel just like a little child beginning to walk—sometimes very weak and almost give up; then I pray, and my Great Father hears me, and gives me the blessing: then I feel strong and happy—then I walk again: so sometimes up, and sometimes down. I want you all to pray for me that I may never sin any more; but always live happy, and die happy; then I shall meet you all in our Great Father's house above, and be happy for ever."

The following extract from his speech, before the Marietta conference, will show his admira-

ble Christian temper. This was in August, 1822:—"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 don't like it; but we, (meaning the other four,) are willing to have all the limbs of sin cut from our bodies, and live holy. We want the mission and school to go on, and we believe that the Great God will not suffer them to fall through; for, brothers, he is very strong; and this, brothers, is our great joy. The wicked that do not like Jesus, raise up their hands and do all they can to discourage and destroy the love of the little handful; and with their 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."

To some evil-disposed white persons who spoke disrespectfully of religion, the following answer of Between-the-Logs will serve as an excellent specimen of good sense and Christian fortitude:—"Some whites that live among us, and can talk our language, say the Methodists bewitch us, and that it is all nothing but the work of the devil, and all that they want is to get you tamed, and then kill you as they have done the Marawan Indians on the Tuskarawas River. I told them if we were to be killed, it was time

for us to be praying." As an additional proof of his Christian fortitude, we refer to the manner in which he faced death when his brother, Bloody-Eyes, stood over him, with uplifted tomahawk, ready to strike the deadly blow, unless he would recant. But he knew not to swerve or recant. The religion of love, of power, of freedom from slavish fear, had thoroughly seized on his whole soul; therefore, on this trying occasion he chose death rather than deny his Lord and Master. As his Redeemer foiled Satan by quoting Scripture, so Between-the-Logs, his follower, subdued his murderous brother by quoting, "Unless a man is willing to lay down his life for the sake of Christ and his religion, he is unworthy to be called the follower of Christ."

As a public speaker and preacher he may be ranked among the very foremost. After he embraced religion, and his understanding became enlightened and matured by experience, he was regularly appointed an exhorter in the Church; and after some time was licensed to preach among his Indian brethren. As a *class leader*, he carefully attended to its duties, and faithfully led his little band in the way of holiness, reproving, exhorting, and comforting them as each stood in need. As an exhorter, he was always ready, and always appropriate in his addresses, and it may be said his exhortations were delivered with such pathos and force of argument and Scripture quotation, as always to render them efficient. Almost every sermon

delivered at Sandusky to the Indians was followed by an exhortation from this influential and pious chief. And it is difficult to give an adequate idea of the effect of these addresses to any one except an eye and ear witness. Nay, more, when he prayed in public, a person even who did not understand his language, would feel, and be convinced in his judgment, that this holy man prayed by the help of the Divine Spirit; for there was an unction, a force, a feeling, an energy, in his prayer, which *spoke out* in a manner that no one could misunderstand. But when he entered upon that part of prayer called *intercession* or *supplication*, and when, with a voice interrupted with sobs, and softened down to almost stillness by the gushing of his tears, and when there would be heard the expression *Yasus Lementera, Jesus have mercy*, and especially if it were in behalf of some sinner groaning for redemption; under such circumstances who could help feeling that the prevailing wrestling with God was then in immediate and successful progress? Farther yet; or if you will have a specimen of the descended spirit, and the firm, unstaggering faith, and the undenying supplication, look at Between-the-Logs when he was praying for his murderous brother, Bloody-Eyes, on that day when the latter bowed at the mercy seat, and agonized for pardoning mercy.

And as a preacher he was neither last nor least. It is true, he could neither read nor write, nor understand English. But then his memory

was so tenacious, that every passage of Scripture which he ever heard quoted in preaching or otherwise, and every argument which he ever heard, were all stored up in his memory, and were perfectly at his command on all occasions. Add to this, his uncommon eloquence, his mature judgment, his lively imagination, his almost unlimited influence among his people. All these united, and much more might be added, rendered him a preacher of no common standing.

