JOHN HECKEWELDER.

of Bethlehem Penna.

LIFE

OF

JOHN HECKEWELDER.

BY THE

REV. EDWARD RONDTHALER,

OF NAZARETH, PA.

EDITED BY B. H. COATES, M. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
TOWNSEND WARD, 45 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.
1847.

Crissy & Markley, Printers.

TO THE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

THIS ATTEMPT

TO ILLUSTRATE

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE NUMEROUS MORAL AND RELIGIOUS LESSONS WHICH IT HAS BEEN PERMITTED TO OUR STATE, BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE, TO EXHIBIT TO THE NATIONS,

AS WELL AS

THE HISTORY OF ONE OF OUR MOST DESERVING CITIZENS,

IS,

WITH REFERENCE TO THE OBJECTS AND LABOURS OF THAT ASSOCIATION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE OF THE PHILADELPHIA EDITOR.

No GREAT alteration has been thought advisable by those having proximity to the press, in the manuscript of the Rev. Mr. Rondthaler. We had at one time thought that, as the life of Mr. Heckewelder offered a field of deep interest to readers of diversified classes, perhaps the omission of a portion of the religious matter, however proper and praiseworthy it unquestionably is, would contribute to the popularity of the work. Something of this we have done; but in general we have avoided the task. Not to plead, with the eloquent churchman, that matters of an infinite and eternal interest should never be superseded to gratify the levity and terrene likings of people of the world, it appears to us that much abridgment of the religious portions of the volume would have been an injustice to the noble Missionary himself. Christianity, in its sincerest and most earnest form, was the inspiration of all his heroism. This it was that led him to devote a lifetime to the hardships and perils of the wilderness, exposed to the thankless ingratitude of both whites and Indians, defamation of his spotless name, the fear of death by starving and by wild beasts, and the bloody jealousy of "savage men, more murd'rous still than they." His labours have extended the boundaries of human

knowledge, and gained for him and Pennsylvania the respect of wise and learned men in foreign countries; but it was not for science or fame, though well aware of their attractions, that Heckewelder exposed himself to toil and danger; it was to bring souls to God, and, incidentally, and as a christian duty, to confer on desolate and barbarous tribes the blessings of civilization. He was a servant of the Lord, and he wished to fulfil the Divine commands.

Nor need the popular reader fear lest, in the consideration of severer duties, this narrative will lose the zest which is derivable from curious incidents, the play of human passions and romantic adventures. A really important document in the historical sense, it possesses in addition the interest of the wildest romance. The struggles of the conscientious Missionaries with the suspicions of the deceived and indignant savage, were the lightest part of their task: they had further to contend with the fixed resolve to destroy, strengthened with the furies of civil war, the avarice of land, the pretence of religion, and more than Anglo-Saxon determination. They saw their friends and converts martyred, and long held their own lives ready for the slaughter. And after all these calamities and horrors, and this fearless exposure, what can be more delightful to the mind than the spectacle of Heckewelder's age! The quiet, but comfortable cottage, in the bosom of his family and religious connexion, the taste displayed in its arrangement, the rare and well cultivated flowers, the refined music and the leamed leisure, crowned with the service of that God of whose

acceptance he was well assured as a good and faithful servant. Though the individual be honoured in his own country, and his works translated and commented upon abroad, and he possess a perfect competency to judge of these advantages, there was little in mere worldly fame to add to the blessings of such a destiny.

Mr. Heckewelder's contributions to the History of the Indian Nations, particularly those of the Delaware stock, have been among the most curious and valuable of the materials which have contributed to found the modern science of Ethnography; while his comments have occasionally been of service in the almost equally recent but widely extended and laborious study of Comparative Philology. The documents, however, which he has contributed to this last mentioned object, are in general superseded by the more formal and elaborate works of the Rev. Mr. Zeisberger. Through the successive kindness and notice of his friends, Dr. Wistar and Mr. Duponceau, two successive Presidents of the American Philosophical Society, his labours have gained an additional introduction among the learned of Europe; and they have been received with a welcome and respect worthy of their real value, and beyond the demands of their modest author. It will not be denied, however, that even in the eyes of the mere worldly critic, these points of view are less interesting than the spectacle and labours of the christian Missionary, and self-sacrificing, philanthropic and philosophic labourer in the cause of civilization.

Our Moravian fellow-citizens have never been addicted to self-praise, or clamorous demands on the public for notoriety. Few, if any, country villages can boast so much as theirs of whatever contributes to the welfare of mankind, the development and improvement of the best part of the human faculties and character, or, using the words in their familiar, christian sense, the glory of God. It is well and deeply impressed on the recollections of the older citizens of Philadelphia, how honourably deserved are such words of commendation as we have thus undertaken to use in speaking of their institutions and mode of life. The scientific works of research and profundity which have proceeded from their limited population, the fine taste in horticulture, music and church architecture, in reality the growth of German science and skill, an architecture that has, in one instance at least, thanks to the love of his art entertained by an eminent master, resisted the vulgar passion for alteration under the pretext of improvement, the confidence with which the best families in Philadelphia entrusted their tender daughters to the care of the Sisters, and the high and standard reputation held at the present moment by their School Preparatory to the Ministry, well known in the Episcopalian and other ecclesiastical bodies, all these abundantly bear us out in our assertions; and they might well serve, if it were necessary, to show that religion of the most self-devoted class feels no incongruity with the pursuits that ennoble human nature in exclusive relation to our present life.

It has been thought by some that it would be better for the purity of the heart, that virtue should be its own reward, and that the consciousness of obedience to the commands of the Deity should continue unmingled with the hope or enjoyment of earthly fame. Yet, however this may be, the service of mankind requires that the "light" of the righteous should "shine before men," so as to set a brilliant example to others. Such is the imperfection of the human character in our present state of existence, that we stand in need of all the adjuvants to our virtue with which omniscience has provided us; and among these is certainly the hope of human praise. The young, as the common mode of speaking has it, are by such means encouraged in the paths of virtue; and even the strong, hard and persevering faculties of middle life find perhaps no more effective stimulant to the plans and exertions on which they expend their vigour. Of what importance is it, then, that so powerful an agent in the conduct of mankind should receive a proper direction, and instead of destruction and conquest, be made to point to the creation of happiness and the moral improvement of our species!

Whatever be thought of these ethical views, the love of historical truth is, in itself, sufficient inducement for the publication of all that defends and elevates the characters of just and honourable men; and to this may be added the fear of historical error. We might appeal to the common experience of mankind, whether, among men conspicuous in the public eye, they whose merits are not proclaimed do not ultimately come

to be assailed, and whether there be any more certain mode of inviting aggression than a silence which less modest men construe into an acknowledgment of deficiency. For them who would benefit mankind by the establishment of principles, or the preservation of races of men, the field offered by a single small religious body is too contracted, and they should address themselves to the great catholic community, which extends to all nations, all opinions and all future ages, conscious that when they finally sink beneath the waves of time, the freedom of their aims of usefulness will never have been too boundless.

An attack upon the character for intelligence, and the historical authority of Mr. Heckewelder, which gave much surprise in Philadelphia, having been published in a celebrated review, it was replied to in the memoirs of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, by the late William Rawle. Notwithstanding the completeness of the refutation which the latter appears to us to have achieved, and the great weight of the character of the eminent jurist, its author, one who could boast of the confidence of Washington, it is believed that a limited injury and injustice have yet been done to the memory of the subject of this volume, in consequence of the great circulation and extensive machinery of the journal alluded to, and the small number of copies, (about 120,) then in the power of the Historical Society to circulate. We have therefore inserted Mr. Rawle's reply to the reviewer in the present volume.

A VINDICATION

Of the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder's History of the Indian nations.

By William Rawle.

[From the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Vol. I, p. 258.]

When a literary work has been in possession of public confidence for years; when the author is known to have been a man of probity incapable of wilful deception; when he is known to have had the best means of information concerning the facts he relates, and when these facts are of a character not too abstruse or profound for the compass of his mind, it is natural for those, who have believed and relied on his narration, to feel an interest in supporting the reputation of the author against unexpected and unfounded attacks.

In the year 1819, under the auspices of the historical and literary committee of the American Philosophical Society, appeared a work entitled "An account of the history, manners, and customs of the Indian nations, who once inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring states, by the Rev. John Heckewelder, of Bethlehem."

Mr. Heckewelder was of German descent. He was a faithful and zealous member of the Moravian brotherhood at Bethlehem in this state; and under their direction, he exposed himself for the greatest part of his life, to the hardships and the perils of a residence among the Lenapi or Delaware Indians, in an unremitted endeavour to convert them to christianity.

He was well known in Philadelphia; which, after his age and infirmities, combined with other circumstances, compelled him to relinquish the mission, he occasionally visited. With Doctor Wistar, who was also of German extraction, he was particularly intimate; but he was known to almost all the men of letters in our city, and respected by them all. In his demeanour he was modest and unassuming. From his long residence among the Indians, he seemed to have imbibed something of their manners. Courteous and easy in his intercourse with every one, a stranger to all affectation and artificial ceremony, somewhat inclined to taciturnity, or at least never obtruding himself on the notice of others, or seeking to lead the conversation, those who personally knew him were the more inclined to give credit to his book, and those who read his book before they personally knew him, found that the man corresponded with the character of which the book gave them the idea.

The work was received with general approbation. It was evidently written to support no party, to explain no peculiar system, to promote no personal views: he had formed the narrative for his own private amusement or use, and his consent to appear as an author, both of this and of a subsequent publication, was not given without reluctance.

He presented to us some new views of the Indian character. He impressed us with the belief that these people were still more acute, more politic, and in some respects more refined, than had been generally understood.

But the whole account of them was conveyed in a manner so plain and unaffected, with such evident candour and apparent accuracy, that conviction generally, if not universally, followed perusal. To enumerate all those persons on whom this impression was made, would be tedious. It would not, perhaps, be deemed fair to mention names, however respectable,

from whom only colloquial testimony has been received; but when we find, in print, such authorities as Wistar, Duponceau and Dr. Jarvis, of New York, all of one sentiment in regard to it, we may justly consider him as proudly supported. To these we add the *North American Review*, the anonymous authors of which, as those of all similar works, stand before the public on the ground of their own strength of mind, soundness of judgment, and purity of taste. Undertaking to instruct the world as to the reception which it ought to afford to the labours of others, they are, as they ought to be, cautious in bestowing commendation; and a work highly extolled must be understood to have been thoroughly examined and fully approved.

The encomiastic strains employed by these gentlemen on the work in question, were not beyond its merits, but they were certainly warm.

After giving an analysis and various extracts, the Reviewers proceeded as follows:—

"The work abounds in facts and anecdotes, calculated, not merely to entertain the reader, but to lay open, in the most *authentic* and *satisfactory* manner, the character and condition of this people. There is no *other work extant*, in which this design has been so *extensively adopted*, or in which the object is so *fully accomplished*."

With these testimonials the work of Heckewelder has glided down the historical current of time without any impeachment of its merits, till its author has been removed to a world from which he can wield no weapon of defence against sublunary criticism.

Were he still living, he would read with surprise the altered language of the same literary dictators, the same guides and directors of our taste and judgment, our approbation or rejection.

The unqualified condemnation in 1826, of a work so highly extolled in 1819, would be productive of little other injury than that which the authors of the Review would sustain by the diminution of their own authority from the exhibition of their own inconsistency; but multitudes will read the Review of the present year to whom that of 1819 is, and perhaps ever will be, unknown. The American public will, perhaps, be considered by them as the credulous subjects of gross imposition, and perhaps the name of John Heckewelder be ranged with that of John D. Hunter.

It will not, therefore, be improper in one who knew and esteemed Mr. Heckewelder when living, and with unabated confidence still highly values his work, to take a short view of the late attempt to strip him of his fame.

