REMINISCENCES OF THE INDIANS.

BY THE

REV. CEPHAS WASHBURN, A. M.,

MANY YEARS SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DWIGHT MISSION AMONG THE CHEROKEES OF THE ARKANSAS.

WITH A

BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR.

BY

REV. J. W. MOORE,

OF ARKANSAS.

AND AN INTRODUCTION BY REV. J. L. WILSON, D. D.
SECRETARY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

RICHMOND:

PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is within the memory of many still living, that large portions of the Southern country, especially of the States of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Florida, were occupied by Indians. The principal tribes residing within the boundaries of these States at the time referred to, were the Cherokees, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, the Creeks, and the Seminoles. All of these tribes, with the exception of the Seminoles, who remained in the country to a later period, were removed by the United States government to the western side of the Mississippi, more than thirty years ago, and were settled in what is now known as the South-western Indian Territory. This territory is situated to the west of Arkansas and Missouri, south of Kansas, and is bounded on the south and west by the Red River, which separates it from Texas. In extent it is the full average size of the States of the Union. It is bordered and traversed by a number of large rivers, and possesses important advantages both for agriculture and pasturage. The Cherokees occupy the northern portion of this territory, the Creeks and Seminoles the central, and the Choctaws and the Chickasaws the southern. The Choctaws and the Chickasaws speak the same language, and of course belong to the same family. The same may be said of the Creeks and Seminoles, both of whom speak what is known as the Muskokee language. The aggregate popula-

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tion of these five principal tribes was estimated, previous to the war, to be between 80,000 and 100,000. What it is at present there is no certain means of knowing, but no doubt it has been a good deal reduced.

Missionary labours were commenced among these tribes while they were yet on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and as far back as the year 1818. The Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, D. D., the founder of the Choctaw Mission, if not of the Cherokee also, still lives and labours on among that people, whilst his scarcely less distinguished coadjutors, Byington, Wright, Worcester, Washburn and others, have been gathered home, with many rich and precious trophies bestowed as the reward of their common labours. The missionary operations, commenced a half century ago among these people, have been continued with some variation up to the present time; and no where can we find more satisfactory or conclusive evidence of the power of the gospel to reclaim a heathen people.

When the venerable Dr. Kingsbury first went among the Cherokees and Choctaws, he found them wholly given up to heathenism and idolatry. They had scarcely caught the first right conception of the living God, or the Christian salvation. Superstition, in its grossest forms, maintained absolute and unquestionable sway over the hearts and minds of the people. There was not a man among the Choctaws, so far as was known at the time, that knew a single letter of the alphabet. Intemperance, idleness, adultery and other forms of vice were nigh universal. The people relied mainly upon the chase for the means of subsistence, and their condition, of consequence, was one of extreme poverty. But how changed their condition, especially in the sight of that venerable man of God, who has been permitted to witness all of its successive stages. Go to the Choctaw country now, and it will scarcely be possible to find a single trace of the superstition or heathenism which characterized them while living on this side of the Mississippi. The worship of the living God has been instituted, and is maintained in almost every neighbourhood. In emperance, theft,

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adultery and other kindred vices are perhaps less prevalent than among the great body of whites. A large proportion of the rising generation are not only able to read and write their own language, but many of them are familiar with the English. The hunter life has given place to the less exciting, but far more profitable, pursuit of agriculture; and almost every Choctaw has his little farm, as well as his herd of domestic animals.

Nor has there been less marked progress in the history of the Cherokees. A large portion of this family, perhaps not less than one-third of the whole, voluntarily emigrated to the upper waters of Arkansas, at least twenty years before the remainder were forcibly removed by the United States government. They went there, as will be learned from the following sketches, because of their jealousy of the white man, and with the fixed determination to make the Mississippi an impassable barrier between them and white men. It was among this portion of the Cherokee family that the author of the following "Reminiscences" commenced his labours; and very nearly about the same time that the venerable Kingsbury commenced his among the Choctaws, on the opposite side of the Mississippi. Mr. Washburn continued his labours among these people for a period of more than twenty years, when he was compelled, by providential circumstances, to withdraw; and spent the remainder of his life in labours among the whites of Arkansas. At the time of his withdrawal from the missionary work, he connected himself with the Presbytery of Arkansas, and continued to be a valued and highly esteemed member of that body up to his death, in 1863. His "Reminiscences" will be found to be exceedingly interesting and instructive. In no book have we ever found more graphic or life-like sketches. Those who would like to understand the inner life of a heathen people, or would like to have convincing proofs of the power of the gospel to reclaim such persons, will find ample entertainment and instruction in the perusal of this little volume. The friends of missions will feel very grateful, too, to the venerable father, Rev. J. W. Moore, the friend

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and fellow-labourer of Mr. Washburn, not only for the preservation of these valuable "Reminiscences," but for the sketch he has given of the life and labours of the author himself.

J. LEIGHTON WILSON.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June, 1869.

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BIOGRAPHY

OF THE

REV. CEPHAS WASHBURN.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life of Mr. Washburn.

THE mystery of Providence has ever been a subject of profitable reflection to the devout mind here, and will, we doubt not, constitute a part of the reflections of the heavenly world.

"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not. I will lead them in paths that they have not known," are the words of Jehovah to His people; and He adds: "I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight." "What I do," says the Saviour, "ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter." To retrace the mysterious ways by which the Lord has led His people tends greatly to strengthen our confidence and invigorate our faith.

About fifty years ago, the son of a New England farmer, while in the faithful discharge of filial obedience, was thrown from a cart and had his leg broken.

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This, to himself and others, at the time, seemed a sad misfortune, as it was believed that it would disable him for life from working upon a farm, which was the only avocation he then had in view. But while he and his friends were musing upon what seemed to them the dark future, God was preparing the way for him, by this apparent calamity, to distinguished honour and usefulness.

While lying upon his painful couch, a gentleman of piety and influence called at his father's house. He looked upon the suffering and disappointed youth, and pity touched his heart. He consoled his mind by telling him that there were other modes of obtaining a livelihood than by farming; that his broken limb would not prevent him from acquiring an education, and that by this means he could support himself and be useful to others. This was admitted, but still there was a barrier which seemed to preclude hope, viz: the want of means to pursue a liberal education. The gentleman listening to his sensible remarks, and reading in his intelligent countenance the outlines of the future man, at length told him that, if he would come to his house as soon as his condition would admit, his education should be free. To this he assented, and after some time, entered upon a course of classical studies. In these he made rapid advances, while his fractured limb soon afforded him but little inconvenience.

Not liking to remain long dependent upon others, he at length obtained a school of his own, and by alternately teaching and going to school, he, after some time, fitted himself for college, where, after a

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few years he graduated, with the character of a superiour scholar. But what was infinitely better, he had become, in the estimation of all who knew him, an humble and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. He now studied for the ministry; was licensed and ordained to preach the everlasting Gospel. He was sent as a missionary to the heathen, where he laboured for many years with eminent success; and finally, after being made the instrument of turning many unto righteousness, he has lately been called home to occupy, as we doubt not, a mansion prepared for him by the Saviour in His Father's house.

The person to whom I have alluded was the Rev. Cephas Washburn, long and extensively known as the Superintendent of the Dwight Mission among the Cherokees of the Arkansas.

The honoured instrument of bringing him from obscurity still lives. I have before me a letter from him dated Randolph, Vermont, July 30th, 1860. After relating the above named accident, and modestly referring to his own agency in inducing him to enter upon a course of classical studies, he goes on to say:—

"He pursued his studies diligently under my care till he was qualified for college. His progress was very rapid, and I think he was but little more than two years from the commencement of his classical studies until he was prepared to enter college two years in advance. His temper and manners were exceedingly amiable. He was a favourite in my family and with all his acquaintances. He was not then pious. While pursuing his classical studies, I procured him a school to

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teach for a few months in my native town, Grotonville. On his return he appeared to be a new man in Christ. He had been a young man of exemplary manners and correct morals; but now he appeared to be a *Christian*, and his life ever afterwards proved him to be so. His piety was as ardent as his temperament, and his religious influence was very beneficial in college and in that vicinity.

"Immediately after graduating at the Vermont University, he was engaged to take charge of the academy in this place for one year, for the purpose of procuring funds to enable him to persue his theological education. Again he became a member of my family. But before he had taught the first term, he was taken with a dangerous sickness which kept him confined most of the winter. In the spring he went to reside with the Rev. Mr. Parsons, of Pittsfield, who was then called 'the apostle of the mountains.' During that season, his health so improved and he made such proficiency in his preparations for the ministry, that he was licensed to preach. He was then ordained, and sent as a missionary to the Cherokees, by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

"Of his life and labours in that region, and indeed, ever since he entered the missionary service, I can give you no necessary information." The venerable writer then closes by saying:

"I need not tell you that I find my physical and mental faculties failing. You will readily discover the failure of both from my chirography and the style of my composition. My eye sight has failed very much,

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as well as my memory. I am now more than eighty years of age.

Very respectfully, yours,
WILLIAM NUTTING."

The chirography, it is true, shows a hand tremulous from old age; the composition, however, as all will perceive, requires no apology. But how eminently suggestive is the above narrative! What consolation must it afford to this venerable servant of God, to look back more than half a century, and review his works of faith and labours of love! Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive.

With the exception of the above letter, I have been unable to procure any incidents connected with the early life of Mr. Washburn, although I have taken special pains for that purpose, most of his early companions, like himself, having gone the way of all the earth.

In a memorandum kindly forwarded to me by the Rev. S. B. Treat, Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, containing answers to questions usually put to those who engage in the service of the Board, I find the following items which throw some light upon his early history:

"Question. When and where were you hopefully converted? Was it in a revival? Answer. In Groton, Massachussetts, in the winter of 1814-15, at a time of lamentable coldness and declension.

"Q. What induced you to commence study with reference to a liberal education? A. The loss of health

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first led me to commence classical studies. I then looked to the bar for a profession.

"Q. At what Theological Seminary did you graduate? A. At no Theological Seminary. When licensed to preach, I had read no system of theology but the Bible.

"Q. When were you licensed to preach the Gospel? By what body? and where? A. In January, 1818, at Randolph, by a committee of Royalton (Congregational) Association.

"Q. In what employment were you engaged after licensure, and before proceeding on your mission? How long were you employed as an agent of the Board; and where? A. Preaching in the destitute towns of Vermont till October, 1818, when I left New England for the State of Georgia, where I laboured as a missionary of the Savannah Missionary Society, as agent for one year.

"Q. When did you decide in favour of becoming a missionary to the heathen, and what led you to think of the subject? A. In the autumn of 1816, from the time of my hopeful conversion, my mind was very deeply interested on the subject of missions. A promise made while under conviction, and which was then an insult to the majesty of Heaven, was the particular circumstance which led me to choose to be a missionary.

"Q. When did you set out on your mission? If by sea, at what port did you embark? A. I left my home, October 7, 1818; sailed from Boston in the schooner Five Sisters, Captain Bates, bound to Savannah, which we reached in ten days. From Georgia I

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proceeded, in the autumn of 1819, by land, through the old Cherokee, Chickasaw and Choctaw nations, to the Cherokees of Arkansas."

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CHAPTER II.

Missionary Labours among the Cherokees—The Dwight Mission School.

AN account of the almost incredible difficulties encountered by himself and his companions, while on their journey to the Cherokees of the Arkansas, will be found in the following reminiscences; and we are greatly mistaken if the general impression will not be that nothing short of the love of Christ in the soul, coupled with an overcoming faith in the Divine promises, could ever have supported them under such labours and discouragements.

The difficulties experienced by our first missionaries to the western savages can be but imperfectly conceived of at the present day. They went into a literal wilderness. They erected rude habitations. They cleared land. They lived on the plainest and coarsest fare. Every article of clothing or furniture was received from the eastern or older States, and generally after disappointment and long delay. The people among whom they went were at that time literally savages, the men wearing neither hats nor pantaloons, and the females' dress in correspondence with the men's. They were incapable of appreciating the motives of the missionaries, and often regarded them with suspicion. They could not communicate with each other except through interpreters. These were often difficult to procure, and often unfaithful to the truth. The

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very first principles of Divine truth had to be communicated to them. They knew nothing of the true God; nothing approaching truth in relation to the future world. It is indeed doubtful whether the common mass of the people had any ideas whatever on these subjects. The Rev. David Greene, who was sent out by the Board in 1828, to examine the missionary stations among the different tribes, stated that when he inquired of the common Indians what were their views in regard to their condition after death, the almost invariable answer he received was, "Never thought."

Now, to go among such persons with a view of teaching them the plan of salvation, and to persevere from year to year, amidst discouragements on every hand, required faith of the apostolic character. A veteran missionary,* still living, and labouring with eminent usefulness among one of the Indian tribes, stated to the writer, that when he first attempted to instruct them, it seemed like attempting to communicate ideas to an iron safe. And yet, such is the power of Divine truth, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, that vast numbers of these very people have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

I shall give an extract of a letter written by the Rev. C. Washburn, shortly after the Dwight Mission was commenced, showing the day of small things, as well as his own intense interest in the eternal welfare of the people among whom he had gone.

"At our meetings for public worship but very few

*Rev. Cyrus Byington.

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natives are present, and frequently none; and the few who do attend are not instructed, as we can avail ourselves of no interpreter. In this respect we are much tried in our feelings. We see the natives in all the dreadful ignorance of heathenism. They sometimes come to the house of God. The Word of God is dispensed, but it is in an unknown tongue. The secrets of their hearts are not made manifest; and they cannot go away with the conviction that God is with us of a truth. We are constantly surrounded with dreadful evidences of the deplorable wretchedness of the native inhabitants of our country. We see most of them with the most wretched prospects, as it regards the present life, and must look with unutterable horror at their prospects for eternity. They lead a comfortless, barbarous life here, and have not one ray of light to cheer the tomb; not one beam of faith to illuminate eternity. To them the hour of death is dark and cheerless as the midnight storm; and over eternity is thrown a veil of impenetrable and appalling gloom. They never heard of Him who shed the light of immortality upon the darkness of the sepulchre, and opened the gates of eternal bliss. * * * * When we see these families without a God, without a Saviour, without a Bible, without an altar; when we see this dear people enveloped in awful darkness; when we see them on the bed of death, ignorant of that Jesus, who alone can smoothe the dying pillow, has sanctified the grave, and gives hope of immortality; when in imagination we follow their benighted souls to the judgment throne, and to the abodes of eternal death, our feelings are too strong, too awful to be expressed."

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The following extract from a letter to the Board, describing the character of the teachers he wished to be sent out to their school, evinces his sound judgment, and may be read with great profit:

"A teacher should be conscientious. A sense of the preciousness of the charge committed to him, and his awful responsibility, should take an abiding, an almost overwhelming hold of his mind. In all his instructions, his discipline, and corrections, in a word, in all his conduct towards his pupils, he should act as in the immediate view of the judgment and eternity. He should have a lively sense of the worth of immortal souls, and a tender concern for their salvation. Such a feeling will be manifest in his conduct, and evince unequivocally that he is seeking the good of his pupils. He must possess inexhaustible patience. To instruct and control children in any country requires much patience. But the instructor of Indian children must possess a tenfold portion, or he will find his situation intolerable, and his labours unsuccessful. He must have much mildness of disposition and manners. Many well qualified teachers, in other respects, would utterly fail for the want of the *suaviter in modo*. If his temper be mild, his manners will be also. If his temper be morose and violent, asperity will mark his manners. He must be a man of unyielding decision and inflexible firmness. If he be mild and patient, he will not be likely to judge hastily and decide prematurely; and when he has decided, nothing should swerve him, or cause him to retract.

"He must be persevering. A man may possess many excellent properties, and yet never do but lit-

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tle, if any good, for want of perseverance. He should never undertake what he is not able to accomplish, and what he has undertaken, he should never abandon till it is accomplished.

"He should have a good knowledge of the human heart. In every school of considerable size there will be a variety of character and temperament. Every variety of temperament is often found in one school. How important then that the teacher be able to judge accurately to which variety each one belongs. Such a knowledge will preserve him from many errours and immense perplexity.

"He must be industrious. He ought to regard industry as a Christian duty; to feel that every hour not usefully employed is sinfully thrown away. One great object of Indian schools is to form habits of industry. *An industrious man rises early.*"

It was owing in great part, we believe, to the sound judgment and unwearied perseverance of this excellent man, as Superintendent of the Mission Schools among the Cherokees, that they were so well supplied with competent teachers. From these schools, in a few years after their establishment, there went out annually into the heart of the savage population numbers of well instructed youth of both sexes, many of them carrying with them a knowledge, not only of civilized habits of life, but a saving knowledge of the gospel of Christ.

The following illustration of these influences I had from the lips of Mr. Washburn. During one of his preaching excursions among the natives, he dined at the house of an old Scotchman, who, in early life, had

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taken up his abode among the Cherokees, had acquired their language, married a squaw, adopted their dress and manners, and, as is usual in such cases, had become a worse savage than most of them. His daughters had attended the school at Dwight, and had greatly profited by their instructions. They had taken great pains to instruct their savage mother in the modes of managing household affairs. They were at home at this time, and felt a deep interest in the entertainment of their teacher and minister. A fine turkey was nicely cooked, and an excellent dinner prepared. When seated at the table, one of them modestly requested Mr. Washburn to ask a blessing. When just about to commence, the old Scotch-Indian in a rough voice vociferated, "Well, you and the women may pray as much as you want to, but I'll cut up the turkey." So Mr. Washburn began to ask a blessing, and the old Scotch savage proceeded to carving, greatly to the mortification of his daughters.

The following letter, whose date is not known, addressed to the Secretary of the Board, presents a delightful picture of the effects of Divine grace upon the hearts and lives of these children of the forest.

"The school," writes Mr. Washburn, "has never been filled with a company of scholars so interesting in all respects. Most of the girls have acquired an education which will be of permanent benefit to themselves, and many will, by this means, be prepared for usefulness, not only in a family, but much more extensively. Some of them are qualified to do much good as teachers. Their improvement in needle work and domestic labours, and in habits of industry, neatness,

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and order, has been very satisfactory. But it is in reference to religion that we look upon this school with the fullest pleasure and delight, and on account of which we rejoice to render the full tribute of heart-felt gratitude to the God of all grace. Indeed this school, the past year, has been a source of deep interest, not only to saints on earth, but we doubt not, to angels in heaven. Over it the Holy Spirit has delighted to hover; yea, in the midst of it, He has delighted to dwell. Here He has displayed His converting, sanctifying and comforting influences. Here the revival, for which we feel so grateful, from which we hope so much good has already resulted, and by means of which we hope multitudes will yet yield their hearts to God, had its beginning. Five of the girls, during the past year, have united with the Church. Nine others give the most gratifying evidence that they do sincerely love the Lord Jesus Christ. Not one child in the school, over three years of age, is indifferent on the subject of religion. Everlasting thanks to God!

"We have kept up a Bible-class during the year. It has been attended by the brethren of the mission, and the more advanced scholars in all the schools. This class has been very interesting and profitable; so has been the Sabbath-school.

"In conclusion, I would remark that the prospects of the mission, in relation to its greatest object, the salvation of the people, are far more encouraging than ever before. You will unite with us in thanksgiving to the Great Source of all these blessings and encouragements, and in earnest prayer for the continued and more extended influences of that Spirit by which alone

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revolted nations can be brought back in allegiance to their rightful King."

As a still farther illustration of the spirit which pervaded these schools, and was silently preparing the way for the civilization of a powerful tribe, the writer remembers being told by one of the female teachers, while on a visit to Dwight, about the year 1831 or '32, that when she awoke in the night, she frequently found that numbers of the scholars had arisen from their slumbers, and were engaged in prayer. She had been attracted in particular by the low, earnest entreaties of one little girl, whose humble petitions seemed to be poured forth with unusual fervency. As these prayers were offered up in Cherokee, which the teacher did not understand, and being desirous of knowing something of the nature of their devotions, Miss T. requested another girl, who could speak English, to tell her the substance of this little girl's petitions. She was told that, besides praying that God would bless and save herself, her friends and nation, she prayed that He would bless all other people; and that she prayed very earnestly for the salvation of the *Osages*. This was the more remarkable, as, from early times, the Osages had been regarded as natural enemies by the Cherokees.

With such influences silently at work on the very foundations of society, it is not to be wondered at that astonishing changes should take place in the entire nation. On this point, some years after the commencement of their labours, Mr. Washburn writes: "There is a great change since we came among them. At that time there were not twenty men in the nation

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who wore hats and pantaloons. Now, there are not twenty who do not wear pantaloons, and the great majority wear hats. The majority of the females now wear bonnets, many of them Leghorn. There is among both sexes, but especially among the females, an extravagant fondness for dress. They nearly all live in comfortable cabins, many of which have plank floors, the others have puncheons. They have tables, knives and forks, plates, cups and saucers, chairs, etc. Their houses are generally as well furnished, and their food is generally as abundant and as well prepared, as is common in the white settlements. The people use coffee and sugar daily. All have more or less land under cultivation, where they raise corn, pulse, potatoes, both Irish and sweet, and most kinds of garden vegetables. There is very little serious regard paid to their heathen rites. The *green-corn dance* is now observed by a very few, and not as a religious ceremony, but as a scene of amusement and revelry.

When a war party returns from a successful expedition, some will attend a *scalp-dance*, but it is only a scene of boisterous joy and drunkenness. Considerable superstition still remains. The more ignorant among them believe in witchcraft and conjuring. To the former they ascribe many of the evils which they endure, especially when affected with unusual diseases, and to the latter they apply to relieve them from those evils. They are improving in the points referred to. Their superstitions are yielding to light and the influence of religious instruction, continually. They have many excellencies of character, such as patience, fortitude, courage and hospitality. The affections sub-

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sisting between parents and children, brothers and sisters, and all the other relations, is very strong. Respect for the aged is very generally manifested."

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CHAPTER III.

The Revival.

THE schools, though an essential auxiliary, were not the only means of enlightening and reclaiming this nation from barbarism. The Lord, here, as in all other places where the pure gospel is preached, honoured it as the great instrument in the conversion of souls. From the commencement of this Mission until his death, which was about ten years, the Rev. Alfred Finney was associated with Mr. Washburn in ministerial labours among the Cherokees. At a later period Dr. Palmer opened a school in a different part of the nation, where many children were faithfully instructed, and where the adults had the gospel proclaimed to them from Sabbath to Sabbath. At a still later period, the Rev. Henry R. Wilson, Jr., was, for sometime, associated with Mr. Washburn in preaching to the natives. Of the latter, Mr. Washburn thus speaks, in a letter to the Corresponding Secretary of the Board.

"Mr. Wilson arrived about the middle of December, 1832. For piety, devotedness, enterprize and talents, the Board could not easily have found a man superiour to Mr. Wilson. Should he leave this field for the Choctaws, as he thinks of doing, we shall feel it a great loss, and the Cherokees will be greatly disappointed. The people are already very much attached to him."

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In former years the opinion extensively prevailed, and it may still be entertained by some, that it was of little use to preach the gospel to grown-up savages; that their minds were too deeply darkened with heathenism to admit the rays of gospel light. The following letter, whose date cannot be now ascertained, but which was written in 1831 or 1832, will show that the Spirit of God can open the understandings of the most hopeless of the adult population, and form, from among them, a people who shall show forth His praise. Writing to the Corresponding Secretary of the Board, Mr. Washburn says:

"In relation to the revival, the following statement may be made. The first indications of seriousness were discovered in December, 1830, among the scholars in our schools. In March following there were plain indications that several persons living in the neighbourhood, where Dr. Palmer resides, and where he preaches statedly, were lead by the Holy Spirit to enquire after the way of salvation. A few in the schools here, and a few in those neighbourhoods, soon expressed a hope of moral renovation, which change was evidenced by a conscientious fear of God and holy obedience to His will. The religious interest was continued and gradually extended till our series of protracted meetings, which commenced in July. Those meetings gave a new impulse to the revival, brought several, as we would hope, to submit to God, and caused the serious concern to extend into other parts of the country. The revival has continued from that time. It has suffered some abatement for a season, in some of the neighbourhoods, and has afterwards been

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renewed. At present the excitement in the nation is greater than at any other time, and much more extensive. Indeed, we think there is evidence that God is pouring out His Spirit in every part of the nation. Not a settlement is known where there are not some anxiously inquiring respecting their eternal welfare, and in many neighbourhoods the seriousness is very general and very deep.

"The whole number of those who give us some evidence to hope that they have experienced a saving change, since the commencement of the revival, is about seventy. Many more are now serious. Deep solemnity, stillness and order have characterized the revival all the time, in all the neighborhoods and in all the meetings, so far as our Mission and Church are concerned. The present is a time of intense interest. The whole field is white for the harvest. There is a pressing call for instruction. The number of labourers is very inadequate to the exigencies of the people at present. Every neighbourhood needs the constant instruction of a minister. Here exists a revival of religion throughout a territory as large as the whole of Massachusetts, and only two ministers to perform all the labour. If the instruction could be given which now seems to be needed, there is reason to believe that this whole nation would soon be converted to Christ. But with the present number of labourers, many years must pass before that time, and many souls perish in sin. It is true that God can, if in His sovereign pleasure He wills it, convert all this people through the instrumentality of their present means of instruction, or even without these means; but we have no reason

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to think He will do it. And we have reason to believe that if there were a full, faithful, and prayerful presentation of Divine Truth to all the people, it would soon please God to cause this nation to be born to Himself. If two or three additional labourers in the Gospel could be sent here, for a limited time, it would no doubt be the means of great good. It would exceedingly rejoice the hearts of us all, and of many of the poor Indians, if this could be done, if it were only for a year, or even for a few months.

"Some of the details of the revival would be interesting if I had time and space to communicate them. Some of these were given in a letter to Dr. Cornelius. The following is all I think expedient to transmit now:

"At one of our protracted meeting last summer, Mr. George Morris, one of the chiefs and a member of the delegation which made the treaty of 1828, was present. It was an unusual thing for him to attend meeting, and as he lived at a considerable distance from the place of the meeting, his presence excited my attention. He was esteemed a well disposed and honest man and a good neighbour, but was very intemperate and had totally neglected the gospel. An opportunity was embraced to address him personally in private. It appeared that the death of his wife the winter previous had, in some measure, softened his feelings, and caused him to think it important for him to make preparation for his own death. These impressions had induced him to attend this meeting. He gave a close and solemn attention to the Word of God, and it was manifest that the truth was producing deep and solemn impressions on his heart. Another meeting was held

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in the same place two months subsequent. Morris was then anxiously inquiring 'what he must do to be saved.' In September, be became a member of the Temperance Society. At that time he was entertaining a joyful hope that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned his sins, and had adopted him into His beloved family. The evidence of a saving change in his case was thought to be most gratifying. Early in October he was attacked with an inflammatory fever, which in a few days terminated his life. On his death-bed his Christian hope sustained him, and even made his closing hours joyful.

"He was greatly beloved by his neigbours, and had great influence over them. He was now faithful to them. He told them that his time had come, but he feared not. He trusted in Christ, and he felt that Christ was with him in his dying scene. He did not doubt but he would soon be in heaven. This hope and this joy in death he had obtained by faith in the gospel. His dying counsel to them was to meet him in the kingdom of heaven. Thus he died, and we doubt not, now rests in the everlasting joy of his Lord. His death made a deep impression on his neighbours. His dying counsel was not in vain. After the first impulses of feeling had subsided, still he was not forgotten, and his dying words did not cease to have effect. Whenever a neighbour met another, they spoke of his charge to them, *to meet him in heaven.* They lived in a remote and retired part of the nation, far away from any means of grace. About two months ago, a few of the neighbours proposed to meet together on the Sabbath, that they might consult together how they

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might obey the dying charge of their beloved chief. They met One man could read in Cherokee. Morris' copy of the book of Matthew and his hymn-book were produced. Two persons had learned to sing one Cherokee hymn. The Word of God was read and the hymn sung, but no one present had ever prayed in the presence of others. The next Sabbath they met again, and after reading and singing and conversing together, the reader prayed. Every soul was affected, and all were anxious to know what they must do to be saved. They all began to learn the Cherokee character, that they might read the Word of God. They concluded to send a messenger here for help. Never was the family here more affected than by the visit of this messenger. He said all the people in the settlement were serious but one family. A few copies of the book of Matthew, a few tracts, and a Cherokee hymn-book for all that could read, were sent to them by the messenger, and an appointment to spend the next Sabbath with them was made. When I arriveed Saturday night at the house where the meeting was to be held, I found a considerable company waiting for me. The evening was spent till after nine in religious exercises of singing, exhortation and prayer. Every one present was deeply affected. I then went to another house to lodge. There I found another company equally anxious. Religious exercises were continued till after eleven o'clock. I went to the place of meeting in the morning before seven o'clock. The people were all assembled. A prayer meeting was held before breakfast. At nine the exercises of public worship began. The people were dismissed at twelve

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o'clock, but not one left their seats, except two who went to prepare dinner. The time till dinner was spent in religious exercises. Not more than half an hour was occupied by dinner, when all repaired to their seats, and the exercises continued till six. At candle-light the people assembled again, and meeting was continued till after ten. Even then the people were not willing to depart. Never did I speak to a company so anxious, and never did the gospel appear to me so precious. Eighteen came to the anxious seats. Next morning the people came together before six o'clock. After a meeting for prayer and exhortation, a temperance meeting was held. Twenty-eight persons became members of the Temperance Society. This embraced every person of sufficient age, excepting one man. I continued with them till noon, and then left them. Since my visit to them, a considerable part of that neighbourhood have been here to meeting. Here I would remark that one very obvious influence of the revival is a high value for the Word of God. Many that a few months ago would not receive it when offered, are now asking for it with great earnestness. Many are now learning to read, mainly that they may read the Word of God."

These happy influences of the Spirit continued to be shed down upon this nation for many years. Their effects finally pervaded the nation to that degree that the Cherokees could no longer be regarded as a savage tribe; and upon this ground the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have recently discontinued their missions among them.

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CHAPTER IV.

The Cherokees.

AND now, that the Cherokees have ceased to be a nation of savages, it must be apparent to all that the distinctive features which characterized them in their primeval state, must have passed forever away. And while no Christian philanthopist can fail to rejoice that this change has taken place; yet every inquisitive mind would seek to know something of their ancient manners and habits, as the Cherokee of the present day is not the Cherokee of forty years ago. This natural and proper desire will find gratification in the following "Reminiscences;" and the gratification will be greatly enhanced by the reflection that the details read are not the romantic musings of some transient tourist, who has relied upon his fancy for arguments and his imagination for facts. Here are the sober statements of one whose life was principally spent among them, and in circumstances the most favourable to the acquisition of reliable knowledge.

That the American Indians were a race of men far above the ordinary grade of barbarism found on the other continents, is doubted by no one acquainted with their history; and among all the tribes that have peopled our native forests, the Cherokees, it is believed, stood pre-eminent.

In January, 1828, the writer of this memoir, when a missionary of the General Assembly's Board, on his

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way to Little Rock, was detained for near a week at Montgomery's Point, waiting for a passage up the Arkansas. At the same place was a delegation of Cherokee chiefs, waiting for an opportunity to ascend the Mississippi, on their way to Washington city. I regarded myself in no ordinary degree favoured by being permitted to occupy the same apartment with these dignified men. The delegation, so far as is now remembered, consisted of John and James Rogers, Major Maw, George Morris, Black Fox, Flowers, and Guess, the celebrated inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. The white men here, as is generally the case at places of public resort, were, many of them, boisterous and profane, gamblers and drunkards. But the chiefs were sedate and dignified. No profaneness was heard from the lips of those who spoke English. There was a peculiarity about them which made an impression upon my mind, which a third of a century has not effaced. Their tall figures, bronze complexions, statue-like attitudes, and unknown language, all pointed them out as a peculiar variety of our race, and led me strongly to desire a more intimate knowledge of them as a people. Among these singular men sat one whose name will descend to the latest posterity as having accomplished a greater literary achievement than any other individual known to history. Cadmus is said to have invented the Greek alphabet, or a part of it; but even this is doubted, as he is believed to have been acquainted with the Phœnician character and language. But Guess, as is well known, did not understand a sentence of any language but his own; and yet he invented a character for the Cherokee lan-

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guage, and reduced it to a legible form, capable of being acquired by the natives in an almost incredibly short period of time.

My curiosity in regard to the Indians was soon after this gratified by a visit to the old Dwight Mission, located on the Illinois Bayou, in what is now Pope county, Arkansas. At that time, the Cherokees were settled along the Arkansas river, from Point Remove to where Van Buren now stands. There I witnessed the self-denials and the toils of the missionaries, their diligence and faithfulness as instructors, and the remarkable improvement of the Indian children in their schools; and there I became acquainted with the subject of this memoir.