As a public speaker, in forensic or diplomatic affairs, he may be equalled with the best Indian orators. His speeches before the Ohio conference for a number of years, will equal the speeches of Logan, Red Jacket and others. His speeches before the president, to the Wyandots in Canada, to the general council held at Upper Sandusky, will compare with any which the annals of Indian history can furnish. Many specimens of his oratory could be produced, were it necessary.

But it may be asked, Among what class of orators may he be properly ranked? To this we answer, he is to be classed among the *pathetic* orators. His style was plain, in general, and when figurative it was embued with all that could touch, gain attention, and convince. Mononcue employed the highest and most forcible figures which nature afforded: his very style, too, embraced every lofty figure, and his manner and gestures were vehement and overwhelming. Between-the-Logs would insinuate and steal upon the feelings, would also convince the judg-

ment, and lead his hearers after him with the music of his voice, the beauties of his figures, the loveliness of truth, and, as a preacher of Christ, he would present the cross, and Calvary, Gethsemane, and the dying, melting sighs and last prayer of the Redeemer, and heaven too; and all the graces of the Spirit in this earth he would deal out with unsparing hand. Who, then, could resist him and his message? But Mononcue would open his discourse with a thunder storm. The red lightning, and the endless burning were at his entire command; but then he would preach Christ—and when he did, you would hear the dying groan on the cross uttered in your very hearing. You would see the rent rocks and veil of the temple, the dead rising, the mighty angel rolling away the stone, he would show you the broken chain, the conquered tomb, the prison thrown open, hell conquered, and the captive walking in full liberty. Between-the-Logs would speak in true Ciceronian style; while Mononcue would ask with stern boldness, "Is Philip dead? To what purpose? Yourselves will raise up another Philip? The one was a son of consolation; the other was a Boanerges. When both were together, then the supply was complete. Indeed no one, except eye and ear witnesses, could be duly sensible of the happy effects which the addresses of these two Christian preachers produced on the hearts and lives of those who heard them.

His *mental powers* can only be equalled by his ardent piety. We have already observed

that he remembered every thing which he heard, and no distance of time could erase a jot or tittle of it from his memory. Take the following as a specimen :—On a certain occasion, when a general council for several nations, as the Wyandots, Senecas, Delawares, Shawnese, was held at the council house, and *Red Jacket* was the chief for the Senecas, Between-the-Logs was speaker for his own nation, and general interpreter for the whole council. The first day was entirely occupied by Red Jacket in delivering his speech, in which "he claimed kindred for his nation with their *uncle*, the Wyandots; that both nations were in habits of intimacy in former times; that the Wyandots had received many favours from the Senecas; that the other nations were unworthy of their confidence; and that the Wyandots would do well to grant a portion of their lands to the Senecas, who were desirous of becoming their neighbours, and sell out in York state." This speech occupied the whole day. On the next day Between-the-Logs rose up, and interpreted Red Jacket's speech into Wyandot, without missing a single word or idea of the whole. On the third day he delivered his speech, which also lasted during the day, in which he showed the incorrectness of Red Jacket's statements, and the sophistry of his reasoning, and showed conclusively that the Senecas had no just claims to their lands. It was acknowledged on all hands that he exceeded Red Jacket. Other proofs could be given of the extent of his memory. As an interpreter into

all the Northern Indian languages he was an adept. An instance of this may also be given in the facility with which he conversed with a Mohawk woman, and interpreted a sermon from the Wyandot at the close of his conversation. Of this we were an eye and ear witness. Mr. Isaac Walker gave us the information respecting the part he acted in the above-named council, and we have no doubt of its correctness, as he was present on the occasion, and heard all the speeches delivered. Every mental power of the man was of the first order. Had he possessed an education, few men of any age would excel him.

As a *chief* of his nation, he was always faithful to their interests. He served his people without fee or reward. His time and talents were always devoted to their best interests. More than once he risked his life for the sake of his nation. He was also a constant prop to the mission and school. For their souls as well as their bodies he laboured incessantly.