In the North American Review for January last, is a long and laboured article under the general head of "Indians of North America;" and the two works, the titles of which are in the usual manner prefixed, are Hunter's book, published here about two years ago, and a recent composition of a Mr. Halkett, in London. On the latter very little attention is bestowed; Hunter's imposition is exposed as it seems to deserve; but Mr. Heckewelder's work, although the reader is not led from the title of the article to expect it will be noticed at all, forms the chief subject of much positive contradiction and much severe animadversion; although, at the same time, the Reviewers refer, without explanation or apology, to their own laudatory notices in 1819.

Heckewelder is now represented as a man of "moderate intellect, and still more moderate attainments." We are told that his knowledge of the Indian character was wholly derived from the Delawares; that their legendary stories were received by him in perfect good faith, and "recorded with all the gravity of history."

"His *naiveté*" is said to be "truly amusing; yet, with much valuable information, no work that has appeared for half a century has produced more erroneous impressions on this subject. He looks back to a sort of golden age of the Delawares. It may have been so, but there is not the slightest reason to believe it.

Many of his assertions and conclusions are utterly irreconcilable with the most authentic accounts, and with well known circumstances. His history, if true, would unhinge all our knowledge on these subjects, and destroy all our confidence in the early French writers, who wrote under favourable circumstances for observation."

This is but a part of the remarks which are made in the usual positive manner of reviewers, exercising their supposed unlimited sovereignty over what we sometimes affect to call the republic of letters.

It is obvious that if this is the genuine character of Mr. Heckewelder's work, we have been greatly imposed on; and if all our knowledge is "unhinged" by his faulty productions, the world cannot be too soon informed of its error. But general assertions will not always produce conviction; and we naturally expect that specific examples, supported by reasonable proof, shall be adduced, before we withdraw our reliance on a work which has so long been received as credible and authentic.

It is, indeed, the more necessary when the opponent himself falls into a looseness of expression which is no where exceeded by him whom he condemns, and when he weakens or destroys his own argument by the illustration with which he endeavours to support it. Thus, in the last paragraph quoted, the Reviewers at first generalize, then connect their observation with a particular case, and afterwards show that this illustration of it is of no value.

We had previously been told in the same article that an actual residence among the Indians was the only means of obtaining a competent knowledge of their character. Mr. Heckewelder's long residence among them is distinctly noticed, and of course he had the power of obtaining a more perfect knowledge of them than could be acquired by casual travellers. If their accounts differ from his, there is therefore no reason for giving the preference to them; and the Reviewers seem particularly injudicious in proceeding to mention the name of *La Hontan*, whom, at the same time, they described as unworthy of credit, and of course as rendering it no loss to us if his "fables" should be superseded by the plain narrative of Heckewelder. In another place they condemn the early and principal French writers in a mass; excepting only *Charlevoix*. We are told that they were "credulous men, who possessed neither enlarged views nor sound judgment."

The Reviewers proceed to consider some of the most "prominent errors" of our venerable author; and they deserve our thanks for enabling us thus to examine those imputations, which, while wrapped up in general terms, it would not be in our power to understand or refute.

In the consideration of them, the order in which they are presented will as much as possible be adhered to, although their relative importance might require a different arrangement. In the first place, an objection is raised against the orthography, and in the next place, against the translation, of the ancient national appellation of the Delawares. Mr. Heckewelder has erred in writing *lenni lenapi*:* it should be *lennee lenaupè*,

[* This is not an open question, an accident or an error. Mr. Heckewelder uses the German spelling; and it was even the duty of the Reviewers to know that it is generally agreed upon by comparative philologists to do so, in consideration of the great amount of German labours in comparative philology.—*Ed.*]

accentuating the last syllable with a strong expiration of the breath, which has no exact representative in the English alphabet. If this latter is the case, it is not very reasonable to condemn a man for not doing what is impossible. In respect to the mode of spelling these two words, Mr. Heckewelder has much authority on his side; but the variation is too minute to form a proper subject of reprehension.

The translation of these words is more interesting. That given by Mr. Heckewelder corresponds with the lofty notions entertained by the savage of the source from which he sprung. *Lenni*, he tells us, signifies *man*, and *lenapi* means *original;* but the Reviewers inform us that the more general and proper sense of "lennee" is *male*, although in a restricted sense, it may signify *man*, and that "*lenaupè* means *common*, so that according to them, these words, when used together, import *common male:* according to Mr. Heckewelder, they signify *original man.* On which side the inaccuracy lies, would probably soon be decided by the Delawares themselves, and the subject merits no further notice.*

3. An objection is next made to Mr. Heckewelder's relation that the Delawares bore, in respect to other tribes, the designation of grandfathers, supporting in some degree their claim to an ancient and extensive superiority. The Reviewers deny his inference, but, with an air of mystery, observe that a "full consideration of the subject might lead to important conclusions." Mr. Heckewelder speaks with modesty and reserve, and it would be difficult to adopt any other reason for this figurative

* The confusion of ideas on this subject imputed to Mr. Heckewelder, in a note at p. 68, cannot be perceived by the writer of this article on examining the passages referred to; but it would require too much time to go through them.

[One would think any person in the habit of examining etymologies, would consider the criticism above replied to, trifling.—*Ed.*]

language than that which he assigns. We are all acquainted with the constant practice of the Indians to apply the epithet "Father," to the President of the United States, as they formerly did to the King of Great Britain; always indicating political superiority by a domestic phrase; and the application of a higher cognate term among themselves, in those early days to which it is traced, may reasonably be supposed to have signified a still higher political relation. The fact itself does not seem to be contradicted by the Reviewers.*

4. The account of the ancient Lenapi conquering the Alligewi, is, in the next place objected to; but, whether true or false, Heckewelder, who expressly relates it as a tradition of the Lenapi, is not responsible. And a general remark may here be introduced, that the author who professes to give an account of the history of a nation among whom he has resided, would perform his task imperfectly if he disregarded their own traditions. The ancient history of every part of Europe depends on such traditions; the probable truth of which is sometimes supported by circumstances that are subsequently authenticated. In the Lenapian history of the total extirpation of the Alligewi, we see nothing inconsistent with that well known ferocity of savage tribes, which still unhappily continues to rage among them.

5. In the trifling discussion on the etymology of the word Mississippi, the Reviewers may be right; and if the Chippewas were really the godfathers of that majestic stream, the conjunction of the terms *meesee* great, and *seepee* river, is more natural than that in which Mr. Heckewelder was instructed by his Delaware friends.

6. The ancient fortifications are attributed by Heckewelder to the Alligewi. The Reviewers say; no—the forefathers of

* See note at foot of next page.

the present Indians erected them; and they gravely quote Dr. Clark, to show that there were fortifications in Greece. We will venture to remark that neither Heckewelder nor the Reviewers could know any thing about the matter, and one had as good a right to speculate as the other.

7. The "puerile" history of the former power of the Delawares, and the manner in which the sceptre departed from them, is severely ridiculed. Now it is an Indian tradition, and as such it is given by Heckewelder, that the Iroquois, with the assistance of the Dutch, by a great refinement in policy, and with considerable difficulty, persuaded the Delawares to "put on the petticoat and become women;" that is, to lay aside the practice of arms, and, confining themselves to the arts of peace, become the arbiters of the surrounding tribes. To this, it is said, the Iroquois were induced by a fear of the numbers and power of the Delawares; and, while they thus neutralized this formidable nation, the Iroquois were not only free from apprehensions for their own safety, but were left at liberty to pursue their military expeditions against other powers. The Iroquois, on the contrary, contended that they reduced the Delawares to this condition by force of arms; and one thing only is certain, that until a very late period, the Iroquois asserted certain rights over the Delawares, even so far as to restrain them from alienating their lands. Their insolent abuse of this superiority was strongly manifested at the treaty of Philadelphia in 1742. But Heckewelder is supported in his account by the Rev. Mr. Loskiel; and he also appears to have conversed with some of the Iroquois on the subject.* If the tradition of the Delawares is

[* The statement of Heckewelder is most emphatically confirmed by Hendrick Aupaumut: *Mem. Penn. Hist. Soc.*; Vol. II. pp. 76, 77. "The Delawares, who we calld Wenaumeeu, are our Grandfathers according to the ancient covenant of their and our ancestors, to which we adhere without any devition in these near 200 years past, to which nation the Five

correct, it is certainly an extraordinary instance of a nation's voluntarily parting with the means of self-defence, for the purpose of becoming mediators and arbiters between other nations. But the loss of military power would have been compensated, as they represented, by their own increase and internal happiness, had it not been for the constant encroachments of the white people. It is now of little consequence. The melancholy and degraded remnants of both the Iroquois and the Delawares, without power or permanence, by referring to the memory of the past, only embitter the present, and vainly seek in traditions a consolation for the absence of almost every substantial happiness.

8. Much severity is employed on the relation given by Heckewelder of a conversation between Colonel Crawford, a prisoner, about to be executed, and *Wingenund*, a chief of the Delawares, whom Crawford had sent for, in hopes of obtaining mercy through his intercession. No white man, say the Reviewers, could have been present at this conversation; and therefore the inference is, that it was merely a creature of Heckewelder's imagination: indeed they say expressly that it is "wholly apocryphal."

Now, if the book were quoted with the least degree of candour, the reader would perceive that Mr. Heckewelder does not pretend to have been present on the occasion, but informs us that the particulars of this conversation were communicated to him by *Wingenund* and others. If he falsified the relation he received, no terms of reprobation would be too strong; but

Nations and British, (after finding themselves incapaple of completeing a union of all who has one colar,) have commit the whole business. For this nation had the greatest influence with the southern, western and northern nations." This testimony, from an Indian who sacrifices his own national vanity, that of a Mohegan, to love of truth, has always appeared to the writer of this, peculiarly strong.—*Ed.*]

a gratuitous imputation of so much depravity cannot be approved.

In the disposition to cavil at almost every thing related by our author, the Reviewers find fault with another part of this conversation. "Had you attended," says Wingenund, "to the Indian principle, that good and evil cannot dwell together in the same heart," &c. This principle is declared by the Reviewers to be new to them. "It would be difficult," they say, "to find it either speculatively or practically in any other place than this Delaware school of ethics." They ought to have recollected that the question is not whether the philosophy was sound, but whether the information given to Heckewelder, was truly reported by him.

It seems an indirect attempt to diminish his weight of character, and it does not merit approbation.

9. In the same disposition to condemn, insinuations of at least a want of precision, are, in a subsequent passage, thrown out against this worthy man, to support which a part of a sentence is quoted. That an Indian should say, "I am a sort of a chief," is supposed to be impossible; but the residue of the sentence is omitted, in which the Indian observes that he is neither a great chief nor a very small one. That there are gradations of power and distinction among them, is well known.

10. Another remark of the same Indian is quoted with the same scepticism by the Reviewers. It is the enumeration of articles which a successful hunt would have enabled the Indian to procure for his wife; and although they do not constitute the common food of those people, we may reasonably suppose that in the vicinity of missionary settlements such articles were known and acceptable to the females.* In their concluding objection, the Reviewers are equally unsuccessful, if they mean

* In Mr. Schoolcraft's journal of his travels, it appears that he and Governor Cass partook of a breakfast at an Indian wigwam, among the articles composing which were *bread* and *tea*.

to impugn the veracity of Heckewelder. They contradict the account given of *Tar-hé*, or the Crane, murdering an Indian of the name of Leatherlips: but Heckewelder does not relate the fact as of his own knowledge; he transcribes a letter by which the account was conveyed to him.