No one, I am persuaded, could have spent a week at that station and witnessed the extensive operations, moving on like clock-work, without being impressed with the abilities of Mr. Washburn, whose wisdom, prudence and vigilance, kept all in successful operation. I was soon convinced that he was no ordinary man. In his personal appearance, he was prepossessing; of scarcely medium height, he was erect and graceful in his movements. His countenance bespoke benignity and goodness of heart. His manners were soft and conciliatory; and yet, on all occasions, he evinced great firmness and decision. He never appeared in haste, while he permittted nothing to suffer by delay.

During one of my visits to the mission, I accompanied him on a preaching tour among the natives. The manner of conducting the exercises was novel. Owing to the extreme difficulty of acquiring the language, Mr. Washburn always preached through an

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interpreter. At the appointed hour, the congregation, composed of both sexes and all ages, took their seats with unusual stillness, the very smallest children keeping their seats without noise. I remember no instance of any one, old or young, ever occasioning the slightest inconvenience to the speaker. Mr. Washburn stated that this respectful manner of conducting themselves during religious exercises, was almost universal. He related one instance, however, which afforded a ludicrous exception. While preaching on a certain occasion, an Indian, who was partially intoxicated, spoke out in approbation, I believe, of the sentiments presented. A chief who was present gave him an expressive look. In a little while order was again interrupted by the same person. The chief then, by a significant gesture, directed him to the door, and followed him out, and in a few minutes returned alone. As soon as the exercises were concluded, the chief came to Mr. Washburn and asked him to step out, saying, at the same time, "I want to show you how I fix people that wont behave themselves at meeting." When they had proceeded a few rods behind the church, they came to the man, who was standing with the back of his head against a sapling, with a handkerchief in his mouth tied behind the sapling. The chief then untied the handkerchief, took it out of his mouth, and let him go his way.

Preaching through an interpreter is, at best, a tedious and awkward mode of conveying instruction. The first time I tried it, I found myself placed in circumstances the most embarrassing I had ever experienced. The congregation were seated and waiting.

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The interpreter, a tawny son of the forest, took his seat by my side. I announced my text. The interpreter in strange tones repeated it to the people. I then uttered the first sentence of my discourse and stopped short. Again the strange sounds commenced, and my whole attention was attracted by them. When he ceased I had entirely forgotten the words I had spoken. I was again obliged to speak, but I knew it could have no connection with the foregoing sentence. I said something, and so continued, speaking in a great degree at random, mortified by the consciousness that I was conveying no connected instruction. The next time, however, I was enabled to confine my thoughts to the subject, instead of the strange sounds and unusual circumstances around me.

The missionaries sometimes found it exceedingly difficult to procure competent interpreters, and at other times to procure those in whom they could place entire confidence as to the honesty of their interpretations. As an instance of the latter class, Mr. Washburn had for some time been suspicious of one of his interpreters, and at length inquired of a person, in whose knowledge and truthfulness he could confide. This person assured him that his interpreter was not faithful, and gave him the following specimen: "Mr. Washburn," said the interpreter, "tells me to say to you, that, in the sight of God, there are but two kinds of people, the good people and the bad people. But I do not believe him. I believe there are three kinds; the good people, the bad people, and a middle kind, that are neither good nor bad, just like myself." This information being derived from a reliable source,

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it was soon found convenient to dispense with the interpreter and his comments.

Though the Indians are proverbial for their taciturnity and gravity, they are said to be, at times, remarkable for the keenness of their sarcasm. The people of the frontier settlements, in early times, who owned cattle, were accustomed to prepare what were usually called *lick-logs*. These were simply fallen trees with notches cut in them a few inches deep, and at the distance of two or three feet apart. To these logs it was usual to repair once or twice a week and salt the cattle. In this manner each man attended to his own flock, and was enabled to keep them separate from others. The term "lick-log" was sometimes applied to preaching places. A Baptist minister and Mr. Washburn happened once to lodge together where a number of Indians were present, and the conversation turned upon the success of their respective labours. The Baptist remarked that he had lately been favoured with quite a revival at one of his preaching places among the white people, and that a considerable number had united with his church and been immersed. During the conversation he also stated that they had nearly all been members of the Methodist Church. "Oh," said Mr. Washburn, "then you and I attach different ideas to the word revival. If those persons were worthy members of the Methodist Church, I should consider their connecting themselves with your Church as only a change of Church relationship. By a revival I mean a change of the heart from sin to holiness." "Well, however that may be," replied the Baptist, "they came to my lick-log, and I put my

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mark upon them." An Indian present, who had been listening with deep interest, as soon as he heard this remark, using the peculiar shrug and ejaculation, exclaimed, "If any man puts his mark upon my cattle when they go to his lick-log, I call him *cow-thief*."

Their early mode of electing officers was very simple, and if we mistake not, possessed some advantages over the practice of more civilized people. The following account of an election held during the early period of his abode among them, was given to the writer by Mr. Washburn, who was present. Whether or not it was their invariable custom is not known. A day had been made known throughout the nation on which a principal chief was to be elected, and all the legal voters notified to meet at a designated place. This was perhaps on the borders of a prairie. Towards that place, on the appointed day, were seen the tall forms of warriors converging from all directions. When all had assembled and in silent readiness, two individuals who might be termed electors stepped out, and taking their stand a short distance apart in front of the multitude, one of them in a loud voice named a distinguished warrior as in his estimation well qualified for the important office. He was then silent. The other then announced another as his choice. Each elector then called upon his candidate to come out of the crowd and follow him. They then led their nominees to some distance beyond the view of the company. Leaving them there they returned, and each in a short speech pointed out the virtues and qualifications of their respective candidates, and requested the voters to show their preference by taking their stand in two

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straight lines on the right and left hands of the speakers. The mass then began to move, some to the right and some to the left, until in a short time all were seen silently ranged in two separate lines. The electors then proceeded to count. When this was done, each in a loud voice announced the number in his line. The difference was soon acknowledged. They then repaired to the concealed candidates, and brought them back. The successful one was placed before them, and proclaimed as the duly elected chief. All then retired to their respective homes in quietness and order.

It was the earnest and oft repeated wish of many of Mr. Washburn's friends that he should reclaim from oblivion the principal characteristics of this peculiar people, who differed so widely from all the other aborigines of our land in their language and customs. This has in part been accomplished in the following "Reminiscences," though it was the design of their gifted author to have extended them to much greater length; and especially was it his intention to have given the details of the extensive revival which so signally crowned his labours, after so many years of discouragement and toil. The loss of these facts we must now deeply regret, as the hand which alone could have described them lies motionless in the tomb.

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CHAPTER V.

Letter of Rev. H. R. Wilson, D. D.

THE following letter from the Rev. Henry R. Wilson, D. D., once the assistant of Mr. Washburn, and afterwards for many years missionary in Northern India, will be read with deep interest, as illustrative of the gracious work of the Spirit among the Cherokees, and of the character and devotedness of the subject of this memoir.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, February 2d, 1861.

Rev. J. W. MOORE,

Dear Brother: It affords me sincere pleasure to learn that, at the request of your Presbytery, you have undertaken to prepare a memoir of our beloved brother Washburn, so long and faithfully a member of the Cherokee mission. As it was my privilege to be associated with brother Washburn in missionary labour, you have asked me to furnish you with some reminiscences of that good man, and the mission with which he was connected, and, indeed, of which he may be justly deemed the founder. In complying with your wish, I have only to regret that the infirm state of my health, and the multiplied cares which press upon me, wholly unfit me for doing so as I could desire.

It was near the close of the year 1832 that I joined the Cherokee Mission at Dwight. After a long and difficult journey I landed at Fort Smith, (consisting

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then of some five or six log cabins) on a Friday evening. Here I found brother Hitchcock, of the Mission, awaiting Miss Smith and myself with horses. On Saturday morning we set off on horseback for Dwight, carrying what baggage we could, and leaving the rest of our things behind us. After a tedious ride of some thirty miles through an almost trackless forest, we reached the mission in the twilight. Just as we emerged from the dense forest, our ears were saluted by the delightful sound of the church-bell—the church-bell in the midst of a heathen land! It thrilled to my inmost soul, and stirred up feelings there which I shall never forget. It was their communion season. On the next day, the last Sabbath but one of the year, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered. The converted Indians, and the missionaries from the neighbouring stations, were assemblied for that purpose, and had been engaged in worship during the day. After taking a little refreshment, I hastened to the church, or rather to the school-house, where they were assembled. There I had my first interview with brother Washburn and the dear Cherokees who had been redeemed by the blood of Jesus.

When I entered, they were singing a hymn in the Cherokee language. Never before did music appear half so sweet to me. The language is music itself. The air is a sweet one, and the deep feeling of devotion with which it was sung rendered it truly refreshing. When the hymn was ended, brother Washburn announced to the congregation that the new missionaries, for whom they had been praying that day, had arrived. God had sent them; and then called upon one

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of the Indians to give thanks for our safe arrival. An old gray-headed warrior arose, with love and gratitude beaming in his face, and poured forth his feelings in such a manner and with such fervour as I had never witnessed before. I could not understand a word that he spoke, but I felt deeply moved to see one who had often led his benighted countrymen to war and deeds of cruelty and blood, now leading them to the throne of grace, through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. I was next called upon to address the congregation through an interpreter, which I did from a full and overflowing heart. When the religious exercises were closed, the Indians pressed around me to shake hands and give me their cordial welcome; and never did I receive a more cordial greeting.

The next Sabbath was a day long to be remembered. We had prayer-meeting, conference-meeting, preaching, and the Lord's Supper. I was permitted not only to break the bread of life to a large number of converted Indians, but to put into their hands the emblems of the Saviour's body and blood, as they renewed their covenant engagements with God. In this one day's enjoyments, I felt amply repaid for all the toil and trial of my journey.

Such was my introduction to missionary life among the red men of the forest. How different from the experience of my dear brother Washburn, into whose labours I was entering, and who had been the honoured instrument in the hands of God in effecting this delightful opening. But my auspicious introduction to the Cherokees was not yet completed. On Monday morning, after a season of prayer, we all set out on

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horseback, in number about twenty-five or thirty, to the residence of Colonel Webber, one of the chiefs of the nation, who, although not yet a Christian, had invited the missionaries and his Christianized Indians to spend Christmas at his house, in preaching and hearing the gospel, instead of drinking whiskey and dancing, as had been their custom for many years. The distance was some fifty-odd miles through forests and swamps. Unable to make the journey in one day, we were obliged to camp out. This was the first time I had ever been obliged to sleep on the ground and under the broad canopy of Heaven. As it was winter and cold, we built large fires, around which we gathered in groups, and talked of the love of Jesus. After our frugal meal, for which our day's ride had given us a good appetite, we enjoyed a delightful prayer-meeting, and then laid ourselves down and slept as best we could. In the morning, after breakfast and worship, we resumed our journey, and in the afternoon reached the house, or rather cabin, of our kind, warm-hearted host. Here we found probably two hundred or three hundred Indians all assembled, like those in the house of Cornelius, "to hear all things that were commanded of God." As there was no building large enough to hold us all, we had to meet out of doors during the day, and in different cabins in the evening, when it was too cold to be out.

Here we remained for three days and nights, preaching Christ unto them. Many, like Lydia, had their hearts opened and turned unto the Lord, amongst whom was our kind host, Colonel Webber. During the day we had not less than from six to eight sermons, to all

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of which the Indians listened attentively, though often shivering with cold. This was the happiest Christmas I had ever spent, though far from home and friends, and destitute of the comforts and luxuries, to which I had been accustomed. And who can calculate the amount of good which resulted from this meeting? Brother Washburn, I doubt not, has met in Heaven with some of those to whom, for the first time, he preached the gospel at that meeting.

On our homeward way, many were the delightful communions we enjoyed, and like the two disciples of old, our hearts burned within us as we talked by the way, and Jesus graciously manifested himself unto us. By this time I felt as well acquainted with brother Washburn as if I had known him for years; and indeed to know him was to love him, for he was no ordinary man. He possessed a mind far above the ordinary standard, and that mind had been admirably trained and cultivated. My first impressions in my ignorance were, that it was a pity such talents and scholarship had not been employed in some city pulpit, or theological chair, instead of being unappreciated and unprofitably employed among the untutored and ignorant savages. But it was not long before I learned through my own deficiences my mistake; for a clear and well-disciplined mind is necessary to a clear and simple exhibition of truth to the minds of the uneducated and uncultivated. Just such men as brother Washburn are, of all others, the men needed to tear away the rubbish of heathenism, and lay broad and deep the foundations of truth upon which the Church of God must stand, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

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But brother Washburn was not only a man of talent and scholarship, he was also a man of great modesty and unaffected humility. With talents which might have raised him to eminence and distinction he was as humble and unaspiring as John the Baptist. Instead of endeavouring to attract the admiration of his fellow men to himself, he sought only to direct their admiring gaze to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. But it was his consistent, ardent and unwavering piety which distinguished him above every thing else. He never seemed to be in ecstacy, nor much depressed in spirit, but enjoyed a degree of equanimity to which few attain. I have seen him under almost every variety of circumstances—in trials, afflictions, disappointments, and vexations, but never have I seen him ruffled or out of temper. His was uniformly a happy, cheerful, hopeful disposition. Many a wearisome mile have we travelled together in our missionary tours, but his cheerful, instructive, and edifying conversation beguiled the time and refreshed my spirits, when my body was sorely jaded, and never that I can now remember the slightest disagreement or disputation, notwithstanding the disparity in our years, my youth and inexperience making me liable to many blunders.

As a preacher, brother Washburn excelled in perspicuity of thought and ease of utterance. His style was simple, clear, and easily comprehended. In proof of this let me here relate an anecdote. He and brother Vail of the Osage Mission had been out on a tour among the white settlers on the borders of Arkansas. On their return they came to a place where the Methodist breth-

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ren were holding a camp meeting. Here they stopped, and soon brother Washburn was invited to preach, which he did in his usual style of lucid simplicity. He was followed by a Methodist brother named L. in an exhortation. When he had finished, one of the auditors was heard commenting upon the respective exercises, somewhat after the following style: "Well, I had always heard that Mr. Washburn was a great preacher and a learned man, but nobody need tell me so now, for I understood every word he spoke; but when Mr. L. spoke, I could no more follow him than a thunder-bolt—I could not understand half the words he used." Brother Washburn's preaching might truly be characterized by "speaking the truth with simplicity and godly sincerity, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth."

But he was not merely a scholar, a theologian, and a preacher; he was also a man of sound practical wisdom and judgment, which was of vast importance to the Mission in those times of trial and perplexity. The Mission, as you know, had been established some fifty or sixty miles farther down the river, and when the territorial line of Arkansas was run, the Indians were driven farther west. The Mission had to be abandoned, and another location selected still farther west. In the selection of this site, the erection of the buildings, the settlement of the business with the Government officers, and, above all, in maintaining the confidence and friendship of the Indians themselves, the wisdom and prudence of brother Washburn was of incalculable service. He was the man for the times, and God had raised him up for this

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important work. The Mission, situated on the Salaiscau, a beautiful tributary of the Arkansas river, was well located and most economically conducted. It embraced five families, four unmarried members, with two boarding-schools, one for males and one for females, numbering in all not less than seventy-five persons; and yet I suppose the annual expense for all did not exceed one thousand dollars. A few boxes of clothing, sent out by the Board, furnished our wardrobe. Our bread and meat we raised on a farm connected with the Mission, and these, with a very few groceries sent out by the Board, constituted our whole supply. We had no luxuries, but few comforts, and yet we were happy; happy in our work, happy in the confidence of each other, and, above all, happy in the favour of Him who had called and commissioned us to labour in that dreary wilderness. We had our trials, and they were neither few nor small; but the presence of Him, who said, "Lo, I am with you always," was enough to comfort and sustain us. Sickness and death visited our family again and again, and in these sore bereavements none so calm, so tranquil and submissive as brother Washburn. One night I remember to have spent in brother Washburn's cabin under very trying circumstances. The whole family were prostrated by illness. In one bed was brother Washburn with a burning fever. In another lay his wife dangerously ill. In another were two sick children; while I carried in my arms, the entire night, a sick and fretful infant, the mother being utterly unable to nurse it. In the midst of all this, brother Washburn was as calm as though all was well,

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and beguiled the tedious hours of the night by talking of the love of Jesus. He was a man of patience and untiring perseverance. Mountains of difficulties did not discourage or intimidate him. I remember to have gone with him to a distant part of the Nation, from which a messenger had been sent with the urgent request for us to come and teach them the way of life. We started on horseback, but when we got within a mile of the Neosho river, we found it had overflowed its banks, and looked more like a sea than a river. I supposed, of course, that our journey was at an end; but of this brother Washburn had no idea. Leaving our horses we got an athletic Indian to take us through the overflowed woodland and across the fearfully rapid stream at the peril of his life. Having landed, we had no little difficulty to get horses. We reached our place of destination about noon of the next day, having travelled near sixty-five miles, and there we found twenty or twenty-five poor Indians assembled to hear us at the house of a widow, whose daughter had been to the mission-school, where she had learned to read. She had taken a Cherokee hymn-book home with her, and the reading and singing of these hymns had been the means of awakening her own mind and that of her aged mother and seven others, who had for weeks been singing the hymns and praying to God. After much conversation and prayer with them, convinced that they had been taught of God, we, on the following day (Sabbath), admitted them, nine in number, to the membership of the Church. When I first arrived and saw the poor congregation of propably thirty ignorant Indians, crouched

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on the ground by a log fire, I asked myself, Is this all we have come for, at the peril of our lives? But before we left I was taught not to despise the day of small things. Many such scenes crowd upon my memory, but I have exhausted my time, and I fear your patience.

May God abundantly bless you and this work in which you are engaged.

Sincerely and truly, yours,

HENRY R. WILSON.

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CHAPTER VI.

Retirement from the Mission—Subsequent Labours and Death.

AFTER labouring for upwards of twenty years as a missionary, Mr. Washburn came to the conclusion that duty required him to make his future abode among the white population of Arkansas. In his application for a dismissal from the Board with which he had been so long connected, he says: "I am not tired of the work, nor am I, for any reason, dissatisfied with my connection with the Board, or with my associates in missionary life. Should I yield to the influence of my own feelings, my choice would be to continue a missionary of your Board to the Cherokees, and to reside still at Dwight." He then assigns, as his first and great reason, the future welfare and usefulness of his children, who were approaching an age to require instructions and associations such as could not be found in the nation.

The Board with great reluctance complied with his request; and, to use the words of their resolution, he was, "at his own request honourably dismissed." This was in June, 1840. He then removed with his family to Benton county, Arkansas. Here for a number of years, he devoted himself faithfully to preaching the gospel among the scattered population of the frontier settlements around him. He then took charge of a school, and applied the varied stores of his finely

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cultivated mind to the training of both sexes for usefulness here, and happiness hereafter. While in this employment he exerted all his energies to the building up of an institution called, "The Far West Seminary." Owing, however, to the newness and unsettled state of the country, and the want of proper aid, his effort proved a failure.

He was then called to the pastoral charge of a feeble church in Fort Smith, where, for several years, he devoted the energies of his soul to the work of his divine Master. While there he became connected with the Arkansas Presbytery, having hitherto been connected with a Congregational Association. He remained about five years at Fort Smith. Thence he removed to Norristown, in Pope county, Arkansas, where there was a small Church organization. He soon after organized a Church at Dardenelle, on the south side of the Arkansas river, and another on the north side, near Galley Rock, called Union. He supplied these churches with his accustomed fidelity and zeal, and had many evidences of the Spirit's accompanying influences.

The last year of his life was spent as an Evangelist under the care of the Synod of Arkansas. The whole State was embraced in his commission. Here he found a field in all respects suited to his expanded benevolence and ardent Christian spirit. Though in his sixty-fifth year, his health was good, and his mind possessed the buoyancy of his earlier days. Neither the inclemencies of the seasons, nor the difficulties of travelling in a new country, prevented him from filling his appointments. Wherever he appeared a

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divine unction seemed to accompany his ministrations. During this year he travelled over a large portion of the State. He organized several Churches, and broke the bread of Life to many destitute ones. The results of that year will appear only in the future world. Previous to this general tour through the State, his influence had been confined to a comparatively limited sphere. Now, wherever he went, surprise was expressed that *such a man* had been so little known. Age had rather added to the dignity of his noble aspect, than diminished from it. His benevolent and affectionate spirit beamed in his agreeable countenance, and won the heart of the beholder before he had opened his lips. When he ascended the sacred desk, or took his stand on some rude school-house floor, and poured out his soul in prayer, all present realized that he was no stranger at the mercy seat; and when he opened and expounded the words of Life, oh, what views of sin, of a compassionate and suffering Saviour, of redeeming love and of eternal joys did he unfold and set before his enchained audience! The general impression made upon the minds of the intelligent and refined class of citizens, wherever he went, was that he was a man of superiour talents, of the most amiable manners, and, above all, of the most decided and consistent piety.

It is not strange that many vacant Churches would gladly have secured him as their pastor. One which he organized, with about twenty members, offered him twelve hundred dollars a year, if he would settle among them. This, in a country congregation, would have been a large salary, and would doubtless have

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been promptly paid, but no offer could then induce him to leave the work in which he was engaged. On many accounts he greatly preferred the work of an Evangelist to all others. It afforded him an opportunity of supplying the destitute with at least the occasional means of grace. He remarked to the writer, a short time before his death, that in no year of his life had he enjoyed so much of the Divine presence. That, besides the delight it afforded him to feed the hungry with the Bread of Life, he had enjoyed, in his solitary rides through the lonely forests, a communion with the Saviour and the Spirit of all grace, that far exceeded all the former enjoyments of his life.

At the expiration of the year, he was in some hesitancy whether to continue his itinerating agency or to take charge of a congregation. Many of his friends advised the latter, as they feared the effects of exposure to the seasons at his advanced age. But he greatly preferred the former. While revolving this subject, he left his home, intending to visit Helena, where he expected to preach for several days in succession, and administer the Lord's supper on the Sabbath; the Church there being vacant. He stopped at Little Rock on his way, intending to spend the Sabbath at that place, and to proceed thence to Helena. But here the Master, whom he so truly loved, and whom he had so long and so devotedly served, gently intimated to him that his service was over, that his toils were ended, and that it was His will that he should come home and enjoy the rest which he had prepared for His people.

The following sketch of the last days and hours of

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this excellent man, kindly furnished by the Rev. Thomas R. Welch, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Little Rock, will be read with that melancholy interest and pleasure, which always accompanies the recital of the closing scenes of an eminent servant of the Lord Jesus:

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS,
December, 17, 1860.

Rev. J. W. MOORE,

Dear Brother: I cheerfully comply with your request for a brief sketch of the late Rev. Cephas Washburn. Permit me to say that my knowledge of him was limited to the term of a few years; and during that time, it was not otherwise intimate than the ordinary acquaintance of young men with their seniors in the same Presbytery may be expected to be. He kindly treated me as a child, and I loved him as a father. He was a generous-hearted, whole-souled man—one of Nature's noblemen. In his intercourse with his fellow men, and especially with Christians and Christian ministers, he ever manifested the utmost simplicity of manner and honesty of affection. He was proverbial for his kind, generous and affectionate conversation.

Few men were ever better qualified to administer comfort to the sorrowing children of affliction than he was. His name is fondly cherished in the memory of many stricken families in our land, where he laboured to bless and save his fellow creatures. We may, with eminent propriety, say that he was a "son of consolation."

As a preacher, Mr. Washburn possessed many

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admirable qualities. His voice was good and his manner natural and easy. His perceptions were clear and quick; and he saw the remote relations of things, almost as by intuition. He reasoned with great directness and force, marching forward to his conclusion by a path so luminous that his hearers generally felt constrained to follow him. He preached with a boldness and fervour that left no one in doubt as to the sincerity and strength of his convictions. The doctrines of Scripture he was inclined to express in the language of Scripture. He stated the whole truth with all plainness as he held it; for he regarded it as his duty to preach the truth, and the duty of his hearers to receive it; and it deserves to be stated, as showing how much undoubted honesty and unmixed simplicity of purpose will effect, that, at the time of his death, he stood among Christians and ministers of other denominations almost as high as among those of his own, notwithstanding he was accustomed to argue points of denominational difference with great plainness and force.

But his highest excellence was his devoted piety; he seemed always ready to do the will of his heavenly Father, and always to live as if he were longing to breathe the atmosphere of heaven. It was manifest to all who witnessed his daily walk, that the commanding purpose of his life was to glorify God in the faithful discharge of all his duties. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and a consistent every-day Christian. He was never so happy as when actively employed in his Master's work. He received the summons from his Master to come up higher, while away from home, engaged in His service.

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He left his home at Norristown, on Thursday, and came to Little Rock, where he expected to spend the Sabbath, and then go to Helena to hold a series of meetings as Presbyterial Evangelist. When I met him on Friday he seemed in better health than usual, and more cheerful in prospect of doing good in his Master's work. On Saturday he spent the day with me, and talked freely of his plans and his prospects of usefulness. But soon after he left my house, and by the time he reached the home of Dr. R. L. Dodge, his life-long friend, he was stricken down with pneumonia. His last sufferings were borne with marked Christian submission. Although he was not considered dangerously ill by the attending physician until Saturday morning, still he spoke of the prospect of his death several times during the week, and always with composure and strong faith in God.

On Thursday he appeared to be more cheerful than usual, and when I entered his room he remarked, "I am glad to see you, my brother; I am an old man, near my end. My advice to you is, *preach Christ, preach Christ.* Be more faithful than I have been." Just as he had concluded this solemn charge, a little girl came to the foot of his bed, and he said to her, in the most affectionate manner, "Mary, what would I now do without Christ? I am on a dying bed, and how could I do without my Saviour? Mary, you will one day be on your dying bed, and what will you then do without Christ? Seek Him *now*, that you may find Him precious then; for He *is* precious to them that believe."

His attending physician called about this time, and

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he said to him, "Doctor, you have been very kind to me, and I am thankful to you for your kindness. Doctor, I want you to attend to the great salvation." The Doctor replied: "I will talk about that after awhile; you are now very sick." "I know that," said he, "but I want you to attend personally to the great salvation, for without a personal interest in Christ you can never be saved."

On Saturday morning he became much worse, and continued to sink until he breathed his last, at about four o'clock in the afternoon.

During the day he often exclaimed: "Glory, glory, precious Saviour, precious Saviour! I am in the land of Beulah; and, oh, it is wonderful, wonderful! What glorious views of the New Jerusalem! I shall soon ascend those blessed heights, and be at rest forever in the presence of God." He spoke to every one in the room, and urged them to be faithful to God, and telling them they would then find Christ to be precious to their souls. When the clock struck three, he remarked, "It is only three o'clock; do you think that I will be at home before night? Oh, I long to be at rest." After a few minutes, during which he appeared to be engaged in prayer, he said: "This is my dying injunction to my family: Trust in God, and wait in love and filial obedience till He shall call you home. By-and-by God will come and take you to Himself." A few minutes after this he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. I never saw and never imagined a death-bed where there was so little of death. Indeed his chamber was cheerful, and bore unmistakable testimony to the sustaining power of a simple faith in

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Jesus. My heart unbidden, said: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." With sentiments of profound respect for the memory of the deceased, and for yourself,

I am, yours, very truly,

THOS. R. WELCH.

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CHAPTER VII.

Conclusion.

A FEW additional remarks will close this brief memoir:

If there be real honour upon earth, it belongs to such a character as that which we have been contemplating. God had gifted him with talents of a superiour order. His mind was highly cultivated. He possessed all the attributes of human nature which fit a man to adorn the most refined circles. He might have chosen a profession which would have promised him wealth and wordly distinctions; and yet, with all these allurements before him, he chose to devote his best days to obscurity among the benighted heathen. And this decision was not made in a moody or monkish spirit; but in the calm, deliberate exercise of a cheerful and happy mind. It was in humble imitation of Him who came down to our ruined world to seek and save that which was lost. Some, in their ignorance, thought of him, "what a pity that such talents, such education, such winning manners and such capacities for usefulness, had not been employed in some city congregation, or in the chair of some Theological Seminary." But our ways are not the ways of the Most High, nor are our thoughts as His thoughts. The day will, no doubt, declare it, that all these qualifications were necessary for the work which he was raised up to perform.

Mr. Washburn was a model for young ministers.

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His whole heart was in his Master's service. He seemed intent that no opportunity should pass without an effort to say or do something for the spiritual welfare of those to whom he had access. A transient interview with a stranger on the highway was not suffered to pass without some kind word to direct him on the pathway to a better world. I have known him, during a short call to escape a shower or to receive refreshments, to be soon earnestly engaged in faithful conversation with some member of the family in relation to eternal things; and all this was performed in a manner so easy, that it seemed natural to him.

Many, we know, excuse themselves from such exercises by saying, that they are not gifted with the abilities to perform them with profit to others. Such persons, however, should reflect that habits may be acquired. May not God bestow the capacity upon those who earnestly covet it, and ask for it? Or, perhaps, it requires only to be developed by exercise. A word spoken in due season, how good is it! The apostle seems to have such labours in view when he exhorts Timothy to be instant in season and out of season, in preaching the word. Too many regard the exercises of the pulpit as the simple performance of the ministerial avocation; and, consequently, receive not its solemn admonitions, as directed to themselves. But when such are personally addressed by one whom they know to have an interest in their eternal well being, it is not easy for them to remain unimpressed. The writer was never so deeply struck with the true greatness of the late Dr. John Breckinridge as when he once discovered him affectionately urging upon a

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poor old, way-faring man, the importance of preparation for the eternal world. But we have a higher example. The Son of man, though weary with His journey, and while sitting *thus* on Jacob's well, would not suffer the poor woman of Samaria to leave Him without a word of instruction respecting the "Living Water." And, oh! the consequences of that short interview! She knew that the Messias was to come, who should tell them all things. But what must have been her emotions when Jesus said, "I that speak unto thee, am He!" She leaves her water pot, hastens into the city, calls her friends, and says, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did! Is not this the Christ?" And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on Him for the sayings of the woman. They, moreover, besought Him that He would tarry with them; and He abode there two days; and many more believed because of His own word. These were blessed days. What glorious results from an apparently casual remark by the way!

Some might imagine that such a course would render a minister repulsive, especially to the young and indifferent. This will, however, depend very much upon the manner and the spirit with which such exercises are conducted. Who ever took offence when admonished in a benevolent spirit, that he was in danger of losing some valuable piece of temporal property? In years past, certain "revival preachers," falsely so-called, seemed to entertain the idea that, in order to benefit the soul of the sinner, he must first be insulted and made angry. It is hardly necessary to say, that neither Scripture nor reason justifies such a method of

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presenting the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. Mr. Washburn's manner of inviting the thoughtless to embrace the gospel was most happy. He knew, also, the proper season to introduce such topics—that there is a time to keep silence, as well as a time to speak. Nor did he think it improper, at times, to engage in cheerful, and even amusing conversation, when the tendency of the subjects was not in opposition to the Spirit of the Gospel.

He was most happy in illustration. As an instance, a young man, whose thoughts were turned towards the ministry, expressed a great desire to enter immediately into the sacred office. Mr. Washburn laboured to convince him that he was in too great haste, telling him that a man must have knowledge himself before he can communicate it to others; that a minister, to command respect, must be regarded as a scholar; that a well trained mind is necessary to present truth in a simple and forcible manner; and, that the great doctrines of the Bible, embracing the interests of eternity, should not be committed to unskilful hands. To all these arguments the young man still interposed the words, "But the fields are white already to harvest." "True," said Mr. Washburn; "but suppose a man, in his haste to save his ripe wheat, should take a cradle whose scythe is *unground*, and enter his field and slash away upon his wheat with his dull scythe, would he evince more judgment than the man who should wait until he had first ground his scythe?"