From Dr. Bangs' History of Missions, we give the following account of his visit to the eastern cities:—

"In the year 1826, he and Mononcue accompanied Mr. Finley on a visit from Sandusky to New-York, where they attended several meetings, and, among others, the anniversary of the Female Missionary Society of New-York. Here Between-the-Logs spoke with great fire and animation, relating his own experience of Divine things, and gave a brief narrative of the work of

God among his people. Though he addressed the audience through an interpreter who spoke the English language but imperfectly, yet his speech had a powerful effect upon those who heard him. His voice was musical, his gestures graceful, significant, and dignified, and his whole demeanour bespoke a soul full of lofty ideas and full of God. On one occasion he remarked, that when at home, he had been accustomed to be addressed by his brethren, but that since he had come here, he had heard nothing that he understood, and added, 'I wonder if the people understand one another, for I see but little effect produced by what is said.' After a few words spoken in reply to this remark, by way of explanation and apology, he kneeled down and offered a most fervent prayer to almighty God. In this journey, as they passed through the country, they visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, and several of the intervening villages, and held meetings, and took up collections for the benefit of the mission. This tended to excite a missionary spirit among the people, and every where Between-the-Logs was hailed as a monument of Divine mercy and grace, and as a powerful advocate for the cause of Christianity; and he, together with those who accompanied him, left a most favourable impression behind them of the good effects of the Gospel on the savage mind and heart."

His journey to New-York, no doubt, hastened the progress of the consumption, which had previously commenced its inroads on his constitu-

tion. Indeed his various labours for the good of his fellow creatures contributed to undermine his bodily frame, which was by no means robust. Shortly after his return to his nation he was confined to his bed. A letter, dated Dec. 22, 1826, states that he was then lying very low with the consumption, and that his recovery was entirely hopeless. A letter from the Rev. James Gilruth, the missionary at Sandusky, dated Jan. 20, 1827, gives the information of his death. Mr. Gilruth visited him, and in conversation questioned him closely. He asked him of his hope. He said, "It is the mercy of God in Christ." He asked him of his evidence. He said, "It is the comfort of the Spirit." The missionary asked him if he was afraid to die. He said "I am not." The missionary farther asked him, if he was resigned to go. The dying chief said, "I have felt some desires of the world, but they are all gone. I now feel willing to die or live, as God sees best." The day before his death, brother Finley visited him; when he expressed his confidence in God, and a firm hope of eternal life, through Jesus Christ, so as to give satisfaction to all that heard him. He finally died in peace, leaving his nation to mourn the loss of a chief and a preacher of righteousness, to whom they felt themselves much indebted for his many exertions, both for their temporal and spiritual prosperity.

His form was tall and manly. His countenance was open, friendly, sincere, with a striking expression of sober thinking. His voice

was musical, and when under the influence of pathetic feeling, was tremulous, plaintive, and deeply affecting. His gestures were graceful, significant, and dignified; surpassing those of the most finished orator trained at the schools; and the simple reason was, he, like every other Indian, copied *nature*, in this respect. From known truth he never swerved on any occasion. His fortitude was such as to enable him to brave any danger. His Christian patience arrived to a degree of firmness as to imbue him deeply with the martyr's resolution, as was manifest from his conduct toward his brother when he came to murder him. Nor was he without failings. He showed he was human, and that he needed, with all the rest of God's children, the application of the blood of sprinkling; to which, however, he constantly applied, and by which he was not only pardoned, but "washed from his sins." Those of his own nation, who lived without God, could never resist the spirit and wisdom with which he spake. No Wyandot, or Indian of any nation, or even white man, would become the opponent of Between-the-Logs on the subject of the Christian religion. No man could hate him. All reverenced him. When he rebuked sin and sinners, which he never failed to do, he so much copied after his Master Christ, as rarely to offend persons of the most abandoned character. The profane spoke reverently in his hearing; and transgressors shunned his presence, when determined to do evil. Statesmen admired his talents and integ-

rity. He loved and served his people, and was a faithful ally of the United States.

REMINISCENCE XXIII.

Efficacy of the Gospel in commencing and completing civilization.

It has been asserted, that the best way to Christianize the Indians, is first to civilize them and then to teach them the doctrines and precepts of Christianity. In accordance with this sentiment it has been said, that missionaries, when commencing with instructing the savage tribes in Christian doctrines, begin in the wrong place. Some Christians have been of this opinion; but the proper source of the doctrine is infidelity. We maintain that Christianity is suited to every nation of every description, whether barbarous or civil. That it is suitable to savage life, innumerable proofs may be adduced. The Wyandot nation itself shows the efficiency of Christianity toward civilizing barbarians. As proofs of our doctrine we adduce the following.