In respect to the philological talents of Mr. Heckewelder, it is not intended at present to enter into any discussion. The writer of these remarks has never felt an inclination to study evanescent forms, or to keep alive a variety of languages, which from every motive of national and beneficent policy, he would wish to see absorbed in one general tongue. The tribe whose peculiar and extraordinary dialect rivets the attention of the philologist, moulders into nothing before he becomes master of its language; and the vocabulary laboriously collected, and the grammar scientifically derived from it, in a few years remain the only certain evidence of its former existence. Yet the study is, in itself, one of high interest to those who delight to trace the powers and operations of the mind; and it is not intended to detract in the smallest degree from the ardour of their pursuits. On the present occasion it will only be observed, that in 1819 the Reviewers applauded "the ingenious and useful labours" of Heckewelder in these investigations, and in 1826 he is styled "negligent and inaccurate." On this subject, Mr. Schoolcraft, whose work is mentioned with approbation by the Reviewers, may also be referred to. His words are, "the enquiries into the Indian languages, under the directions of Mr. Heckewelder, evince more severity of research than had before his time been bestowed upon the subject; but the observations of this pious and worthy missionary have only opened the door of enquiry."

These remarks have, perhaps, been sufficiently extended for the mere purposes of vindication. If it has been shown, that in many instances Heckewelder has been unfairly quoted and unjustly condemned, we are entitled to ask for further evidence

of his errors, before we assent to the total rejection of his book from the catalogue of our standard authorities.

But it is not unreasonable to enquire, whether those who have spared another so little, have entitled themselves, by their own consistency and precision, to the exercise of an office so high and so severe. Whoever reads the whole of this part of the Review, cannot fail to perceive in it a constant attempt at original and profound reflection, not always successful; theories, that are contradicted or abandoned almost as soon as they are formed, and modes of ratiocination, which frequently refute themselves. We are assured by the Reviewers, that we are about as ignorant of the moral character and feelings of the Indians, as when Jacques Cartier first ascended the St. Lawrence. The confession is commendable if it were correct; but he who undertakes to assert that the mass of information of which we are possessed is not to be depended on, ought to satisfy us that he has acquired that exact and superior knowledge, which can alone enable him thus to pronounce upon the imperfection of ours.

It is positively asserted that the Indians "have no government:" but this is explained by saying that they have none whose operation is felt either in rewards or punishments, and yet the Reviewers add that their lives and property are protected. By what means, unless by some power of government, can this protection be systematically afforded? Their "political relations" among themselves, and with other tribes, are said to be duly preserved. How can they be preserved, unless by means of laws, not the less obligatory because not reduced to writing.*

The submission of an Indian who has been guilty of murder, to the retributive stroke of a relation of the deceased, is, by an

* In page 63 of the Review, we are told that the Indians have *laws* regulating marriage. It would be strange if they had laws on no other subject.

interrogative mode of reasoning, referred to some unknown principle, equally efficacious with the two great motives of hope and fear, "upon which all *other* governments have heretofore rested." Without pausing to consider the meaning of the word "other," which no accurate writer would make use of, unless the Indians also had a government, we may distinctly account for the course pursued on such occasions, by referring to the ancient history of European nations, where similar procedures were established as the regular course of penal law. They prevailed in Greece, in the time of Homer; in Germany, when Tacitus wrote his annals; in England, Wales, and Ireland; and although now generally abolished, it is well known that in England they still continue in certain cases, under some legal restrictions.

The Indian, therefore, who submits to this mode of vindictive punishment, submits to the laws of his country; and if he neither "flees nor resists," it is because both would be alike disgraceful and unavailing.

But these retaliative criticisms need not to be further pursued, although perhaps some additions to them might fairly be made. The detection of errors in reasoning, or inaccuracies in diction on the part of the Reviewers, will not redeem the faults of Mr. Heckewelder; yet it is not unpardonable to have shown that those who are so liberal of censure, are not, themselves, free from imperfection. The authority of a sentence is somewhat impaired, when we perceive that the judge partakes of the same delinquency.

The author of these strictures, seeing no reason to alter the opinions of Mr. Heckewelder's merits, which he avowed in the inaugural address,* has felt it a duty to endeavour to support

[* Delivered before the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Nov. 5, 1825. Memoirs; Vol. I, p. 23.]

them; but he hopes that he will not be thought to have evinced more asperity than the occasion justifies. The merit of the North American Review is fully admitted. It generally contains much valuable information and sound remark: it supports our literary reputation abroad, and largely contributes to the dissemination of polite learning at home: but in the present article the Reviewers seem to have forgotten their own habits, and it may almost be said, their own established character. The rumour by which it is attributed to a person in office under the United States, may not be unfounded; but, on rumour only, his name could not be introduced without impropriety; and no other course is open to general readers, than to consider the publication as an adoption by the editors of all which the article contains.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE reader is here presented with the artless record of an artless man. To those who knew and loved the subject of this short biography, an apology may be due for its late appearance; more than twenty years having elapsed since the venerable missionary received the crown of life. We cannot undertake to present a full account of his life and actions. Such a record it would be impossible to give; since, among his numerous papers, very little is to be found relating individually to himself; and that little seems to have been intended not for publication, but for the exclusive perusal of his personal friends. All to which the following pages pretend, is, to bear an unaffected testimony to the happy consequences resulting in every season of life from faith in the crucified Lord. And all those that love Him who first loved us, especially youth, may perhaps be induced by the perusal of this humble sketch, to *lay hold*, even more earnestly, *on eternal life*.

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN HECKEWELDER.

John Gottlieb Ernestus Heckewelder was born at Bedford, in England, on the 12th of March, 1743. His father, David Heckewelder, was one of those Moravian exiles, who, in company with Christian David, "the servant of God," had left their native country, and emigrated to Herrnhuth, for the sake of religious freedom. He was at that time engaged in the service of the Lord in England; where he remained till his embarkation to America with his family. At a very early age, the subject of these memoirs became an inmate of the Brethren's schools at Buttermere, and soon after at Fulneck. The chief aim in the education of children, among the Brethren of those olden days, was a religious one. "Leading souls to Christ" was the motto in the schools and seminaries, as well as in the Congregation. Above all things, the Saviour and his cross were presented to the infant mind, and the pupils were instructed to be diligent in the acquisition of learning for the sake of the Lord, and in imitation of his example. The elders of the church, the instructors of the youth, and the individual members of the little Moravian community, sought to apply on every occasion the words of the apostle: "Whatsoever ye do in word

or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." (Col., iii. 17.) This was the secret of their industry and self-denial, and of their other christian virtues; and this too was the ruling idea of their educational establishments. Sciences and arts were considered useful, only in so far as they might serve the cause of the Lord; in all other respects utterly without value; and their religious education was almost entirely confined to the continual repetition and application of what Christ has done; of that story, which in fact is, by itself, the everlasting gospel. What is generally called moral instruction, was very little attended to. Love to Christ was to be the talisman which should lead even tender children safely through the follies, snares and trials of childhood and youth, of manhood and old age.

To the end of his life, the venerable missionary, of whose history a sketch is here attempted, continued to cherish grateful recollections of the impressions made upon his heart at this early period, by the affectionate admonitions of his teachers and other friends. His own account of some occurrences at this time, bears the stamp of simplicity and truthfulness.

"I well remember, that during my abode in Fulneck, on a certain 'prayer-day,' held especially for the children, the address of Brother John de Watteville was greatly blessed to my own heart and to those of others; and inspired our youthful minds with a lively desire to serve the Saviour among the heathen. Several of my companions, together with myself, actually entered into a covenant to this effect." Again: "On the day before my departure for America in company with my parents, Count Zinzendorf, then at London, spoke with all the passengers, either singly, or in small companies or families. Among the rest, he expressed a desire to converse with me in private, no one being present except Brother Spangenberg. The Count began by inquiring what progress I had made in learning; and discoursed on the usefulness and object of educa-

tion; remarking, that my principal aim ought to be to prepare myself for preaching the gospel among the heathen. I felt encouraged by his affectionate words; and with the simplicity of childhood, I related to him my *experience* on the above mentioned prayer-day at Fulneck, and also informed him of the covenant into which some of us had entered. Having conversed some time in English, the Count enquired whether I understood German. I answered, that I understood it better than I could speak it; upon which he laid his hand on my head, and in the German language offered up a prayer for me, and gave me his blessing. I cannot help considering this, in a manner, as an ordination to be a messenger of peace to the heathen."

At this time Mr. Heckewelder was only twelve years of age; a mere child, and yet revolving in his mind such a noble destiny. What a lesson is taught in this simple narrative, and what an encouragement held out, to faithful ministers, to labour earnestly, not only with the mature understandings of men, but with the unfolding minds of children. "Suffer little children to come unto me," is the Saviour's command; and how shall they come if they be not led? There are many who are willing to be excused from this employment, on the ground that children are incapable of comprehending the doctrines of Christianity. It may be true that abstruse and subtile dogmas, which even those who teach them do not always understand, may be above the comprehension of childhood; and we may thank God that it is so. But real Christianity, although a science, is one that is wonderfully adapted to every age and character and intellect; and without doubt, a simple and warmhearted child can be instructed in the cardinal doctrine of religion, "love to the crucified Saviour," with the same ease, as it can be taught its letters, and thus early be baptized with the baptism of the Spirit. Labour in this field will generally be far more successful, than after sin and worldly pleasures have hardened the

heart; when the seed must not only be scattered but ploughed into the parched soil; and even then, the "adversary the devil," and the "cares of this world," and the "deceitfulness of riches," too often prevent the harvest. A word in season to a child, is generally more useful than a dozen sermons to one more advanced in years; and may be the means of introducing that one great example, without which the life of man will be nothing but an aimless wandering in darkness.

Before his departure from England, he also had an opportunity of hearing that extraordinary man, the Rev. Mr. Whitfield, preach to several thousand hearers. On the 12th of March, 1754, the birth day of the subject of our narrative, the Brethren's ship Irene, set sail for New York, having on board the parents of Mr. Heckewelder, with their four children, of which John was the eldest, and a company of about forty Moravian colonists.

The voyage was prosperous; for without encountering a single heavy gale, they crossed the broad Atlantic in twenty-one days; which in those times was considered as something approaching a miracle. At New York the pilgrims were kindly received and hospitably entertained by the brethren and sisters residing in that city. Brother Henry Van Vleck, sen., especially, shewed them much kindness and christian love; as at his house, Moravian brethren, especially ministers and missionaries, were wont at all times to meet with a friendly reception. The rest of the company remaining in New York, until wagons could be sent for their accommodation from Bethlehem, Mr. Heckewelder, then eleven years of age, travelled on foot through New Jersey, in the company of Bishop David Nitschmann. "No bridges being erected over the water courses at that time, my conductor, with the kindness of a father, carried me across the numerous creeks we had to pass." How much is here afforded for reflection in a few lines! The whole of the company

reached Bethlehem in safety, on the 20th of April, and were cordially welcomed by the whole congregation at a general *lovefeast*. Heckewelder was shortly after placed at school, among the older boys.

The old school house has disappeared: it was a log-building erected on the spot where the church now stands; and this house and the apothecary's shop were at that time the only buildings on the east side of the Main street. On the west side was "the farm" with its stables, and several other houses; the rest of the hill and the whole site of the present town of Bethlehem being covered with a dense forest. No wonder then, that the young Englishman, who had been accustomed to other scenes, could not easily reconcile himself to his new situation. He contrasted Bethlehem, a solitary settlement in the midst of a wilderness, with Fulneck, situated in a cultivated and populous district, near the manufacturing town of Leeds. Time hung heavily on his hands; his days passed without joy, and his nights without sleep and for the most part in tears. In a newly commenced settlement but little of comfort was to be expected; and worst of all, a gloom was cast over his mind by his slow advance in learning, on account of his very limited knowledge of German, the only language spoken at Bethlehem. As he relates of himself, "almost the only enjoyment I experienced during this period, and which tended in some degree to comfort my troubled mind, was the sight of so many Indians, who were frequently encamped near Bethlehem, and who at such times came into the town for the purpose of trading. The accounts I had received from Count Zinzendorf concerning the Indians, and especially his prayer and blessing were distinctly brought home to my mind; all which, together with the recollection of my former inclinations, and the covenant entered into at Fulneck, confirmed my desire to be employed, at some future day, as a missionary among the heathen."