Although mildness was the predominating characteristic of his mind, few men could reprove with more awful severity, as the following instance will show:

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A minister of the gospel, who held an important office under the United States government, practiced, as he believed, gross injustice in his transactions with the Indians. Mr. Washburn addressed him a letter, which, for directness, fidelity, and pungency, has seldom been surpassed. After a terrible array of facts and arguments, which I deem proper to omit, here follows the conclusion:

"Who, then, I ask again, is responsible for the fearful consequences of the treaty of 1835? The government of the United States? Yes, a tremendous responsibility rests upon our government for that transaction. By that treaty, a foul stain is fixed upon our national escutcheon, which is now indelible. No subsequent act can wash it away. It will not be washed away in all time, nor in all eternity. But the heavy weight of responsibility rests upon *you*. You cannot throw it off. You cannot excuse the agency you had in the act. You cannot palliate it. The Cherokees hold you responsible; so do the people of the United States; so does the Church of God; so does the civilized world; and so does the Judge of all. The stain it fixes upon you, as a minister, as a Christain, as a man, is black and indellible. It will, no doubt, perpetuate your name to the latest posterity. But it is a name of infamy. In the view of man, and in all future time, you will remain under the onerous burden of infamy. But adorable are the riches of Divine grace. With God is forgiveness! The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth from all sin. To the fountain of that blood I would urge you to repair. There wait,

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and weep, and pray; confess your sin and humble your heart. Oh, trust in that Saviour. He will not cast you out, if you come to Him. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the very chief. Do not, my dear sir, be offended with my plainness. I write in love to your soul, and under anxious solicitude for your eternal interests. Do not slight the warning I give you; but by speedy repentance prepare to meet your God. May His grace and Spirit lead you to repentance, seal your forgiveness, and secure your salvation.

Very respectfully,
Your soul's friend,
C. WASHBURN."

It has already been observed that the subject of this memoir was born and educated in the land of Puritanism, and that he received ordination at the hands of Congregationalists. It must, however, be remembered that the Congregationalism of fifty years ago was a very different thing from the Congregationalism of the present day. At that time the New England Primer was among the first books put into the hands of children, and the Shorter Catechism which it contained formed the basis of their religious belief. The theology of Jonathan Edwards and of Timothy Dwight still held sway in their pulpits. The Beechers and Cheevers and Garrisons had not then risen up to scatter the seeds of error and infidelity broadcast over the land. The form of Church government constituted the principal difference between the Congregational and Presbyte-

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rian Churches. In his earlier years, Mr. Washburn regarded this difference as of trivial importance. But after he had been providentially thrown in proximity with the Presbyterian Church, had studied its characteristics and witnessed its tendency, he became fully convinced that it was not only more scriptural, but that in all respects it was better adapted to exclude error and preserve purity of doctrine. When speaking of the fearful strides of fanaticism and infidelity, as recently developed in the land of his fathers, he was often heard to say that, *Congregationalism had not power sufficient to keep out heresy.*

Among the many lovely traits of character exhibited by this devoted servant of Christ, it would be wrong to pass over his entire freedom from bigotry and exclusiveness. He sincerely loved the image of his Master, regardless of the particular denomination among whom it might be found. And though a decided Presbyterian and Calvinist, his discourses were awlays listened to with edification and delight by members of other evangelical Churches. The following incident was not an unusual illustration of this remark:

When travelling in a part of the country where he was not generally known, and being detained for a short time, he delivered a discourse to the citizens. As usual, he held forth the Saviour as the sinner's friend, and the Gospel as His message of mercy to a perishing world. At the close of his discourse, he was met at the foot of the stand by two aged men of different persuasions, when one of them taking him by the hand, with strong emotions, accosted him in

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words to the following import: "Stranger, you have given us a most precious Baptist discourse, to-day." The other giving his hand, with equal ardour, replied: "Well, I thought it one of the best Methodist sermons I had listened to for many a day."

Such instances are suggestive of the delightful fact, that the simple and essential truths of the Gospel are dear to all who truly love the Saviour, let their names be what they may. Whitefield imagines Abraham as speaking from heaven and saying, "We have no Episcopalians, no Methodists, no Presbyterians, no Baptists here, but all who walk these celestial plains truly loved and followed the Saviour, while they lived on earth." In accordance with these liberal views, Mr. Washburn never failed, at communion seasons, cordially to invite the members of all evangelical churches to participate in the commemoration of their common Saviour's dying love.

How different this from that contracted spirit which excludes from the table of the Lord the most exemplary follower of the Lamb, simply because he cannot see scriptural authourity for going down under the water, in that ordinance which represents the Spirit's descending influences! And also, from that kindred spirit, which would shut out from the "covenanted mercies of God," all who cannot see either scriptural reason or historical evidence for an unbroken succession of apostolical bishops, from the days of the Apostles to the present time, and who cannot trace, through the corruptions of the dark ages, their connection with the Apostles by such a claim!

To be able to distinguish with clearness the line

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which marks the boundary between soul-destroying heresy, and non-essential error, is an important part of ministerial knowledge. That such a distinction does exist, is plainly taught in the Word of God. Some teach doctrines which subvert the very foundations of Gospel truth, and which are declared by an apostle to be "damnable" in their tendency. While others, who hold the true foundation, may build thereon, wood, hay, and stubble. These unsubstantial materials will all be consumed by the fire which will try every man's work, of what sort it is. But while the builder suffers loss, inasmuch as he stands on the Rock of Ages, he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire. Here are too classes of errorists. But how wide the difference between! The one we are not to bid God-speed, nor to receive into our houses, as religious instructors, lest we be partakers of their evil deeds. But should we attempt to treat every grade of error according to this injunction, it would soon extinguish charity, and cherish that spirit which would command fire from heaven upon all who do not follow with us.

I have now finished this imperfect sketch of one who like Brainerd, Martyn, and Swartz, was willing to forego the comforts of civilized life, and spend the best of his days amid the darkness of paganism. Some such noble spirits still remain on earth, and are now toiling in obscurity. Many others are wanted to carry on the Master's work in heathen lands. The spirit of Missions, is simply the spirit of Him who left the realms of Light, and came down to our dark world to seek and to save that which was lost. The Saviour does not indeed require all who enter the ministry to

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go to the heathen, but it may safely be said that all who enter the ministry from proper motives, would do so, if satisfied that such was their Master's will.

Much has been said in recent times on the fewness of candidates for the supply of our own pulpits, and for the demand in foreign fields. One reason frequently assigned for this deficiency, is the inadequacy of the support generally held out to those who enter upon the work of the ministry. In other words, it is alleged that if better salaries could be promised, many who now turn their attention to the legal and medical professions would be induced to choose the ministry. Now it is not denied but that great guilt rests upon many churches for their penuriousnesss. They famish their own souls and make infidels of their children, as well as starve their ministers and cripple their usefulness, by witholding from them the just reward of their labours; and yet, most assuredly, the spirit of the objection now urged is not from above. It is of the earth, earthy. Christ's kingdom will never rise in its millennial grandeur until our young men come forward like Paul, counting not their own lives dear to them, so that they may simply enjoy the privilege of living, labouring, and if need be, dying for Him. What should we think, were we to read that Saul of Tarsus, while lying upon the plains of Damascus, when the Saviour called him to be a minister and a witness for Him, had replied, "Lord, I cannot consent to labour for Thee, unless Thou first givest me assurance that I shall receive a competent support for my services. I know, and Thou knowest, that I possess more than ordinary talents. I have, moreover, received a splen-

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did education, having sat so long at the feet of Gamaliel. I trust, therefore, that I shall at least be permitted to take charge of a church at Athens, or Rome, or Corinth, where my hearers may be capable of appreciating my abilities, as well as profiting by my instructions, and where they have wealth sufficient to maintain me and my family, should I have one, in style correspondent with my character and standing; and let me farther say, that unless I have satisfactory assurance on these points, I must turn my attention to some other profession, as I know that my talents and education will insure me a good support at the bar, or in some political station."

Let not the above be regarded as extravagant. It is but an embodiment of the sentiments of the objection in question. But Saul's first inquiry simply was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do!" And the spirit of this inquiry evidently governed the actions of his whole future life. To be mocked at Athens; to be carried a prisoner to Rome; to be sent far off to the Gentiles, excited no murmurings in his bosom, because he counted all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus, his Lord; and when he speaks of weariness, hunger, thirst, nakedness and cold, which he endured, it is not by way of murmuring or complaint, but to let the world know that he took pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions and distresses for Christ's sake.

Now, what authourity have we for presuming that this spirit of self-denial and of self-sacrifice was to terminate with the apostolic age? That the world is yet to belong to Christ, no believer in Divine Revela-

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tion for one moment doubts. The heathen are promised to Him for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. And are there no obstacles yet remaining in the way of the world's conversion? Will Paganism, and Mohammedanism, and Romanism, infidelity and worldly-mindedness yield without a conflict? No, assuredly. But although all these are arrayed in deadly hostility against the Prince of Peace, the final victory is not only certain; but, as we must believe, very near at hand. "And I saw heaven opened," says the apostle, when describing the scenes which are to usher in the triumphs of that glorious day, "and behold a white horse and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on His head were many crowns, and He had a name written that no man knew but He Himself. And He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood; and His name is called, the Word of God."

Now, although the imagery which accompanies this sublime prediction be highly figurative, does it not foreshadow anything else than a state of calmness and repose? Does it not imply that the Son of man is about to carry on an aggressive warfare against the Powers of Darkness, and that the nation and kingdom that will not serve Him, shall perish? In this holy warfare the Prince of Peace requires many soldiers, many subordinate officers. "Armies" are represented as following Him upon white horses. The world will never be converted to Christ while his followers stand simply on the defensive. Every strong-

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hold of the enemy must be carried; many a forlorn hope must yet be led. Many names may yet be recorded, both of males and females, who, like the Freemans, the Campbells, the Johnsons and McMullens, on the plains of India, fell, where no marble monument will ever mark the spot where their mangled bodies lie.

Happy they to whom such a spirit is given! Thrice happy they who are permitted so to die!

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REMINISCENCES

OF

THE INDIANS.

BY

REV. CEPHAS WASHBURN.

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REMINISCENCES.

LETTER I.

Origin of the Cherokee Nation West.

REV. J. W. MOORE,

My Dear Brother: As it is at your repeated and earnest solicitation, that the following "Reminiscences of the Indians," were committed to writing, I have thought that the form, as little exceptionable as any other, would be that of letters addressed to yourself. Such a form will serve in the place of a dedication; and will be a record of that friendship and fraternal regard which has subsisted between us on earth, for nearly thirty years; and which, I trust, will soon be perpetuated in heaven.

Before entering upon any of my personal reminiscences, it may be interesting to give some account of the first settlement of Cherokees west of the Mississippi river, and which led to the division of that tribe into Eastern and Western Cherokees. At the close of the war of the Revolution, large numbers of royalists, called Tories, by the champions of freedom and independence, took refuge among the Indian tribes. This was especially true of the royalists in South Carolina and Georgia. By the instigation of these royalists, several of the southern Indian tribes engaged

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in hostilities against the United States. The Cherokees were among those who thus engaged, on the pretext that the citizens of the United States were intruding upon their "hunting-grounds." This pretext was founded in truth. This war with the Cherokees continued till 1785, the date of the first treaty between the Cherokees and the United States government. By this treaty, the Cherokees relinquished some of their lands, and the boundaries of their Nation were accurately defined. In consideration of the lands ceded by this treaty, the United States stipulated to pay to the Cherokees certain annuities. The first payment under this treaty took place, I think, in 1792. All the Cherokee people were convened for this purpose at a place in East Tennessee, called "Tellico Block-House." This payment went off in harmony, and to the satisfaction of all the Cherokee towns; and the people started for their homes in peace.

One of the Cherokee towns was in the southwest part of their country, within the limits of the present State of Alabama. The inhabitants of this town were returning from the annuity, and had encamped, for the purpose of rest, and to procure food by hunting, on the bank of the Tennessee river, at the upper end of the Muscle Shoals. While thus encamped, several boats, containing emigrants to Louisiana, came down the river, and landed at the head of the Shoals. On board were two men, named Stewart and Scott, who had goods for the purpose of traffic with the Indians through whose country they were to pass. Among the *goods*, there was, of course, a full supply of whiskey. These men soon ascertained that the Cherokees

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had money, and their cupidity was excited. They invited the Cherokess aboard, and freely treated them with whiskey, until they were all drunk. They then displayed their Indian goods, consisting mainly of beads, vermillion and other paints, and pocket-mirrors in gilded frames. These they sold at the rate of twelve dollars for a string of glass beads, sixteen dollars for a mirror, and thirty dollars an ounce for their paints.

The result was, the Cherokees and their money were soon parted. When the fumes of the whiskey had passed off, and they were again sober, they perceived that their money was all gone, and that they had nothing of real value in return for it. The chief of the party, named The Bowl, and subsequently known as General Bowls, went aboard the boats, and remonstrated with Stewart and Scott. He returned all the mirrors, and beads, and paints, and offered to pay for the whiskey at the rate of four dollars a gallon, and requested a return of the balance of the money. This offer was indignantly spurned, and he was ordered off the boat. When he ascended the bank to his people, and reported the refusal of his offer, they were greatly incensed; and commenced loading their rifles. The Bowl, wishing to avoid all violence and outrage, took two of the most calm and deliberate of his men with him, and went aboard again to remonstrate against the fraud, and to warn the traders of the exasperated state of the Indians on shore. Stewart and Scott, instead of heeding his warning, seized each a boat-pole and commenced an attack upon the three on board. Stewart plunged the iron socket of his pole into the breast of one of the men, and instantly

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killed him. Scott struck another on the head with his pole and knocked him down, and then threw him into the river. He either drowned or was killed by the blow on his head. The Bowl escaped unhurt to land, and still tried to restrain his men; but his efforts were vain. They were exasperated beyond endurance. They fired upon Stewart and Scott, who instantly were killed. They then went aboard and killed every white man aboard the boat, saving the women and children and servants alive.

After this bloody tragedy, which is known as the "Muscle Shoals Massacre," the whole party of Cherokees went aboard the boats, descended the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi, to the mouth of the St. Francis river. There they placed all the white women and children in one boat; relinquished to them all the furniture which they claimed; granted to each of the married ladies a female servant; put on board an ample stock of provisions, and four strong and faithful black men, and let them descend the Mississippi to New Orleans, the place of their destination. With one of these ladies I afterwards became well acquainted. At her residence I have frequently domiciled, when visiting New Orleans, and found her, though a widow, truly "a mother in Israel." She was to New Orleans, what Mrs. Issabella Graham was to New York. It was from her lips that I received the foregoing particulars. She often spoke of the kindness and courtesy with which she and all the white ladies and children were treated by The Bowl and his party.

But to return to my narrative. After the depar-

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ture of the boat for New Orleans, The Bowl and his party ran the other boats, with their contents of goods, servants, etc., a few miles up the St. Francis river to await the issue of the affair. They feared that their conduct at the Muscle Shoals, would be regarded by our government as a violation of the treaty of amity, and as a renewal of hostility. As soon as the massacre of Muscle Shoals was known by the Cherokees in their towns, they convened a general council, and in a memorial to the United States government, declared that they had no part in the tragedy; that they wished to be at peace with the United States; and that they would do all in their power to aid the United States in bringing them to justice. They sent to The Bowl and his party to return, and submit to a trial for taking the lives of white citizens of the United States. When this whole matter was investigated by the government of the United States, the Cherokees were fully justified; and the property was confiscated, and declared by treaty to belong justly to the perpetrators of the "Muscle Shoals Massacre."

The course pursued by the Cherokee council towards the refugees tended to alienate their minds from their people in the home of their fathers, and made them less reluctant to remain in their new homes west of the Mississippi. Added to this, the abundance of game, the fertility of the soil, and the blandness of the climate, soon made them prefer their homes here to those where they had resided in the east. Other parties, who crossed the Mississippi for the purpose of hunting and trapping, when they saw the prosperity of these original refugees, joined them. In 1812, by an arrangement of

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the government, they removed from St. Francis and White rivers and settled on the Arkansas. In 1813, a considerable accession was made to their number by voluntary emigration from the old Nation; and they became so numerous, that an agent of the United States was sent to reside among them; and from that time, until the whole tribe were united in the west of the State of Arkansas, in 1839, they were known and treated with as the "Arkansas Cherokees; or the Cherokee Nation West." By the Treaty of Turkey-town, in 1817, the government stipulated to give the Arkansas Cherokees as much land, "acre for acre," between the Arkansas and White rivers, as they would cede of their domain in the east, beside paying to emigrants for their improvements, transport them to their new homes, subsist them for twelve months after their arrival, besides other perquisites and valuable considerations. The result of this treaty was a considerable emigration from the east to the west, in the years 1818 and 1819. From that time till their union by the treaty of 1835, which was not effected, in fact, till 1839, the Arkansas Cherokees were estimated at one-third of the whole tribe. Thus, I have given you a succinct account of the origin of the "Cherokee Nation West." I have omitted many details for the sake of brevity. So much seemed necessary as an introduction to the Reminiscences, in the following sheets of these letters.

Yours, truly,

C. W.

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LETTER II.

Perilous Journeys—Organization of the Mission.

VERY DEAR BROTHER: Among the misteries, (not of godliness, but of the *want* of godliness,) existing in our American Zion, is the fact that she remained asleep so long in reference to the Saviour's ascending command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." I was nineteen years old when the first foreign missionaries sailed from our shores. And when the Churches were imbued with the spirit of missions, it is wonderful that the heathen in our own land were overlooked, and the whole field of vision seemed filled with the idol worshippers on foreign shores. When brother Kingsbury started on his mission to the Indians, he was regarded by a majority in the Church as little better than a second Don Quixote. The Indians were regarded as outcasts in Divine Providence, who had been forgotten in the exuberance of Divine love, and overlooked in the provisions of redeeming mercy.

To this I know there were honourable individual exceptions, but such was the prevailing feeling in the American Church. Brother Kingsbury had a faith which brought these poor outcasts within the pale of Christ's power to save, and animated by that faith he took his lonely way to the Cherokee Nation. He commenced a mission there in the autumn of 1816. His faith was not misplaced. God was with him and blessed his labours. Souls were converted to God

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among the Cherokees before any of our other missions had been blessed by the converting power of the Holy Spirit. In this way God aroused the Churches, and excited an interest for our red aborigines. That Mission among the Cherokees was visited in the spring of 1818, by Jeremiah Evarts, Esq., at that time Treasurer of the American Board. During that visit he had an interview with Tol-on-tus-ky, the principal chief of the Arkansas Cherokees. That chief expressed a wish to have a mission sent to his people, and Mr. Evarts promised to comply with his request as soon as it could be done. In the autumn of that same year I was accepted as a missionary of that Board, and sent out to the State of Georgia as an agent. In that capacity I laboured and as a domestic missionary of the Savannah Missionary Society for one year.

In the autumn of 1819 I was instructed to commence my journey to Arkansas to commence a mission among the Arkansas Cherokees. My journey led me through the old Cherokee Nation and by the Mission at Brainerd, which I was instructed to visit, and the plan of which I was instructed minutely to study. While at Brainerd, I was joined by my brother-in-law, Rev. Alfred Finney, who was associated with me in the establishment of the Arkansas Cherokee Mission. On the 19th November, 1819, we took up our line of travel from Brainerd for the wilderness of Arkansas. Our whole company consisted of Rev. Mr. Finney, wife and one child, myself, wife and one child, and Miss Minerva Washburn, afterwards Mrs. Orr. We had a two-horse wagon,

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and a one-horse wagon. We were instructed to go through the Chickasaw and Choctaw Nations, and to leave our wives, and children, and Miss Washburn at Elliott, a mission station among the Choctaws, and to proceed, ourselves, to Arkansas, and make some preparations for our families, and then to return for them. Had we been a month earlier in the year, we might have made the journey to Elliott without difficulty; as it was we had a most laborious, tedious, and trying journey. We reached the Chickasaw Nation on the "Old Natchez Trail," amid the rains of the winter solstice. The notorious "Chickasaw Swamps" were horrible. Our first day's travel in the Chickasaw Nation was over a high pine country and was comparatively pleasant. Hitherto, we had found a house at which to stay every night but one, and then were where we could easily get fire; but now we were in the midst of the forest and must lie out. Our fireworks proved to be defective, and we utterly failed to make fire.

It was then concluded that I should take one of the horses and ride back three miles to a cabin we had passed, and get fire. This I did, and when about half the distance back, the fire suddenly blazed up and frightened the horse. I was obliged to throw away the fire. I got down in time to save the fire, and concluded to walk and lead my horse, as he would not suffer me to mount him with the fire in my hand. In this way I went on till I came to a house three miles beyond the company. [I had taken a road which led me off the one we had travelled, though it united with it again after I had passed the company.] I now

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abandoned the fire and determined to find my way to my companions. This I did, and reached the wagons about ten o'clock. Mr. Finney now and Miss Washburn determined to go after fire on foot. They were successful, and returned with the desired element about midnight. We cooked our supper and were ready to lie down under our blanket tent, and on the ground, in time to get some sleep. But we were destined to some further disturbance. The wind had risen, and our fire was kindled against a large pine log. The sap or outside of this log was damp and soggy, but within, it was "fat" with rosin or pitch. The fire got hold of this, and the wind caused a very high flame to rise. Large glary sparks were flying all around. We were roused from sleep by the suffocating smoke. We found our blanket house over our heads, and our beds beneath us, to be on fire. Happly we were able to put out the fire before much injury was done. We removed to a safer situation and were quiet till the morning. From the experience of this night, we learned some lessons about "camping out," which have been of use to us ever since. The next day we took the swamps. These we shall never forget. The whole country for miles was almost a dead level, and at that time covered with water from the great rains of the season.

Every few miles, and sometimes much oftener, these flats were permeated by creeks and smaller watercourses, distinguished often only by a current. Many of these streams were swimming. The general character of the soil, if soil it may be called, was an exceedingly adhesive clay, underlain by quick-sands.

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Sometimes these quick-sands were so near the surface, that our wagons, the moment they entered them, would sink to the axletrees. Experience alone could teach us where these pits of sand were. We knew their location, when we were in them, but till then their appearance was precisely like the circumjacent land, or rather land and water commingled in a chaotic mass. On one occasion, Mr. Finney was driving his wagon in advance of mine. Suddenly his horses and wagon sank down into the quick-sand. The wagon cover knocked off his hat, which fell just before the wagon wheel, and it was carried down and was irrecoverably lost. For several days he was perforce compelled to adopt the fashion of the country, and wear a turban on his head instead of a hat. In this instance, by turning about eight or ten feet aside, I was able to avoid the quick-sand with my wagon. On another occasion we came to a creek. Of its depth we were ignorant. It was concluded to take Mrs. Finney and her babe and Mrs. Washburn in the two-horse wagon, and that Miss Washburn and our babe should go over in the other carriage. Mr. Finney started in with his two horses, and the wagon soon stuck in the clayey bed, and was immovable. We had now with us a man who had been sent out from Elliott to meet and assist us. He first took Mrs. Finney in his arms and carried her safe to land. The water was above his hips. Then Mrs. Finney's babe was carried out. In attempting to carry Mrs. Washburn, he made a misstep, and let her fall into the stream. She waded to land. When the wagon was unloaded, it was with difficulty got out of the stream.

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In the mean time, I found a large fallen tree extending over the stream. To this I drove the carriage, carried the babe over, and assisted Miss Washburn to cross. Then the horse was taken out and driven across; and we hauled the wagon over by hand on the fallen tree. Our progress was very slow.

One day we started very early, in hopes of being able to reach a place where we might find "entertainment for man and beast," as the inn-keepers have it. When we had proceeded about a half mile, we came to a little stream. In the bed of this the horses sank to their bellies, and the wagon to the axletrees. It was very cold, the ice being of an inch thickness over the water of the stream. Into this we were obliged to wade; and in that mud and water and ice, we had to labour from sunrise till four o'clock, P. M. On casting up our Log at camp that night, we found that our day's progress amounted to one mile and a half. From three to seven miles per diem was our average progress.

In one instance we arrived at the bank of a creek which we percieved to be rising very rapidly; and learning from an Indian, who lived near, that it was not swimming at the ford, we made all haste to get all the ladies and babes into the two-horse wagon, and to cross before it would be impassable. The passage was made in safety, though the wagon bed was half filled with water. Then I attempted to follow with the other wagon. I had no sooner got into the stream than the fore wheels separated from the body and hind wheels; the horse and fore wheels went safe to land, and the body, with myself, floated down the current.

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This new-fashioned boat soon lodged against some drift wood. I had a bed-cord and a hammer in the box of the wagon. I tied the hammer to one end of the cord, and holding the other end in my hand, I threw the hammer to land. By this means Mr. Finney got hold of the cord, and safely towed me to shore, where I could unite the severed parts of my wagon, and be ready to move on our way.

After innumerable mishaps, and exposures, and much toil, we reached the point on the "Natchez Trail," where we were to leave it, and travel through a wilderness in which a wheeled carriage had never passed. Our distance now from Elliott was sixty miles. There was but little swamp, but there was no road, and many water-courses to pass. A little after mid-day, (the first day of this part of our journey,) it commenced raining very hard. The rain soon turned to sleet, and finally to snow. Just before night one of our wagons stuck in the mud in the bottom of a small creek. The women and children had to get out, exposed to the pittiless storm. We concluded to stop here for the night; but before we could get a "camp" erected and a fire kindled, the cloaks of the ladies were so covered with ice that they would stand alone. The night was extremely cold; and neither Mr. Finney nor myself lay down all night. We kept up to keep up sufficient fire to preserve the women and children from suffering.

We had great difficulty on this part of our journey in crossing the streams. The banks were deep and almost perpendicular. Where we could do so, we would dig them down, so as to make them passable.

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For this purpose, we had furnished ourselves with a hoe and spade. It was very laborious and tedious. In two instances, we felled two small trees across the streams so near together that the wheel hubs would roll on them and the wheels be on the outside. We would haul the wagons to the very verge, and then take off the horses and drive them through the stream. We would then tie a bed-cord to the wagon-tongue, and tie a hammer to the other end; then roll the wagon on to the trees, and throw the hammer across. Then one would cross over on a log, and take hold of the cord to haul the wagon over, while the other would walk behind on one of the trees to steady the wagon and keep it from falling. In these cases, the women and children crossed on a log.

Before reaching Elliott, an axletree of one of our wagons was broken. This could not be repaired there. Mr. Finney remained with the wagons, and I obtained Indian ponies, and started with the ladies and babes and a missionary brother, sent to us from Elliott. Thus, toil-worn and weary, we reached the station a little after midnight on the 2d, or rather very early in the morning of the 3d of January, 1820. The next day Mr. Finney arrived with the wagons in safety.

To all our party this was a welcome and refreshing rest. At this sacred place we all remained, participating in their labours, trials, joys and sorrows, and enjoying most precious fraternal communion with the excellent band of missionary labourers there, until the middle of February, when Mr. Finney and myself commenced our journey to the field of our future labours.

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At that time Arkansas was a perfect *terra incognita*. The way to get there was unknown; and what it was, or was like, if you did get there, was still more an unrevealed mystery. We travelled in company with an Indian trader, who was taking peltries to market on pack horses. Our progress was slow; but after a journey of fourteen days, during which we had camped out every night but one, we reached the Mississippi river at a place then known as the "Walnut Hills," the cite of the present city of Vicksburg. Here we learned that twelve miles down the river there was a man who had been to Arkansas. We went to visit him, and sure enough we saw a "live man," who had seen Arkansas. He had ascended the Arkansas river to very near the Cherokee country. All he could tell us of the country was very little indeed. He, however, perfectly satisfied our minds that it was utterly impracticable to make the journey by land at that season of the year. We therefore retraced our steps to Elliot, making the journey pleasantly in five days. At this station, labouring with the devoted band for the improvement and salvation of the Choctaws, we remained till the 16th of May following, when again, leaving our ladies and babes, we started a second time for Arkansas.

We went to Walnut Hills as before, on horseback, and sent back our horses, to be taken by two men we had hired to the Post of Arkansas, a settlement on the Arkansas river forty miles from its mouth, where we were to remain until the men with our horses should arrive. After a detention of some days at Walnut Hills, we got aboard a steamer, and landed

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in Arkansas at the mouth of White river, on the 2d of June, 1820.

Here we purchased a skiff, and, for the first time, tried our skill as watermen. We ascended White river a few miles, and then, through the "Cut Off," entered the Arkansas river. Our trip was anything but pleasant. To us, unpracticed as we were, it was very laborious to row the skiff up stream; and at night our rest was prevented by myriads of musquitoes, against whose torturing bites and hateful buzz we had absolutely no protection. Sleep, under such circumstances, was utterly out of the question. Notwithstanding, we made the trip in safety in two days and a half. At the Post we found hospitable friends, and a quiet and comfortable boarding place, in the family of a Methodist local preacher.

While we are resting at the Post, I will go back and relate an incident which occurred on board the steamer, which may serve as an episode to this most dry and unpoetic narrative. On board the steamer we found two men belonging to Arkansas. One of these, Robert Bean, known then, and ever after, by the soubriquet of "Colonel Bob Bean," had been in Arkansas for several years, was well acquainted with the country and with the Cherokees, and a member of the Territorial Legislature. This man was intemperate, a gambler, and most horridly profane. With all these faults, as the sequel will show, he possessed no little share of the "milk of human kindness." He was quite intelligent; and we obtained much valuable information from him, particularly respecting the Cherokees and the Cherokee country. But his pro-

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faneness was shocking, so much so as to make the cabin of the boat unpleasant to any one who cherished a feeling of reverence for the Divine Being. In consequence I spent most of my time on the guards, when the weather would admit of it. One day, while thus on the guards, he came out, and in the kindest manner entered into a conversation with me, evincing a deep interest in our object, and a desire to be of use to us. But he interlarded every sentence with most horrid and blasphemous oaths. I appreciated his kindness, and wished to return it in a way to do him good. We were entirely alone, and could in no way be exposed; and in the kindest and gentlest manner possible to me, I reproved him for swearing. In a moment he was in a perfect rage. His countenance expressed the fierceness of a tiger; and, with awful oaths, he swore he would put me overboard if I ever reproved him again, or in any way interfered with his uttering whatever language he pleased. From this moment he seemed to imbibe the bitterest hatred towards me. Whenever I entered the cabin, or came in his sight, he would break out with the most dreadful oaths. He would relate every anecdote he could recall to mind, and I presume coined many anew, to make religion the but of laughter and ridicule. He even reproached his own father. He said his father was a great professor, and made all the children kneel down and listen to a prayer, every night and morning, an hour long; that after one of these long-winded prayers, he would get up from his knees and cheat a neighbour in a horse trade, and even, if he had a good chance, would steal a horse.

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I set him down as an utter reprobate, and of course avoided him as much as possible.

Now mark the sequel. The next September I had appointed to visit some points in the Cherokee country to look out a suitable site for our Mission in company with the United States interpreter, a half-breed Cherokee. I was to meet him in the morning of a given day at the mouth of the Illinois Bayou. When I reached that point, I found a large number of white men who were going to look at the country in Lively's Purchase. Among them was Colonel Bob Bean. I at once determined not to ride in his company. I told my guide that I would follow their trail, and be at his house by night, as I had learned that the white land hunters designed staying at another place. I retired to the counting-room of a store and there remained till the party had been gone half an hour. Just as I was coming out of my retreat, I saw Colonel Bob Bean returning to the store. Of course I retreated again. He entered the store, and remarked, "I am going up to see my old mamma, and I must take her some sugar and coffee and tea."

"What!" said the clerk, "you a man of a family of your own, and not forgotten your mamma yet!"

With a quivering lip and tears running over his eyelids, he answered, "I have not forgotten my mamma, and I never shall, while I have a memory."

In an instant fifty per cent. of my dislike to the man was gone, and I said to myself, there is hope for that man yet. Still I did not wish to ride in his company, and I remained till he was out of sight. I then took the trail and rode on. At the foot of a moun-

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tain not more than four miles, I came up with the whole party, who had stopped at a spring to get a drink. I determined not to wait for them, and getting some directions from my guide, I rode on. Soon I heard the clatter of horses' feet, and looking back I saw Colonel Bean, evidently determined to overtake me. I did not attempt to escape him. He came up and gave me his hand. Said he, "I have wanted to see you more than any other man I ever met. You have not been out of my mind for an hour, when I have been awake, since I parted with you on the Mississippi. I want to ask your forgiveness for treating you in a most ruffian like manner, and I want to thank you for the kind and delicate manner in which you reproved me for swearing. I can never forgive myself, and I shall not blame you if you refuse to forgive me."

I assured him of my most hearty forgiveness, and my fervent prayers for his salvation. Ever after this Colonel Bob Bean and myself were the best of friends. I have known him ride fifteen miles to hear me preach; and every kindness in his power he was always ready to confer. I believe he would have become a truly good man, if he could have burst the fetters of intemperance. Poor man, he is dead now. Peace to his ashes. Perhaps in his dying moments he turned the eye of faith to the Lamb of God.