1. *The attempts to civilize men without the aid of religion have entirely failed of success.*

As evidence of this, we may adduce the various and expensive measures employed by the government of the United States, in attempting to civilize the Indian tribes. What has been accomplished by these means, in meliorating their condition, and Christianizing them? Very

little, in my opinion. Every effort, except direct Christian effort, has been employed for this purpose, and yet the Indians are far from being civilized, much less Christianized. The civil agents employed to diffuse the blessings of civilized life, have frequently, by example, which is the most successful mode of instruction, taught them the worst of vices.

2. *The effects of Christianity on the Wyandots, show its efficiency both to civilize and moralize.*

The change for the better which religion has effected in this people is manifest in various ways. Drunkenness, so common and destructive among them, has been entirely abandoned by the religious part of them, and to a considerable degree by the whole nation. Witchcraft, or pretence to supernatural agency, and which annually was the cause of death to numbers, has been entirely overturned, by the light and influence of the Gospel. Marriage has been introduced, so that the crimes which reigned where it had been disregarded have disappeared. Barbarous customs, too, such as dancing, feasting, &c., have been discontinued. The arts of civilized life have been introduced, such as husbandry, the mechanical arts. The chase has been, to a great degree, abandoned, and manual labour resorted to for the purpose of obtaining a living. The female sex has been raised to a condition far superior to what it was while they lived in a savage state. The younger part of the nation have learned to read, write, and the other parts

of common education. The younger part of the females have learned to spin, sew, knit, and the most important parts of house work. Of all this we have been an eye and ear witness; but as additional testimony, we present the following, which proves incontestably all we say in regard to the blessed effects of Christianity on the hearts, lives, and civilization of this people.

3. *The testimony of the missionaries who laboured among them.*

The Rev. James Gilruth, under date of May 31st, 1826, writes as follows:—"During the last war circumstances led me, by personal observation, to form some acquaintance with the situation of this people. I visited some of the principal families of the nation. Their habitations were truly miserable retreats from the inclemency of the weather. A few poles tied together and covered with bark; or small logs, forming a little cabin, over which was laid some bark,—about and in which hung parts of the slaughtered game, often in a state more fit for the dunghill than the dwelling of any human creature,—was the best and only habitation I discovered. Nor was agriculture in a better state among them. A few rods of ground, enclosed with some poles and brush, formed the principal farms which fell under my observation, one or two cases excepted. But things now assume an appearance of improvement scarcely paralleled in the history of uncivilized men, in any period of the world. There are now many excellent hewed log houses, with shingle roofs and brick chim-

neys; on entering which the visiter is often delighted with the cleanliness of the house and furniture. There are many farms of several acres each, handsomely enclosed with excellent rail fence, and well cultivated. The face of things in general wears an appearance of increasing industry, and attention to the business of civilized life. This spirit of improvement is not confined to the Christian party; the whole nation may be said to have caught the fire of emulation in some degree. Many of the females appear, both at home and abroad, and with a neatness and cleanliness that would not disgrace either town or country ladies. Many, both of the men and women, have laid by the Indian dress, and assumed that of the whites. I may safely say, the most abject condition now found on the reservation may be compared, in many respects, with the best in 1813, without suffering by the comparison. It remains to inquire for the causes of this rapid movement toward the excellencies of civilization. What the general government may have contributed toward this happy improvement, I am not now prepared to say; but certain it is, that the government of Ohio, nor the inhabitants who surround them as neighbours, have much reason to look for the honour of this blessed work. No; we are indebted, under God, to some poor Methodist missionaries, who, regardless of their personal ease, have braved the difficulties, and brought forth an incontestible evidence to the world, that the Gospel of Jesus will overcome, not only the

dispositions of the soul, but the most stubborn habits of life. Yes, I say, we are indebted to these men for this reformation; who not only taught the poor bewildered Indians the way to God, but by their example taught them the way to live. To these men, under God, the praise is due: a praise more imperishable than the blood-won battles of Napoleon. A nation may be said to be born in a day: a nation rescued from the most degrading thraldom, by men only armed by the Spirit of truth and righteousness. These men will soon go to their God; but they will live in the hearts of the good, while Sandusky waters a foot of Indian land. They are, and feel indebted to the benevolence of many they have never seen, for the timely support afforded them in this great work."