After remaining at school for almost two years, Mr. Heckewelder removed to Christianspring;* where he was employed in field work and other manual occupations. Here he also had an opportunity of improving himself, in his leisure hours, by the scientific instruction of the brethren Ziegler and Fries, both men of erudition; for which he always felt very grateful. About this time his parents, who had hitherto served in various capacities in the small congregations at Gnadensthal,† Friedensthal,‡ and Old Nazareth,§ were called to labour as missionaries in the Danish West India islands; where both of them departed this life.

Having lived very happily at Christianspring for two years, Mr. Heckewelder was again removed to Bethlehem, in 1758, and apprenticed to William Nixon, a cedar-cooper. Childhood

* This was formerly a small Moravian settlement, and received its name in honor of Christian Renatus, the son of Count Zinzendorf. It is situated about nine miles to the north of Bethlehem, and two miles south-west of Nazareth. It was built in a quadrangular form. On the north were the chapel and dwelling houses; on the east the different workshops, and a grist and saw mill, propelled by the Monocasy, which flows into the Lehigh at Bethlehem; and on the south and west were the barns and stables. All these buildings enclosed a square area of considerable extent. During the Indian wars, it was stockaded, and put in a condition of defence; the Government attaching great importance to the place, as one of the principal outposts of the white settlements. The buildings are still to be seen, with the exception of the mills. The place is no longer a Moravian settlement, although the property is still held by the Society.

† "Valley of Grace," about half a mile north of Christianspring. It is now the property of Northampton County, and the County Poor house has been built in it.

‡ "Valley of Peace," about two miles east of Nazareth; now the property of private individuals.

§ Situated a short distance east of the present town of that name. It is still the property of the Society, but is no longer the seat of a Moravian congregation.

and boyhood have not much to relate; nevertheless, what little we know of these earliest years of Heckewelder serves as a key to his future life; and through home-sickness and weariness of soul, in the midst of school-labours and agricultural pursuits and years of apprenticeship, we can imagine the lonely orphan boy dreaming his life's great dream, and as in prophetic vision, beholding himself a messenger of peace, bearing to the benighted Indian the tidings: "Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." But he could hardly suppose that he would so soon be called upon to enter upon this service. In 1762, before he had served out his apprenticeship, and when he was not quite nineteen years of age, he set out on his first missionary journey. The circumstances were these. During the year 1758, Christian Frederick Post,* a travelling "evangelist,"

* Post had emigrated to Pennsylvania with some Moravian brethren from Germany in 1742; and having offered himself to serve as a missionary, resided for some time among the Indians at Shekomeko. The Indian congregation at this place having been dispersed, he continued his labours among the savages till 1749, and brought back a number of converts to the Brethren. He then proceeded to Germany; but, a few years after, returned to Pennsylvania, and carried on the missionary work as an independent labourer, according to his own ideas, and without being regularly appointed by the Brethren. Having remained some time amongst the Indians at Wyoming, he returned to Bethlehem at the breaking out of the Indian war. He was now appointed by the Government of Pennsylvania to act as ambassador to the Delawares, Shawanos and Mingos, who lived on the Ohio, and were at that time allied with the French against the English. Accordingly, in July, 1758, Post, accompanied by several Indians, set out on his expedition, and succeeded so well in his negociations, that the Indians refused to join the French in attacking the English general Forbes, on his march against Fort Du Quesne. The French, despairing of being able to defend the fort against Gen. Forbes, burned it, and left the country with precipitation. Forbes took possession of the contested ground, erected new works, and called the new fortification Fort Pitt, in honour of the British minister. Post's Journal of this expedition is published in a work, entitled, "An Enquiry into the causes of the alienation of the Delaware and Shawano

had twice been commissioned by government to visit the Delawares living on and near the Ohio river, for the purpose of inducing them to break their alliance with the French, in connexion with whom they were waging a murderous warfare against the frontier colonists. In this he had succeeded, beyond the most sanguine expectations; and he had been enabled to cultivate a friendly acquaintance with the chiefs of the Delaware nation. When peace was fully restored, he became desirous of making use of the opportunity now afforded him to preach the glad tidings to these distant Indians. With this view he again visited the neighborhood of the Muskingum, in 1761, whither the tribe had removed, and obtained permission of them to settle in those parts, for the purpose of instructing the natives in the christian doctrine. On the spot designated by the Indians, he immediately built a log-cabin; and then returned to Bethlehem, to seek a suitable associate, who might teach the Indian children to read and write, and thus assist the gospel preaching of Post himself.

This companion he found in young Heckewelder. But we will hear the latter give his own unaffected narrative of his

Indians from the British Interest, and into the measures taken for renewing their friendship. London, 1759." It is also inserted in Proud's History of Pennsylvania, Vol. II, Appendix; as well as his narrative of the second journey he made for Government, in the latter part of the same year.

In 1762, Post undertook a fourth expedition (the one mentioned in the text) to the Indians on the Ohio, in company with Mr. Heckewelder, for the purpose of preaching the gospel to them. This enterprize failing, he lost heart; and imagining that preaching to the savage North American Indians would avail very little, he proceeded to the Bay of Honduras, intending to establish a missionary settlement among the Mosquito Indians, who were represented as being of a more peaceable and friendly disposition. After this time, the connexion between him and the Brethren seems to have been dropped; and no record of his subsequent fate or fortune appears to have been preserved. His remains are said to be interred at Germantown; from which it would seem that he had finally returned to Pennsylvania.

journey to the Muskingum, and all its attending circumstances. It presents a picture of the man, of the trials of a missionary life in those days, and of the Moravian missionary spirit of the times. "On his arrival at Bethlehem, Post made known his intention to Bishop Spangenberg; who was at that time the Presiding Elder of the Congregation. It was true that Post's methods of procedure differed somewhat from that of the brethren; but as he had received full permission from Count Zinzendorf to journey amongst the North American Indians, and to preach the gospel wherever he pleased, and found an open door for it, and as he was also in full communion with the Moravian Congregation, no notice was taken of minor differences, and great attention was paid to his proposal.

The Brethren were mindful of the sole object for which they had come to America, viz: to preach the gospel to the heathen. It was their custom, not to suffer a single opportunity to pass by, whenever there existed the faintest hope of leading souls to the Saviour: they considered even the bare possibility of winning but one soul for Christ as a sufficient warrant and reward for a toilsome and dangerous journey. Having listened to Post's statement, they requested him to speak with the members singly, in order, if possible, to find some one amongst them with whom he could labour in one heart and mind. In the course of his round, Post also spoke with me on the subject; but I declined the service; or to speak more correctly, I told him there was no prospect of my accompanying him, as I was not yet nineteen years old, and, being apprenticed to a mechanic, was consequently not my own master.

Some time after, Bishop Spangenberg, having been informed by Post of his unsuccessful endeavours, made known the plan at a general meeting of the Congregation, requesting all those Brethren, who felt any desire to serve the Lord among the heathen, to disclose their determination either to him, or to

their respective *choir-labourers.** This happened on the very day on which the single Brethren's choir assembled. Brother Paul Schneider, (afterwards a Missionary to the Danish West India Islands,) the leader of the class to which I belonged, spoke with every brother on the subject, and more particularly questioned me several times. At length I told him, that if a call were made upon me, I was willing to go. I was thereupon directed to explain my views to Brother Spangenberg; which I did. He sent for me, embraced me and said: "You cannot think what pleasure your letter has afforded me." He reminded me of my conversation with Count Zinzendorf, at Lindsey-house, and of his benediction; and encouraged me to the present undertaking. I now made arrangements for the journey with Post, who was very much pleased with what he considered a successful issue. As he had some business to transact with the Governor at Philadelphia, it was agreed that I should, on an appointed day, meet him at Litiz, another Moravian settlement, eight miles distant from Lancaster.

But little preparation was necessary for the journey, and I was soon ready. On the evening before my departure from

* It is a favourite Moravian idea, that every believer should possess and practise those particular virtues that can be expected from his age and station; and that the Lord is as well pleased to see a child live as a believing child should live, as to watch the mighty deeds of an Apostle of the cross. In order to keep this idea present as it were to the outward senses, the whole congregation was divided into a number of classes; viz. the children, the boys, the girls, the single brethren, the single sisters, the married members, the widowers and the widows. These classes were called *Choirs*, from the Greek χορος, a band, especially a band of singers; because each choir was, by its walk and conversation, to show forth the praises of the Redeemer. Besides the general meetings of the Congregation, special ones were instituted for each choir, in which the members were reminded of the duties incumbent on them in their age and station; and the same was done at the *choir-festival* days, of which there was one every year for each choir. The elders of these choirs were called Choir-labourers.

Bethlehem, the Congregation took leave of me by the singing of farewell hymns, and the next day Brother Martin Schenk and myself set out for Litiz. A deep snow had fallen, which in many places covered the fences; so that we frequently had to break our roads through the fields, and it was not until the fourth evening after our departure from Bethlehem that we arrived at Litiz. It was the 12th of March, 1762; my 20th birthday. My choir-labourer, Brother Pezold, who was warmly attached to me, had promised to see me at Litiz, and there take leave of me. True to his word, he arrived in a few days: but he had overtasked his strength, a sudden thaw had rendered the roads almost impassable, and the sick and way-worn traveller came only to die. Before he "went home," he bade me an affectionate farewell, and gave me his last blessing.

From Litiz we pursued our journey on horseback. When we were ready to start, Post, in his enthusiastic way, began to sing. The brethren stood before the doors of their houses, and took leave of us as we travelled along the street. At Lancaster we were kindly received by the Brethren and the friends of the Congregation. The latter could not help considering the idea of going to the distant Indians merely to bring them the word of reconciliation, as a most daring adventure; still they did all in their power to render our short stay comfortable. Among them the well-known Jew, Joseph Symonds, was foremost. At the close of our first day's journey from Lancaster, we put up at Middletown for the night. The next day, after a ride of eight miles, we crossed the Susquehannah at Harris's ferry. The river had risen fearfully from the melting of immense quantities of snow; and it was with great difficulty that we could persuade the ferrymen to attempt the dangerous passage. At last we crossed in safety, after having been carried nearly a mile down the stream by the rapid current. Having been delayed so long at the ferry, we could only travel four miles

farther before nightfall. The next day we arrived at Carlisle; where we remained several hours, as Post had to make arrangements for the reception of the Indians, whom he had promised the Governor to invite and accompany to this place, in order to hold a talk with the Government officers. We stopped for the night at Mount Rock, eight miles from Carlisle: and on the following day reached Shippensburg, a distance of twenty-one miles from Carlisle. Here we took leave of the white settlements; the howling wilderness being full before us. In every direction, the blackened ruins of houses and barns, and remnants of chimneys met our eyes; the sad memorials of the cruelties committed by the French and Indians, during the savage warfare of 1756, and the following years; concerning which many horrible stories were related to us by eye-witnesses. This was nothing to cheer us; but there was certainly an exhortation contained in all this, to hasten to bring the tidings of peace to the ferocious red man, for they are "to all people."

Eleven miles beyond Shippensburg, Post struck into a mountain path; it being shorter by several miles than the wagon road, which made the circuit of the mountain. The path was almost invisible, and the ascent was excessively steep and rocky. When we had ascended half way, Post made a halt and said: "Here let us keep our Sabbath lovefeast.* It is the

* At the Sabbath lovefeasts of those times, it was customary to sing encouraging and enthusiastic verses, alluding to the trials, joys, and objects of the missionary life. By this means, a connexion was established and kept up between the Congregation at home, and those of its members who were journeying through the world, winning souls to Christ. It was also customary to announce the deaths of missionaries by solemn funeral hymns from the piazza of the meeting-house; and the names of the departed were affectionately mentioned at the evening meetings of the Congregation. These customs contributed a great deal to keep alive the missionary spirit; for, says Mr. Heckewelder, there is nothing so encouraging to a missionary

very day and hour in which the Congregation are assembled for a similar purpose at Bethlehem; let us sit down on this rock and sing with them." We raised our voices and sang one of our missionary hymns.