But I return to my narrative. We waited at the Post for our hired men and horses till we began to fear that the swamps of the Mississippi or the alligators had swallowed them up; or that they had perished with hunger. At last, after we had been at the Post sev-

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enteen days they arrived. They had encountered the most incredible hardships in the swamps. We now fixed upon the day to start up the river to the Cherokee country. It was to be on Monday, but on Sabbath evening two men assigned by the Board as our helpers, Messrs. Orr and Hitchcock, arrived at the Post. They had heard of us at the mouth of White river, and fearing lest we should leave the Post before they could overtake us, they had travelled, in a skiff, as we did, on the Sabbath. This, though a totally unexpected (for we had heard nothing of their appointment,) was a most joyful meeting.

After another day's detention to purchase another pack-horse, on Tuesday morning we started. Our caravan consisted of three pack-horses loaded with our clothing, a few necessary tools and cooking utensils and provisions, and six men of us on foot. Our nearest route lay through the "Grand Prairie," and on this route we commenced our pedestrian journey. The weather was very hot, and the meridian sun beat with such tremendous power upon us that we were compelled to seek the shelter of the timber. We turned in to what was then called the "River Trail." This would increase the distance we would have to travel some thirty miles, but we would all the way, except here and there a clearing, have the shelter of the dense foilage of the trees on the river margin.

Before night the first day we had all blistered feet, and legs more weary than I had ever felt before. Our days march amounted to no more than twenty-five miles. We found a comfortable habitation and very hospitable entertainment. The next day we pursued

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our journey as diligently as we were able, and camped in the midst of an extensive swamp, on the margin of what was called a lake, but was in reality only water, which had collected in a vast hollow during the spring overflow of the river, and was not yet evaporated by the sun. The whole surface was covered with a thick green scum. Our thirst compelled us to drink it, surcharged as it was with malaria. Of it also we made our coffee.

Here we had the pleasure of the company of innumerable swarms of musquitoes, but we were so fatigued with the day's travel that we were neither disposed or able to show much attention to our buzzing visitants. We slept till near day, when some of our company began to show some symptoms of disease. We resumed our toilsome journey in the morning, and continued for a day and a half longer, when we were compelled to stop on account of the serious sickness of Messrs. Finney and Orr. We found shelter and the most kind and hospitable entertainment at the house of a Mr. Embree. Mrs. Embree will never be forgotten by us. She "took us in," and treated us with all the kindness of a mother. She was also of very great benefit to us as a doctress and a nurse. She will not loose her reward.

The second day after our arrival at Mr. Embree's, both our hired men were taken down, leaving only Mr. Hitchcock and myself well. We now heard of the high lands and good water at Little Rock, and were assured that if we could get there we might hope to recover the health of all the party. But how were we to get there? It was manifest we could not

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proceed in the way we had hitherto travelled. Messrs. Finney and Orr were utterly prostrate with bilious remitting fever. The two hired men had the ague and fever, or as the people in the country called it, they had "regular shakes." At last it was concluded that one of the hired men could ride on horseback, and that the other could steer a canoe. So it was arranged that Mr. Hitchcock and one of the hired men should take the horses through by land to Little Rock. I procured a canoe and hired a waterman to assist me. In the back part of the canoe we fixed up an awning of blankets to protect the two sick brethren from the scorching sun; quite in the stern the hired man was placed to steer, and in the forward part, with poles and paddles, was the waterman and myself to work the craft up the river. In this way, with much toil, we accomplished this part of our journey. Our sick brethren suffered much, but were no worse on our arrival at the Rock than when we left Embree's. Little Rock, at that time, did not look much like the capital of a sovereign State.

Just by the Rock, and near the spring, was a little framed shanty, containing at that time a very scanty supply of "drugs and medicines," and a more liberal supply of "bald-face." Back considerable distance from the river, near, as I should think, the present site of the Campbellite Church, was a small cabin made of round logs, with the bark on. These were all the buildings at that time at Little Rock.

We had stopped on the other side of the river, at the house of a Mr. Martin, opposite the Rock. I immediately crossed over to the drug-store and pro-

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cured some medicine for the sick, which abated the violence of their symptoms in all the cases, and broke the paroxysms of the ague on the hired men. It was the 3rd of July when we arrived opposite to Little Rock. On the next morning, the glorious fourth, I was waited on by a committee of gentlemen, among whom were Dr. Cunningham and Colonel Austin, requesting me to preach a fourth of July sermon at Little Rock. I accepted the invitation and preached in the aforesaid log cabin to an audience of fourteen men and no women.

This was the first sermon ever preached at Little Rock. From the Rock to Cadron, we travelled in a variety of ways. For the sick, horses were provided; the rest went part of the way by water in a canoe, and the rest of the way on foot. Cadron at that time was the county seat of Pulaski county, and loudly talked of, at least by its own citizens and holders of property, as the permanent capital of the Territory. There we found comparatively comfortable quarters for our sick, a supply of needed medicines, and the attentions of a young man who was preparing for the practice of medicine. Here Mr. Hitchcock was taken down with the bilious fever, leaving me as the only healthy one of our company. It was now decided that the sick should remain here till their fevers were broken, and that I should proceed to the Cherokee Nation, and make arrangements for a council of the Nation, before which we might present ourselves and our object.

One of the hired men, whose fevers were broken up, accompanied me. I had thus far enjoyed good

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health, but by reason of hard toil, watching, and anxiety for the sick, &c., I was very much fatigued. Hitherto in all the journey, I had either walked or laboured as a waterman. Now to be permitted to mount a horse and *ride*, seemed to me like "taking my *pleasure*." With these feelings, in good health and spirits, I left the brethren, and started for the Cherokee Nation. I expected to enter the Nation that day, and that another day's ride would take me to the residence of the widow of the late United Stated Agent, whose house I expected to make my home; and from which, in a ride of a few hours, I could see all the chiefs, and make my arrangements for a council.

My pleasure trip soon became one of great pain. I had not been more than an hour on my way before I was attacked with the most violent pains in the head and back and all my bones, accompanied by severe rigours. The rigours were soon succeeded by a burning fever, accompanied with insatiable thirst. To allay this thirst I could find nothing but *branch water*, lukewarm, and most unpalatable. At night we reached a house on Point Remove creek, within the limits of the Nation. The family were very kind, and urged me to stay till I could recover from my fever; but I was very anxious to reach the residence of Mrs. L., for whom I had letters from the United States Agent in the old Nation, and where I intended taking medicine to remove my fever.

After a sleepless night, through which I had suffered extremely, we resumed our journey. I hired a guide to conduct us to Mrs. L's. He accompanied us about eight miles, and then paused. He said he could

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go no further, but pointed to a mountain some six or eight miles in advance, where he told us we would find a trail which would lead us to our place of destination. When we reached the mountain, we found a trail, but it led us off our course. We followed this trail for many weary miles. At last we came to an Indian cabin. The man could speak a little broken English. From him we learned that we were now further from Mrs. L.'s than when we started in the morning. Here the hired man and horses got some refreshment. As for me I could take nothing but some lukewarm creek water, which my stomach soon rejected.

The hospitable Indian put us into a path or trail, which he said would lead us to a village only four miles from Mrs. L's. On this trail we started, but had travelled but few miles, ere night overtook us. We lay down on the ground to wait the return of day. My thirst was extreme, but no water could be found. In the morning early we resumed our weary way. In passing through a prairie, I discovered a little water in a pool. Its colour was almost that of milk. My thirst was so extreme, that I resolved to try it, though dissuaded by my fellow-traveller. With difficulty, on account of my weakness, I got down and crawled to the water. I had just brought my parched and blistered lips to the water, when a large moccasin snake plunged into the pool directly under my mouth. I could hardly restrain my tears, so great was my disappointment, but I was obliged to desist. I remounted and rode on, and a few miles brought us to the village. Here we enquired for Mrs. L. The chief furnished

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us a guide to show us the way. This chief had a strong dislike to the Governor of Arkansas, and supposing me to be an agent of the Governor's, he determined to lead me astray.

The guide conducted us to a little blind path, which he said would lead us to our destination. Not suspecting any treachery, we followed the path. It soon led us into the mountains and there gave out. We tried to retrace our steps, but were soon bewildered in the mazes of the mountain wilderness, and thus we wandered, utterly lost, without refreshment for ourselves or horses, and without so much as the sight of water for two days and nights. All this time my fever raged with increasing violence. My face, and neck, and arms, were blistered as though they had been covered with cantharides, and my whole skin was of a bright yellow. Delirium came on, so that I had only a kind of dreamy consciousness.

About noon the third day after leaving the village, as a good Providence would have it, we heard human voices. We descended the mountain in the direction of the voices. Soon we came upon a company of Cherokees collected at a spring for the purpose of making arrangements for a ball play. They manifested a deep interest for us in our suffering state. First they brought me, in a large gourd, a full supply of the cool, sweet water. Oh, how grateful it was to my fevered lips and burning stomach. I drank without restraint, and bathed my head and neck and breast. The effect was most refreshing and beneficial. After taking us to a house, where our horses were fed and food given to my companion, a guide conducted

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us to Mrs. L's., where we arrived about nine o'clock in the evening. I introduced myself to Mrs. L., and presented her letters of introduction. Though commiserating my condition, and disposed to afford me all the aid in her power, she manifested great terror. My appearance was such as to fix the belief in her mind that I had the yellow fever, and she was apprehensive that the contagion might be communicated to herself and servants. I was immediately conducted to a separate apartment, and I saw her no more for two weeks. This night I rested some, in consequence of the free use I had made of the cool water of the spring before mentioned.

The next morning my hired man left me, as he said, to find some one to give me medicine, and aid in taking care of me. I saw him no more till the brethren came up. He sent me word that he was sick, but I afterwards learned that he found whiskey and friends to drink with him, and so he forsook me. Mrs. L. was afraid to see me. Morning and night she would send her servant, her mouth filled with tansey, lest she should *catch* the fever, to ask if I wanted anything. I had to be my own physician and nurse. Cook I needed not. I passed a week in this way. Then a half-breed Cherokee, who afterwards became a most dearly beloved Christian brother, came to see me. His pity was most deeply moved. He staid with me day and night till the brethren came. Had he been my own natural brother, he could not have manifested more affectionate kindness and care. But for him, I think I must have died. I ever after loved him as a brother.

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My sufferings here were very great. I could get no washing done. When I arrived I had not a clean shirt. My only course was to put on, every morning, a dirty shirt which had been aired. The violence of my fever gave way to active medicine and blood-letting. This operation I had to perform on myself, as I could find no one who could bleed. When the brethren came up my disease had taken the form of a daily ague and fever. I had been at Mrs. L's. two weeks when the brethren came. Though my disease was much mitigated, yet I was a frightful and squalid object to the sight. The blisters on my face and neck had dried, and the surface was covered with scabs. My face was so sore that I could not endure the process of shaving, and my beard was some three weeks old. My appearance was so disgusting that some of the brethren were nauseated, even to vomiting, on sight of me.

Our whole company were now together again, and we all had the ague and fever. We were, however, able to help each other to some extent, and could hold fraternal intercourse and pray together. At that time the specific remedy for ague and fever was Peruvian bark; but there was none of this article nearer than the Post of Arkansas, a distance of more than two hundred miles. We had an opportunity to send for this indispensible remedy. One pound of it cost us thirty-six dollars, sixteen dollars for the bark and twenty dollars we had to pay the bearer.

Soon after the reception of this tonic febrifuge, we were all restored temporarily to health. We made the best use we could of our time. A council was

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convened, at which all the chiefs but one were present. The absent chief was Ta-kah-to-kuh. This was the same chief who had mistaken me for an agent of the Governor. The Cherokees were at that time at war with the Osages. The Governor of Arkansas was making efforts to bring the war to a close. To this Ta-kah-to-kuh was most violently opposed. Hence, when this council was called, he refused to attend. Here, also, I should remark that Toluntuskee, the chief to whom Mr. Evarts had promised the establishment of a mission, had deceased, and his brother, John Jolly, had been chosen as principal chief, and had been so recognized by the United States government.

On the day of the council, Mr. Finney and myself repaird to the ground, and were soon and very formally introduced by the public crier into the presence of the chiefs and warriors. At first, they gave us but a cold welcome; but when we told them that we came from the same good people who had established a mission among their brethren in the old Nation, and that we came in fulfilment of a promise made to their late beloved, but lamented chief, Toluntuskee, the whole aspect of things was changed. The most joyful and animated welcome was expressed by all present. We now read to them our commission and instructions from the Board, our letters from the government and agents of the United States, and gave a detail of the plan of missionary operations we designed to establish and pursue. All was fully approved; and we were allowed to visit any part of their country, and to select any site we might choose

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for our first and principal mission ; to erect such buildings, improve and cultivate such lands, introduce such stock and other property, as the wants of the Mission might make necessary; and whenever, in our judgment, the advancement of the Cherokees might require it, we might establish other schools and mission stations.

When all these preliminaries were agreed upon, and committed to writing, we were about to retire. We were then requested to wait, that all the chiefs and warriors might give us their hands in token of the ratification of all the matters agreed to, and as a token of fraternal regard, and our adoption as Cherokees. This was quite an imposing ceremony. Each of the chiefs made a speech, on giving us their hands, and a cordial shake came from all. When the men had all come up to the platform on which we stood, and given us their hands, Jolly informed us that the women wished in the same way to express their welcome. To this we readily assented. When all was completed, we parted with the council, greatly interested and encouraged; and fervently praying that the God of missions would bless our undertaking, and greatly bless the Cherokee people.

This prayer has been abundantly answered. Soon after this, we selected, as the site of the Mission, the place now known as Dwight, in Pope county. This, you are aware, is the name given by us to the Mission. The name was given in honour of the Rev. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, who was the first corporate member of the American Board, now deceased. It is a spot most dear to my recollections,

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not only as my first missionary home, but connected with it are many most precious and sacred associations. There I first witnessed the power of the doctrines of the cross in taming and humanizing the savage heart. There our first missionary Church was organized; and there our first converts among the dear Cherokee people were brought into the visible fold of the "Good Shepherd." There, one of our dear, loved ones, the only child as yet taken from us, sleeps in his quiet little grave, till the morning of the resurrection. There, also, one of our beloved sisters, Mrs. Sophronia Hitchcock, rested from her labours. She died in the Lord, and is blessed evermore. And there, also, sleep the ashes of Father and Mother Brown, the parents of Catharine and David Brown, and the progenitors of many others, now either in heaven, or on their way thither.

Immediately after the selection of this site, we all removed to it, and solemnly consecrated the place to Zion's King. Our labours were much interrupted by frequent returns of ague and fever. By the first of October we had erected two comfortable cabins, and made other preparations for the reception of our families. Early in October Mr. Finney and myself left the station to return to the Choctaw Nation for our ladies and children; and we did not get back to the station till the 10th of May following. During our absence, Messrs Orr and Hitchcock suffered very much from sickness, without a physician, without medicine, and without a nurse. Nevertheless, they performed much labour. On the arrival of ourselves and families, we found that they had broken up and planted a

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field which we had purchased, had cleared and fenced and made ready for the plow some ten acres of heavily timbered bottom land.

Our journey was long, laborious and perilous. We started in a canoe, and journeyed in this to Cadron. There we were taken aboard a large covered skiff by an officer of the United States army, who was moving with his wife from Fort Smith to another military post. With him we journeyed to the Post of Arkansas. At the Post we stopped for the benefit of medical aid; as we were suffering all the way thus far with daily paroxysms of ague and fever; and had been, during the whole trip, so weak as not to be able to walk a step. These paroxysms were soon broken by suitable medicine; and in about two weeks we were able to resume our journey. We started in an open skiff, the same we had left at the Post in the June previous, in which we journeyed to the Walnut Hills. For a week before we arrived at the Hills, the ague and fever had returned to both of us. Here we procured horses to proceed by land to Elliott.

This journey we hoped to be able to make in five days; but in a few hours after we started, it began to rain in torrents. The streams were all flooded. Many of them we swam on our horses; but oftener were able to find a fallen tree, on which we could walk and carry our baggage, and drive the horses through the swimming stream. At the end of five days, we had not made half the distance. We now came to water we could not cross. It was swimming for a mile. Here, perforce, we must stop; and we had exhausted all our provisions. The rain was

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still pouring down upon us. We both had fever on us when we stopped. We succeeded in erecting a blanket shelter and in making fire. We had in our coffee boiler some *grounds*, which had been steeped once already. On these we poured some water, boiled them over, put in all the sugar we had, and, on this beverage, without bread or meat, we supped. We were thoroughly drenched with rain; and yet, after commending ourselves to GOD in prayer, we slept.

In the morning we felt somewhat refreshed. It still rained, and the water was not abated. We had nothing to eat. In this not very pleasant condition we remained for five days, having the ague and fever each day, when the water was so far abated that we succeeded in crossing. Soon after crossing, we came to an Indian camp. The old man and his wife, the only inmates of the camp, were fully apprized of our condition. They gave us, every hour or so, a mouthful of food, (dried bear meat), giving us to understand that this was all they had. After keeping us on this regimen for twelve hours, they prepared for us a sumptuous meal. 'Twas on this wise: First, a large pompion was peeled of its rind on the dirt floor of the camp, so that the peeled part would take up all the loose dirt of the floor. The seeds were removed, and the whole put into a large earthen pot. Next some beans, full of sticks and particles of dirt, were, without picking over or washing, put into the pot. Last, though not least, there were about eight pounds of smoked bear meat, a pure mass of fat, and not less than five inches thick, put into the pot. This was made to boil for some two hours, when the whole

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was poured into a large wooden bowl, and we were invited to partake. This invitation was most joyfully accepted, and we did good execution upon these viands. Never before and never since, have I eaten a meal that seemed so good. Of this we ate till we were satisfied. We expected that we should suffer for our indulgence, but we did not; and what is wonderful, both of us escaped the ague and fever for two days after this meal.

After this meal, we rode on some ten miles to the house of a white man, where we succeeded in procuring provision to last us till we should get to Elliott, which place we reached in safety just before night on Christmas day. We were ragged, haggard, and unshaven. Our wives and missionary friends did not know us. Here we sat up another Ebenezer, saying, "Thus far the Lord hath helped us." We found our wives and children well. Our son had been very sick, nigh unto death; but the Lord had mercy on him and on us. The station had been visited with much sickness; and one beloved brother had gone to rest.

After resting here a month, for the purpose of recruiting my health, I started for New Orleans, for the purpose of purchasing supplies, and procuring funds for our Mission. It was necessary for me to go by way of Mayhew, a new station which Mr. Kingsbury was putting into operation in the eastern part of the Choctaw country. On my way there, in consequence of exposure, the ague and fever returned upon me. On this account, brother Kingsbury thought it not prudent for me to make the journey; and the

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brethren there and at Elliott, made the arrangement for Dr. Pride to make the journey to New Orleans. In the meantime, we all, according to the best of our ability, took part in the labours of the Mission, and in preparations for our journey by water to Arkansas.

We purchased a keel-boat, or barge, in which to descend the Yalo-bushah and Yazoo, and to ascend the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers. All things were to be in readiness for our journey by the time that Dr. Pride should return. About a week before his expected return, a letter was received from Rev. Dr. Worcester, first Corresponding Secretary of the American Board, who was travelling south for the benefit of his health, and for the purpose of inspecting the Indian missions, directing either Mr. Finney or myself to meet him at Natchez. It was decided that I should go. This was a journey of two hundred and fifty miles. I was now in pretty good health, and made the journey without mishap. At Washington, Mississippi, a little town some eight miles from Natchez, I met Dr. Worcester, "on his way towards home and towards heaven," in company with Rev. Mr. Byington and Dr. Pride.

Dr. Worcester I found very feeble, and sinking rapidly. His soul was in the land of Beulah; and to converse and pray with him seemed like the outer court of heaven itself. The desire of his heart was so far granted, that he was permitted to visit Mayhew and assist in organizing a Church and administering the Lord's Supper there, and of reaching Brainerd, where his spirit took its upward flight to heaven, and where his body sleeps, till the "blest resurrection morn."

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He was able to give me the necessary counsel and directions relative to our mission; and I journeyed in company with him and the brethren three days, till we arrived at Gibson Post.

There I parted with him, and journeyed up the Mississippi to Walnut Hills. There I had the happiness to meet the boats, and all the beloved party bound with me to Arkansas. We hired the first steamer that ascended the river, to take us in tow to the Post of Arkansas. Then we hired a French crew to run our boat to Dwight. We accomplished the trip in eighteen days, resting every "Sabbath according to the commandment." We reached the station, as noted above, on the 10th of May, 1821.

During the ensuing summer, much was done in the way of putting up buildings, and making arrangements for the commencement of a boarding-school. We all suffered again from sickness, especially our ladies. In December of this year, our Mission was reinforced by the arrival of Miss Ellen Stetson, and Miss Nancy Brown, and Mr. Asa Hitchcock. A few days after their arrival, we had two weddings. Mr. Orr and Miss Minerva Washburn had, by and with the advice of their fellow-labourers, concluded that their happiness and usefulness would be promoted by continuing no longer twain, but by becoming one flesh; and Mr. Jacob Hitchcock and Miss Brown had been affianced previously to his leaving New England.

We were not as yet prepared to open our school; but the solicitation of the Cherokees was so urgent, that we consented to take a few scholars. On the 1st of January, 1822, the school was opened with fifteen

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scholars; and such was the earnest entreaty of the people, that this number was soon increased to fifty.

In the early part of the following spring—in March, I think—the Dwight Mission Church was organized. Its membership embraced only the missionaries. From the arrival of our families at the station, the preceding May, stated public worship was established every Sabbath, and preaching in different parts of the Nation, both on Sabbath and on other days, was ever continued. Thus the Arkansas Cherokee Mission was established; and those influences set in operation which so greatly changed the aspect of the Nation, and which have resulted in the salvation of precious souls. Here, then, I close this long and dry detail.

Fraternally yours,

C. WASHBURN.

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LETTER III.

War with the Osages.

VERY DEAR BROTHER: The next topic in this series of Reminiscences is the war with the Osages. These Indians, you are aware, are one of the indigenous tribes west of the Mississippi. They were originally quite numerous. When I first became acquainted with them, they were reckoned by government agents at twenty-five thousand, and they probably did amount to twenty-thousand. From time immemorial they had been at war with the prairie tribes to the south, west and north of them. By these tribes they were considered as warlike, but could not stand before an army armed with the deadly rifle. They claimed the country even to the Mississippi.

Of course when the Cherokees came here, as detailed in my first letter, the Osages regarded them as intruders upon their domain. They soon waylaid a hunting party of Cherokees and slew them. The Cherokees wished to be at peace, and accordingly, overlooking this first outrage, their chiefs and principal warriors visited the Osage towns, and proposed a treaty of amity. To this proposal the Osages apparently listened with ready and joyful approbation. A treaty of peace was concluded, the tomahawk was buried, the calumet of peace was smoked, the chain of friendship was made bright, and all the tokens of

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perpetual fidelity were exchanged. Thus they parted, and the Cherokees, joyful at the attainment of their object, took up their march for their own village. After travelling a day or so, a few individuals were sent out to kill game to supply them with provisions for their journey. These individuals were waylaid and murdered by the Osages, a party of whom had dogged them thus far.

Such treachery was repeated again and again before the Cherokees took up arms against their treacherous neighbours. At the last, when, as the diplomatists have it, forbearance was no longer a virtue, they openly declared war. Their warriors, amounting to not more than two hundred and fifty, met the Osages, numbering some two thousand warriors. On the very first fire scores of the Osages were slain, and the rest took refuge in an inglorious flight. Very many scalps were taken by the Cherokees, and a large number of women and children were captured. Very soon after this victory on the part of the Cherokees, a deputation from the Osages was sent, desiring "conditions of peace." This was granted, and a mutual "peace-talk" was held. All was again amicably adjusted, the prisoners were restored, and an "eternal friendship" was established.

But even this treaty was violated by the Osages in a few months. About this time a man by the name of Ta-kah-to-kuh immigrated from the old Nation. This man was descended from their ancient preisthood. He had been a distinguished chief and a brave warrior. He was immediately regarded as the highest in authority by the Cherokees. When he learned the

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history of the Osages, he at once pronounced them a nation of liars, with whom no treaty should ever be made. The war was to be perpetual. Such was the state of matters when our mission was established. John Jolly was recognized by the government and by the Cherokees as the principal civil chief, and as presiding in all councils; yet, all the people, and even Jolly himself, deferred to Ta-kah-to-kuh in regard to war. Ta-kah-to-kuh declared all liars as unfit to be treated with, and that the Osages were liars, therefore war was to continue against them forever.

Soon after the organization of the Territory of Arkansas, General James Miller, the hero of Lundy's Lane, and familiarly known by the soubriquet of "I'll try, Sir," was appointed Governor of the Territory of Arkansas and *ex officio* Superintendent of Indian Affairs. He was instructed to bring the war between these two people to a close.

A few days after our first arrival at the Post of Arkansas, Governor Miller returned from the Osage towns, whither he had gone with a delegation of Cherokees for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation. He would have succeeded but for the influence of Ta-kah-to-kuh. His uniform answer to all arguments for peace, whether urged by Cherokees, or by agents of the United States government was, "The Osages are liars, and no liar should ever be trusted. If we make a treaty with them, they will break it, for they are liars. Let there be perpetual war with the Osages."

In this war the Cherokees, though uniformly victorious in every battle, were much the greatest losers.

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The Osages had very little to loose. Their property consisted wholly in horses, and the little stock of provisions they might have on hand, and the materials with which their lodges were covered. A few hours' notice of an approaching enemy was all they needed to have all their valuables packed upon horses and be ready for flight. The Cherokees, on the contrary, were raising large stocks of horses, cattle and hogs, were building comfortable log-cabins and beginning to cultivate the soil. All these improvements and sources of wealth had to be left whenever they were called out on a war expedition against their enemy; and their stock was continually exposed to the marauding parties of the Osages. It was the interest of the Cherokees to be at peace. It was the interest of the Osages to be at war. They had nothing to lose but lives, and these they did not value, especially as the greatest number killed and captured by the Cherokees consisted of old men, women and children. Hence the great majority of the Cherokees wished that the war might come to a close; but the influence of Ta-kah-to-kuh prevailed.

When Governor Miller made his unsuccessful attempt to effect a reconciliation between these hostile tribes, as alluded to above, he appointed a council, to be held by him and the Cherokees sometime in the succeeding summer. He was to send up some one to notify them of the precise time, and to make the necessary arrangements for the council. When I first arrived in the Cherokee Nation, I went to Ta-kah-to-kuh's village, as related in my second letter; and it was this chief who sent us the guide to lead us into

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the mountains where we were lost, and where I suffered so much from fever and thirst. The reason for this inhospitable treatment was his mistaking me for the Governor's messenger, coming to make arrangements for the aforesaid council. When the council came on, the Governor was providentially hindered from attending; and Ta-kah-to-kuh refused to attend, because he was opposed to the object of the council, to make peace with the Iying Osages. Nothing was done, save the appointment of a man to bring some Osage captives from the old Nation. This was the council which received us as missionaries, and granted the privilege to establish schools among them.

The autumn following, the Governor came up and convened a council. Ta-kah-to-kuh was not present. His absence exasperated the Governor very highly. He sent the chief a peremptory order to present himself forthwith. The chief answered the messenger with imperturbable coolness, that he had private matters of some importance which engaged his attention, and that he had no business to transact at the council, and therefore he thought it best to stay at home. When this answer was returned to the Governor, he lost all patience. He sent the messenger instantly back to say to the chief, that if he did not present himself at the council in three hours, he would send an officer with a file of men, and bring him to the council in chains. To this angry message, Ta-kah-to-kuh coolly answered, "I ll wait for the officer and file of men."

Alas, the Governor had neither officer nor file of men, and this Ta-kah-to-kuh knew very well. The Governor could "try" to silence the battery at Lun-

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dy's Lane, and succeed; but he could not bow the strong will of this Cherokee chief. Repeated efforts, alike fruitless, were made by Governor Miller and the Cherokee agent to bring this obstinate old chief to terms.

In the summer of 1823, the matter was, by the government of the United States, referred to Major-General Pendleton Gaines. He addressed a letter to all the Cherokee chiefs. Of course, one was received by Ta-kah-to-kuh. An Indian always attaches great importance to a "paper talk." As soon as he received the General's letter, he came down to my house, attended by some half dozen of his young men, or warriors. He wished me to read the paper talk from his Great Father, the President of the United States. I readily complied with his request. The letter was something like the following, viz:

"*To Ta-kah-to-kuh, one of the Principal Chiefs, and Warriors of the Cherokees West:*

BROTHER:

I am directed by your Great Father, the President of the United States, to say to you, that the war between your people and the Osage tribe of Indians, must come to an instant close. You must bury the tomahawk, and be at peace."

When I had read so far, Ta-kah-to-kuh exclaimed, "Ha! what is that? Read it again." I did so, and then read the letter to the end. It contained little more, except appointing a council, to be holden at Fort Smith early in the following autumn, which was

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to be attended by all the Cherokee and Osage chiefs, and by Governor Miller, Colonel Brearley, the United States agent for the Cherokees, and by General Gaines. When I had finished reading, I handed the letter back to Ta-kah-to-kuh. He spit upon it, threw it upon the ground, stamped it and rubbed it with his foot till it was ground to shreds; and, with a dignified step, stalked away in utter silence.

When the time for the council arrived, the Governor, the agent, with all the Cherokee chiefs, excepting Ta-kah-to-kuh, repaired to Fort Smith. There they met the chiefs and warriors of the Osages. A few days after the departure of the Cherokee chiefs for the council, General Gaines called at the Mission, on his way to the council. He staid all night with me. On learing from me how his letter had been received by Ta-kah-to-kuh, and that this chief had not gone to the council, he was much incensed; and remarked, "I'll move him. I'll call on him in the morning, and see if he'll refuse to attend the council." To this high-toned threat I made no response; and the next morning the General presented himself in full uniform, with his sword at his side. After breakfast, he desired me to show him the way to the refractory chief's residence. As I walked at his side, to put him into the path leading to the chief's, he said, "I am going to call upon this stubborn chief in the character and uniform of a Major-General in the United States Army; and to tell him to take his Osage prisoners and instantly to start with me to the council; and to tell him if he refuse, I will hang him upon the first sapling." He then inquired if I did not

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think that such a threat would move him? I replied that I supposed he knew his duty, and I did not wish to influence him; but as he wished to know my opinion, I told him I thought the old chief would laugh in his face.

"Well," said he, "I do not like that any one should laugh at me; and much less that an Indian should do it. I will not call on the chief; but will repair to the council, and see if the war cannot be stopped without his consent." He did so; and a strong effort was made to bring the chiefs of the two tribes to a treaty of amity. But the Osages refused to accept any treaty without the return of the captives, and the signature of Ta-kah-to-kuh. All that was done, was to promise to get all the captives, some of whom were in the old Nation, and to make further efforts to induce Ta-kah-to-kuh to enter into a treaty of pacification.

At this council the Cherokee chiefs were exasperated at the high demands made by the Osages, and immediately after its close, they raised a war party to chastise this haughty spirit of their enemies. This was the last campaign of the war. The number of warriors raised by the Cherokees did not exceed eighty men, but it was composed of their bravest warriors, commanded by Wat. Webber. With this small force they invaded their enemies' country, proceeded to their town, in hopes of finding and surprising them in their lodges. Arriving at their village they found nothing but bare poles, except a few *caches* of corn, which, according to Indian warfare, they destroyed. The Osages, men, women and children, were gone on their fall and winter hunt in the buffalo range. The

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Cherokees took their trail, and pursued them for many weary days. At last they came upon their camp-fires. They were now encouraged to hope that they would overtake their enemies and gain, as usual, another victory. They were also more than usually wary lest they should fall into an ambush. Scouts were constantly sent out to descry and report the situation of the foe.

When this had continued for a day or two and no discovery made, the Cherokees were thrown off their guard. The scouts had all come in, and they were moving on very much at their leisure. When passing through a narrow defile in a mountain, or high ridge, they suddenly found themselves in the very centre of their enemies' encampment. A terrible slaughter now ensued. The dreadful war-whoop was raised on both sides. On the part of the Osages this whoop was a signal for flight. As soon as they had given one random discharge of muskets and arrows, all their warriors who had survived most ingloriously ran away, leaving their old men and women and children to the mercy of the Cherokees. The slaughter was very great for an Indian fight. The Cherokees reported one hundred and fifty slain, and they brought home seventy prisoners. These last consisted wholly of women and children. Among these was one of the Osage captives, of whom more will be related hereafter.