In their report for 1828, the managers of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church employ the following language:—"The Wyandot mission, situated on the Sandusky River, in the state of Ohio, continues greatly to prosper, and fully merits the patronage and support it has received from the Christian public. Agriculture, and the arts, and habits of domestic life, are taking the place of their former manner of living. These are blessed effects of Christianity upon their hearts and lives."

Much more might be added from this source were it necessary. We refer, however, to the various communications from the Rev. James B. Finley, and the other missionaries stationed at Sandusky, published from time to time in the

Methodist Magazine and Christian Advocate and Journal. We will add,

4. *The testimony of the Indians themselves.*

Those who wish to consult the speeches of a number of chiefs, as given by Bishop Soule, in the Methodist Magazine for 1825, at page 32, will find that the views given above are abundantly confirmed by the Indians themselves.

5. *The testimony of distinguished clergymen who visited the Wyandots.*

From a communication of Bishop M'Kendree to the editors of the Methodist Magazine, dated Aug. 12, 1823, we give the following extracts:

"In the afternoon we commenced visiting the schools, and repeated our visits frequently during the five days which we stayed with them.—These visits were highly gratifying to us, and they afforded us an opportunity of observing the behaviour of the children, both in and out of the 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 visiters. 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 marvellous light' of the Gospel."

"The first successful missionary that appeared among them, was Mr. Steward, a coloured 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 Wyandot 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 ploughs 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."

The following extract from Bishop Soule's letter, to the editor of the Methodist Magazine, dated Nov. 13, 1824, will show the state of things, when he, in company with Bishop M'Kendree, paid the Wyandots a visit on the preceding August:—

"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 Wyandot Indians, when the missionary labours 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 plough, 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 favour 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 Wyandots, 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 is 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 little doubt but the Wyandot 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 traffic 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."

6. *Testimony of distinguished politicians.*

Mr. John Johnston, agent for Indian affairs, under date of Aug. 23, 1823, writes as follows to Bishop M'Kendree:—

"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, turnips, 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 behaviour I have not beheld: and I believe there can be no doubt, that there are very many persons, of both sexes, in the Wyandot 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."

The following extract from Judge Leib's report to the department of war, gives an interesting account of his visit to Sandusky, on the 12th Nov., 1826. From this report, by an intelligent official gentleman, in no way, that we know of, connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, the influence of religion, in civilizing savage man, will appear in every respect efficient:—

"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 labours are every where 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 Wyandots 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 every where covered with the richest blue grass. They mostly dress like their white neighbours, 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 every where, and wagons, harness, ploughs, 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 enclosed since last year, and sown with timothy seed, and about eighteen acres cleared which were before enclosed 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 handsomely and neatly finished inside. There are of the Wyandots two hundred and sixty who have become mem

bers 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 trustworthy 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 Indian 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."

7. *Testimonies concerning other nations of pagans.*

We will make some extracts from Kay's Caffrarian Researches, as exhibiting important evidence in favour of the efficiency of religion in reclaiming and civilizing man, as well as the entire failure of plans of government, in doing the one or the other. The Caffer, too, may be considered as furnishing one of the most difficult problems, and if Christ's religion spreads among this people, its success cannot be despaired of among any other on the face of the earth. The following is a comment on the failure of an attempt to civilize a clan in Natal, Caffraria, by sending some Englishmen, under the command of a British Lieutenant, who, without ministers of religion, attempted the work of civilization, by introducing agriculture and the arts:—