Ye chosen of God, who to every nation
Bring tidings of his pard'ning grace,
O tell us, ye heralds of blood-bought salvation,
The paths on which ye run your race!
Through the dark storm-night, over roaring waves,
On the desert rocks, in the mountain caves,
In the deep dim woods where no foot hath trod,
Will ye journey and rest, and go forth with God.*

During the singing of the last lines, we broke and ate a piece of bread which we had with us, in token of fellowship and love. After we had thus refreshed both soul and body, we continued our ascent." After a journey of several days our travellers arrived at the Juniata Crossings. Having narrowly escaped drowning in the rapid stream, they pursued their journey, and soon after passed "Bloody Run;" where a body

in distant lands, as the thought that friends at home, united in one faith and spirit, remember him in their prayers before the Lord.

* The above translation is but a faint imitation of the passionate spirit of the original German; as those who are acquainted with the language will easily see by a comparison of the two. The original words are:—

"Wo seyd ihr, ihr Schüler der ewigen Gnade,
Ihr Kreutzgenossen unsers Herrn?
Wo spuret man eure geheiligten Pfade,
Daheime oder in der Fern?
Ihr mauern zerbrecher, wo find't man euch?
Die Felsen, die Locher, die wilden Sträuch,
Die Inseln der Heiden, die tobenden Wellen,
Sind eure von Alters bestimmete Stellen."

[The English reader will observe that the alternate change of the metrical feet is intentional.]

of English soldiers, whilst escorting a number of wagons loaded with provisions for Fort Pitt, fell into an ambuscade of French and Indians, and so many were killed, that the stream seemed filled with blood. Hence the name. Seven miles farther on, at Fort Bedford, where there was a strong garrison, Mr. Heckewelder's missionary journey was almost brought to an end. He fell into the hands of recruiting officers, with whom he had no little difficulty; but on showing the indorsement on his indenture, by which Mr. Nixon, his former master, had transferred his legal power over Mr. H. to Post, he was suffered to proceed. On the 30th of March, Post and his companions began to cross the Alleghany mountains. "The snow began to fall rapidly, and had already covered the ground to the depth of three feet and a half. The cold became more intense; and we were reminded of our possible fate by a large number of carcasses of horses, which were scattered along the mountain path. However, there was nothing left us but to push on as fast as we could. It was eleven miles to the nearest habitation; and to turn back was out of the question. Fortunately the snow ceased falling in the afternoon; otherwise we should have lost the road and perished. After a most painful ride, we managed to gain the summit of the mountain. Without halting, we began to descend, and soon found ourselves in the midst of a thick and dark forest of hemlock trees. At last, after a hard day's journey, and just as night came on, we succeeded in reaching the cabin of a hunter, whose name was Jack Miller, (also Saucy Jack,) in Edmonds's Swamp. Scarcely had we entered, when the wolves began their dismal howl, which was the hunter's night music all the year round. Jack had no stable; but our horses found tolerable pasture on a piece of land of about three acres, which had been cleared and fenced in by the hunter and his sons. The young men offered to watch our beasts, and protect them from the wolves.

A bell was fastened to the neck of each horse, a few fires were kindled, the hunters took their guns, and, followed by their dogs, began their watch, while we tried to refresh ourselves by a good night's sleep. But in this we were disappointed. The howling of the wolves, the barking of the dogs, the tinkling of the bells, by means of which the young men were enabled to tell where the horses were, and more than all the continual shouting of the guard from without, to assure their father of their watchfulness, and the answering cry of the old hunter from within, drove sleep from our eyes. Still we were thankful for the safety in which we were permitted to pass the night; and the next morning we took an affectionate leave of this wild but hospitable family.

We soon reached Stony Creek; where we were very nearly brought to a perfect stand. The bed of the creek is about four rods wide, but the water had risen to a great height; the canoe had been carried off by the stream the night before, and the few settlers, together with a small garrison, were all on the other side of the creek. After many entreaties and promises on our part, a sugar trough* was brought from the woods; and in this novel vessel, we were safely ferried over; but had almost lost our horses, which were saved only by the greatest exertions. Having crossed the Laurel Hill and the Chesnut Ridge, we reached Bushy Run† on the 1st of April, and pushed

[* Hollow logs, either naturally such from decay and the ravages of animals, or scooped out artificially, were frequently used by the Indians of the Delaware family, as canoes; and among the earlier white settlers for industrial purposes. The *birch bark* fitted for boating, is not common in these parts of the country.—*Ed.*]

† In 1763, a year after, this place became remarkable for a victory gained by the English commander, Col. Bouquet, over the hostile Indians; a victory of great importance, on which the preservation of Fort Pitt mainly depended. The garrison of the latter place was out of provisions, and forced

on rapidly, in order if possible to reach Pittsburgh, distance twenty-five miles, before night. Having approached the Fort within seven or eight miles, we suddenly found ourselves on the field of Braddock's defeat. A dreadful sight was presented to our eyes. Skulls and bones of the unfortunate men slain here on the 9th of July, 1755, lay scattered all around; and the sound of our horses' hoofs continually striking against them, made dismal music, as, with the Monongahela full in view, we rode over this memorable battle-ground.

We felt as if relieved from an insupportable weight, when, on arriving at Fort Pitt, we again found ourselves in the company of the living. The only private dwelling in the neighborhood of the Fort was situated at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela. It was owned by two traders, Messrs. Davenport and McKinney; who received us in a very friendly and hospitable manner. Within the Fort, also, we

to live on horse-flesh. The Indians intended to starve the garrison, for the purpose of delivering the fort into the hands of the French; and were very successful in cutting off all supplies. This induced Col. Bouquet, the commander of the fort, to protect the approach of a large supply of provisions with a considerable body of troops. The flour was brought on horses; of which there was a great number. Every evening a camp was pitched, and the flour bags were made use of as a breast work against a possible attack. No enemy appeared on the route of the British, till they arrived at this creek; where the path was narrow, and a thick growth of underwood favoured an ambuscade. An attack was here made by the Indians, with such fury that Col. B. ordered the drums to beat a retreat. At the same time he commanded some bags to be emptied into the path, as though he intended to try a rapid flight. He then retreated to some distance and halted. Being informed by his scouts, that the enemy were busying themselves with collecting the scattered flour, and had made fires to bake it into bread, he sent a party to attack them in the rear, while he charged them in front. The stratagem was successful. Many Indians were killed, and the rest were put to flight; and so wholesome a panic caused, that the British were able to reach Fort Pitt without further annoyance, and succour the distressed garrison.

met with kind well-wishers; and the treatment we received at the hands of the gallant commander Col. Bouquet, and all his officers, calls for my lasting gratitude. To a youth far from home and friends, engaged in an enterprize the success of which was more than doubtful, each kind word is as an angel from heaven.

Post had expected to be able to make arrangements at Fort Pitt for a supply of flour, which could easily have been brought to our new home by the travelling traders. But to our great disappointment, the magazine had been overflowed by a tremendous inundation, and no flour was to be had. Neither could any be procured from the surrounding country, as there were no farms within hundreds of miles.

On the 5th of April, we crossed the Alleghany. The heavy rain of the preceding day, had swelled the different streams in our way, so that we could travel only sixteen miles before night. We pitched our tent on a rising ground near a creek. During the night a dreadful thunder storm came on, and we were awakened by the water rushing through our tent. We immediately laid our baggage on the top of the tent, to prevent it from being washed away, and the night being perfectly dark, we heaped wood on the fire, to produce a bright blaze, that we might see our way to a safer resting place. Our companion from Pittsburgh, a Virginian, who seemed accustomed to a life of hardships, and perfectly at home in such scenes as these, led the way with lighted firebrands, and enabled us to find the most shallow places. Here we crossed while the water was running knee deep around us. By dint of great exertion, we managed to save our horses, tents and baggage. There was no time to lose. The last time we crossed from our first encampment, we could scarcely stem the flood; and in the morning the spot where our tent had been standing was covered by the deep waters. Our baggage had been completely wetted;

and as we supposed that the creeks we should have to pass must have risen during the night, we resolved to remain where we were till the next morning.

The Virginian kindly offered to go out hunting and procure us food; and Post and myself spent the greater part of the day together, thanking God for his mercy, and reminding each other, that a path like ours could not be strewn with flowers. The next day we continued our journey, and found the smaller streams fordable. The Beaver river we crossed in canoes with the assistance of the Indians who lived there. They also gave us some venison and bear's fat; and one of them, White Eyes, presented us with a few chickens. Four days after, on the 11th of April, we arrived at Tuscarawas on the Muskingum, after a pilgrimage of thirty-three days. We entered our cabin singing a hymn.

The cabin which Post had built the year before, stood on a high bank, on the east side of the Muskingum, about four rods from the stream. No one lived near us on the same side of the river; but on the other, a mile down the stream, resided a trader, named Thomas Calhoon, a moral and religious man. Farther south was situated the Indian town called Tuscarawas; consisting of about forty wigwams. A mile still farther down the stream, a few families had settled; and eight miles above our dwelling, there was another Indian village.

The Indians, having been aware of Post's intention, had allowed him to erect his cabin. But during his absence, they had become suspicious; fearing that this missionary scheme might prove a mere pretence, in order to enable the white people to obtain a footing in the Indian country, and that in course of time a fort would be erected, and the original inhabitants of the land be driven from their territory. When they now observed Post marking out three acres of ground for a corn-field, and beginning to cut down trees, they became

alarmed, and sent him word to appear before them at the council house on the following day, and meanwhile to desist from doing any further work on the premises. On his appearance before them at the time appointed, the speaker, in the name of the Council, delivered the following address.

"Brother! Last year you asked our leave to come and live with us; for the purpose of instructing us and our children; to which we consented; and now being come, we are glad to see you.

Brother! It appears to us, that you must since have changed your mind; for instead of instructing us or our children, you are cutting down trees on our land; you have marked out a large spot of ground for a plantation, as the white people do every where; and by and by, another and another may come and do the same, and the next thing will be, that a fort will be built for the protection of these intruders; and thus our country will be claimed by the white people, and we driven further back, as has been the case ever since the white people came into this country. Say, do we not speak the truth?"

In answer to this address, Post delivered himself thus. "Brothers! What you say I told you, is true, with regard to my coming to live with you, namely for the purpose of instructing you; but it is likewise true, that an instructor must have something to live upon, otherwise he cannot do his duty. Now, not wishing to be a burden to you, so as to ask of you provision for my support, knowing that you already have families to provide for, I thought of raising my own bread; and believed that three acres of ground were little enough for that. You will recollect that I told you last year, that I was a messenger from God, and prompted by him to preach and make known his will to the Indians; that they also by faith might be saved, and become inheritors of his heavenly kingdom. Of your land I do not want a foot; neither will my raising a sufficiency

of corn and vegetables on your land for me and my brother to subsist on, give me or any other person a claim to your land."

Post then retired to give the chiefs and council time to deliberate on an answer; this done, they again met, when the speaker thus addressed my companion.

"Brother! Now, as you have spoken more distinctly, we may perhaps be able to give you some advice. You say that you are come at the instigation of the great Spirit, to teach and to preach to us. So also say the priests at Detroit, whom our Father, the French, has sent among his Indian children. Well, this being the case, you, as a preacher, want no more land than those do; who are content with a garden lot, to plant vegetables and pretty flowers in, such as the French priests also have, and of which the white people are all fond.