This, as I have said, was the last actual engagement between these hostile tribes. Soon after this battle the Cherokees were persuaded by the United States agents to suspend hostilities, and arrangements

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were made to hold another council at Fort Smith to effect a peace. Some weeks previous to this mutual council, Colonel Brearley, the agent for the Cherokees, called a general meeting of this tribe. This meeting was attended by Ta-kah-to-kuh, as well as by the other chiefs and the people generally.

It was proposed to refer the question of peace or war with the Osages to twelve of the principal warriors. Ta-kah-to-kuh assented to this; but would not promise beforehand to be governed by the decision of these warriors. The men were selected and retired to deliberate. They soon came to a unanimous decision in favour of peace. Among these twelve warriors was one greatly distinguished for his eloquence. He was appointed to deliver their decision to the council. He was to make a speech on the occasion, and it was hoped that his powers of persuasion might move even Ta-kah-to-kuh. Such was the result. When the final question was put, Ta-kah-to-kuh, with all the other chiefs, gave his voice for peace with the hated Osages.

In reference to this speech and its influence, I shall have more to say hereafter. All obstructions were now removed, and at the council of chiefs and warriors of both tribes at Forth Smith a treaty of amity and peace was entered into, and all solemn ratifications, usual on such occasions among Indians, were mutually given. To this treaty the United States, through her agents, became a party. It was mutually agreed that if the treaty should be violated by either party, the government of the United States should punish the aggressors; but that there should be no

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more war. After this there was no more hostility, except a single murder committed by an Osage which was punished by the government.

I am not writing a history, but merely some reminiscences. There may be some inaccuracies in the dates, but the facts actually took place as described. Many incidents of this war are omitted in this letter, some of which will be referred to hereafter. I close this letter by a single remark as to the influence of the war upon the Mission schools. As to our school among the Cherokees, the war made the parents more anxious to have their children in school. They considered our Mission as under the protection of the United States, and felt that their children were safe from the Osages while they were with us. With the Osages it was just the reverse. While the war continued they were unwilling to trust their children away from their parents, and it was not till after the close of the war that any considerable number of the Osage children could be gathered into the school at Union Mission.

Fraternally yours,

C. WASHBURN.

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LETTER IV.

Glorious Triumphs of the Cross.

My Dear Brother: I come now, in pursuing this course of reminiscences, to a subject more interesting to you and to myself than anything in the preceding pages. I am now to speak of the glorious triumphs of our Redeemer's Cross, in its transforming and elevating influence upon the sons and daughters of the forest. This was the very object for which missions were established among our aboriginal tribes. Our Indians were contemplated as a part of the fallen descendants of Adam, and, as alike with all other nations, represented by the "second Adam, the Lord from heaven." These tribes were regarded as a part of the purchase of redeeming blood, and hence it was felt as a duty to make known to them "the unsearchable riches of Christ." True, there was commisseration for their savage state, and a desire to elevate them by intellectual culture and the introduction among them of the arts and usages of civilized life; but the paramount pity for them was, that they were sinners and in danger of eternal perdition, and the paramount aim and effort was to make known to them the only way to be saved from sin and eternal woe.

It was also remembered that in all efforts, even to civilize and educate them, the gospel must bear the

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forefront of the battle; because it is the revealed purpose of Jehovah, that the despised gospel of His Son shall have the glory of taming and humanizing every nation and tribe of barbarians, or they shall waste away in their savage degradation. Hence we ever considered that our great object was to preach the gospel to and thus save the souls of the Cherokees.

We laboured long and prayed often, and with strong crying and tears, before we were permitted to see any saving results of our labours. The first convert was a little girl. Her name was Jane Hicks. At the time of entering school she was about eleven years old, and at the time of her conversion about twelve. Her mother was living as a widow, her husband having deserted her and taken another wife. She was a half-breed, and had obtained some education in her youth at one of the schools, established in the old Cherokee Nation by Rev. Gideon Blackburn, D. D. She was a very wicked woman, of very strong passions, which she had never learned to govern or restrain. In placing her daughter in school she had no higher aim or desire than the child's temporal advantage. She had never cared for her own soul, and how should she care for her child's?

When Jane entered school she was very ignorant and very superstitious. On moral and spiritual subjects she had scarcely one idea. She was very timid and bashful, and at first I thought she was rather stupid; though subsequently she developed a good intellect. She had suffered much from superstitious fears. She was especially afraid of *witches*. As this was very common, and as this fear exerted a very bad

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influence on the minds, especially of the young, I took great pains to convince the pupils of the school that there were no such beings or things as witches, and that it was very foolish to indulge in fears of such things. One day, at the opening of school, I read a portion of Scripture, in which was some mention of witches. I embraced the opportunity to give the children some instruction on the subject, and repeated what I had often said to them, that there were no witches. In a moment I perceived that I had invaded a very important point in Jane's creed. She looked at me with a countenance of terror, as though she expected that one of these mysterious beings would seize upon me and inflict some dreadful calamity for the insult I had given. She laid aside her book and could not attend to her lesson, so deeply was this superstitious belief inwrought in the very depths of her soul.

She afterwards said that she looked upon me as the veriest infidel. She was too bashful to speak out in the presence of the whole school, but her countenance showed that she wished to speak and reprove me for my rashness. When the boys went out for their recess, and there were only girls in the school, she summoned courage to speak. She said with a timid, tremulous voice, "Mr. Washburn, I seed a witch in mamma's tater patch." "Ah," said I; "what colour was it?" "It was a white one," said Jane. I now seated myself by her side, and as kindly as possible told her how easy it was for her to be deceived. She had probably seen a cat, and her superstitious fears had led her to believe it to be a witch. I told her that

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God was with us, and watching over us all the time, and that He would not let such malignant beings as witches torment and frighten us. I then read to her in the Bible where God forbade us to believe in or be afraid of witches. I told her it was sinful to be afraid of witches, and that God would punish us for it; that we should believe and trust in God, and that if we did He would take care of us at all times, and not suffer anything to do us real harm.

From that time little Jane believed in and feared witches no more. Ever after this conversation Jane was seriously thoughtful and inquiring on the subject of religion. She became very much afraid of sin, at first from a most alarming apprehension of its consequences. Soon she manifested an abhorrence of sin for its own malignity and for its opposition to God. It was her heavy burden; and it was a most precious privilege to guide this weary and heavy laden child to the good Shepherd. I have every reason to believe that he took her in His arms, put hands upon her, and blessed her as one of the lambs of His dear fold. It was very sweet and precious to hear her speak of the love of Christ in dying for poor, lost sinners, and that he would not overlook little wicked children, but invited them also to come unto Him.

I loved to talk with her about the precious Saviour; and when doing so, I was often reminded of little Jane, in "The Young Cottager," by Leigh Richmond. She was also little Jane; and in very many points she resembled the subject of Richmond's little narrative. No sooner did this young disciple of Jesus entertain a hope of her acceptance with God, than

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she became intensely anxious for her mother. "O!" she would say, "my mother is a wicked sinner, and must lose her soul if she does not repent and believe in Jesus. I cannot bear that my mother should die in sin, and go to hell!" She most earnestly entreated that she might have leave of absence from school, to go home and try to pursuade her mother to seek the Saviour. Her request was granted. She went home, and most faithfully and affectionately she warned and exhorted her mother; but she came back more sorrowful than she went. "My mother," said she, with tears and sobs, "will not hear me. She says she is not a sinner; but that she is honest and kind to the poor and suffering, and in no danger. If I will be religious, she says I must keep my religion to myself; and not be troubling her with my talk."

Poor Jane; this was a dreadful disappointment to her; and she nearly sunk under it. She was directed to intercede with God in behalf of her mother, and all her friends. This she undoubtedly did, with earnestness and faith; and the sequel showed that "praying breath is never spent in vain." A few weeks subsequent to the visit above named, Jane's mother lost her youngest child. It was an idiot; and though four years old, had ever been helpless as a newborn infant. The mother was, nevertheless, very strongly attached to it; and she wept with bitterness over its death. On the occasion of this affliction, Jane visited her mother. She found her indulging the most angry murmurings at her loss. When the burial was over, and the mother returned to her house with loud and bitter lamentations, Jane said, "Mam-

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ma, it was God that took away little brother," "I know it," said the mother, with an angry tone; "and it was a cruel thing; and I never will forgive Him for it." Jane was greatly shocked; and said, "O, mamma! do not talk so wickedly. Is it cruel for the shepherd to take the tender lamb from the beating storm of sleet and snow, and put it in his fold, where it is sheltered and warm? Jesus is the good Shepherd; and He says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not;' and now He has taken little brother to Himself in heaven. He has been a sufferer all his days on earth; and now he will suffer no more. In heaven with Jesus, little brother will have *good sense*, like other people. He already knows more than the wisest ones in this world."

Here was consolation even for this ignorant and wicked mother. She became more calm in the belief that the object of her maternal care and solicitude was now at rest. Jane went on to say that it was for her mother's sins that God was thus dealing with her. She earnestly exhorted her to take the warning which God addressed to her in this chastening of His righteous hand, to repent without delay, and earnestly seek the salvation of her immortal soul. She solemnly assured her, on the authority of God's own word, that except she should repent and trust in Jesus, she could never go and live in heaven with little brother, and see Jesus, and be happy forever. Jane's faithfulness and earnest entreaties were not in vain. From this time her mother was attentive to the things which belonged to her everlasting peace. She was one of the first adult converts, though her conversion, as she

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herself judged, did not take place till after the death of little Jane. The change in her mother's feelings and life, which took place as the result of her affliction and her daughter's faithfulness, and which was ultimately made savingly effectual by the Holy Ghost, gave great joy and encouragement to little Jane. We were all intensely interested in and attached to this young convert, and especially so, as she was the first fruit of the gospel among the Cherokees West. We hoped that she would be a burning and shining light in the Church, and would be spared to do much good. For this her own heart burned. But our hopes were destined to a disappointment. He who seeth not as man seeth, even the "good Master" "who doeth all things well," had need for her in His upper and glorified kingdom, and He sent and took her while she was yet a child, and even before she had become a *visible* member of His Church on earth. In the summer succeeding the events recorded above, Jane went home on a short visit. When she left us she was in usual health. When the term of her visit was expired, we got a message from her mother, requesting permission for Jane to protract her visit a few days longer, as she was not very well, and her mother wished her to stay until her health should be restored. A few days after, her mother sent for me in great haste, saying, "Jane is very sick, and I fear she may not recover." In consequence of sickness in my own family and in the Mission generally, I was unable to go, but I sent a young physician, in whose skill I had great confidence. He found her rapidly sinking under typhoid fever. Her case baffled the skill of the phy-

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sician, and the power of medicine. She died, but she died triumphing in Him, who is "the Resurrection and the Life." During all her sickness, she enjoyed the use of her mental powers. She was not afraid to die. She was willing to die, and to die in her early youth. She expressed the fullest assurance of her interest in Christ, and that she was going to be forever with Jesus and little brother in heaven. Thus ends the story of little Jane, the first convert among the Arkansas Cherokees.

The death of little Jane was a great affliction to her mother, but it was a sanctified affliction, and thus was truly a "blessing in disguise." The first time I saw her after her bereavement, she said, "It was good for me that I was afflicted." She spoke of Jane as at rest in heaven, and expressed a hope that by the rich grace of God through Jesus Christ, she also, though the chief of sinners, when called to lay aside her earthly tabernacle, should join her beloved daughter in the high praises of heaven.

About the same time that Mrs. Hicks indulged a hope in Christ, another woman, Mrs. Betsey Looney, with whom you were acquainted, gave us pleasing evidence of having been born again. She is a half-sister of David and Catherine Brown, and also of Wat Webber, generally known as Colonel Webber. These two women united with the Church at the same time, and were the first from among the dear Cherokees, whom we received to the fellowship of the Church. From this fact they are often spoken of as our first Cherokee converts, but we ever regarded little Jane as the first fruit of our Mission; and I

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doubt not that that day which shall disclose and bring to light Christ's hidden ones, will show that our judgment was according to truth.

Jane's mother lived in fellowship with the Church, and we trust continued to grow in grace. Her relation to an influential family, all of whom but herself were hardened unbelievers, but especially an unfortunate marriage connection, which she formed with a white man, marred the symmetry and usefulness of her Christian character. She died about three years ago. There was hope in her death. Mrs. Looney's Christian character has always been fair and luminious. She has been an active and useful member of the Church. She still lives an example of subdued and heavenly-minded piety in old age.

From this time the Gospel became the power of God unto salvation to one and another, who from time to time were received into the fellowship of the Church; but we were not permitted to enjoy what is usually denominated a revival of religion until after the removal of the Cherokees. Of the revival then wrought by the power of divine grace, some account will be given hereafter. We greatly lamented that we were not permitted sooner to witness a great and general outpouring of the Spirit and ingathering into the Church. Perhaps the withholding of the Spirit was in consequence of our want of faith and earnestness in prayer, and our want of faithfulness and diligence in preaching; but our faith then and our experience since have satisfied us that we were not labouring for naught and in vain. We were clearing away the rubbish, breaking up the fallow ground, and scattering

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broadcast the good seed, and thus preparing for the precious harvest season we afterwards enjoyed. We were laying foundations and preparing the materials for the spiritual temple that soon after began to rise, and is still rising in the Cherokee Nation. O, the wonder-working power of divine grace! O, the immeasurable condescension of our Redeemer, that He should stoop to use such earthen vessels to build up His glorious kingdom among men! He does it that the excellency of the power may be seen to be of God and not of men. "The Lord of Hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt the honourable of the earth." Even so. Amen.

Truly yours,

C. WASHBURN.

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LETTER V.

Superstition among the Cherokees.

My Dear Brother: If Isaac Taylor, or any one else, should write a book on the natural history of superstition, it would behove him to show that the belief in demons and witches has been universal until men have arrived to a very considerable grade of enlightenment. Such a belief has been common to all our Indian tribes; and among these ignorant children of our forests, has not only been the source of much suffering, through fear of these malignant beings, but also has been the prolific parent of much cruelty and crime.

We found the Cherokees, with scarcely an exception, the victims of this foolish superstition. They considered these beings as not only possessing an individual existence, and capable of assuming a visible form; but also, as often taking up their abode in men, women and children. This last they could not do without the consent of the individual, but any person, whenever he or she might choose, could become the residence of one of these malignant demons. The person so possessed was called a witch, or in the Cherokee language *shee-leh*. This word was of common gender, and applied alike to males and females. According to the belief of the Cherokees, a witch had

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very great power to do evil. I never heard anything good, either moral or natural, ascribed to the influence of witches. Witches could frustrate the hopes of the husbandman by blasting the fruits of the earth; could shut up the heavens that there should be no rain, and inflict strange and fatal diseases upon man and upon beast. They had power to notify the game of the approach of the huntsman, that it might escape, and even to bend the rifle barrel, and thus turn aside the fatal bullet.

Among the Cherokees, witches were most feared as the causes of unusual sickness and death. Hence it is not to be wondered at, that witches should be hated, and that it should be considered not only lawful, but even a duty, to put to death every one who should exercise this malignant power. By the customs of all our aboriginal tribes, witchcraft was considered and treated as a capital crime. No witnesses were examined; no public trial was granted to the witch. All that was requisite to insure his execution was, to accuse him and refer to some instance of painful disease or death.

During the first few years of my residence among the Cherokees, many persons were put to death on the charge of witchcraft. Sometimes these executions were accomplished by a company designated by the headman of some village, within whose jurisdiction the witch resided; but more frequently death was inflicted by some private person, who had suffered either in his own person, or in the persons of his near relations, by their malignant power.

There was an old, inoffensive, and very kind man

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living in a village about ten miles from Dwight, who was most cruelly murdered by his own nephew, on the charge of witchcraft. The circumstances were such as to render the murder peculiarly aggravated. A brother of this old man, with his wife, had died some years previous, leaving his family of two sons and three daughters utterly destitute. The old man kindly took these desolate orphans to his own home, and was a father to them. He had no children of his own, and he seemed happy in performing the offices of a parent to the helpless children of his deceased brother. The family lived together in peace, and the children were forgetting their loss in the affectionate care of their kind uncle. They loved him, and confided in him as in a father. Thus harmony and affection continued to dwell in that family, a few weeks before the fatal tragedy I am about to relate.

At that time two of the orphan daughters were grown up to be young women, and the oldest son, who perpetrated the fatal deed, was fifteen or sixteen years old. The three sisters and the only brother of this youth, were within a few days of each other attacked by fatal disease. The old uncle cared for them, and watched over them as a father. He procured for them the attention of their most skillful "medicine men;" but the disease, dysentery with typhoid fever, baffled all that affection and such medical skill as could be obtained, could do to arrest its progress. They all died. The old man wept for them as a father would weep over his loved children, torn away from his arms and consigned to the grave.

The affliction of the surviving brother was over-

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whelming. He was most tenderly attached to his sisters and only brother, and their death almost distracted him. The uncle did all that he could to comfort him. All the affections of his heart seemed now centred upon this nephew. The youth seemed not only to appreciate his uncle's love, but in the fullest manner to reciprocate it. He was not only comforted by his uncle's kindness and sympathy; but, for his sake, he tried to be calm and submissive.

A few weeks subsequent to these afflictions, the nephew was visited by a man named Whirlwind. He lived a few miles distant from the village, and was remotely connected with the youth's mother. He apparently condoled with him on account of his painful bereavements. He manifested a great regard for him, and promised ever to be his friend. Before leaving him he told the afflicted youth that the death of his sisters and brother had been caused by witchcraft, and that the witch who had so cruelly bereaved him, was none other than that very uncle with whom he lived, and who seemed to cherish such an affection for him. He averred that the uncle had not only confessed the fact, but had even gloried in it, and that he had threatened to use his diabolical power upon his surviving nephew.

He also related several other fatal cases of the old man's malignant power. At first the youth indignantly denied the accusation against his uncle; but at last, so disinterested did Whirlwind's regard for him appear, and so solemnly and plausibly affirm the truth of the charge, he was constrained to credit the accusation. He now felt that his uncle ought to die, and

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that it was his duty to kill him. For a long time his feelings revolted from the dreadful deed. He recalled to mind all his uncle's kindness to himself and sisters and brother in their orphaned state. He had nurtured and cared for them with parental fidelity. How his uncle had watched with his sisters and brother when sick, and how he had mourned for them when dead. Especially he remembered how his uncle had endeavoured to soothe his sorrows when mourning for his desolating loss; and how tenderly he had endeavoured to elevate his mind with hope in reference to the future days of life. While all these tender recollections were vividly present to his mind, he shrank from the act of taking his uncle's life.

At last the conviction of his uncle's guilt, and of his duty to avenge the death of his loved ones, triumphed over his tender feelings. He resolved to kill his uncle. He loaded his rifle and awaited an opportunity to carry his dreadful resolve into execution. It was late in the autumn, and the evenings were becoming so cool as to require fire. A little before sunset his uncle took his axe and walked out a few yards from his cabin to cut wood for the evening's fire. No sooner had he commenced his work than the nephew stepped to the door of the cabin, took a deadly aim with his rifle and fired. The old man instantly fell, shot through the body. The wound was fatal; still the nephew, to render assurance doubly sure, ran to the fallen old man and beat in his skull with rocks, and leaving him apparently dead, returned to the house. There he sat in dreadful musings for some twenty minutes, when his kind old uncle, wounded and dying, crawled to his

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feet, and with a wistful and affectionate countenance, begged to know for what he had so requited all his love and kindness. The young lad answered that he had killed him for causing the death of his sisters and brother by witchcraft. The dying old man replied, "Was it not Whirlwind that accused me of being a witch?" These were his last words. Before an answer could be given to his last inquiry he was dead. This old man had, some time before, detected Whirlwind in hog stealing, and a public and disgraceful punishment had been justly inflicted upon him. In this way Whirlwind gratified his spite.

Instances of a similar character, though not attended with circumstances so cruel and aggravating, were not unfrequent among the Cherokees. Did any one hold a grudge against his neighbour, he needed only to fix upon him the reputation of being a witch. His death was certain. Was any man tired of his wife; desirous of getting another? All he had to do was to accuse her of witchcraft. He was soon a widower and in the matrimonial market again.

This superstition among the Cherokees caused a fearful amount of bloodshed. In one instance a man was killed as a witch who had several brothers. These avenged his death by killing the witchkiller. His relatives avenged his death, and so it went on till seven individuals were killed.

It was not till 1824 that anything effectual was done to put a stop to this foolish and cruel superstition. At that time a statute was enacted making it murder to kill for witchcraft; and the same statute enacted that if any one accused another of witchcraft,

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on conviction thereof he should receive a hundred lashes upon his bareback. This was laying the axe at the root of the tree. Since then no witches have been killed in the Cherokee Nation.

This law was one of the triumphs of Christianity. Still many believed in and feared witches and some of the very old and ignorant do so still. Many of the Cherokees, at the time of our arrival among them, had already become extensive stock growers. They had numerous heads of cattle, horses and swine. Among these, especially among the cattle, the witches sometimes made sad havoc. The cattle are allowed to run at large in the forests and prairies. They are rarely salted, but the country abounds in licks, as they are termed. These are generally low places where there is some saline matter mixed with the soil or clay. As a substitute for salt, these licks are much frequented by the cattle. They lick and swallow large amounts of this saline clay. In the season when they are shedding their hair much of the hair is mixed with the earthy matter, and thus taken on to the stomach. This mixture, in passing the folds of the stomach, is formed into perfectly globular and hard balls, smooth and polished on the outside, but within having very much the appearance of hard stone. These balls are often numerous, and some of them an inch and a half or two inches in diameter. They are indigestible and of course often occasion disease and sometimes death. They are called by the Indians witchballs, and are supposed to be shot into the cattle by witches. An animal that is diseased or that dies from this cause is said to be "witch shotten."

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According to the current belief among Indians, salt is considered a powerful preservative against the influence of witches. Hence, they say the reason why white people are not bewitched like the Indians, is because they use so much salt. But I have protracted my remarks on this subject of so little interest, and so indicative of human folly, far enough, and will close this letter here.

As ever, yours,

C. WASHBURN.

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LETTER VI.

Conjuring—Indian Doctors.

DEAR BROTHER: Much has been said, not only among the Indians, but in all parts of our country, and even in Europe, about the wonderful cures effected by Indian doctors and Indian medicines. It is true the quack mongers of patent medicines have, in some instances, "done a very handsome business," by gulling that part of the world, (and it must be confessed it is a very large part, as others besides Barnum have found,) which loves to be humbugged, in the sale of "celebrated Indian specifics." I, however, after an intimate acquaintance with some six or seven of the Indian tribes, am constrained to say that I have never known or heard of any people who have suffered more from ignorance of the *materia medica*, as well as of the characteristics of disease, than the Indians. Those who have followed the healing art, or, in their own parlance, were "big medicines," have been generally mere conjurers. A more worthless, lazy, rascally set of ignorant deceivers than they never practiced upon the gullibility of poor human nature.

Several of these big medicines, who were in high repute when I first came among the Indians, aban-

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doned the profession, (if profession it may be called,) from mere shame. They have told me that all their incantations with beads and red ribbons, their flummeries and mutterings were mere pretence to deceive, and that they had no knowledge either of diseases or of the healing qualities of either vegetables or minerals; that they did not know that they ever cured a patient, but were certain that they had killed many. I give an instance in proof of their utter ignorance.

A young woman, at one of the missionary schools, had a very bad dysentery, accompanied with typhoid fever. Her mother came to see her, and not satisfied with the white doctor, she called in a conjurer. He went through with all his flummery in a solemn manner, and then announced that there was but one thing could save the patient from the grave. That one thing was, "two large collards, boiled with two pounds of bacon middling, and all taken at a dose!" Of course the *medicine* was not given; and yet the patient recovered, and is living yet.

When I first came among the Indians, I placed this conjuring in the same category with witchcraft, and attacked it publicly and fearlessly. This made me unpopular for a time, with many; but I maintained my course; and, in the end, this miserable humbugging was wholly discarded. On one occasion, I was at a council, in a very inclement time in the winter. The exposure caused a violent attack of toothache, in the person of a woman of delicate health. A company of men, with some of whom I

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had debated on the subject of conjuring, came and said they wished to convince me of the wonderful power of one of their conjurers. I was conducted to the camp of the suffering woman. The conjurer was present. He placed himself in an obscure corner of the lodge, and went through his incantations "*secundum artem.*" His hands and fingers were almost as dry and hard as hoofs. He rubbed his thumb rapidly and violently upon the sleeve of his coarse blanket coat for sometime, and then quickly applied it to the aching tooth. The relief was instantaneous. I said to the old man, "Well done; you have made quite a philosophical application. Your mutterings and incantations had nothing to do with the cure. It was electricity, elicited by the friction of your thumb upon your coatsleeve, which removed the pain; and I or any other person can do the same." This was looked upon by the spectators as mere obstinacy on my part.

A few days subsequent, the agent called the Cherokees together for an annuity. Similar exposures produced similar complaints. Many of the women had the toothache, and my former opponents said to me, "We will now see if you can cure the toothache." A case of a woman intensely tortured by this unpitying complaint was brought to try my skill. I told them that my thumb was not dry and hard like their champion's, but I would try; and I thought I should succeed. Of course I omitted all the old man's preliminaries, and plainly told them that it was no miracle, and that they could all do it as well as I. I then rubbed

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my thumb upon my coatsleeve until a painful heat was produced, and then quickly applied my thumb to the tooth. The effect was instant removal of the pain. But, alas! I gained no victory. They all cried out, and rung changes upon it throughout the whole encampment, "He's a great medicine! he's a great medicine!"

While I am on this subject, it is just that I should say that I have known a few individuals of strong common sense who made no pretentions, and did not follow the practice of prescribing for disease, who had a knowledge of many valuable remedies. This is especially true of some of the women among the Cherokees. They prepare a poultice of the leaves of the bean, which is among the best applications for scrofulous and cancerous ulcers.

I will close this topic by relating an anecdote of the cure of a desperate case of cholera. It occurred in 1833, when large numbers of the Cherokees were emigrating from the old Nation.

The subject of this attack of cholera was an intimate and valued acquaintance of mine; and his mother was a member of our Church. This man went to Fort Smith to meet a company of emigrants, among whom he had some relations, and he went to take these to his own residence. The cholera was prevailing among the emigrants, and he took the disease. As soon as he was attacked he started for home; but was able to proceed only four miles, where he stopped and sent a messenger for his mother. I was going to Fort Smith on business; and as I passed the house

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where he lay, I was called in to see and prescribe for him. I found him in a state of asphyxia, and as I had no medicines, I rode as rapidly as I could to Fort Smith, procured the remedies, and returned; though I had scarcely any hope of saving the patient.

During my absence, his mother arrived; and she put me aside without ceremony, and undertook the case herself. First, she got two rocks the size of bricks, and heating them hot enough to blister a well man's feet, she placed these to his feet, he lying on his back. Next, she covered him from the chin to the feet with scalding mush, made of clabbermilk and corn meal, laid on three or four inches thick. Lastly, she gave him a half pint of a strong infusion of red pepper. When all was done, she sat down and requested me to pray by his bedside. I did so, and left him, never expecting to see him alive again. Early the next morning, having accomplished my business, I started for home, expecting to find this cholera patient dead. To my joy and surprise, I found him sitting in a chair on the piazza of the cabin. He was free from disease, and not so weak as convalescents usually are after the usual treatment. The mother was not only rejoicing at her son's restoration, but, I thought, rather proud of the success of her mode of treatment. I related this case afterwards to a distinguished surgeon in the United States army, who replied, "It is the only truly philosophic report of treatment of cholera in its collapsed stage that I have ever heard." I asked the old lady why she used clabber instead of water in the pre-

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paration of the mush; and she answered, "It holds heat much longer than water." And here I leave this case with the faculty, not presuming to comment myself.

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LETTER VI.

Remarkable Conversions.

Reverend and Dear Brother: The apostle Paul regarded it as a great manifestation of grace that he was appointed to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. This was the true missionary spirit. No one is fit to preach the gospel at all; especially no one is fit to be a missionary, whose heart does not fully sympathise with the apostle. At times I have felt this most strangely. Never more so than in the case I am about to relate. This case, in fact, was the most glorious triumph of our Redeemer's Cross of any individual instance it has ever been my happiness to witness. The subject of this reminiscence was named Tah-neh. She immigrated to the western Cherokee country about 1823-24. She was a widow, and her family consisted of two grown daughters and a nephew, a lad of some fourteen years of age. At that time she, herself, was from fifty to fifty-five years old. She was the daughter of a chief of high standing and influence in his time; especially as he was lineally descended from their ancient priesthood, and till his death had superintended their religious rites. Tah-neh had been thoroughly instructed in their ancient religion, such as it was, and was strongly attached to it, as well as deeply

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imbued in the prevalent superstitions of her people. She was a woman of an irascible temper, and when excited was somewhat violent.

Aside from this she was respected and loved for great integrity of character, and great kindness of disposition. She was remarkable, even in her heathen state, for a paramount sense of duty, and her religion had a controlling moral influence over her life. She was said to be conscientious and constant in prayer to the Great Spirit, or as the Cherokees designated the deity, the Being Above. When she came to Arkansas she settled in the near neighbourhood of Mrs. Looney, who has been mentioned as one of the first adult converts. It was about the time that Mrs. Looney united with the Church that Tah-neh settled near her. They had been neighbours in the "Old Nation," and Mrs. Looney knew her well, and had a high regard for her. It was from her that I obtained the particulars of Tah-neh's previous history.

One feature of Mrs. Looney's Christian character, strongly marked, uniform, and never departed from, was an ardent desire for the conversion and salvation of her people. This she felt for Tah-neh, and at her very first interview with her old neighbour after she immigrated to Arkansas, she told her what God had done for her own soul, and faithfully and affectionately exhorted her to embrace the religion of Christ as taught by the missionaries. Tah-neh answered very decidedly that the religion of Christ might be the religion for the white people, but she had a better religion for herself, and that she should never forsake the faith and usages of her forefathers. She

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utterly refused to attend on the instructions, or to have anything to do with the missionaries. She wished to continue a kind intercourse with Mrs. Looney as neighbours, but had, and could have, no sympathy with her religion, and requested her never to mention the subject again.

I had a monthly appointment at the residence of Mrs. Looney. At my first visit after this, she related the repulse which Tah-neh had given her, and with tears expressed her solicitude for the salvation of her friend. She anxiously sought my advice as to what she ought to do, adding; "I cannot give her up to die in her sins, and lose her soul." I directed her to the throne of grace as her refuge, and advised her to wait upon God, and perhaps in the exercise of His sovereign grace, and as a covenant-keeping and prayer-answering God, He might give her to rejoice over the conversion of her neighbour.

This counsel, I doubt not, she faithfully followed. Thus things continued for a year. I kept up my appointment, and this dear Cherokee sister continued to feel and to pray for her friend. She would notify her of the time of each successive appointment. But Tah-neh was never there. As yet I had never seen her to know her, though the distance to her residence from Mrs. Looney's did not exceed six hundred yards. But I participated in Mrs. Looney's anxiety for her salvation, and united with her in making Tah-neh the subject of prayer. The day of God's power was at hand. The monthly period for my appointment returned. On Saturday night I was at Mrs. Looney's. She told me that Tah-neh had been absent for some days, that she

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was about to move to another part of the Nation, and that she was now at the place making preparation, and she knew not when she would return. The next day I preached as usual, and after the second service, I walked out into the forest for the purpose of retirement and meditation. I had been absent for an hour or more, when I heard an earnest voice calling my name. I immediately turned my steps towards the house. At the gate I met Mrs. Looney, with mingled joy and solicitude in her countenance, and with most animated tones, she told me, "Tah-neh is here, and she cannot get away, and after supper you must preach to her the way to be saved." This I promised to do, and as sometime must intervene before supper would be ready, I retired for prayer, and to consider the best method to approach a mind so set against Christianity. In answer to prayer, as I ever believed, I was led to the conclusion to tell her the story of Jesus, in the simplest and plainest manner in my power.

While at supper I learned that Tah-neh (whom I had not as yet seen, as she was lying in another apartment,) during her absence had been taken violently ill of inflammatory rheumatism, and had been borne home on a litter. She had stopped to spend the night at Mrs. Looney's that her own home might be made ready for her reception. After supper I was introduced to her.