"Here then we have a party of settlers, such we may suppose as Captain Stout, of the Hercules, and others of his way of thinking, would, in all probability, recommend as the civilizers of Africa! men of science, men of enterprise; men of general information, accompanied by labouring men; men who professedly went to trade and to cultivate, to introduce the plough, and European manufactures, &c; and among whom there were no 'order of missionaries or clergy,' nor even a single individual that seemed to have the most distant idea of introducing 'any system of religion whatever.' We may now, therefore, fairly ask, how far this religionless scheme tended to civilize, or to make the

wretched barbarians 'useful members of a regular community.' Did their precepts or conduct tend to rescue their swarthy neighbour from the degraded state in which they found him, to raise him above habits that are disgraceful to human nature, to show him that heathenish customs are decidedly injurious, and that his manners, in many respects, reduce him, literally, to a level with the brute. Were their enterprising plans such as actually elevated either his mind or his character, making him ashamed of a state of nudity; exciting willingness to adopt industrious habits, in the place of predatory ones; convincing him that 'honesty is the best policy,' that truth is excellent, and falsehood abominable; and that peace is essentially necessary to the happiness and well-being of society? Alas! instead of doing this, our adventurers had not been many weeks in the land before dissension and strife arose among them; and, so far from constituting exemplars of 'peace and good will,' they soon constrained even the savage to remark, 'See how these white men disagree!' Pride began to work; disputes were the result; divisions presently followed; and the whole company, instead of strengthening each other's hands, in the course of a very short time became completely scattered. The greater part of them immediately left the country; and several were never more heard of, being lost, as was supposed, at sea, on their passage back to the colony.

"It is easy for our civilizing theorizers, in the

comfortable enjoyment of all the benefits of civilization, gravely to philosophize, and tell us what they would do, and what might be done by instructing the rude children of nature in this art and in that. Speculation, however, is one thing, and practice another. In our own enlightened land, the tide of corrupt passion is stemmed, and great moral achievements facilitated by established laws, by ancient institutions, and by universal usages; by the force of Christian education, national examples, a Gospel ministry, and the power of faithful prayer. But not so in the regions of paganism. There public example is heathenism, and heathenism only: lust and vice are almost wholly uncontrolled; virtue has no support; the very atmosphere itself seems as if dense with moral evil, and the powers of darkness hold undisturbed dominion. In such a situation, therefore, without the counsel of Christian friends, the warnings of a Christian minister, or the salutary influence of Christian ordinances, men soon become deaf to the checks of better principles. Fancied insult arouses revengeful feelings; unrestrained passions speedily generate incredible licentiousness; while avarice and self interest prompt to acts the most iniquitous.

"Beside such a force, bare morality, upright intentions, and the gentleman's high toned 'principles of honour,' rank, and what not, are borne down like so many straws in the stream; and, instead of civilizing others, he gradually slides from one degree of corruption to another,

until he at length becomes himself a savage, a perfect sensualist, a polygamist, and that of the most depraved cast! 'There is a significant phrase,' says the pious Newton, a clergyman of the Church of England, who spent several years in Africa, 'frequently used on the coast of Guinea, that such a man is "grown black." It does not mean an alteration of complexion, but of disposition. I have known several who, settled in Africa after the age of thirty or forty, have at that time of life been gradually assimilated to the tempers, customs, and ceremonies of the natives so far as to prefer that country to England. They have even become dupes to all the pretended charms, necromancies, amulets, and divinations of the blinded negroes.' And, incredible as it may appear, there are now in Caffraria also Englishmen whose daily garb differs little from the beast-hide covering of their neighbours; whose proper colour can scarcely be identified for the filth that covers them; and whose domestic circles, like those of the native chieftains themselves, embrace from eight to ten black wives or concubines!"

The above is not different from what has occurred among our own Indians, and under the auspices of our own government. And though the success of missions among our aborigines has been far from what could be desired; yet we have reason to believe that the want of success has been owing principally to these two causes. 1. The deteriorating influence of the example of white persons among them. 2. Mis-

sionaries themselves have followed too far the infidel plan of first civilizing, and then Christianizing. Or in other words, they have not fully sanctified the Lord, in making religion the axe to cut down the tree of barbarity and irreligion. They have introduced civilized arts first, and put them in the place of religion.—Instead of first erecting houses and other buildings, and then introducing schools, and, *last*, religion; were religion made first and principal, we have reason to believe the Almighty would send down his large blessing, and the work would be done. The plan then most proper to be pursued, especially toward our Indians, seems to be this. Let the missionary go among them, let him eat, and sleep and live as they do, except following their sinful courses; and let him preach Christ, and the savages will hear and will be converted to the religion of the Bible. Then, when he is become a new man, he will readily give up savage habits, will cultivate the fields for his subsistence, will encourage schools and the arts, and will become in short a civilized man.