Brother! As you are in the same station and employ with those preachers we allude to, and as we never saw any one of those cut down trees and till the ground to get a livelihood, we are inclined to think, especially, as those men without laboring hard, yet look well, that they have to look to another source than that of hard labour for their maintenance. And we think, that if as you say, the great Spirit urges you to preach to the Indians, he will provide for you in the same manner as he provides for those priests we have seen at Detroit. We are agreed to give you a garden spot, even a larger spot of ground than those have at Detroit. It shall measure fifty steps each way; and if it suits you, you are at liberty to plant therein what you please."

To this proposal Post agreed, as there was no remedy; and the lot was measured off, and we were allowed to proceed as we liked. We perceived at once the insurmountable difficulties of our situation. As was mentioned above, there was no flour to be procured at Fort Pitt. Neither was Indian corn to be

had, as a famine prevailed at the time among the Indians, and every grain of maize was saved for planting. Potatoes were also very scarce. We were therefore forced to depend, partly on my expertness with the gun and fishing hook, and partly on the few vegetables that were to be found in the surrounding forest. There were wild ducks in abundance; but the river being in some places too deep to ford, and we having no canoe, I often had to wait very long, until they flew so near the bank that I could reach them when shot. The wild geese were still more difficult to get, as these seldom approach the banks, but generally keep in the middle of the river. Pheasants and squirrels are almost worthless in summer; and the larger game of the forest was rapidly shot down by the more expert Indians, whom hunger rendered still more active. Of fish we could procure more than enough; but in the manner in which we were forced to prepare them they became tasteless and even disgusting; and besides, when used exclusively, these are not a food calculated to give strength to the body. We lived mostly on nettles; which grew abundantly in the bottoms, and of which we frequently made two meals a day. We also made use of some other vegetables and greens. Besides, we had brought along some tea and chocolate; which we drank as well as we could without milk or sugar.

Of course such a diet could have no other effect than to weaken us from day to day. Nevertheless, we were obliged to clear the space allotted us for a garden, and which was covered by thick trees. When these were removed, the ground had to be loosened with pickaxes. The wood we chopped very short, so that we could roll and drag it from the enclosure. How often, while engaged in this laborious employment without strengthening food, did I think of the pieces of bread which I had frequently seen given to the hogs; and how gladly would I have shared them!

One day some chiefs came to request my assistance for a few days in making a fence round their land. I gladly accepted the invitation, being desirous of doing any thing to secure their good will; and I did my best to be of service to them. At the same time, I was enabled to restore my health and strength; for as long as I staid with them, I could eat enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Thus I found myself suddenly transferred as it were to a land of plenty, and where I had opportunities to cultivate the acquaintance of the Indian youth, and to secure the favour of the tribe by my industry. During my stay with them, I received the name of "Piselatulpe," Turtle; by which I am still known among the Delawares.

Hitherto, amidst all my privations, I had still enjoyed the company of a white man; but of this comfort too I was soon to be deprived. Previously to our leaving Philadelphia, Post had promised the Governor of Pennsylvania to do his best to encourage the chiefs of the Western Delawares to come to Lancaster, in the latter part of summer, in order to hold a talk with the Government; and had also given his word to accompany them. In view of this arrangement, it had been resolved at Bethlehem by the Elders of the Congregation, that in case of Post's succeeding in this negotiation, he should not leave me in Ohio, but that we should set out together for Lancaster, and then return to our station. The time when Post was to set out being near at hand, he became not a little embarrassed. It was evident that if we both left the Muskingum, we should not be able to return, and in travelling to Lancaster together, would be virtually abandoning our missionary enterprize. For the Indians were already suspicious; and during our absence, designing men might easily increase their fears, and induce them to destroy our cabin and forbid our return. On the other hand, Post was unwilling to leave me alone in a strange country,

surrounded by an unfriendly and savage tribe, of whose very language I was still ignorant. He laid the whole matter before me; and we at last agreed that I should remain.

In order to enable us to bring down cedar wood, for the purpose of making tubs and the like articles for the Indians, and also to procure the game that I might shoot on the river, we resolved to make a canoe. We set about the work without delay; and with the assistance of one of Mr. Calhoon's men, we succeeded in finishing one that answered our purpose very well.

To assist me in passing the time, Post left me a number of old sermons and religious books, requesting me at the same time, never to read or write in presence of the Indians, and even to conceal the books from their sight. "For otherwise," said he, "you will be in great danger. The Indians are very suspicious of those white people whom they see engaged in reading and writing, especially the latter; believing that it concerns them or their territory. They say that they have been robbed of their lands by the writing of the whites. I was therefore compelled to keep my books and papers in the garret, from a window of which I could see whether any one was approaching the cabin. Here I whiled away many an hour, far from civilization, alone with my books, my thoughts and God.

As long as I had my canoe, I could always procure a plentiful supply of provisions. The wild ducks were so numerous that I frequently brought down five or six at one shot. But by the carelessness or dishonesty of the Indian boys, who often borrowed the canoe in order to spear fish, or to pursue deer on the river by torchlight, it was lost before many days were over. I was often in great distress for food; and indeed, many a day I was entirely destitute of it. The nettles had become too large and hard; and every vegetable that grew in my garden

was stolen by the passing traders. Whenever I wished to visit Mr. Calhoon, I had to wade through the Muskingum; in consequence of which I was soon attacked by fever and ague.

A short time before, the wife of the chief Shingash (Bog meadow) had died of a fever; or, as the Indians suppose, in consequence of the enchantment of some malicious sorcerer. As soon as she had breathed her last, her death was announced by the most lamentable shrieks and howlings of some women expressly appointed for the purpose." A full description of the whole affair is given in Heckewelder's history of the customs and manners of the Indians; and I shall here only insert a more concise account. "Mr. Calhoon and myself, two Indian men and two Indian women, carried her to the grave. The body was dressed in the most superb Indian style; and being covered with ornaments and painted with vermilion, was placed in the coffin; at the upper end of which an opening had been made, that the soul might go in and out, until it had found a new home. A number of female mourners formed a part of the funeral procession; which was conducted amidst a dead silence. On arriving at the grave, the deceased was passionately entreated to stay with the living; after which the coffin was lowered, the grave filled up, and a red pole driven in at its head. So far the whole was sufficiently solemn; but what followed showed that the living were more thought of than the dead. A great feast was made, and presents to the value of two hundred dollars were distributed amongst the attendants: Mr. Calhoon, and myself received each of us, a black silk handkerchief, and a pair of leggins; but none were better rewarded than the women who had acted as chief mourners. For three weeks after the funeral, a kettle with provisions was carried out every evening and placed upon the grave, in order to refresh the departed spirit on its way to the new country. During that time the lamentations of the women-mourners

were heard every evening, though not so loud or so violent as before.

The fever soon prostrated my strength, and the gloom of my situation increased. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of my sufferings, both in mind and body; alone and sick, and almost famished. More than once, on returning from Mr. Calhoon's, the paroxysm of fever became so violent that I had to lie down on the path till it was over. An Indian once found me in this condition, and kindly led me to my cabin. Mr. Calhoon, a man of open hand and heart, invited me to come and stay with him; and I would gladly have accepted the kind offer, but I had promised Post to remain at the cabin, as otherwise the Indians would have stolen every thing. At last my strength failed to such a degree that I was afraid to venture upon fording the river, and was compelled to stay at home, if such a place might be called a home."

What dreary hours and desponding thoughts must now have been endured by Mr. Heckewelder. He was as far as ever from the object he had in view when he left Bethlehem, and there seemed to be no prospect whatever of doing any thing towards its accomplishment. Sickness and hunger, and fatigue, would have been nothing, had there been any labour to stimulate his mind. The sufferings of the body, and even fears of danger, are scarcely the greatest trials of a missionary's life; but want of opportunity to labour in the cause of the Lord, or want of success in this employment. We may imagine the feelings of a youth of nineteen, who had left home with far other expectations. There were not even those romantic adventures in which the young imagination delights. Day after day was cheerless, monotonous and wearisome. But he had gone for the Lord's sake, and for love to the red man; and he lingered on, "hoping against hope." The path of a faithful minister is never the smoothest. There are often

clouds to shadow it, dark storms to terrify, and obstacles which seem insurmountable; but still in regions that are at least called Christian, and where, at least, nominal Christians enter the house of God to hear his word, though their walk and conversation deny its power, there are nevertheless the common comforts of civilized life, and here and there, perhaps, the fellowship of a believing heart and innocent social pleasure cast sunshine around, even though its brightness be short and fitful. But the office of a missionary under such circumstances as those described in this simple narrative is far different; and hope and joy would die, were it not for the glorious promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The journal continues: "Whilst I was in this miserable condition, I was once visited by an Indian of my acquaintance; and I begged him to make me a little bark canoe; in return for which I promised to give him a knife. He did so, and I soon made my first trial with it, passing down the river to visit Mr. Calhoon. He hardly recognized me, so much had hunger and fatigue changed my appearance. I was received in the most friendly manner, and food was immediately set before me. I told him of my new acquisition, and I told him that I intended to use my canoe to visit him and the Indians in the village, in order to procure some food, until I should be sufficiently recovered to hunt. "Very well;" said he, "never pass me by in your expeditions, I shall cheerfully share with you." I then preferred my first request for a knife to give the Indian as I had promised. The good-natured trader immediately told me to send the man to his store, so that he might have his choice; as he was the best Indian that he had ever known; and that I need not pay him any thing for it. I had in fact not one cent in my possession, but had permission from Post, in case of necessity, to draw upon the trader for what was absolutely necessary. At this time I was frequently reduced to such distress, that the least morsel of food, if offered, would

have been acceptable. But although I could make out to live, I was unable to do any thing towards effecting the object for which I had come. Indeed, it soon became evident that our enterprize was to be a complete failure.

Post had hardly been gone three weeks, when the rumour was spread, that he never intended to return; nay more, that even were he to attempt it, he would not be allowed by the tribe to do so; that his sole purpose was to deliver the Indian country into the hands of the white people, and that this was the secret of his pretended missionary efforts. It was also reported that a war would soon break out between the English and Indians, in which the latter would be assisted by their old allies, the French. All this I had written to Post; having found means to send him the information by a Mr. Denison, from Detroit, who was travelling to Philadelphia. He returned answer, that he had already heard the unwelcome news, and that, in the pass things had come to, I could do no better than to return as speedily as possible. Gladly would I have followed his advice, but my horse was lost, or had been stolen, for upwards of three months. I was too weak to travel on foot; and Mr. Calhoon's pack-horse drivers, who had intended to set out for Pittsburg with furs, were all laid up with the fever. I was therefore under the necessity of waiting for their recovery; and in the mean time put my trust in that Lord whom I served.

Meanwhile I was twice warned by friendly Indians to leave their country; and every time I visited Tuscarawas, I saw strangers among the real inhabitants, and perceived that I was the object of their scrutiny. But I remained in happy ignorance of my dangerous situation, until, one afternoon, one of Mr. Calhoon's men called from the opposite bank of the Muskingum, requesting me to lock my door and cross the river immediately, as Mr. Calhoon wished to speak with me on business of great importance. Having wrapped up a few articles of

dress in my blanket, I paddled across. As soon as I arrived at Mr. C's, he told me privately, that an Indian woman who frequently came to his store, and who made spirits, which he kept for sale, had asked him that day whether the white man who lived above, on the other side of the river, were his friend; and that, on his answering in the affirmative, she had said: "Take him away: don't let him remain one night longer in his cabin: he is in danger there."

The next morning I wished to return, to see whether any thing had taken place at the cabin, and if possible, to fetch a few necessary articles which had been left behind in the hurry of my departure. Mr. Calhoon however would not let me go, but sent two of his strongest men to see how things stood. One of them, James Smith, was a man of such uncommon strength, that the Indians considered him a Manitto, and would hardly be anxious to engage him personally. They reported that the house had been broken open during the night, and that judging from appearances there, two persons had been in. There were signs of a late fire on the hearth, and they had evidently been waiting for me. Of course my return was out of the question; the attempt would have been actual fool-hardiness. I never saw my lonely cabin again, remaining under the hospitable roof of the trader. Meanwhile, as I afterwards heard, emissaries of the Senecas and Northern Indians, were busily engaged in exciting the Delawares to take up the hatchet against the English; and soon after my departure, war broke out, and more than thirty white people of my acquaintance lost their lives.