She was suffering the most excruciating pain. She returned my salutation, and expressed her thanks for my sympathy and kind wishes. But when I commenced relating to her the narrative of the Saviour, she turned her face from me, and gave the strongest

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indications of her contempt of what I might have to say, and of determination not to be influenced by it. I pursued my plan. I simply related the story of Jesus. I told her who and what He was, whence He came, and how He came into the world, how He lived and laboured, what He taught, and what wonders He performed, how He suffered and died, how he arose and ascended to be forever more at the right hand of the Majesty on high. I told of His invitations, of His power to save, and the commission He gave to His disciples, and what it was all for. I had proceeded but a short time before I noticed that she listened. Soon her countenance indicated an interest in my narration. This interest increased. Feeling was awakened, and this feeling became deeper and deeper, her bodily pains were forgotten. Her whole mind was absorbed in my theme. When my narrative was concluded, with eager interest she said, "Tell it again." I repeated the simple narrative a second time, during which it was plain that her heart was more and more deeply affected. When I closed, with her eyes streaming with tears, and her breast heaving with emotion, she said, "Tell it again; for I, too, would be saved." With a faltering tongue (for my own emotion had become very great,) I told the story of Jesus a third time. When I closed she said, "He is my Saviour; I, too, will follow him."

I believe she was then and there converted. From that hour till her death, she lived as an humble, watchful, prayerful, obedient, self-denying, cross bearing follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Our interview was protracted until long after midnight. All

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present were affected. Mrs. Looney's joy and gratitude were irrepressible. Tah-neh asked to be baptized and received as one of the flock of Christ that very night. This for prudential reasons could not be granted; besides we had a regulation of our Church that all candidates for its communion should be publicly propounded six months before their reception.

Such a case as this seems wonderful to us; but why should it? She heard the gospel, and the first time she heard it, she believed; and why should not every sinner do the same? The only reason why they do not, is their own voluntary depravity. In her case, that depravity was overcome by divine influence. God opened her heart to attend to the things that were spoken, and so she believed to the saving of her soul. Were the same divine influence to attend the gospel upon all who hear it, all would believe. At our next communion, Tah-neh was publicly propounded as a candidate for Church membership, and after six months probation she was baptized by the name of Naomi, and received to the communion of the Church. About this time she removed to her new residence.

When the Shawnee Prophet, brother of Tecumseh, visited the southern Indian tribes, he was accompanied into the old Cherokee Nation by a half-breed Mohawk, whose name was Norton. This was a man of considerable wealth and great influence with the northern Indians. In the war of 1812, he held a colonel's commission in the British army. He claimed to be part Cherokee, and a relation of Naomi's husband. She had an only son, at that time some ten or twelve years old. Colonel Norton took a fancy to the lad,

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and on leaving the Cherokee Nation, the boy accompanied him to Canada West, and resided with him until after Naomi had joined the Mission Church.

The winter subsequent to her connection with the Church, Colonel Norton came to the Cherokees in Arkansas, bringing Naomi's son with him. He was now a strong and active young man some twenty years old or upwards. He had become a good farmer, but had failed to obtain any knowledge of letters. He was industrious, and was a great assistance to his mother, now in her declining years, and quite feeble in health.

Soon after his return I visited the family. Naomi expressed the strongest sense of the goodness of God in sending her a staff to lean upon in her old age, in the person of her own dear and only son. Her grattitude for this blessing was mingled with strong solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her son.

Though Colonel Norton was a professor of religion, a member of the Church of England, and a religious teacher among the Mohawks, yet this young man had imbibed sentiments adverse to the claims of Christianity. He also at times indulged in the use, or rather the abuse of intoxicating drinks. In other respects, he manifested a filial regard to his mother, and was very kind and affectionate to his sisters. Naomi longed for his soul, not only with maternal love, but "in the bowels of Jesus Christ." She not only prayed for him with strong crying and tears, but she earnestly sought for him a remembrance in the prayers of the missionaries, and of all who loved the Saviour. I doubt not that her prayer was answered,

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"but it was in such a way," as would have led one of less simple and steady faith to despair; but I will not anticipate.

This son made her dwelling warm and comfortable, erected other necessary buildings, cleared up a sufficient farm, and made a good crop, and all dwelt together in quiet and peace, except a few times, when the son was overcome by temptation and led into a drunken debauch. There was yet another weight that pressed daily, hourly, heavily upon Naomi's heart. Her only son was not a Christian, and he despised the gospel. I never saw her, but this burden was expressed with tears, and the request was reiterated for agonizing supplications to God for His salvation. Still outwardly they were blessed and generally happy, until the latter part of the following February, a little more than a year after the son's return. Then the unhappy youth was again overcome by temptation. He became intoxicated, and in that state attempted to ride a wild horse. The vicious animal threw him violently, and his breast struck against a log, and injured him severely. Inflammation of the lungs supervened, and a rapid consumption was the sequel.

I heard nothing of this accident until I met the whole family about a mile from the Mission, coming to us for assistance in their affliction. The suffering young man was lying on a bed, laid upon a rude kind of sled, and drawn over the rough way by a horse. Naomi sat on the bed, supporting her suffering son; one sister was riding on the pony that drew the sled, and the other was riding a pony by the side of her brother. Naomi tearfully related to me the circum-

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stances of the afflictive Providence; "but," added she, "he no longer makes light of the gospel. He wants you to tell him the way to be saved. I know, and he knows, that you can do nothing to arrest the fatal course of his disease. I know he must die, and he knows the same. We want you to assist him to prepare to die in Christ." A slight examination sufficed to convince me that this fatal prognostic was well founded. His death warrant was sealed.

I found him already a deeply convicted sinner, most anxiously inquiring what he must do to be saved. O it was precious to point him to the Lamb of God, and to unfold to his burdened heart the unsearchable riches of Christ. "A drowning man will catch at a straw;" and most death-bed conversions, we have reason to fear, are suspicious, if not spurious; but in the case of this dear youth, there was the best evidence the case would admit, that he did look with a penitent and broken heart, and with simple faith to Him, "who is mighty to save." We trust he did come unto Christ, and that he was not rejected. He lingered for about a month, and went down to the grave in his youth. Naomi mourned for his death; but rejoiced to hope that he was gone to be with the Saviour, whom she loved. When all was over, and her only son was placed in his lowly bed, and the clods covered him from her bodily sight forever, I called at her room, and seating myself beside her, I said, "Well, sister, what does your heart say to all this?"

"My heart," she replied, "says it is well. My heavenly Father has done it, and my faith assures me that all He does is best. I am a poor sinful old woman. I

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lived long in darkness and in sin; and when the gospel came to my people, I spurned and refused to hear it. When my faithful friend, whose heart had felt the power of the love of Christ, invited, entreated and urged me to go and hear the message of love, my wicked heart proudly said, No; and I still trusted to my own dark and foolish ways. When God first sent you to me with the story of redemption, I wished not to hear; but I could not escape. I did hear; and such a story of love and grace was never heard elsewhere than in the story of Jesus Christ. To me it was the power of God unto salvation. It melted my heart; it filled me with love; it assured me of the love of God to my soul. O what a God, to think of me, a poor dark sinful Indian, and to give His only Son to die for me. I then felt the peace of God, which I could never find before. I loved Him. I wanted to confess Him before men, and evermore to be reckoned among His friends. In due time He let me be baptized, to signify that my sins were washed away in the blood of Jesus; and then He let me sit together with the beloved missionaries, and the dear Cherokees that love Him, at the Lord's supper, to remind us of the love of Jesus, and that He died for us. By His goodness, I obtained a more comfortable home than I had before possessed in Arkansas.

"Soon He sent my long absent son. I thought then, my Saviour knows that I am a poor old woman, oppressed with the infirmities of age, and still more weakened by disease. He knows that I need help; and He has sent me back my only son, a little boy when he left me, but a grown strong man, to be my

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support in old age. He is a staff I can lean upon till I go down to the grave. I did thank my heavenly Father for this needed mercy; and I loved Him more than ever; and again I gave myself and my all to Him, desiring and resolving to serve Him with my whole heart. We all lived together in love and peace. But my heart had still one grief. My son was dutiful, affectionate and industrious. He provided well for our bodily necessities; but, oh, he despised the gospel, and would sometimes swallow the fire-water, and be mad. This was my heart's grief. This burden also I told to God, and I prayed—oh, with what agony I prayed—that God would save his soul. My prayer was heard. In an awful way God called him to Himself. Had he been instantly killed, as many are, by that fall from his horse, my heart would have been wholly crushed; for I know that no drunkard hath eternal life. Instead of this, God let him live to hear the story of the Cross and believe; and now, I trust, he is with Jesus in His glory; and my heart says it is well. Since that night you first told me the story of Christ, I have never doubted God's love to my soul. Nor do I doubt it now, even though I am afflicted. I do trust Him, and I will trust Him still. True, I am poor and old and infirm; and have no strong son to lean upon, but God has ever cared for me, and He will care for me still. I shall not stay on earth but a little while; and then death will open the gate, and let me enter into life, where my precious Saviour ever lives, and ever loves those He redeemed with His own blood."

When I went in, I thought to comfort her; but she needed not my sympathy and condolence.

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"God, who comforteth those that are cast down," had been there before me, and He was there still, administering to her stricken heart, His own "consolations, which are neither few nor small." But if she needed not my consolations, I was myself comforted, and made stronger by this manifestation of victorious faith.

A few days after this, Naomi and her daughters designed to return home. The young women got all ready to start. The bed and all their effects were loaded upon the sled; but Naomi said she felt too unwell to start, and they must wait a little longer till she should feel better. The daughters sent for me, and I found this afflicted sister very sick. Her disease was pneumonia, accompanied with great hepatic derangement; and I feared a fatal termination from the very first. Naomi herself was certain that she could not recover. Her disease was attended with much suffering, and the remedies required were painful; but she submitted to all most cheerfully, cupping and blistering, and nauceous medicines internally exhibited. Not a repining word was uttered, not a murmer was indulged in her heart. The disease hastened on to its termination, and about the fifth day, "death," as she said, "opened the gate, and let her go to be forever with the precious Saviour." As long as she was able to speak, she acquiesced in all her afflictions, and was entirely patient. She often expressed a desire to depart, but ever accompanied it with an expression of sweet submission to the Divine will. She died in the Lord, and is blessed forever more. Her dust sleeps in the burial ground at old Dwight, beside her son,

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and near to the bodies of Father and Mother Brown, the parents of David and Catherine. Her two daughters subsequently became subjects of divine grace, united with the Church at Fairfield, and still live to adorn their Christian profession.

And now, my dear brother, what think you of such faith as Naomi's? and what think you of a gospel that can inspire such a faith? and what think you of a Saviour that can be the Author of such a gospel? and what think you of the privilege of preaching such a gospel of such a Saviour? Shall we not, with St. Paul, exclaim, "Unto us, who are less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that we should preach unto dying sinners, the *unsearchable* RICHES of CHRIST?" In the hopes and bonds of that gospel,

Yours, fraternally,

C. WASHBURN.

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LETTER VIII.

Osage Captives.

My Dear Brother: In the spring of 1818, the missionary station at Brainerd, in the eastern Cherokee Nation, was visited by Rev. Elias Cornelius, afterwards Corresponding Secretary of the American Board; but at that time acting as an agent of the Board for the purpose of collecting funds. He remained some weeks in the Cherokee country, preaching with great acceptance and success to that then benighted people. From the Cherokee Nation, he journeyed south through a part of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, to New Orleans. His route led him through the Chickasaw Nation.

While passing through this tribe, he *bivouacked* at night on the ground. On one of these nights, his camp was in the bottom of a stream, called Caney Creek. In the same bottom, and not far from his own fire, was the encampment of a party of Cherokee warriors, returning from Arkansas, whither they had been to assist their brethren in their war with the Osages. He visited their camp, and found one of them able to speak a little English; and by his aid as interpreter, he entered into conversation with the party and learned the details of their campaign.

His attention was soon attracted to a little girl,

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some three or four years old. She was clad not only in a manner different from what he had seen among the Cherokees, but very unsuitably to the weather; for it was pouring down rain and was quite cold, and her garments were very light, and but partially covered her person. On inquiry, he learned that she was an Osage captive. His pity was strongly moved that one of so tender an age should be torn away from her kindred and home, and be held in bondage by a savage enemy. He inquired for her parents. The leader of the party stepped to his travelling wallet, took thence two scalps, and holding them up, answered, "Here they are!" Mr. Cornelius was thrilled with horror. On learning their intention to take the child home with them, and to hold her in bondage as a slave, he asked if they would part with her. Her captor, who was the leader of the band, answered that he would let her go for a hundred dollars. Mr. Cornelius, unable to pay the ransom, and greatly distressed at her condition, soon left them and retired to his own fire.

In the morning he pursued his journey; and some weeks subsequent to these events he related, in a public audience in New Orleans, his interview with the sons of the forest, at Caney Creek, and the story of the little Osage captive. The heart of a benevolent lady (Mrs. Lydia Carter) in the congregation, was touched, and she nobly paid the ransom, that this little one might be released from bondage. Mr. Cornelius immediately communicated the glad tidings to the missionaries at Brainerd, giving them directions how they might obtain the money for her ransom.

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By the aid of the United States agent and the Cherokee chiefs, the little girl was, in a few months, set at liberty, and placed in the mission family and school. One of the missionaries, Rev. W. Chamberlain, and his wife adopted her as their own child, and baptized her by the name of Lydia Carter, in grateful memory of her benefactress who had ransomed her from bondage.

Soon after these events, it was ascertained that there was another Osage child, a little boy, among the Cherokees. He also, by the order of the United States government, was set free, and placed in the school at Brainerd. It was said he was a brother of little Lydia; but this probably is not so, as there was no resemblance to each other, and neither of the children knew anything about the other. This little boy was also dedicated to God in baptism. He was named John Osage Ross, in honour of the distinguished principal chief of the Cherokees, who was the principal active agent in his emancipation. On my arrival at Brainerd, in October, 1819, I found both of these little ones happily taken in and cared for by the Mission. There was nothing in the boy to distinguish him from any other little Indian boy, except the perforations in his ears showed that he was an Osage. He seemed happy, to be well fed and clothed, and to have opportunity for sufficient amusement. He was too young to work, and too young to take any just views of the past, of the present, except as to the gratification of his wants and inclinations, or of the future. But little Lydia was very different. She was a most interesting and engaging little girl;

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docile, sweet tempered, and seriously inclined. She learned easily, and was most inquisitive to know all that could be taught to a child. Especially she loved to inquire about God, and the way to please Him so as to secure His favour. She was a universal favorite at the Mission, and almost the idol of her foster parents. I have never seen a little girl that interested me more than did this little Osage captive.

It was supposed by all that the parents of these children were dead, and that they had no kindred who would be likely to claim them: therefore the missionaries hoped that they might have the opportunity to train them up for some useful station in life, if the children should be spared to grow up to maturity; but this hope was not realized. Already the United States government were endeavouring to effect a peace between the Arkansas Cherokees and the Osages; and all their agents were instructed to aid in bringing about so desirable a consummation. I have already said that General Miller, the Governor of Arkansas, was endeavouring to effect this desirable event when we first arrived in the country; and at the first council we attended, a man, Mr. John Rogers, was appointed to go to the old Nation, and bring to Arkansas all the Osage prisoners there, that they might be restored to their own people, in case a treaty of peace could be negotiated between them. When Mr. Rogers arrived in the eastern Cherokee Nation, and his business was known, all the missionaries, but especially Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, were greatly distressed. Little Lydia was overwhelmed with terror. She fled from her home and her kind foster parents, and could not

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be found. After a search of several days, she was found at a house some miles from the Mission.

The little children were again brought to Arkansas. As soon as I heard of the return of Mr. Rogers, I went down to see Lydia. She had become sick on the long and fatiguing journey, crossing the swamps of the Mississippi in the most sickly month in the year, the month of September. I found her lying upon a pallet, burning with fever, and apparently unconscious of all persons and things around her. Some of the attendants spoke to her, but she seemed not to heed them. I then addressed her by name. She recognized my voice, and in a moment she sprang from her pallet and hid her face in my bosom. She was greatly moved to meet with one she knew, and knew to be her friend. Her emotion was relieved by a torrent of tears, and her fever also was abated. She looked smilingly in my face and inquired, "Where is Ta-hau-to-laugh?" This was our oldest son, at that time a little babe.

The children at the Brainerd school had given him that name, and little Lydia had been very fond of him. By the use of appropriate remedies, Lydia's fever was broken up; but her constitution was impaired by the very great hardships she had been called to endure at her tender age, and she continued very delicate and feeble. The council which took place in the November following resulted in nothing favorable to a peace with the Osages; and Governor Miller placed Lydia in the family of Mrs. Lovely, until our families should arrive, when he designed placing her in our Mission school, until it should be

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necessary to restore her to her own tribe, on the restoration of peace.

But Providence had decided otherwise. In the winter following, Lydia was again attacked with fever, accompanied with dysentery. Her feeble and wayworn body soon sunk into the arms of death. I was absent at the time in the Choctaw Nation, whither I had gone for my family, as related in my second letter. From the kind old lady at whose house she died, I learned that she was very gentle and patient in her last sickness; that she often repeated the little prayers and hymns she had learned at Brainerd; and that she often talked about going to live with Jesus in His beautiful house in heaven! Thus passed away Lydia Carter, the little Osage captive. The Rev. Dr. Cornelius, who had been instrumental in her ransom from her captor, after her death, collected the incidents of her short and eventful life in a little volume, which he published for the use of Sunday schools. It is a very affecting and interesting narrative.

As for the little boy, John Osage Ross, he was taken by Governor Miller to New England, received a practical education in the common schools of that favored portion of our country, and then learned the trade of a saddle, harness and trunk maker. If living, he still resides in Massachusetts or New Hampshire. I saw him in company with the Governor in 1835. He was then a fine looking young man, and the Governor said was a good workman and of good habits.

I have said that the Cherokees, in their war with the Osages, took many captives, whom they held in

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bondage. Even this was an advance upon purely savage warfare, in which all prisoners were put to death. It is due to the Cherokees still farther to say, that their treatment of these captives was kind and humane, differing nothing from their treatment of their own children. When peace was finally restored, and the captives given up, many went back to their own people with great reluctance. A few utterly refused, and were allowed still to remain with the Cherokees.

I shall relate to you the leading incidents in the history of another Osage captive, with whom you are personally acquainted. Maria James, who was educated in our school at Dwight, and continued to live at the Mission until her marriage. Her capture was in the last battle fought between the Cherokees and Osages. At that time she was about three years old. Her captor was Blackcoat, one of the influential chiefs. Subsequently he was elected for four years as assistant principal chief, in which office he died. Though a brave warrior, Blackcoat was a kind-hearted man. He treated his little captive with great tenderness; and on his return home, with the cordial acquiescence of his wife, he adopted her as a daughter, they having no daughters of their own. Thus this little stranger found a quiet and good home, and her foster parents cared for her with much affection. She had lived thus happily for a year and a half or two years, when a sad and cruel reverse came upon her. Not many miles from the residence of Blackcoat lived a citizen of the Territory of Arkansas, by the name of McBee. In some way he learned that Blackcoat had an Osage captive; and felt a strange desire to make the acquain-

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tance of the chief. He visited frequently at Blackcoat's house, expressing a very friendly regard for him, and quite an interest for the welfare of all his family. When he perceived that he had made a favorable impression upon the mind of the chief, he proceeded to relate his domestic affliction. Though he had been married for some ten years, he said he had no children, and his domestic hearth was desolate. He expressed a great desire to have a little girl like Blackcoat's Osage captive, saying if he had such an one, he would adopt her, and make her his heir. Blackcoat replied, "White people know much more than we Indians, and raise their children better than we; and you can do much more for this little girl than I can. I give her to you."

McBee was delighted; but told the chief that a written conveyance must be given to secure his title to the child, else the government would require him to part with her whenever peace should be made with the Osages; that to render such written conveyance valid in law, it was necessary that he should make him some consideration. So it was agreed that McBee should give the chief a cow and calf, worth at that time from eight to ten dollars; that for this consideration, he should have the little Osage child secured to him by a lawful "bill of sale." All this was done without awakening in the mind of Blackcoat any suspicion of fraud; but no sooner did McBee get possession of the little girl than he ran her off about forty miles down the river, where he found a man by the name of McCall to whom he sold her for three hundred dollars.

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McCall immediately placed her in a canoe and started with her for Louisiana, where he hoped to sell her into perpetual slavery for a handsome advance upon the price he had paid for her. In descending the river, he encamped one night a few miles above the Post of Arkansas. Near the same place a boat had also stopped for the night. The watermen attached to this boat were Frenchmen; and seeing the light of McCall's fire, they visited, as is usual, his camp. Their attention was soon attracted to the little girl, and they inquired about her. McCall said she was a mulatto slave that he was taking down to Louisiana to sell. The watermen, observing the child's complexion, her straight hair and perforated ears, suspected at once that all was not right.

They returned to their own boat, and two of them immediately started for the Post to notify the Governor of these suspicious appearances. In the early morning, the Govenor's proclamation was out offering a liberal reward for the rescue of the child, and additional reward for the apprehension of McCall, who, in the meantime, had passed the Post, and was on his rapid way to the Mississippi river and thence to Louisiana. The two Frenchmen got a light and swift running canoe, and armed with the Governor's proclamation as well as with rifles, started in the pursuit. When they got to the Mississippi, they learned from settlers that McCall had some six hours the start of them, and that he was making his utmost speed. They rushed on and pursued their chase till within a few miles of the Louisiana line, when they descried at the bank, near a settler's cabin, a small

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part of the bow of a canoe, all the rest of it was intentionally sunk. They hastily approached and examined it; and, to their joy, ascertained that it was the bow of McCall's canoe.

They tied their own canoe to the shore, and approached the cabin. Through the "chinks" in the cabin, they discovered the little girl, of whom they took instant possession, and inquired for the man who brought her there. They were answered that he had stopped to get breakfast, and was now stepped out for a moment. His steps were soon heard approaching the cabin; but as he heard voices within, he too looked through the chinks, and seeing the little girl sitting upon the lap of one of the waterman, whom he instantly recognized, he turned his course, and made a rapid flight for the canebreak near at hand. The men pursued him, but he made good his retreat to the canebreak, and eluded their search.

The faithful men returned with their interesting charge, and committed her to the protection of Governor Miller. They richly earned their reward. Shortly after this, the Rev. Mr. Finney, returning from New Orleans, stopped at the Post and called on the Governor. To him she was committed to be placed in our school till she should be claimed by her own people.. No such claim was ever presented, and so she continued to reside at the Mission until, as mentioned above, she was married. She was perhaps five or six years old when received into the Mission school.

As yet she had none but an Indian name; and Miss Stetson, the teacher of the female school,

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named her Maria James, in memory of a Christian friend of her own in New England.

There was nothing particularly marked or interesting in her appearance. Very little had been done to develop her mental powers, and her form and features were plain. She was mild in her disposition, gentle in her manners, and cheerfully and promptly submissive and obedient. She seemed grateful for the kindness shown her, and desirous to improve her opportunities. Her progress as a scholar, though not very rapid, was gratifying; evincing, if not a brilliant, a solid and well balanced mind. Religious instruction soon evinced a disposition to inquire, and she was very fond of asking questions about God, and what was read to her from the Bible. Still no abiding religious impressions were evinced till near the close of 1830, when Maria was among the first five of our school girls who anxiously inquired after the way of life. This was the beginning of the precious revival heretofore described.

At that time Maria was some seventeen years old; had endeared herself to all the Mission by her sterling good qualities; had made respectable attainments in a solid education; and especially was so skilled in the execution of domestic arts and labours, as to have become of much use in the Mission. She soon obtained a dear and solid hope of her acceptance with God, "through the redemption there is in Christ Jesus;" in due time she united with the Mission Church, and has ever since adorned her Christian profession. She continued as a pupil in the school until her education and other qualifications prepared

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her to be a very useful and acceptable assistant teacher. In this capacity she labored for several years, receiving a stipulated compensation for her services. As a teacher, she was highly appreciated by the missionaries and the Cherokee people, and was much respected and loved by the pupils. She continued in her employment as teacher until her marriage, in the spring of 1841. Her husband was a widower, and had several children by a former marriage. He was considerably her senior in years, but was respected for his integrity and active piety. To his children Maria became a kind and faithful stepmother. Theirs became an example of a well ordered Christian family. Thus they lived in Christian peace and love, doing good to all as duty called, and especially laboring to promote the cause of religion among the Cherokees, until the winter of 1852-3.

At that time her husband came to Fort Smith to visit a daughter by his first wife, who, with her husband, were dangerously sick. He took the same disease himself and died. Maria was with him some of the last hours of his life, and at the time of his death. Of course I had opportunity to observe the influence of her religion in a time of great trial. She manifested all the affections of a loving and faithful wife; and no less clearly did she manifest the sustaining, subduing faith of the singled hearted Christian. She felt, and she still feels, the desolations of widowhood. She mourned, but it was in uncomplaining submission to the will of her covenant God. Maria has six children of her own; and as her step-children are all grown up and settled in life, she rented her place and moved

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to Dwight, that her children might enjoy the educational and religious privileges of the Mission. There she still resides, beloved and respected by the missionaries, and all who know her. She is a faithful and judicious mother, and has a very interesting family of well behaved and obedient children, who now give very fair promise of becoming useful men and women.

And thus ends my narrative of Osage captives. In view of the events of this captive's life, we may well say, "What hath God wrought!" How wonderful the dealings of Providence with this obscure, wild Osage! Had she not been captured, or had she been returned to her own people after her rescue from the kidnappers, she would, if living, now be wandering in poverty, ignorance and sin, among her people in waste prairies of the west. If McCall had succeeded in his diabolical design, Maria, if living, might still be in servitude on a Louisiana sugar plantation; but by the grace and mercy of Him, "who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working," she is free in Christ Jesus, a child of God, and an heir of heaven! "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out." *Laus Deo, et gloria in excelsis.*

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LETTER IX.

Reminiscences of Individuals—Ta-kah-to-kuh.

My Dear Brother: I shall now occupy several letters with reminiscences of individuals. Sometimes I shall include in one letter all that I have to say about several individuals, and sometimes I shall devote a whole letter to recollections of a single person. The subject of this letter is Ta-kah-to-kuh, a chief already frequently referred to.

When I first saw this chief he was, I should judge, sixty-five years old. His hair was of a silver white, and, as usual with the aged among our Indian tribes, it was finer and softer in its texture than is common in middle age. His stature was about five feet nine inches, his form erect, and all his movements as easy and agile as those of youth. I never saw a finer face. It was of the Grecian model, with a little stronger marked features. His forehead was high and very well developed, indicating, as the phrenologists have it, intellectual powers of a high order. His mouth and lip expressed great determination and force of character. But his eye was the most striking and awe-inspiring feature in his very fine and interesting countenance. It was the sun in the midst of all the lesser luminaries of his expressive face. Its colour, of course, was a piercing black, and its size considera-

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bly exceeded the common standard among his people. When calm and unexcited, there was a mildness in his eye which indicated great kindness, and bespoke a heart not unaccustomed to tender sensibilities; and the possessor of it was noted for his domestic affections. When any subject of profound importance occupied his mind, his eye would send forth scentillations of most magnificent powers of thought. But it was when roused to patriotic feeling, or when kindled to acts of daring, or excited with hate and scorn and indignation towards his enemies, that his eye sent forth the scathing lightning, when no one could look him steadily in the face. His whole expression ever betokened the fullest integrity. He utterly scorned a lie, and would never stoop to a deception, unless it were to circumvent an enemy. Any one so disposed might deceive once, but no one could do it a second time. Ta-kah-to-kuh was lineally descended from their ancient priesthood; and before his immigration to Arkansas, often conducted the religious ceremonies of his people, and several times, after his removal, he officiated in that capacity; hence he was usually designated as "The beloved man."

At the council, when we presented the object of our mission, as I have already stated, Ta-kah-to-kuh was not present; hence he stood aloof from us, and regarded us and our object with disfavor. This prejudice was not removed for some years; and at the commencement of our Mission, he opposed our undertaking, especially by ridiculing our object. For a time he avoided all personal intercourse. He would pass by the station with head erect, and never turn an eye

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towards us, or any thing pertaining to the establishment. What I heard of him led me to admire many traits of his character; and when I first saw him, his personal appearance increased my admiration very much; and I strongly desired to make his acquaintance. I sought an introduction, but it was declined on his part; and he evidently avoided me and all the members of the Mission. A few weeks before the commencement of our school, I met him at the house of Colonel Webber. There was but one door of ingress and egress, and he could not avoid me, and I determined he should speak to me, or refuse to do so. I approached and extended my hand, addressing to him the customary salutation. He gave me his hand and returned the salutation, but with an averted face, showing that there was no cordiality in it. By this act the ice was broken, and the way opened for further intercourse; and shortly after, when passing his residence with an interpreter, I called to visit him. He gave me a polite, hospitable, but at first, rather cold reception.

He set me a stool, and desired me to be seated; next he handed me a gourd of pure cool water, and then said, "go and eat." On the *form*, which served in the place of a table, was an ample supply of wholesome food, cooked after the Indian custom, but palatable. I partook of it freely and with good relish, which seemed to afford the old chief great gratification, as he regarded it as an act of friendly communion, a kind of seal to cordiality ever afterwards. There was no plate on the *quasi* table, nor fork; a single knife, such as is usually carried by the Indians

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in their belts; and a spoon, manufactured by himself from a buffalo horn, with which to help myself to hominy, or con-noh-ha-neh, in Cherokee, were all the eating implements used. When my interpreter and myself had done sufficient justice to the viands before us, Ta-kah-to-kuh filled his long pipe with ta-lo-neh, (a mixture of the dried leaves of the sumack and tobacco,) and lighting it, he first took two or three whiffs, and then passed it to me. I did the same, and passed it to the interpreter. After this, the chief took me again most cordially by the hand, and said, "Now, we are friends forever." The utmost frankness and freedom of conversation followed, and our intercourse ever after was of the most unreserved and friendly character.

I embraced this opportunity to state to him minutely our object in coming to reside and labour among his people, and to speak of the advantages of civilization and education, and especially of the advantages of Christianity, both in respect to the present and future world. He gave me a respectful and dignified hearing; and when I ended, he said, "We are evermore friends, personally; but I differ with you and with the other chiefs on these subjects. Nor," said he, "do I believe that our great father, the President of the United States, wishes us to be civilized and educated. If he so wished, why, when we emigrated from our old homes, did he not give us a hoe and spelling-book, instead of a blanket and rifle? No; as *missionaries*, (his word for this, Tin-tah-ous-keh, comprehended our whole character of preachers and teachers,) you belong to the other party. I can

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be your personal friend, while I have no confidence in and must oppose your object. The other party i. e., the friends of schools and civilization and the mechanic arts, he bitterly ridiculed. He designated them as the breeches, or pantaloons party. Often, when he would deign to manifest any interest in our work, he would inquire, "How do you succeed in learning the Indian boys to wear breeches?"

From this time the old chief was a frequent visitor at the Mission, and often ate with us at our common table. On one occasion, he had come to get some work done at our smithery, and was in the shop when the bell rung for dinner. I stepped out and invited him to dine with us. "Yes," said he; "but I do not like your way. When you come to my cabin, I always say to you, 'go and eat;' and there is always food for you close at hand, and you may eat whenever you choose. But when I come to see you, I never see any food in any of your dwellings; and it is only at certain definite hours that I can find any food; then that bell rattles, *ding, ding, ding!* and all must go then and eat, or all will be soon out of sight. I don't like it, but I suppose it is your way; and all the breeches party among my own people are following your fashion. I say I don't like it."

On one occasion the old man sent me a challenge to select twenty boys out of our school, to meet an equal number of boys from his village to play ball. But I declined the challenge, on the ground that there was no use in ball-playing; but in return, I sent him a challenge, to bring down twenty of his boys, with hoes and spelling-books, to meet my boys, and see

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which could hoe corn, and read and spell the best. The chief admitted that these were more useful than ball-playing.

For a long time Ta-kah-to-kuh maintained his hostility to the arts of civilization, as well as to schools. When George Guess, the Cherokee Cadmus, first visited Arkansas, he was at once patronized by Ta-kah-to-kuh; and the first class taught to read by Guess, were men of his village. He afterwards learned to read and write himself. His views soon underwent a change. The art of reading and writing in their own language afforded the advantages of correspondence, and of permanent records; and if they could also, as a people, acquire knowledge and skill in the useful arts, they might be wholly independent of white people, a consummation ever greatly desired by this native chief. By his suggestion and aid, added to some funds furnished by Guess, his brother, named Tobano Will, purchased a full and complete set of blacksmith's tools, opened a shop, and carried on the business quite successfully. Guess worked as a blacksmith. Some of his work was not only quite substantial, but finished off in good taste.