Speaking of the progress and blessings of the Gospel, as effecting a glorious change for the better, the author of the Researches remarks,—"On our return to the colony, reflection led me, while passing along, to remark on the change that is manifest in all places where the Gospel has been established. A mere traveller, or stranger visiting these parts, might perhaps be ready, from general appearances, to conclude that little

or nothing had been effected; that because he found not villages in complete European style, communities of well-dressed persons, and houses furnished according to his own views and taste, no change whatever had been wrought. But a contrast of the present with the past furnishes satisfactory and abundant evidence to the contrary: the simple testimony of the native himself will fully show that much has been done; that the condition of the female sex has even already been ameliorated; that the state of society is considerably improved; and that the doctrines of Divine truth are gradually expelling from their darkened understandings the delusive phantoms of sorcery, and witchcraft, &c.

"Although numbers of soothsayers, wizards, and sorceresses dwelt in the immediate neighbourhood of almost every station at its commencement, there is scarcely one of these characters now to be found near any of them. They are confessedly unable to maintain their ground or sustain their reputation, where the people learn to pray, saying, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,' &c. There, instead of the sanguinary orgies of their ancestors, or the pagan ceremonies of their still benighted neighbours, who have no other help in time of trouble, nor hope of relief amid the parching droughts of summer, we find whole congregations solemnly acknowledging the hand of Divine Providence, and with our poet singing,—

'He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.'

"On every station the mission plough is busily engaged, and bids fair for ultimately putting down the field labour of the woman altogether. Having planted a few twigs of the mulberry, together with various other fruit trees, at Mount Coke, in 1825, I now found them flourishing luxuriantly; as also at Wesleyville, where both soil and climate seem to suit them very well. I trust, therefore, that in course of time the silkworm will be introduced, and constitute a profitable source of employment for the natives. Schools have been every where established; and notwithstanding the numerous difficulties arising out of a total want of books, from manuscript lessons alone many of the children have acquired a knowledge of letters, so as to be now able to read, in their own tongue, 'the wonderful works of God.' Their barbarous and hitherto unorganized language is at length brought into form, and consecrated to purposes the most sacred. Grammars, dictionaries, and translations of different parts of Scripture will soon be ready for the press."

After stating that the general increase of religious knowledge was considerably beyond what might have been expected for the time, the author of the Researches observes, "As to morality, neither the theory nor the practice of it was discernible among them in their native

state. There was no justice, no mercy, no holiness, no truth; there was none that did good, no, not one. On the contrary, wickedness overspread the whole land, which was full of thefts, covetousness, lasciviousness, and almost every species of crime. Iniquity thus reigned unto death, uncontrolled and unchecked, so far as the eye of man could discern; for the people seemed to be without any law which condemned the vicious propensities, or any fear of the righteous indignation of God. Sin abounded to such an alarming extent, that they appeared to be without law; and unless grace had much more abounded, sending unto them the Gospel, none would have been redeemed from his iniquity, or turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. But by the word of salvation this change has been effected; and there are now Caffers to be found, who may be truly denominated moral men."

We will conclude our quotations from Mr. Kay by giving part of the closing paragraph of his interesting and instructive volume:—

"Government, indeed, may do much in protecting them from foes without; but theirs is not the province to put down or subjugate the enemy within. Ignorance and superstition will still bear down into eternal darkness whole nations of men, unless Christians unweariedly exert themselves in sending forth the light of truth. Much has been done toward checking the horrid rites and sanguinary orgies connect-

ed with idolatry in India, by appeals to the British legislature; and much, we trust, will ere long be done for the enslaved African in the west, by similar measures; but these, alas! can do little or nothing for the pagan nations of Africa itself, inasmuch as they are wholly independent of our jurisdiction. With a country of their own, and governments of their own framing, they are placed beyond the reach of every thing, save Christ and his Gospel. Hence, if the friends of religion come not forth to their help, millions of poor children must remain for ever untaught; entire regions be left altogether destitute of schools and churches, as well as of teachers; and generation must continue to follow generation into eternity without so much as ever seeing a book! Nay, thousands of miserable females must still be tortured; multitudes of innocent individuals annually sacrificed; and tens of thousands dragged, while struggling with death, into glens and jungles, as food for beasts of prey!"