At Mr. Calhoon's I experienced nothing but the most true-hearted friendship; and under his kind treatment I recovered from the fever.

About this time the Indian chiefs whom Post had accompanied to Lancaster, returned home; and we soon perceived

that from some cause or other, their friendship had considerably cooled. One of them, however, King Beaver, remained favorably disposed; but all he could do was to give me several friendly hints to hasten my departure. Fortunately, Mr. Calhoon's men were now restored to health, and determined to set out on their journey to Pittsburgh. My kind host lent me a young horse to ride on; and in return I offered what assistance I could give his men in loading and unloading at the encampments.

We now took an affectionate leave of each other. His conduct had been that of a Christian indeed; and his kindness will be remembered by me as long as I live. He would have left the country with me; but property of great amount had been entrusted to him, and this he considered himself bound to guard as long as possible. After my return to Bethlehem, I learned through the public papers, that he and his brother, together with their servants, had been ordered by the Delaware chiefs to leave their country; as they were unable any longer to protect them. They set out for Pittsburgh; but were attacked on the road, at the Beaver river, by a party of warriors, and only two saved their lives, Mr. C. himself, who outstripped his pursuers in the race, and James Smith, who had strangled his antagonist.

On the third day after our departure from Muskingum, we met Post and the Indian agent, Captain McKee; who were returning to the Indian country, totally ignorant of the real state of affairs. In spite of our earnest remonstrances, they insisted on proceeding, not considering the danger so imminent. They were soon undeceived on their arrival; and their lives were in danger. The agent was protected by the friendship of the chiefs; but Post, whom the Indians suspected of secret designs against them, as they were at a loss to explain his missionary movements, had to fly for his life, and was conducted to a

place of safety, through a secret forest path, by one of his former fellow-travellers to Lancaster.

Having taken leave of Post, I hastened after my companions, who had proceeded in the meantime. At a distance of five miles I expected to find their tents; and seeing the smoke of an encampment curling above the trees, I rode on, but was much surprised to find myself suddenly in the midst of a war-party. The sight of the Indian captives, and of the scalping pole with its savage decorations, was not calculated to encourage me. I was however suffered to pass on; and on riding five miles farther, I found my company, by whom I was informed that I had fallen in with a party of Senecas, who had just returned from an expedition against the Cherokees."

In the third week in October, Mr. Heckewelder arrived at Pittsburgh, worn down with fever, with which he was again affected in consequence of his having got wet. From Pittsburgh he pursued his journey in company with some wagoners, who were carrying skins for the well-known Joseph Symonds, to Lancaster. Twelve miles beyond Carlisle, his fever became so violent that he was glad to accept the kind invitation of one of the wagoners, to stay for some time at his house. Having been treated with the utmost kindness for nine days by his host, Edward Morton, he was setting out again, when a well-dressed stranger rode up with a led horse by his side, which, after some private conversation with the wagoner, he offered to Mr. H. to ride on to Bethlehem; whither the owner was to come for it on a certain day, and pay for the feed at the tavern. The offer was accepted with joy; and as the stranger was travelling to Philadelphia by way of Lancaster, they journeyed together till they reached the latter place. On the road Mr. H. was again attacked by a paroxysm of fever; but by the advice of his friend cured himself completely by *furious riding*. From Lancaster, where he was not recognized at

first by the Brethren residing there, so much had fatigue and disease altered his appearance, he resumed his journey alone; and having experienced much kindness and hospitality on the road, arrived at Bethlehem in safety, after an absence of nine months.

The writer of these memoirs considers it almost necessary to apologize for introducing so detailed an account of this youthful missionary effort. Those who are accustomed to judge by outward appearances and visible consequences, will be ready to exclaim, "was ever labour so utterly lost? were ever sacrifices more vain? was ever attempt more miserably abortive?" Questions of this nature, however, had no place in the missionary catechism of those days; nor ought they to be entertained for a moment by any one engaged in the gospel service. It has been well said, and deserves to be written, "it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit in which thou workest, that can have worth or continuance." And if this ought to be a maxim of the merest worldly philosophy, how much more does it hold good in religion! For if the prospect of success were to be the mainspring of his actions, then would the evangelist's labour be performed in human strength, and in a spirit of ungodly vanity, and he would endeavour to seem to do, rather than to do in reality. It is not the business of a true gospel messenger to depend upon the consequences of his labours; for according to a well known saying, "Duties are ours; events are the Lord's." He is to sow the seed with all diligence and patience, moved to the work by love and gratitude; and whether he shall ever be permitted to see the fruit of his labour, or whether a harvest is ever to spring up and ripen, he should leave to "the Lord of the harvest." He should remember that it is written, not "*do much*," but "*be thou faithful unto death*." To an affec-

tionate and intelligent father, the kiss of true affection from his young child, or the flowers that love has gathered when it could do no more, are worth as much as when the son of riper years makes the old man's heart glad by more profitable acts of kindness. How much more will the Lord accept of the most humble offering, the most useless effort, if made in his name and for his sake. "For love of the Lord Jesus Christ," is the motto of every one that can lay just claim to the title of a Christian; and this motto hallows every thought, word and deed, from the highest to the lowest.

Therefore, whether thy station in life enable thee to give by thousands, or to bring many souls to the great flock, or merely to fulfil the humblest household duties, make thy home happy, and smooth the pillow of the dying, ask not, whether the service be small or great, but "*be thou faithful unto death,*" and remember that to do something for the Lord's sake, is in itself the principal part of the enjoyment of eternal life. There is another truth which is but too often passed by and forgotten; namely, that never is a minister of the gospel in greater danger, than when his labours are, or seem to be crowned with visible success. Then it is, that the heart is lifted up to forget, that "by grace we are what we are;" and he that as it were bears his soul in his hands, and keeps his heart with all diligence, while he prays to see a blessing on his labours, will sometimes add the petition, that such a blessing to others may not prove a curse to himself.

On his arrival at Bethlehem, Mr. Heckewelder did not find the affairs of the Congregation as they had been. Bishop Spangenberg, his kind friend, had gone to Europe, to take his seat in the Elders' Conference of the Unity.* Most of the other labourers had been called to serve at

* The form of government in the Moravian church is representative. The source of power is the Synod of the whole Unity. This assembly

other places; and many of his friends and acquaintance had also moved away, amongst the rest his former master and friend, William Nixon, who had returned to New York. Besides, the community of property and labour,* which had ex-

meets at intervals of from ten to twenty years; the time of holding the Synod being determined by the lot. To this Synod every congregation may send a deputy, as also every provincial conference. The place of meeting is either at Herrnhut, or at Berthelsdorf in Saxony. All questions of importance are determined by lot; and the resolutions of the Synod, copies of which are sent to the different congregations, are binding on every member of the Unity. At the close of the sessions, all the assembled deputies vote for members of the General Conference of Elders of the Unity; who are to carry out the measures of the Synod, and manage the affairs of the church until a new Synod be assembled, at the commencement of which they resign their offices. The members of this Conference are also determined by lot, from among those who have received the highest number of votes. By this Conference, inferior ones are appointed in the different provinces of the Church; of which there are two in America, the members of which meet at Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, and at Salem in North Carolina. The provincial conferences appoint ministers to the different congregations, with the consent of the respective committees of these latter.

* When Bethlehem was established as a Moravian congregation, in the year 1742, the colonists numbered about one hundred and twenty. The greater part of them being very poor, all the settlers united, as it were, in one single family; the members of which combined their exertions for the common necessities, and for the discharge of the interest on the money which had been borrowed to defray the expenses of the emigrants from Europe, and of the first establishment of the colony, as well as of the purchase of the lands. A large number of the members being actively engaged in furthering the main object of the settlement, the spreading of the gospel among the Indians, and also among the German population of Pennsylvania, these persons derived their support (so far as their own industry proved insufficient) and paid the expenses of their necessary journeys, from the common treasury. After this state of things had continued for about twenty years, it was found to be no longer necessary; and the family connexion, or "Economy," as it was called, was dissolved by universal consent; the individual members becoming the owners by purchase of the private houses, &c., at the same time holding their house lots on leases, under an equitable ground rent.

isted for nearly twenty years, was now abolished by general consent; and every one carried on his trade and business on his own account. Mr. Heckewelder was now left almost without resources, his occupation affording him no adequate means of support. These and other circumstances rendered his situation difficult and disheartening; and he was several times on the point of leaving Bethlehem, with the intention of returning to England; but was saved from the consequences of so imprudent a project by listening to the advice and remonstrances of some friends. His last trial of this kind he relates in these words: "My anguish and distress of mind having increased beyond endurance, I again resolved to quit Bethlehem for ever. Whilst revolving the project in my mind, I happened one day to be quite alone; I earnestly called on the Lord to have mercy upon me, and set my mind at ease in some way. All at once my eyes rested on a few lines which some one, probably in a moment of spiritual distress, had written on one of the window panes; a peaceful calm took possession of my mind, I felt comforted, cast every care upon the Lord, and became perfectly reconciled to my situation."

During the turbulent times of the Indian wars, when Bethlehem, but more especially the Indian Congregations at Nain and Wechquetank, were often in great danger, and the Christian Indians were even compelled to fly for refuge to Philadelphia, and lodged in the barracks, Mr. Heckewelder, who was willing to be of use in any capacity, was continually employed in the service of the mission, as a runner or messenger; a service of great danger, as every one who left Bethlehem, even for a short distance, could scarcely expect to escape from the hands of the murderous savages. He afterwards assisted in the establishment of a new missionary station, to which was given the name of Friedenshütten, (Tents of Peace). His duties were laborious in the extreme, most of his journeys being per-

formed alone and on foot. But he was willing to do all in his power, however little it might be, to advance the interests of the kingdom of the crucified Saviour. Those who saw not these things, and who now visit the peaceful environs of Bethlehem, and from the broad highways, see little but well cultivated farms, smiling farm-houses, and thriving villages, will find it difficult to imagine the trials and perils of the humblest missionary of those days, when it was only at the imminent hazard of his life that he could walk two miles from Bethlehem to the Indian Congregation at Nain. Besides, these journeys were frequently necessary in the very depth of the most inclement winter; and for many miles, neither a house nor a human being was to be seen. At one time, when Mr. H. was travelling on foot to Gnadenhütten, beyond the blue mountains, in a very cold night, the ground being covered with a deep snow, his strength became quite exhausted, and feeling an irresistible drowsiness, he sat down on the trunk of a tree, and fell asleep immediately. Of course he would have been frozen to death, had not the tree, which rested on a stump, given way under him, and thrown him broad awake into the path. Sensible of his danger, he managed to crawl on; and in the dead of night, reached the only inhabited house at Gnadenhütten, thirty miles distant from Bethlehem.

The well-known "Gunpowder Affair," had nearly proved fatal to Mr. H. and the Brethren Ettwein, David Zeisberger, Senseman and Angerman. The latter had lately come from Europe, glowing with an ardent desire to preach the gospel to the Indians; and had manifested an earnest zeal in joining the company. Mr. Heckewelder has related the occurrence in David Zeisberger's memoirs, published in the Christian Herald for February 3d, 1821.