About this time the Mission was in receipt of supplies from Boston. Ta-kah-to-kuh was present when these supplies were opened. Among them was a pair of globes. These had been taken off their frames for the convenience of packing, wrapped in soft paper, and placed in the box. As they were taken from the box, and divested of the wrapping, they were laid on the counter. I observed that they attracted the old man's attention; but true to the characteristics of his race,

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he manifested no curiosity. After a few minutes, with apparent indifference, he approached and laid his hand upon them. He then carelessly inquired what kind of *birds* laid those eggs? I answered they were not eggs, and told him of what and how they were made; and placed the terrestrial globe in its frame, and showed him how it represented the earth and its motions. "Ha!" he replied, "what is that you say; that the earth moves?"

I told him; and illustrated it on the globe that the earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. "That's a lie," says he; "for if the earth should turn over, all the water would spill out, and all the rocks would fall off." This I also endeavoured to explain. After a few moments of deep thought, he sent a young man, who was with him, to the spring for a bucket of water. This he took by the bail and swung it rapidly round. The water did not spill out. "Oo-kuh-squah-tuh (my own name in Cherokee) is right," said he. "The earth turns over every day; and it is this which causes the rising and setting sun. This subject has always troubled me. When I was a child, I was told that the sun went back to the east in the night when we could not see it, and was ready to rise in the morning. This I knew could not be true; because the sun afforded us light, and was the cause of day. When my people have inquired of me, I have told them that there must be a hole in the foundation of the earth through which the sun passed, and so got back to the east. But this never satisfied my own mind; for I knew the sun must be immensely large, and a hole of such magnitude must weaken the foun-

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dation of the earth so much, that it could not support the earth. But now I am satisfied."

From this time he frequently visited me to study astronomy by the aid of the globes, until he perfectly understood the motions of the earth and other planets of our system, and the causes of the seasons, &c. He finally became able to solve many of the problems on the globe; and often obtained leave to take them from the closet, in which they were kept, to illustrate his own astronomical lectures to his own people. In this way, many of his people acquired a tolerably correct knowledge of the rudiments of astronomy. All this goes to prove that he was no ordinary man. Indeed, in all my acquaintance with our native tribes, I have never found his equal for intellectual acumen and power.

I have said above that Ta-kah-to-kuh was descended from their ancient line of priesthood. This fact invested his character with special interest in my mind; and I, very soon after friendly intercourse was established between us, endeavoured to obtain some facts as to their religious traditions and rites. At first the old chief was reluctant to communicate at all on this subject. I afterwards ascertained that this reluctance proceeded from the apprehension that I might be disposed to ridicule their doctrines, legends and rites. Afterwards, when he had obtained something like an outline of the great facts and doctrines taught in our own Scriptures, he said that the traditions handed down to them by their old men were very much like the teachings of the white man's good book. He proceeded to say that he would willingly tell me all he

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knew, and that was very little; but that his uncle, Ta-ka-e-tuh, was a very old man, and that he could give me all the information on the subject, which I desired. He therefore referred me to his uncle, adding, "I will see the old man, and tell him to communicate any thing to you. He will do it, because I am your friend." Of these traditions I shall speak when I give some account of that old man.

For a long time Ta-kah-to-kuh stood aloof from religious instruction, and at first seemed disposed to treat it with contempt and ridicule. He was often present at our domestic worship in the common family, but would never take the posture of prayer; and if any of his people conformed to our usage, they were sure to be ridiculed by him. He never attended any of our appointments for preaching. For some time I had a stated appointment in his own village, and in the council house. He was never present; but he had given consent to have the council house used for this purpose; and he never opposed the attendance of his own people. Whenever any of the more intelligent of the village population attended, he would be very inquisitive as to what they heard. It was in this way that he obtained some outline of Christian doctrine and morals; and the information thus obtained caused his first favourable impressions towards the religion we were labouring to inculcate among his people. But when he had opportunity to witness the reforming and elevating influence of Christianity, as illustrated by the spirit and life of those who professed it among his own people, he was constrained to acknowledge that this influence was good, and that our

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religion was from God. He no longer ridiculed, but ever spoke in favour of the word of God.

He now commenced attending upon the preaching of the gospel. He was first present at an appointment in his own village. The subject was, "God's love to the world, as manifested in the gift of His only Son." The next Sabbath he was present at Dwight; and from this time he was a very frequent attendant upon public worship; and became an interested inquirer upon the subject of Christian doctrine. At one time, when I had preached at a house, a short distance from his village, he requested me to go home with him, saying that he had many questions which he wished me to answer. I had another appointment to attend the same day, so that I could not comply with his request; but I promised to visit him the next day, and spend as long a time in conversation as he might desire. Accordingly, I was at his house the next day at an early hour.

He seemed glad to see me, and at once entered into conversation. He first inquired why I thought certain individuals among his people were Christians? I answered by comparing their spirit and temper and life since embracing the gospel, with what they had previously been. He then inquired why I did not think certain other persons were Christians? These were persons who had ever been in favour of our schools, and all the civilizing influences which we were exerting among them. I told him that I could not judge the hearts of men; but mentioned some things in the life of these persons, which were very obvious, that were at variance with the requirements of

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the word of God. With my answers in reference to both classes, he expressed his satisfaction. He then desired me to tell him the very way by which he himself might become a Christian. This was the very question, above all others, which I desired to hear him ask. His manner was dignified and serious; yet I was not fully satisfied with the mental state indicated by the question, and by his previous interrogatories and remarks. He seemed more like a philosopher asking after the *rationale* of Christianity, than a burdened sinner asking for relief. Still I addressed myself to the answer of his question in a way to fix a consciousness of his lost condition as a sinner, who could be saved only by grace; and to show him that grace could be exercised through the atonement and righteousness of Christ towards the chief of sinners; and all this in perfect harmony with every divine attribute, and every claim of the divine law. Every step of this way of salvation he scrutinized very minutely, often making objections, but candidly and fairly, and with equal candour expressing his satisfaction with my answers to his objections. The conversation occupied many hours. I think he comprehended the Christian scheme of salvation, and that his judgment approved; but he gave me no evidence that his heart embraced it.

At the conclusion of my answer, with a very serious aspect and tone of voice, he remarked, "It is a great and wonderful way; and I believe it is the right way. Our young people will learn it, and will walk in it and be saved;" and with a most desponding air, he added, "I am like the sun away down there (point-

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ing a *very* little above the horizon.) I shall go down to the night of death. It is too late for me."

I laboured earnestly and affectionately to dispel this desponding conclusion, but apparently without effect. This was but a few months before the old man's death; and I do not know that any thing more hopeful was ever indicated as to his moral state and future prospects. The matters which from this time occupied him, took him from home almost wholly; and I had very little opportunity for personal intercourse with him.

As a patriot, as a warrior, as a counsellor, Ta-kah-to-kuh was ever distinguished among his people. Perhaps his wisdom might be impeached in the affair of the Osage war; but in that matter he acted not from blind obstinacy, nor was he unaware that it was for the immediate interest of his people to be at peace with all. Nor was it the love of glory which influenced him to perpetuate the war; for he considered it little glory to gain a victory over a nation of liars and cowards. He felt that the treachery, faithlessness, and deceit of the Osages were a scandal upon the whole race of red men, and that they ought to be exterminated. He was firmly persuaded that no treaty would be faithfully observed by them. When told that the Osages had been sufficiently chastised, and that they would now be faithful to the stipulations of a treaty, he invariably answered, "Liars never reform." With him this was a maxim, and it must be confessed that it is not far from the truth. It was not from any change of principle in this respect, or from any more favourable view of the Osages that he was

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finally led to give his voice in favour of peace with the Osages.

On that memorable occasion, his feelings were borne on to act by an irresistable torrent of eloquence; his principles and his sober judgment, together with his regard to consistency and his hitherto indomitable will, were all crushed and overwhelmed by the thundering power and the melting pathos of Chih-kil-leh's speech in favour of peace. His vote was the irresistible impulse of feeling. When he gave that vote, I sat by his side, and never before nor since have I witnessed so signal a display of the power of eloquence, nor seen an individual more perfectly under the power of emotion than was Ta-kah-to-kuh at that time.

The final vote was taken just at the setting of the sun, and was the close of the day's session of the council, and I saw no more of him till the next morning, when he called to see me. His countenance indicated great depression, and I inquired if he were unwell. "I am in health, but I called to acknowledge my shame. Yesterday I allowed myself to be overpowered by a wily speaker, and I cried like a girl and like a woman. I spoke before I had slept." "Well," said I, "you have slept now, and cannot you recall the rash word your tongue uttered under the impulse of feeling?" "A *man*," said he, "never speaks twice." Demosthenes roused the Athenians to take up arms against Philip of Macedon; Chih-kil-leh overpowered the iron will of Ta-kah-to-kuh, and induced him to bury the tomahawk, which for so long had been lifted against the Osages. Both were triumphs of eloquence.

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I come now to the last act performed by this noted chief in life's busy drama. This fully develops his patriotism and the far reaching power of his intellect. He was apprised of the policy of the United States to remove all the Indian tribes from the east to the west of the Mississippi. Availing himself of this knowledge, he visited not only many of the indiginous tribes in the West, but most of those to be removed by the government, and proposed to them to favour this policy of the government. Most of the tribes gave a favourable reception to his views. He then, on the recommendation of United States agents and superintendents, was appointed to visit Washington, that he might be associated with such commissioners as might be designated to negotiate treaties with the Indians to be removed. His farther plan was, when all the Indians should be located west of the Mississippi, to unite them all in one grand confederacy. This done, he would amicably propose to the government to establish the Mississippi river as a permanent boundary between the possessions of the white and red man. Should this proposal be rejected (which of course he knew would be the case,) his ultimatum, as the diplomatists have it, was to drive the whites across the big river, or massacre them here, and take possession of the whole West as the last home and resting place of the red man. On his way to Washington in the prosecution of his grand scheme, he was arrested in his progress at Kaskaskia, Illinois, by an attack of pneumonia. It was the message from the Master of life, to close his last war expedition, to vacate his seat at the council fire forever, and to

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remove him to hunting grounds of another world. Thus ended the life of Ta-kah-to-kuh, and with it ended all his schemes and plans.

As ever, yours,

C. WASHBURN.

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LETTER X.

Religious Traditions—Ta-ka-e-tuh.

My Dear Brother: Ta-ka-e-tuh, about whom I now propose to give you some notices, was the uncle of Ta-kah-to-kuh. Of course he belonged to the Cherokee priesthood, and was next in office and in the veneration of the people, to Dick Justice, who was regarded as the High Priest. Ta-ka-e-tuh, at the time of my introduction to him, was said to be more than a hundred years old. Perhaps there might have been some exaggeration in the estimates of his age, as his personal appearance, though indicating advanced age, would not justify a judgment of so great antiquity. He stood erect and straight as a youth, though his step was tottering and he ever supported himself with a staff. His sight was very little impaired, and his hearing acute as that of a young man. On the other hand, his personal recollection of events, such as the war of his people with the Delaware Indians, and the expulsion of the Tuscaroras from the South, and their confederation with the Five Nations, events which happened long before the difficulties of our colonies with the mother country, all serve to establish his claim to a great age. At the time of the Cherokee war with the United States, about 1784, he was regarded as too old to bear arms, or to go with the warriors in his priestly vocation.

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His personal appearance was dignified and commanding, his stature full six feet, and all his proportions symmetrical. There was a strong resemblance between him and Ta-kah-to-kuh. His nose was somewhat larger than his nephew's, and was slightly aquiline. In all other respects, what I have said of the head and features of the nephew will well describe the uncle. He had been a man of commanding eloquence, and even in his old age, his speech was distinct, emphatic, and terse, and all the workings of his countenance and all his gestures expressive and dignified. He appeared like a man perfectly conscious of his power, and that that power was not founded in pretence. There was not visible even the shadow of a shade of vanity.

On my first introduction to him, he gave me a gracefully dignified, and yet polite and hospitable reception. And here I feel called upon to remark that the most finished examples I have ever found of true courtesy in manners, have been among the chiefs and influential men of our Indian tribes. I have been at the capital of our boasted Republic, and have noticed the manners of our rulers and great men, and I could not only name several of our most distinguished Senators, but two or three of our Presidents, who might have profited greatly by attending a school of gentility and courtesy with some of our Indian chiefs.

When I introduced the object of my visit, I was satisfied that Ta-ka-to-kuh had been true to his promise, and yet the old man manifested some little reserve. This did not arise from false modesty, resorted to for the purpose of eliciting flattering compliments, nor

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from any personal want of friendly feeling on his part; but, as I interpreted it, it arose solely from a jealousy that I might use his communications to disparage his race. When I stated my reasons for wishing to obtain a knowledge of the antiquities of the red people, all reserve was laid aside, and he professed a cordial willingness to answer all the questions I might propose as far as he might be able. And here I remark that the following statement of facts obtained from him were fully confirmed by his brother, The Blanket, and by Dick Justice, as the traditions handed down to them by their forefathers from immemorial time. I remark again that having lost all memoranda of the statements made by this old man, I shall not attempt to recall the order of the communications, nor every topic on which inquiry was made and answers given. I shall, however, give my recollections of the answers as given.

My first inquiry related to the existence of God. This was introduced in the way of a question as to the Author of all things. The answer was Oo-na-luh-nuh-heh. To the question who governs and disposes of all things, the answer was Kuh-luh-lut-teh-a-heh. To the question are these two distinct beings? the answer was there is *one God.* This was explained by the old man in this way: Oo-na-luh-nuh-heh made and sustains all things. Kuh-luh-lut-teh-a-heh is the ruler, lawgiver, and judge of all; i. e., the one *God* sustains different relations to us, and is spoken of in terms indicating these relations. To the question, "Do not your people believe in a great many Gods?" he answered, "Our people believe in a great many

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ghosts; (the interpreter rendered the word,) but these are all bad, and our old men always instruct us never to fear or worship them."

Here then, I thought, is evidence that the Cherokees were *monotheists;* and the more fully I investigated the subject, the stronger was the evidence that this portion at least of our aborigines were not polytheists. The belief in demons was consistent with monotheism, as the Jews and all the Shemitish Nations had done the same. I inquired, "How do you worship God?" The answer was, "We submit to Him; we fear Him; we trust in Him; we pray to Him, and we sacrifice to Him." On this last point I found, on investigation, the interpreter had not rendered the old man's meaning correctly. I could not find evidence that this old man, or any other of his people, had any idea of a propitiatory sacrifice. They did not know that God could pardon sin at all, or, if He could, how it could be. Their sacrifices, then, were only free-will oblations and thank-offerings; and some times offerings to avert apprehended physical evils. The result of my investigations on this subject is all given in the above; and, so far as I know, such has been the result of research, on this subject, by other missionaries.

On the subject of the worship of God, and religious observances, Ta-ka-e-tuh said his people had very greatly degenerated from what they were in his early youth; and that many of the observances now kept up had been desecrated from solemn religious rites into mere scenes of revelry. The cause of this, as he said, was the capture, by the Delawares, of

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their religious deposit, (the interpreter called it the ark,) which contained the symbols of their worship. I inquired what were these symbols? He either could not, or would not, tell me. I feared they might be something like idols, the relics venerated by Romanists; but he assured me that the Cherokees had never worshipped idols, or any visible representation of God. When I told him of the nations that worshipped idols, he said they must be fools.

Ta-ka-e-tuh's system of cosmogony differed circumstantially from that of the Bible. First, the earth was created; next, the sun, moon and stars; then man, then birds, then land animals, then fishes and reptiles; and lastly, vegetables and fruits, to be food for man and beast. The period of time occupied in creation was six days, or rather six nights, after which was a day of rest, which gave rise to the division of time into periods of seven days. He said his ancestors observed the day of rest; it was now neglected, like many other sacred observances, since the loss of their sacred deposit.

At first there was one man and one woman created. The first human pair were red; and the varieties in the colour of the human race he accounted for by the influence of climate, except in the case of blacks. Black was a stigma fixed upon a man for crime; and all his descendants ever since had been born black. Their old men, he said, were not agreed as to the crime thus marked by the signal of God's displeasure. Some said it was for murder, some cowardice, and some said it was lying. In this last opinion he seemed to concur.

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The first human pair, according to their traditions, were placed in a most beautiful country, which spontaneously yielded the most delicious fruits, was adorned with the most delicate and fragrant herbs and flowers, and enlivened and made delightful by the music of birds. It was so perfectly healthy hat disease and death were unknown. When asked where that country was situated, his answer was, such was the whole earth at that happy time; but that the human race at first lived in a country very far to the west, on the other side of a very large salt lake. At that time the days and nights were of the same length; that the temperature was always the same—never too cold nor too hot. There were no violent storms; the rain fell in gentle showers; and only pleasant and refreshing breezes swept over the earth. There were no thunderings and lightnings, nor earthquakes. The birds were all sweet singers, and could all sing together in concert; and the voices of all animals were sweetly harmonious. No harsh or unpleasant sound was heard on earth, and every vegetable was pleasant and useful. All the animals that now exist existed then, except serpents and such as are a cross of different races, like the mule; but that very many species of animals had ceased to exist. Then the animals could understand each other's language; and man could converse with all beasts and birds and fishes.

The Creator then often came down to earth, and conversed most familiarly with man; and all the earth was peace and love and happiness. When asked how long this happy state continued, he said their old men did not know, but they all supposed it

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was but a few years, as there was no increase of the race during this happy period. The cause of the sad reverse, he said, was man's transgression of the law of his Maker. To this the man was tempted by the woman. To the question, who tempted the woman? he answered, the *snake*. But it was objected, you said that at first there were no serpents created, and none existed during the period of happiness. One serpent was at first created, but he was not allowed to associate with the other creatures, but was shut up in a dark cavern in a rock. The first woman was walking by herself, and she went past this rock, when the serpent commenced a sweet, soothing musical tone, which attracted her notice, and she paused to look and listen. Soon the serpent addressed her in a very friendly voice, then opened a fissure in the rock, and came into view. He held a long discourse with the woman, and spoke with a voice so enchanting, that though what he proposed at first shocked her, yet at last he prevailed, and induced her to violate the law of God. He then induced her to tempt her husband; and it was the serpent that gave her power to prevail over the man and cause him to transgress. It was asked what was the transgression. He answered, I do not know. Some say it was eating the fruit of a tree, which the Creator had forbidden. They disobeyed the command of their Maker, and it makes no difference what that disobedience was. God was very angry, and He punished them in a great many ways. The whole earth was changed. Noxious weeds and thorns, and poisonous vegetables were produced; dreadful storms and tempests

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and earthquakes took place, and man was exposed now to burning heat, and then to freezing cold. The earth became unhealthy, and all kinds of disease and plagues prevailed. The beasts were fighting each other, and became unfriendly to man. The man and his wife often quarrelled, and were very unhappy, and ever since, all kinds of pains and sufferings have prevailed everywhere, and all have to die. Ever since this fatal disobedience to the Creator, serpents have multiplied, and have, and will be, the terror of all men. How, it was asked, did the disposition to do evil pass from the first pair to their children, and thus become universal? The answer was, when the serpent prevailed, to lead the first pair into sin, a part of his own disposition was infused into them; and this same disposition has been transmitted to all their posterity. But, it was asked, did God infuse this malignant nature into man? No, he answered very emphatically. God is perfect, and He never does evil, or influences any one to do evil; it was done by the serpent. This was not an entirely new view of the doctrine of original sin, though to me the terms were original. It is quite Manichean in its aspect, and perhaps if old Ta-ka-e-tuh could come back again, he might be disposed to publish and defend the theory. It certainly has as much Scripture and reason to support it as some of the theories broached and defended by our most celebrated D. D.'s. Should he thus appear as a Theological Rabbi, his theory will be entitled "The conflict of ages settled at last."

Man thus fallen and depraved manifested no tendency to reform, but to progress from bad to worse, and

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this in a constantly accelerating rapidity. The life of man at that time was protracted to a very great number of years, and this fact aided in multiplying crimes, and carrying out schemes of wickedness, and of course very greatly added to the miseries of life. At last man became so bad that God could bear with him no longer, and determined to destroy all the race, except a single family. This one family alone of all the human race was good. How did it happen, it was asked, amidst universal wickedness, that this family were not corrupt also? God, said he, took away from this family the disposition of the serpent, and gave them a disposition to do right; but He had to keep them good by His constant influence, for the nature of the serpent still remained in them, so that if they should be left to themselves, they would be wicked like all others. God told this family that He would bring a great flood of water, and drown the whole world; and directed this family to build a very great raft, which covered many acres, and to make a house on the raft for the family, and a storehouse for food; and then he told a pair of all kinds of animals, that could not live in the water, to go on to the raft with the good family, and so they were saved alive when the flood came.

It was asked, where did the water come from sufficient to cover all the earth? He answered, God could easily create water at any time to drown the world, but our old men have told us that it rained very hard for a long time; that before the flood, the island that we now live on, (meaning the entire western continent,) was down very deep in the great salt lake; and

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God caused it to rise, and the water rolled to those parts of the earth where men and beasts were living; and so all that part of the world was overflowed with water to a great depth. When asked where all this water went to when the earth again became dry, he said, God had made great hollows or caverns in the earth, and the water had retired to these caverns, or, as He did no longer need the water, He might have made it into something else. Many of the red people believe that rocks and minerals were made out of the waters of the flood.

When every living thing, except those that could live in the water, and those that were on the raft, was destroyed, God caused the waters to retire and the dry land appeared; and this family and all the beasts left the raft and lived on the land as they had done before. It took a great many years for the earth to be populous, as it was before the flood; and ever since the life of men has been much shorter. But men soon forgot the punishment of the flood, and became very wicked again, and so God gave them all up to be wicked, but one man and his wife. This man He commanded to go away from all his relations and all other people, and to live by himself. This was the first of the Indian race. When this man's posterity had become very numerous, the other nations found out where they lived, and they made war upon them, and often subdued them as a punishment for their sins. At last God caused them to come to this island, to separate them from the other nations, and to keep them from becoming wholly corrupt. But here they became wicked and bad, and had wars;

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and at last God let the white men find out where they lived, and they came to this island, and they have wanted to get our lands, and they have learned us a great deal of evil, and have made us fools with the fire-water, and have cheated us out of our lands, and are driving us further and further to the west towards the great salt lake, on the other side of which our fathers once lived. We still hope for better times, when our people will be delivered from their enemies, and restored to their former superiority to all other people; and God will delight in us, and dwell with us.

In regard to the moral code recognized by the Indians, very little could be learned by a stranger without much inquiry and research. In the ordinary intercourse and transactions of life, very little was manifested that indicated a practical regard to right and wrong, or any sense of accountability to a moral Governor. A close examination, however, would establish the truth of the apostle's statement in reference to the heathen in his time, that the law of God was written on their hearts. This was especially true in times of affliction. Then even the most degraded and besotted were ready to ascribe the affliction to the judgment of God as an expression of His displeasure for their wickedness. In conversation with such men as Ta-ka-e-tuh, (and it must be acknowledged that there were very few such among the Cherokees,) it would be found that the great and eternal principles of right and wrong, and the recognition of moral accountability to God, had no considerable practical influence. He not only heartily subscribed to the fundamental summary of the divine law, "Thou shalt

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love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" but when the moral precepts were explained in detail, he uniformly approved, always saying, "O-see-u." (very good.) He often erred in making the application, especially as to "who is our neighbour:" He justified revenge as an act of simple justice; and the penal code of his people was formed on the basis of "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The Saviour's law of forgiveness and love to enemies, he pronounced utterly impractical, unless God influenced the heart. In application to the great mass of the Cherokee people, it is just to remark that, limited and obscure as was their theory of moral obligation, still their theory was better than their practice.

Ta-ka-e-tuh fully admitted the principle, that transgression deserved punishment; and ever ascribed the evils we suffer in this life to our transgression of the law of God as their procuring cause. Storms and tempests were accounted for by him in this way: "The Being above (Kuh-lun-lut-teh-a-heh) is angry with His children, and punishes them for their wickedness." In the same way he accounted for sickness and death, and all our sorrows here. But it was in another world that he believed that sin would receive its most tremendous marks of God's displeasure. The imagery, if imagery it might be called, employed to express the torments of the wicked, in the life to come, was most fearful. Sometimes they would be for a long time in a place of eternal and the most intense frost; then for a long time in a place where

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there was no shelter from the burning rays of a vertical sun. Sometimes they would be plunged in water intensely cold, and then, by a sudden transition, be submerged in water scalding hot. When thirsty, molten lead would be poured down their throats. If they sought for rest by lying down, they would be stung by scorpions and bitten by serpents. If they walked, it was on plates of red-hot iron. All these tortures were mutual afflictions of one upon another by turns. There was no friendship or pity there, but every one hated every one else. But I cannot give all the horrid details. The climax of all was that these plagues were *eternal.*

It may well be supposed that to one entertaining such a belief in reference to the consequences of transgression, the question, how can sin be pardoned, and the sinner saved? would be an inquiry of intense interest; and yet Ta-ka-e-tuh could not answer this question. He believed, and a few other old men like him believed, that some of the human race that were just and good to others, and earnestly prayed for mercy, would in some way be saved, but in what way he could not tell. But most of the Cherokees, (and the same is true of the Osages with whom I have spoken on the subject,) were *Universalists;* (and the only Universalists I have ever known whose belief, in this respect, was founded on truly rational *data.*) They believed in universal *damnation.* Their logic was on this wise: God is a moral Governor and Lawgiver. Obedience secures His favour, and is rewarded with eternal happiness. Transgression provokes His wrath, and shall be punished with eternal torments. All men

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have transgressed; and if the dispensation of the law be carried out, all men must be condemned and punished. They know nothing of any other, but a dispensation of law. Hence it is, that, when they have a clear spiritual apprehension of Him, who is Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption to believers, and can see how God can be just, and at the same time a Justifier of those who believe, they are prepared to rejoice in God *constantly*, and the love of God constrains them to *universal* and *uniform* obedience.

This new dispensation, this way of justifying the ungodly through the obedience unto death of the Son of God, I often endeavoured to explain to this venerable old man. He ever gave me an attentive and respectful hearing; but whether he embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, I am not able, with certainty, to affirm. The great difficulty in the way of his belief was, why should a righteous God provide a way of escape for those who deserved the evils to which they were doomed, and why should He provide *such* a way, in which the innocent suffer instead of the guilty, and that innocent one His own, only well-beloved Son? To the former part of this objection, it was answered, His only motive was *Love;* and to the latter part, it was answered, there could be no other way of procuring the justification for the guilty. This last seemed rational and satisfactory; but it was not easy for him to see how a righteous God could *so* love hateful sinners that He would give His own Son to suffer and die in their room, and for His sake to pardon and save them. He said he would not deny this, but it was most wonderful.

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This was the subject of discussion the last time I ever saw Ta-ka-e-tuh. At the close of our reasoning together, he remarked, "Perhaps I shall yet believe this wonderful love of God." A few days after this the old man died very suddenly, without any apparent sickness. The lamp of life just went out. The oil was all spent. I could but hope, when I heard that this interesting old man was dead, that he had been aided by the Spirit of grace, to apprehend the wonderful love of God; and by a realizing faith, to embrace His "*Unspeakable Gift.*" Here I close what I have to record of this interesting old man, and here also I conclude this letter.

Very truly and fraternally,

Yours, in the common faith,

C. WASHBURN.

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LETTER XI.

Reminiscences of Blanket.

My Dear Brother: The individual about whom my recollections are now to be recorded, is Blanket, a brother of Ta-ka-e-tuh. He was some twenty or more years the junior of Ta-ha-e-tuh. When I knew them they lived some six miles distant from each other. All that Ta-ka-e-tuh communicated to me, was fully confirmed by Blanket, and as he did not know any thing about my conversation with his brother until I had elicited the same facts substantially from himself, I think the evidence is satisfactory that the statements made by these old men were the veritable traditions handed down from generation to generation among their people. There was an almost perfect coincidence in the great facts related by both brothers, differing only in collateral circumstances. Of course I shall not deem it needful to give the detail of these facts, as communicated by Blanket, but shall only record some of the collateral circumstances related by him and omitted by his brother; and also some of the prevailing usages among his people, and the reasons assigned for them.

In the account of creation, as given by Blanket, he said Oo-na-luh-nuh-heh made man out of red earth,

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and afterwards, that the man might think more than he would speak, he cut off a piece of his tongue, out of which he formed a woman; so that the woman was *all tongue*, and this was the reason why women talk so much and think so little. He was equally severe on the gentler sex in his account of the first transgression of our race. He said the woman could not be contented to abide in her place, which was to "keep camp and cook for her husband," but must go gadding about to see if she could not find something to talk about. So she wandered away off out of sight and hearing of her husband, and as she was curiously prying into every nook and corner, at last she found the *snake*. She did not wait for the snake to introduce conversation; but, true to her tonguey nature, she began to talk at once, and overwhelmed him with a torrent of tattle. The snake soon discovered her weakness, and calculated that he could make her an easy prey to his malevolent designs, and, as might have been expected, he was but too successful. This talking and gadding propensity of women, he said was the reason why the red people never admitted women into their councils, and never intrusted secrets to them.

I asked him why the red people put so much of the heavy and disagreeable drudgery upon their women, since men were so much stronger than they. He said it was not to punish them, nor because the men did not love them; but simply to restrain them from mischief. They required this hard service of the women that they might become too tired to run about and talk too much. The heaviest reproach which could

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be cast upon a man was to call him a little girl, or a woman. The first was applied when a man allowed his tender passions and sensibilities to overpower his judgment. The latter was applied for two causes: talking too much, or disclosing a secret and fleeing from an enemy. In illustration Blanket related an incident which took place in his youth. They were, he said, at war with the Muscogees, or Creeks. The Cherokees were laying an ambush for their enemies, and a very important position was assigned to a yonng man, who, at home, in the war-dance, had struck his tomahawk very deeply into the war-post, and who had boasted very loudly of the courage he would display when they should meet their enemies. This young man, afraid to await the approach of the Muscogees, precipitately ran away, and thus disclosed the ambush to their enemies. During all the remainder of the campaign he was called a *woman*, and on his return home the council sentenced him to let his hair grow long and to be done up like a woman's, and he was to be dressed in petticoats. He bore the mortification very illy; and at last a young man made application to his mother to let this male daughter go and keep camp for him, or in English, become his wife. This was too much. The young man, from mere shame and mortification, took sick and died.

In this connection I related to Blanket an anecdote of a woman in Kentucky who moulded bullets and loaded the rifles for her husband, when the house was attacked by Indians, and in consequence the family were saved, several Indians killed and the rest obliged to flee. When I closed he replied, "*She* was a *man*,

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and worthy to sit at the council fire with the wisest chiefs."

Blanket gave me an account of the ancient custom of his people in solemnizing the rite of marriage. The preliminaries were settled by the mother and one of her brothers on both sides. Generally the parties themselves had formed a previous attachment, and made request of these relatives that they might be married; but it was also often the case that the groom and bride were not consulted at all until the actual solemnization was appointed. But to the ceremony itself. The whole town were convened, all attired in their gayest apparel. The groom, accompanied by the young associates of his own sex, was feasted in a lodge at a little distance from the council-house. The bride, with her maiden associates, was similarly feasted in a lodge equi-distant from the council-house and on the opposite side. First the old men took the highest seats on one side of the council-house, next the old women took similar seats on the other side. Then all the married men took seats on the side occupied by the old men, and all the married women sat on the side with the old women. At a given signal, the companions of the groom conducted him to the open end of the open space between the men and women in the council-house. The companions of the bride conduct her to the other end of this open space, and they now stand with their faces towards each other, but at a distance of from thirty to sixty feet apart, according to the size of the council-house. The groom now receives from his mother a leg of venison and a blanket; the bride receives from her mother an

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ear of corn and a blanket. The groom and bride now commence stepping towards each other, and when they meet in the middle of the council-house the groom presents his venison, and the bride her corn, and the blankets are united. This ceremony put into words is a promise on the part of the man that he will provide meat for his family, and on the woman's part that she will furnish bread, and on the part of both that they will occupy the same bed.

After this, holding each to an end of the united blankets, and the husband holding the corn and the wife the venison, they walk alone and silently to a new cabin which is to be their future home. It is on account of this ceremony that separation of husband and wife, is expressed by the significant terms, "Dividing the blankets." I inquired why the mothers had so much to do in the disposal of their children and the fathers so little? Blanket answered, every mother knows who are her children, but fathers have not such knowledge.