8. For the purpose of establishing more fully our position, if need be, we might adduce evidence from the missions established by various denominations of evangelical Christians. The Moravian missions alone would establish the truth that the Gospel is not only the more direct way to civilize man; but it is the only way to moralize him. The Wesleyan Methodist missions can be appealed to as triumphantly establishing our proposition. The Baptist and other missions in India and the West Indies, and the

various missionary establishments under the board of commissioners for foreign missions, furnish a large mass of evidence in favour of commencing the work of civilization, by preaching the doctrines of the cross. Indeed it may be said of Protestant missions, in general, that they are admirably calculated to raise from barbarity, to civilize and Christianize; while it may be said of Roman Catholic missions, in general, that they exert very little moral influence. This seems to arise from the very genius and spirit of Romanism. Where they have had the population under their control for centuries, the common people are unlettered, are untaught as it regards the principles of general knowledge. A Latin mass service, no course of Biblical instruction, few sermons except harangues against heretics, prohibition against reading the Bible, and of thinking or reasoning concerning Scripture, are poor means of inculcating knowledge. In Italy, Spain, Ireland, South America, Canada, &c., the PEOPLE are still ignorant. And while they are zealous in America to establish colleges and seminaries for the purpose of proselyting Protestant children to the faith of Rome, the children of their own people, to a great extent, are growing up in gross ignorance and immorality. If there was no other proof of the corruption of Romanism than this, it would and does suffice to sink its pretensions in the estimation of all who reason on the subject. And, as a proof in favour of the religion of Protestants, or the religion of the Bible, their efforts

and success in promoting knowledge, civilization, and general good will among men, ought to entitle them to the respect of all, and to the general reception of their religion.

9. A concluding remark may be offered respecting the Wyandot nation. From the proofs adduced, it must appear clear, that religion has, to a great degree, civilized them. Yet, in consequence of a species of persecution raised against them under plausible pretexts, it is possible that religion and civilization may become extinct, and the nation itself entirely exterminated. As they possess a rich, beautiful, and extensive tract of land, surrounded by white settlers; such a fertile spot is an object of desire to avaricious white men. Hence the whites ardently desire to see the Wyandot reservation exposed to sale; which can be done only by its being first purchased by the United States. Consequently the surrounding settlers have importunately petitioned the Ohio legislature to use their influence with the general government, to cause a purchase to be made of the Wyandot lands. Accordingly an agent has been sent from Washington city in order to make the purchase. The governor of Ohio has used all his official and personal influence to induce them to sell. Agents and officers of every description press the subject by every means in their power. The white people have impoverished them much by stealing almost all their horses. Thus they are beset by importunate and interested persons, so as to produce divisions among themselves. If they

stay where they are they are robbed and harassed. If they sell out, and go west of the Mississippi, they are compelled to live a savage life, at least for a while, in consequence of the newness of the country; or they are thrown among, or along side of barbarous, uncivilized Indian nations, or vicious, ignorant, and cruel white settlers, the dregs of our population. These are the prospects which have recently been presented in the state of this once powerful nation; though now reduced to a handful. Surrounded with such enemies, and placed in such circumstances, is it marvellous if civilization and the whole nation should perish together? Would white men have any courage to improve farms, and pursue the useful arts under such circumstances as these? Do the squatters, who settle on congress lands, or on the lands of others, make permanent improvements, or dwell in comfortable houses? And what encouragement have the Wyandots to pursue the arts of civilized life, who are in hourly expectation of an expulsion from their homes, and of being immured in the dense forest west of the Mississippi? This is a terrible state of things; and the Judge of all the earth will recompense their oppressors. But the principle maintained above, that we are to introduce religion among all men, whether civil or barbarous, and thus extend the blessings of the Gospel to every nation under heaven, stands fully established.

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