I found Blanket living, first with a sister, who was a widow, and afterwards, with a niece. I inquired if he had not been married? He answered, "Yes, *once*, but my wife was a singing-bird and we divided the blankets." Had you no children? "My wife had four while she lived with me, and she said I was their father." "A singing-bird," in a connection like that above, being interpreted, means a lying tattler. In its ordinary use it means one who says one thing at one time, and a different thing at another time; one who changes his story, as a singing-bird changes

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his notes. In Ta-kah-to-kuh's estimation all the Osages were singing-birds.

On one occasion, when riding with my interpreter for the purpose of family visitation, or preaching from house to house, I overtook Blanket on foot. I walked my horse by his side for the purpose of conversation. While thus engaged we discovered a venomous serpent coiled by the side of the narrow path. I observed Blanket turned aside to avoid the serpent, but made no signs of attack, and I requested the interpreter to get down and kill it. He did so, and I then inquired of Blanket why he did not kill the serpent. He answered, "I never kill snakes, and so the snakes never kill me; but I will tell you all about it when you next come to see me."

Soon after, I visited the old man and he redeemed his promise with the following story:

"When I was a young man," said he, "one of my young companions killed a rattle-snake. The next day I went out to hunt, and my way led through a part of the forest very much infested with venomous serpents, and in one place to avoid stepping upon a snake, I walked upon a fallen pine. As I approached the end of the log, I discovered a snake *sitting* on the log, i. e., his tail and lower part of his body were coiled, and the rest was erect, so that his head was elevated to the height of my knee. As I drew near he bowed and accosted me in friendly and very respectful terms, and told me he was sent to invite me to the residence of his tribe. I followed, but at a safe distance. In the distance of a few yards, he came to a perpendicular rock fifteen feet high and extending

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many rods in length. At the point where he approached the rock there was a seam. He turned the tip of his tail to this seam, and the rock began to open till the aperture was as wide as the entrance door of a human dwelling. He invited me very politely to enter, which I did with much trepidation. The aperture closed after me, and egress was now impossible, unless my singular conductor would please open the way for me.

"I was much alarmed, but my guide, with accents of kindness and respect, told me to dismiss all fear, for I was in no danger. Thus assured, I began to explore this subterranean abode of the serpent race. I found myself in a vast hall. Some ten yards wide and hundreds of yards long. We had entered at the lateral centre, the vast apartment was illuminated by a large council-fire directly in front of the place of entrance, and the whole tribe of snakes was assembled. Near to the fire, was stretched a dead rattlesnake. The chief of the tribe, a rattlesnake larger round than my body, and at least thirty feet long, told me to look upon the dead snake, and say whether or not I knew it. I did so, and recognized the rattlesnake killed by my companion the day before. The father and mother and all the near kindred of the dead snake were making great lamentation over it. After all had taken a last look of their murdered companion, his lifeless body was borne by a designated number of his companions to the receptacle of the dead, where the last funeral honours were paid to him, and he was left to his final repose.

"A solemn council was then holden to decide how

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his death should be avenged. Several eloquent speeches were made, in which the virtues of their murdered companion were set forth for the imitation of his survivors, and the loss sustained by the community was deeply deplored. The question was then put by the patriarch of the race, what punishment shall be inflicted upon the murderer? Let him be put to death, was the unanimous response of the whole council. In what manner shall he be put to death? Let him be bitten in the heel by one of our number. Who will carry this righteous sentence into execution? Before answering this appeal, a grave and solemn pause ensued, not because any one demurred as to the justice of the sentence, or for want of courage to execute it, but solely that the proper individual might voluntarily offer his service as the executioner of the righteous decree of the council. Every eye was directed to a particular individual, who had been especially affected by the death of their murdered comrade. This individual thus tacitly appealed to, presented himself before the patriarch, and in presence of all the assembled tribe, and said, 'I should not offer myself as the agent of this august assembly, but for the relation I sustain to our murdered friend. I am, as you all know, his elder brother; and according to our immemorial custom, it now devolves upon me to carry into execution the righteous and unanimous sentence of our council against the murderer of my brother. Within seven days I will infuse the deadly venom, with which the Creator has armed us, into the heel of the murderer.'

"A hiss of approbation, accompanied by a concert

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of all the caudal rattles of the assembled multitude, indicated the favourable reception of his speech; and forthwith the council broke up. My conductor now beckoned me to follow him, and I gladly complied. On our way to the place of egress, he inquired what I thought of the decision of the council? I could but acknowledge that it was evenhanded justice, and in accordance with our customs, in similar circumstances. Arrived at the place of egress, my guide applied his tail, as before, to the seam in the rock, and soon an opening of sufficient width for my passage was effected, and he very politely bade me farewell, and bowed me out. I rejoiced once more to behold the light of day, to see the sunny hills, and to breath the balmy air; but my spirits were too deeply depressed to pursue the chase, and I returned to my cabin.

"Soon I sought the habitation of my friend, and related to him all I had witnessed in the cavern of snakes, and besought him to keep in his cabin, and not expose himself to the fatal decree which had been passed against his life. He laughed, and said he was not a child, to be frightened by the tales of a pretended prophet. A few days subsequent to the warning I had given him, he was playing ball with the young men of his village. His opponent sent the ball beyond the open acre prepared for the game into a thicket of low bushes. He ran to get the ball; and just as he stooped to pick it up, a large rattlesnake struck his fangs into his heel. He called to us in affright, and announced that he was bitten by a rattlesnake. We hastened to his assistance and brought

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him into the open play-ground. He was fearfully swollen, and in the most excruciating pain, and before we could procure any antidote, he was dead. Thus was the decree of the snake-council executed, and the murder of a rattlesnake avenged. And now,' added Blanket, 'you know why I never kill snakes, and why snakes never kill me.'"

I was at Blanket's residence one day, when a fresh venison was brought in by a young relative and presented to the old man. I observed, before putting the meat away for use, that he cut out the sinew from the inside of the thigh and threw it away. I had often heard before this that the old people among the Cherokees never ate this part of the deer, and now asked Blanket why he threw away that part of the animal. It is our custom, he answered. But why do you observe such a custom? It is an old story, said he, and you will laugh at us if I tell it you. I assured him I would not laugh, and that I was very desirous to hear it. Well, I will tell you, but you will think us very foolish.

"A long time ago, there was one of our people, who was very good, and Kul-lun-lut-teh-a-heh loved him very much. This good man was accustomed to pray very often, and the Being above often answered his prayers. One time he prayed for a thing that he wanted very much, and he prayed for it very earnestly. While he was praying for it, Kul-lun-lut-teh-a-heh brought a very strong man to him, and told him if he would overcome that man by wrestling, he would grant his petition. So they wrestled a long time; and in the conflict, the man from above put out an-

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cestor's thigh out of joint and caused the sinew to perish; but our ancestor prevailed over his opponent at last, and gained the thing that he prayed for. That is the reason why we do not eat that part of animals."

I asked him what the thing was for which his ancestor had prayed so earnestly and successfully. He said his people were not agreed what it was. Some said it was victory over his enemies, and some said it was that he might be made good so that he would have no temptation to do evil. I recited to him the account of Jacob wrestling with the angel. He said the white people must have borrowed that story from the Cherokees to put into their good book. This tradition, as related by Blanket, is universal among the older class of Cherokees, and is most rife among that class who have had the least intercourse with white people. Its origin is undoubtedly the incident recorded in Scripture respecting the patriarch Jacob. But how did the Cherokees obtain it? That is a question of very difficult solution; and the same may be said of their traditions respecting the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, &c. For myself, I have no doubt they are veritable traditions, handed down from generation to generation for many ages, extending back to a period long before this continent was settled by Europeans.

This seems to be as suitable a place as any other to introduce another custom, universally prevalent among the Cherokees, and as far as I know, common to all aboriginal tribes. I allude to the periodical separation of females. For this purpose a separate apartment belongs to every family. The ordinary period

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of separation was seven days, and when necessary this period was protracted. The observance of this custom does not seem to have originated solely from a regard to cleanliness and health, but to have been a part of their religion. This appears from the fact that divine judgments were universally expected as a punishment for disregarding this custom. It was doubtless the existence of such traditions as I am recording, and the prevalence of such customs as I have just alluded to, which led the late Dr. Boudinot and many others to the conclusion that our Indians were of Jewish, or rather Israelitish descent.

I dissent from this conclusion mainly from the fact that there is not the slightest evidence that the great national rite, that above all other rites distinguished the descendants of Abraham from all other nations, *circumcision*, ever prevailed, or was heard of among any of our Indians, until they have heard of it from the Christian Scriptures. I know that Carver seems to think that this rite was practiced by some of the Indians of the north-west; but he brings no satisfactory proof of this fact; and others, more intimately acquainted with these very tribes, bring conclusive evidence of the contrary. On this subject I inquired of all the old men of my acquaintance among the Cherokees, and none of them had ever heard of such a thing until I mentioned it, and all assured me that no such custom was ever practiced by their people.

In another place I shall give my opinion, and the reasons for it, as to the origin of the customs among the Cherokees, which resemble some of the customs enjoined upon the Israelites. It is proper to remark

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here that many of the Cherokees, when they become acquainted with the Jewish Scriptures, and discover the resemblance of some of their own ancient customs to the rites enjoined upon the Jews, are very ready to flatter themselves that they are truly descendants of Abraham.

On the subject of personal religion, my conversations with Blanket were never satisfactory to my own mind. He was too much of a wag ever to be serious on any subject. He would speak of the great fundamental truths of natural religion in terms of approbation, but almost always would illustrate the subject by some ludicrous anecdote to provoke a laugh. If the Scriptures of the Old Testament were read to him, he would, if possible, find some point of resemblance to their own traditions, and then he was sure to point out something which would tend to exalt his own people above the white people. That he would say was borrowed from the Cherokees. The peculiarities of the gospel were interesting to him, but mostly from its novelty. The idea of a *just* God he had always entertained; but a *just* God, and at the same time a Saviour of the guilty was a new idea and hard for him to comprehend, and still harder to believe. At one time, wishing to give him an idea of the atonement, I related to him the story of Zalencus, king of the Locrians. He was delighted with the story, and ex-expressed the clear sense he entertained of the full satisfaction to all the claims of his throne and the law of his kingdom, while mercy could be extended to his guilty son. With this he seemed much more interested than with the more wonderful and gracious

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method by which a just God had satisfied the claims of His government and law, while mercy could be extended to guilty sinners; and now he had an anecdote to relate, which would, he said, be fully parallel to the case of Zalencus. The story was this. Some few years ago, a man in his village by the name Crane-eater had stolen a horse. He was tried and found guilty, and was sentenced to receive a hundred lashes on his bare back. When tied up to the tree for the purpose of receiving the penalty of the law, before the first blow was struck, he fainted from mere terror of the dreadful punishment he was sentenced to receive. At this juncture, a brother of Crane-eater's came forward and thus addressed the executioner of the law. "This person," said he "is my brother. I am ashamed of him. He thought he was a man, and he dared to steal a horse; but now when called to meet the consequence of his act, he finds he is a woman. I pity him. Untie him and let him go. I will take his place. I am a man, and though I have stolen no horse, I can bear the punishment which is due to him." And, added Blanket, so they untied Crane-eater and whipped his brother. In this way his mind was diverted from the atonement of Christ. He would readily acknowledge that he was a sinner, and must be pardoned or perish. He would readily assent to the truth that he could be pardoned only through the atonement made by the death of the Son of God, and yet he seemed to cherish no feeling on the subject, and would not apply to Christ for the salvation of his soul, but would even try to make a jest of eternal perdition.

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Such continued to be his state of mind as long as I was conversant with him. He was one of the party of malecontents who refused to submit to the treaty of 1828. With that party he emigrated to Texas, where he died. Of his last hours I have never had any information. He had knowledge enough of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life to have saved his soul, if he improved it aright; but whether before his death he directed the eye of faith to the Lamb of God, I know not. The day will reveal it, even the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be brought to light. O, that in that day I might see him and all the dear Cherokees to whom I have preached Christ among the throng redeemed by atoning blood and sanctified by the Spirit of grace! Amen.

Fraternally yours,

C. WASHBURN.

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LETTER XII.

Dick Justice.

My Dear Brother: The individual to whom I am now to direct your attention was in some respects the most interesting man of my acquaintance among our aboriginal tribes. He was known by the name of Dick Justice. But this name requires some explanation. The Dick in this name should not be confounded with the lipped, or abbreviated name of Richard, for it was conferred upon him before their intercourse with white people enabled them to know such a name as Richard, and before they would have any inclination to adopt such names as were common among white people. The name given to him by his parents was Dik-keh, and this was the only name by which he was known until the maturity of manhood, and the surname, The Just, was given as merited by the moral qualities developed in his life. His name among his own people then was Dik-keh The Just. This, by white people, was corrupted into Dick Justice. He was among Cherokees what Tammenund was among the Delawares.

The first time I saw the venerable old chief I was most strikingly reminded of Cooper's description of the Delaware Tammenund. This last named individual, you are aware, is known among our

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countrymen as St. Tammany, and is the soubriquet of an association or fraternity in New York; an association, by the way, that deserves any other appellation than that of "the just." But to return to the subject of this reminiscence. I was not introduced to Dick Justice until I had been in the Chorokee country about three years. I had seen him twice at a general council, but he avoided me, and I would not press an introduction when I knew it was unwelcome to him. My brother-in-law, Rev. Mr. Finney, had met with him in private, but the old man declined any but the most commonplace conversation, and showed unequivocal indications of dislike. Matters remained in this state until, as before remarked, I had been in the country about three years, when I received a polite and pressing invitation to visit the old chief at his own cabin. This invitation had been caused by a representation made to him by a great-great-grandson, a young man who was attending our school. This young man, soon after entering school, had said to me that our religious teaching was very similar to the instructions given by Dick Justice; and when, in the school vacation, this youth visited his aged ancestor and gave him some account of our religious doctrines, the old man became desirous of a personal acquaintance. The above named invitation was the result.

As soon as practicable I availed myself of the invitation, and called upon him at his residence. His appearance was the most venerable. His thin locks were of almost snowy whiteness. He could only walk as supported by men on either side, but his figure was erect and most majestic, his stature fully six feet and his

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whole frame of symmetrical proportions. His age at that time was said to be one hundred and twenty years, and his whole aspect went to confirm the report; and yet his vision and hearing were unimpaired. After giving me a most cordial and paternal, or rather patriarchal greeting, which almost inspired me with awe, he was placed in an arm chair and supported with cushions, himself resting his head upon the top of his staff. I was forcibly reminded of the patriarch Jacob, when blessing the sons of Joseph.

After our greetings were gone through, and the venerable old man was established in a comfortable position, he commenced conversation by regretting that we had not become acquainted sooner; for, said he, "I am very old and must soon pass away, and I have much to say and to hear. I should have sought an interview with you much sooner, but I imbibed a prejudice against you at the commencement of your mission, from the misrepresentation of your object, given me by an old white resident in our Nation. He stated your object to be so to ingratiate yourselves with the Cherokees as to gain their confidence, and ultimately to defraud them of their country." The white man here alluded to was nearly, if not altogether, as old as Dick Justice, but was a most wicked man and an utter scoffer at religion. This white man shall be nameless on these sheets, but if my venerable friend reminded me of the patriarch Jacob, that old man with equal force reminded me of Esau. I gladly leave him, to recount the results of my interview with Dik-keh the Just.

He was of the priesthood, and was regarded by all

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who entertained any serious regard to the religion of their forefathers, as the high priest of their tribe. So he had been represented by Ta-kah-to-kuh, Ta-ka-e-tuh and many others. He lamented most deeply the degeneracy of his people, and said that many of their ancient religious observances were wholly neglected, and the others had become scenes of mere revelry and debauch. Their annual feast of First-fruits, now only known as the *green corn dance*, was now utterly desecrated by the introduction of fire-water. This led to the inquiry on my part as to the intention of that festival, to which the old man replied that formerly in all their towns, before eating of any of the green corn, there was held a solemn festival, preceded by a strict fast, taking some powerful purgative medicine, and a complete ablution of all persons and all their apparel. Then some of the finest ears of corn were offered in thanksgiving to Kul-lun-lut-teh-a-heh, after which the whole town feasted together on the green corn and beans, prepared with venison. It was considered unlawful for any person to eat the green corn in their own houses until after this festival. He said a similar custom prevailed in regard to first fruits of the peach; i. e., when the peach-tree first bore fruit, before any was eaten by the owner, the fairest peach was offered to the Being above. The same practice prevailed as to the first products of a new field or garden.

I inquired to what he attributed the degeneracy of his people of which he complained. He answered to two causes, the loss of their sacred deposite or ark, which, as Ta-ka-e-tuh had related, he said had many

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years ago been captured by the Delawares, and to the introduction of fire-water. * * * *

[These Reminiscences were here interrupted by the lamented death of their venerable author.]

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APPENDIX.

Obligations of the American Church to the Indians.

Letter from the Rev. Cephas Washburn to the Rev. D. Greene, D. D., one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Dwight, November 24, 1834.

Rev. D. Greene,

Dear Sir: Whoever contemplates the aspect of the Church *at the present day*, will be struck with one feature which distinguishes it, in a great measure, from its appearance in any other age, except that of the apostles. To the real Christian, this peculiar aspect of the Church forms the subject of the most devout gratulation. The feature to which I allude is, the spirit of missions to the heathen; and it is a very gratifying fact that this spirit of the modern Church assimilates it to the apostolical Church. It would not have been a question, in the days of the apostles, as to the real piety of an individual, who should have opposed the efforts to spread the gospel and convert the nations to God. So the Church at the present day would clearly pronounce that man destitute of true religion, and an enemy of Jesus Christ, who, with the facts relating to missions to the heathen

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before his eyes, should oppose the spread of the gospel through the world. It is a most joyful fact that the Churches do feel, in some good degree, their obligations to preach the gospel in all the world to every creature.

In looking over the proofs of a missionary spirit in the Church, my love of country has been not a little gratified to find that American Christians are not behind their fellow Christians in other countries, in their zeal and efforts to convert the world. Truly, it is a most gratifying fact that American Christians are at the present day strongly characterized by a zeal to spread through the world the blessings of God's salvation. They feel under obligations to bear their full share of the burden for the accomplishment of this whole work. Now, there is no danger that the Churches of our land will feel their obligations in this matter pressing upon them too powerfully. The only danger is that they will not feel enough, and that, when they shall have done a little, they may feel that the whole obligation is cancelled.

The right feeling is that there is no resting place until every ear shall hear of redeeming mercy, and every heart shall feel the love of Jesus. This feeling should be cherished in the bosom of every follower of Christ; and each one, when his own heart is warmed with this expansive love, should labour to inspire the hearts of all his fellow Christians with the same spirit. But it is possible that there may be special obligations resting upon some portions of the general Church in reference to particular portions of the unevangelized world. Where such particular obligations exist, it

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is of the utmost importance that they should be understood and felt. The path of duty is a straightforward path. All the steps of it must be taken. None of them can safely be skipped, or passed over. If God, in His Providence, assigns a particular portion of the heathen world to be converted by the labours of a particular part of His Church, it is important that that portion of the Church should feel that obligation, and that they put forth and direct their energies accordingly. If they do not, but simply feel their obligations to the heathen generally, and direct their labours irrespective of the special indications of Providence, they then try to skip over some steps in the path of duty, and God will not bless them.

To me, this appears a very important subject. If God, by His providence, shall make it the special duty of the American Churches to evangelize Africa, and the Churches do not feel this special duty, but shall only recognize their obligations to do what they can to evangelize the world, and shall send all their missionaries and direct all their efforts to Asia, can they expect to be blessed and greatly successful in their efforts? No; in that case God must disappoint them. He will in some way show them that they have mistaken the path of duty.

I am aware that this view of the subject has not been entirely disregarded in the missionary efforts of our land, and yet I am persuaded it has not been sufficiently considered. Too many are satisfied if missionary exertions are made. "If pious, devoted and faithful missionaries are sent forth, that is enough. It is of no consequence where they are sent." Now

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to me it appears very plain that the attitude, the circumstances, and the relations of some portions of the heathen world, in respect to Christians in America, impose upon us special obligations to direct our energies towards them. This is emphatically true of the aborigines of our country. I know that Christians in our land are not wholly insensible of their obligations to labour and pray for the salvation of the Indians. I know that at some times missionary efforts among the Indians have taken a strong hold upon the hearts of American Christians. Yet even then, the views of Christians in respect to their obligations to these fast wasting people were very partial. But if I mistake not the feelings of Christians within the last few years have undergone a change upon this subject for which there is no sufficient reason, and which is likely to operate most disastrously upon the temporal and eternal destinies of the Indians. The change to which I allude is, that the principal energies of the American Church are to be directed to evangelize the heathen of foreign countries, while the aborigines of our own land are in a great measure left to waste away in their ignorance and wretchedness, hopeless of improvement.

It would not be difficult in this place to adduce facts in support of the position just stated, but this I shall waive for the present, and satisfy myself with putting forth my feeble effort to bring before my fellow Christians, in our highly favoured country, some of the obligations which press upon them, without delay, to send the gospel with all its concomitant blessings to the native tribes of our land.

It will not be questioned by any one that the Indians

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come within the broad purview of the Saviour's injunction to "preach the gospel to every creature." Nor will any one be able to make it apparent that that sweeping precept has been repealed in its application to the red men of America. Equally impossible is it to show that the Indians are to be regarded as outcasts in divine Providence, that for them none of the provisions of redeeming mercy were designed. It is plain then that the Great King of Zion holds the American Church obligated to convey to these wretched and perishing wanderers all the blessings of His salvation. If this obligation be not felt and complied with, and the Indians shall die in their ignorance and sin, their blood will be required, and justly required, at the hands of the Church.

A clear consideration of the former and present circumstances of the Indians will show the reasonableness of this obligation. They were once the rightful owners of our widely extended domain. They held their charter under that Great King who divides the earth and gives it to whomsoever he please. Look over the whole length and breadth of our highly favoured land—upon our cities and villages, upon our farms and manufactories, upon our schools and colleges and churches, upon our flocks and herds, upon all our wealth and prosperity, upon all our privileges and enjoyments. We have derived them all from the lands which were once the rightful inheritance of the Indians. I enter not into the question of the manner in which we dispossessed them of these lands. I say nothing of the justice or injustice of our negotiations with them for their lands; of the equivalent value of

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the payments made to them, or of the faithfulness or perfidy in our regard to treaties made with them; but I do say, whatever else we have paid them, we owe them the blessings of civilization and the gospel, for the goodly land we have obtained from them.

I look upon our wealthy and flourishing cities, and I ask where are the Indians who roamed here undisputed lords of the soil, when these cities were uncultivated forests? Where are the red men who hunted in the forests where are now our fertile and productive farms and plantations and pastures and villages? Where are the Indians whose council fires once burned where now the temples of Jehovah send up their thousand spires towards heaven? And what is the answer to these questions? Some of them are swept from the very face of the earth, so that their very name is forgotten, or is to be found only in the annals of Indian wars. Some, who were once numerous and powerful, exist only in a few scattered vagabonds roaming through our fair land, or lingering in want and wretchedness "about their father's sepulchres." Some, reduced to a handful, have been driven from place to place, till they have found their "last home," on the very utmost verge of our land. Others have just been removed from that inheritance which has descended to them from their fathers from immemorial time, and are now sitting in the skirtings of timber around the vast prairies of the "far, far west." Others still pursue the buffalo in their own native prairies, east and west of the Rocky Mountains. Those tribes which are extinct, perished in paganism. Those who are wandering vagabonds are pagans still. Those who

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are now settled in their "last home," are yet ignorant of God. True, there are not a few exceptions to these statements, but none to give a change of character to any one tribe. Not one tribe of our natives can yet with any propriety be called a Christian nation.

It is indeed true that something has been done for the salvation and general improvement of the Indians, but all that has been done falls very far short of what ought to have been done. Indeed, our obligations can never be fully cancelled while there remains one of this wretched race in the ignorance and degradation of heathenism. Considerable expense has been incurred for the improvement of the Indians; but what is this expense in comparison with the value of the lands obtained from them? If these lands were sold at their real value, a hundredth part of the interest of that money for one year, would make a sum sufficient to send the blessings of civilization and of the gospel to every red man in our land. Let us not then feel that justice alone does not require us to impart these blessings to the Indians.

But perhaps some one may say, "We admit this justice of the obligation, but it is an obligation which lies upon every citizen of the United States, and should be cancelled by the country at large." It is true; but we know that that part of the community which has rejected the gospel themselves, will not feel their obligation to send it to others. The United States will not cancel this debt, as a government or as a community. The debt is justly due, and it must be paid. The Church, then, in the United States must pay it. *The Church in the United States must send the*

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gospel and its collateral blessings to every red man in our country. Till they do this they may be justly charged with injustice.

Further: it may be affirmed *that the Indians are so situated, in the Providence of God, in relation to us, that we are under paramount obligations to them, in comparison with any other heathen nations.* It is admitted by all, that individuals and Churches may be under special obligations to labour for the salvation of particular individuals. But what is the ground of such special obligations? Why is a Christian parent under obligation to make any special exertions for his own children, more than for the salvation of any other children? Simply because God, in His Providence, has established a special relation between the parent and his children, and thus placed him under special responsibilities in relation to them. It would be an unavailable plea, if the Christian father should attempt to excuse his neglect of his own children, by urging his constant and close attention to the eternal interest of other children. So God has established a special relation between His Church in the United States and the native tribes in our country. Many of these tribes have placed themselves under the protection of our government. We have political relations established by treaty with many of them. We claim a jurisdiction, more or less modified, over them all. Foreigners would not be suffered to come among them, without the permission of our government. They are near us, and we may have a ready access to them all.

Now, in all these circumstances, God is plainly indicating our special obligation to evangelize the

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native tribes within our borders. We have responsibilities in reference to them, which we have not in respect to any other unevangelized nations. Perhaps some one may say, "This is all admitted. We do not expect the Church in other lands will interest themselves in behalf of our Indians, so far as to send their missionaries among them. We have undertaken the work of their conversion; but at the same time we can also send forth our missionaries to other heathen tribes."

It is true that American Christians are doing something to ameliorate the temporal condition, and save the souls of the Indians. It is also true, that this work is undertaken and prosecuted with far too little ardour. At the slow rate at which these efforts proceed, many whole generations, if we include all the tribes, must yet go down to their graves in all their darkness before the gospel will exert its influence to enlighten and save them; and even centuries must pass away before they will be converted to God our Saviour. It is true also, that there is generally much more interest felt in the operations for the salvation of the heathen in foreign lands than for the Indians. Go to our Theological Seminaries, and ascertain the feelings of the young men who are expecting to be sent forth by the Churches as heralds of salvation to the heathen. They are almost all looking to foreign countries as the fields of their future labours. What, say they; shall we devote all our talents and acquirements to the conversion of a few hundreds of Indians, when, if we go to foreign lands, we may operate upon tens of thousands? Shall we devote our time and

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energies to acquire a barbarous language, spoken only by a few thousands, when we might preach to the millions of Asia? No; we must have a larger field than any of our Indian tribes.

Nor are missionary directors wholly clear of this feeling of comparative apathy towards the Indians. They do, indeed, feebly complain of this apathy in others, but if clear of it themselves, why is the impression so often manifested, that almost any kind of a missionary will do to send to the Indians? Why, every candidate for missionary labour, who possesses eminent qualifications sent to foreign fields, and why so many, who are almost totally unfit to be missionaries, sent to the Indians? Now, it is true, that it will require more labour and self-denial and privation for the missionary to our aborigines to gain access to a hundred souls, than for the missionary in Asia, or the Sandwich Islands, to have access to ten thousand souls. It is also probably true, that it will cost more in money, and more in the lives of missionaries, to diffuse the gospel among a few hundreds of Indians than to send it to many thousands of the Asiatics. And yet it may be boldly asserted, that the first and highest obligations of our Churches are to the Indians, rather than to the heathen in other lands.

It appears to me that God is rebuking our Churches for the disproportionate interest they feel for the Indians, while so much of sympathy and zeal are enlisted in behalf of the heathen abroad. I have not the *data* at hand by which to give the accurate statistics of the results of missionary labour, but will venture the statement that the aggregate of converts, at all our

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foreign stations, does not exceed the aggregate of Indian converts, while at the same time, it is true that our foreign missionaries have had access to at least a hundred times as many souls as our Indian missionaries. Now, why is this? Because God holds American Christians under special obligations to convert the Indians.

Again: our Indians are continually receiving injuries at the hands of the citizens of the United States, which can never be wholly prevented but by the general diffusion among them of the blessings of education.

I refer principally to the advantages taken of them by the individuals who are engaged in some kind of traffic with them. They are ignorant of the cost of many of the articles which they need to purchase; and in many other ways are liable to be overreached by the artful and dishonest. Spurious bank-notes and coin are not unfrequently imposed upon them. Many facts might be given in illustration of this point. Only one I will mention. One of the Indians, at a certain time, purchased a considerable amount of goods in one of our commercial cities. When the invoice was made out, he paid the money, and took, as he supposed, a receipt; but when he came home, and showed his receipt to a friend who could read, he found it was only a paper on which something was scribbled; and payment was demanded a second time!

The fact that many of the vices which subject the Indians to very great suffering, and which often bring on temporal and eternal ruin, have been introduced among them by white men, illustrates and enforces

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our obligations to do what we can to extend to them the influence of Christianity. Among these vices drunkenness and gaming may be enumerated. Among no people do these vices produce greater misery than among the Indians; and it is a painful truth that they have acquired these vices exclusively from their white neighbours, but they have now obtained so firm a hold of many of the native tribes, that they can be effectually removed only by the influence of Christianity.

Several of these tribes have recently immigrated to their present abodes in accordance with the wishes of our government. In doing this the schools and all the missionary operations among them have been interrupted, and they are subjected to all the inconveniences and privations of emigrants to a new country. Without aid from the philanthrophy of Christians they will be exposed to much suffering, and if the schools and missions are not soon and vigorously put into operation, much of what was gained will be lost, and their minds may be so long and so far turned away from the gospel, that there may be very great difficulty in bringing its benign and saving influence to be experienced by them. Besides, their immigration to their present homes has brought them into circumstances in which they very greatly need the consolations and supports afforded by the gospel.

Their present location, and the present arrangements of the government in respect to them, present some special facilities for successful efforts for their improvement. They are now nearly all of them settled contiguous to each other. Improvements in one tribe will be examples to excite to emulation in other

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tribes. Missionary labourers will be able with greater facility to enjoy the counsels and encouragements of each other. They are now removed from the unhappy excitements and embarrassments arising from a location within the boundaries of the States and Territories of our Union. There is reason to hope their present residence may be permanent, and that no more treaties for their lands, and subjecting them to a removal, will ever be attempted to be negotiated. The government is not only friendly to their improvement, and fully convinced of its practicability, but is disposed to foster and aid all feasible efforts to effect this object. The character of the superintendents and agents is very favourable to the elevation of the Indians. Several of the agents of government are men of sound and enlightened piety, possessing in some good measure the spirit and zeal of missionaries, and all of them, so far as I know, are ready to give their aid in every proper way to promote improvement among the Indians. All these things are matter of congratulation, and greatly in favour of those who are desiring and labouring for the improvement of our native tribes.

Finally, it should be remembered that if our Indians are not soon brought under the influence of civilization and the gospel, the race will soon be extinct. I believe it is a fact that all the tribes with which we have much acquaintance and intercourse, are diminishing in numbers, and this is probably true of all the tribes. Some of them are wasting away with fearful rapidity. This is especially true of those tribes who have recently removed from the east to the west

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side of the Mississippi. The gospel with its concomitant blessings is the only means effectually to arrest the extinction of these native tribes; and if they must all melt away and perish, the gospel alone can give them hope in death and immortal life beyond the grave! But surely we have the means to convey the gospel to them all, and God will hold us accountable if these measures are not put into effective operation to rescue the Indians from temporal and eternal ruin. O, it will be a solemn day when all the generations of our citizens shall meet the generations of red men at the tribunal of GOD! The Lord in mercy grant that the present and all future generations of our citizens may so feel and act in reference to this poor and suffering race, that their blood shall not then be required at our hands.

P. S.—I would be very far from wishing that the number of foreign missionaries should be diminished, or from doing any thing to damp the zeal of our Churches to send the gospel to foreign lands. I wish to see all our foreign operations increased a hundred fold, but at the same time to have our Churches feel that God holds them in a peculiar manner responsible to the Indians, and that while their duties to the Indians are in a great measure neglected, they cannot expect His blessing greatly to be bestowed upon their foreign operations.

CEPHAS WASHBURN.

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