"The only white man at Wajomick, [Wyoming] a trader by the name of Ogden, entertained us hospitably, and did what

he could to make our stay with him as agreeable as possible; particularly so, as the Indians, who were expected from Friedenshütten, had not yet arrived. The dwelling of this man consisted of two small buildings adjoining each other. In one his goods were stored for sale; in the other several kegs of powder were deposited. He slept in the store-room, from which a door opened into the powder-magazine; another opened into it from the outside. A change of weather threatening to come on, he prepared a couch of dry straw or hay for us in his powder magazine; requesting us, in the most friendly terms, on no account to smoke tobacco in the apartment, not only because some grains of powder might be scattered upon the floor, but because some of the kegs were opened. It being now bed-time, Mr. Ogden placed a lighted candle in his store, in such a direction as to throw sufficient light through the middle door, left open for that purpose, till we should have retired to rest. Brother Angerman, however, wished to have the candle placed nearer to him, in order to inspect and bind up his lacerated feet. The landlord and the rest of us represented to him the danger to which he would expose himself and us; but he ceased not to plead for it, promising neither to bring the candle in contact with the straw nor to blow it out, but to leave it standing on the door-sill, and then to extinguish it on the outside of the house. Mr. Ogden at last gave way to his request, and then shut the middle door. We now lay down, after having once more earnestly charged Brother Angerman to be careful with the light. We soon fell asleep, and he too was overpowered by sleep before he had extinguished the light. Next morning Brother Zeisberger awakened me, and took me alone with him into the woods. He then drew the candle out of his pocket, and imparted to me in confidence, what he would reveal to no soul besides; saying: "If, in the preceding night, we had not had an invisible watchman with us, we should all

have been blown to atoms, and no soul could have known how it happened. I was fast asleep, for I was tired and in my first doze; suddenly I felt a shock, as though somebody was forcibly rousing me; I jumped up, and lo! the candle was burnt down on one side, and just on the point of dropping in a blaze on the straw; to prevent which accident, there was but one moment left. From that instant, I could sleep no longer; for one chill after the other thrilled through my veins. Thanks be to our Lord for this extraordinary preservation of our lives."*

"On another occasion, in the year 1769, being despatched on an uncommonly hot day, about harvest time, with letters to the missionaries at Friedenshütten on the Susquehanna, whilst yet eight miles distant from the town, I was so worn out by the heat, and tormented with a raging thirst, that I resolved to seek a certain spring near the path, which the Indians called the cold spring. But hardly had I tasted the water, cold as ice, when I was seized with the most violent pains, and my limbs refused to bear me any further. I expected to die here; and feared most of all that, whilst I was in this defenceless condition, I might be torn to pieces by the wild beasts. In this emergency, I prayed God to send an Indian to take charge of the letters, which were of great importance; when I recollected that one of the brethren at Christian spring, foreseeing the probable danger on account of the overpowering heat, had sent a phial of anodyne drops after me, when I had already left the place. A good dose of this medicine enabled me to reach Friedenshütten, after night had already set in; but it was long before I was so far restored as to be able to accompany a party of Indians to Bethlehem on horseback."

* The above account is here introduced from the United Brethren's Missionary Intelligencer; vol. 1, No. 10, 1824. It took place in the year 1768.

With the spring of 1771, commenced a new period of our missionary's life. The missionary David Zeisberger, whose name is familiar to every one acquainted with the history of Indian missions, arrived at Bethlehem, from the station at Friedenstadt, on Beaver creek, and requested the Conference to send Mr. H. along with him as an assistant. The proposal was accordingly made to the latter. At the same time an excellent opportunity was offered him, of settling permanently at Nazareth, where he might have lived a quiet and comfortable life. His mind was soon made up, and he followed what appeared to him the plain path of duty. 'Accordingly,' says his memoir, 'in the month of September, I accompanied Brother Zeisberger to Friedenstadt, attended by the prayers of the Congregation. I set out with the fixed purpose of devoting myself with all my energies to the service of the Lord in this mission, and of submitting to any hardships that my calling might require of me. I can say with truth, that the time spent in the service of the Indian mission, until the year 1781, proved a very pleasant and refreshing season to my soul; notwithstanding our labours, privations and sufferings, at the commencement of new stations, on our frequent journeys, and especially during the Shawano war, and the War of the Revolution. Love and concord reigned in the missionary family; and in the Indian congregation the grace of God prevailed mightily. The preaching of the gospel was attended with a visible blessing; numbers of the Indians were converted to the Lord; many true believers in Jesus, at their departure from this world, bore the most powerful and affecting testimonies to the reality of their faith; and the attachment of the Indian brethren and sisters to their teachers, was such as to call forth my sincerest and warmest affection for them. Thus circumstanced, I was always in good spirits, and enjoyed many a happy hour; feeling assured, whilst humbly thankful for my

precious calling, that I could in no situation have been happier and more contented than I actually was, with the Indian congregation whom the Lord was graciously pleased to own as his people."

If a missionary enjoys any privilege above other men, it is that of strengthening his faith by seeing the faith of those heathen that are converted to Christ by the preaching of the gospel. And this privilege Mr. Heckewelder had the fullest opportunity of enjoying. The thorough change wrought by faith in the redemption, in the heart of even the most wicked, savage and brutal Indians, their sufferings for the sake of the gospel, the meekness of their behaviour towards their most bitter enemies and persecutors, and their warm affection amongst themselves; these were the pages in which Mr. H. read and studied his evidences of Christianity, and which changed his faith to a sure conviction, that there is no other truth worth knowing except that one, "that He first loved us unto death?"

His system of Christian doctrine was extremely simple; and of polemics he was completely ignorant, or rather he regarded this science, if science it may be called, with disgust. He recognized all as Christians who loved the Lord Jesus, but no others, however specious their claims. At the same time, his frequent opportunities of witnessing a radical change of heart induced him to look more and more into his own, and not to care for outward fruits, but for the inward vigour of the tree. He felt assured, because he had so often seen instances of it, that when the heart is guided by the right motives, the thoughts, words and actions will be well-pleasing to God, as a matter of course; and that if men would exercise themselves in sincere faith and warm affection to Christ, they would proceed with safety and rapidity on their great journey to heaven.

Soon after his arrival at Friedenstadt, in the year 1772, Mr. Heckewelder had nearly perished in crossing Beaver creek, which had been swollen to a torrent by the rain. His canoe being upset, by striking on a large log beneath the surface of the water, he was rapidly borne on by the stream to the great falls, a short distance below, when he was perceived by two Indian brethren, who plunged into the water and rescued him.

In 1778, being on a visit of several months at Bethlehem and Litiz, he was ordained a Deacon of the Brethren's church at the latter place, by our late bishop, Matthew Hehl.

The Elders of the Brethren's congregation were at this time very anxious about the safety of the Ohio stations; no news having been received from these regions for several months. Our missionary was therefore requested to travel to Pittsburgh, for the purpose of obtaining intelligence concerning them; with directions, if when there it was believed practicable and safe, to repair to his post at Lichtenau. He was accompanied by a white man, brother John Shabosh; who had married an Indian sister, and whose family resided at Gnadenhütten. The circumstances of this interesting and dangerous journey are related with Mr. H's usual simplicity of style, in his "Narrative;" from which the following extract is here inserted.

"Some circumstances at that time making it necessary for us to be furnished with a passport from the highest authorities, we waited upon the President of Congress, Henry Laurens, Esq., and also on the Secretary of War, Horatio Gates, who at that time were at Yorktown, Pennsylvania; both of whom assured us, that nothing should be wanting on their part in lending aid towards so excellent a work, and in granting their protection when required.

"Being supplied with a passport to Pittsburgh, we pursued our journey, meeting with no difficulties on the way. We saw many

deserted houses, on the doors of which was written with chalk or coal, 'Good people, avoid this road; for the Indians are out, murdering us.' And as we drew nearer to Pittsburgh, we were informed of the secret departure from that place of McKee, Elliot, Girty,* and others, for the Indian country, for the purpose of instigating the Indians to murder, as was the general belief. The gloomy countenances of all whom we passed bespoke fear; and some families even spoke of leaving their farms and moving off. Far greater was the consternation of the people at Pittsburgh. In vain had the commander of the place, Col. Hand, sought for a trusty runner to carry out pacific speeches to the peaceable Delawares; the risk being considered too great. Colonels Hand and Gibson, with many others at Pittsburgh, however anxious they were that something might be done to prevent the Delawares from being deceived, would not venture to advise us to go at this time, declaring that if we should go and escape, it must be considered a miracle. However, the

* McKee had been an Indian agent of the British government, who had been captured by the Americans, but permitted to go at large on parole. Elliot travelled in the character of an Indian trader; but in reality had a British captain's commission in his pocket. He had been taken prisoner near Lichtenau, by a party of Sandusky warriors, and carried to Detroit; where he was of course liberated, that post being in possession of the British. On his return to Pittsburgh he endeavored to deceive both the inhabitants and authorities with regard to his real character, by boasting of his ingenuity in having procured his liberation from the British. Simon Girty is characterized by Mr. Heckewelder as "a depraved wretch, who had formerly been employed as an Indian interpreter." This man had, on a former occasion, in passing through some Indian villages, "propagated abominable falsehoods respecting the war, and the situation in which the people beyond the mountains were; (meaning the people of the Atlantic States;) adding that it was the determination of the American people to destroy the whole Indian race, whether friends or foes, and take possession of their country, and that now was the time for all the nations to rise and fall upon these intruders, wherever they should find them." (See Heckewelder's Narrative, p. 170.)

matter appearing to us of the greatest importance, we gave it a due consideration during the night; the result of which was, that in our view it appeared clear that the preservation of the Delaware nation, and the existence of our missions, depended on the nation's being at peace, and that a contrary course would tend to the total ruin of the missionary cause; that, were we at this time to neglect or withdraw ourselves from a service, nay a duty, in [not] exposing the vile intentions of a depraved set of beings, whose evil designs were but too well known, we must become accountable to our God. Therefore, with entire reliance on the strong hand of Providence, we determined to go at the hazard of our lives; or, at least, to make the attempt.

"Accordingly, in the morning, we made known our resolution to Cols. Hand and Gibson; whose best wishes for our success we were assured of; and leaving our baggage behind, and turning a deaf ear to all entreaties of well-meaning friends, who considered us as lost, if we went, we crossed the Alleghany river, and at eleven o'clock in the night after the third day, reached Gnadenhütten, after having several times narrowly escaped falling in with war parties. Indeed, in one instance, we were encamped on the Big Beaver, near its mouth, when a party of warriors in that very night were murdering people on Raccoon creek, not many miles distant from where we were; though we were ignorant of the circumstances at that time. We had travelled all day and night, only leaving our horses time to feed. We crossed the Big Beaver, which had overflowed its banks, on a raft we had made of poles; other large creeks on the way we swam with our horses—never attempting to kindle a fire, fearing lest we might be discovered by the warriors perceiving the smoke. When arrived within a few miles of Gnadenhütten, we distinctly heard the beat of a drum, and on drawing near, the war-song of an Indian party;

all which being in the direction of the town, we naturally concluded that the Christian Indians must have moved off; wherefore we proceeded with caution, lest we should fall into the hands of the warriors. However, the people still there informed us that the war party consisted of Wyandots from Sandusky, who arrived that evening, and were encamped on the bluff, two miles below the town, on the opposite side of the river; and who probably would the next morning travel along the path we had just come.

"Fatigued as we were, after our journey, and without one hour of sound sleep, I was now requested by the inhabitants of Gnadenhütten, to proceed immediately to Goshgoshink, about thirty miles distant. At that place all was trouble and confusion; and many were preparing to go off to fight the American people, in consequence of the advice given them by the deserters above named; who had told them that the Americans were embodying themselves at this time, for the purpose of killing every Indian they should meet with, be he friend or foe. We were further informed that captain White Eyes had been threatened with death, if he persisted in vindicating the character of the American people; many, believing the stories propagated by McKee and his associates, had in consequence already shaved their heads, ready to lay on the war plume and turn out to war, as soon as the ten days which White Eyes had desired them to wait should have expired; and to-morrow being the ninth day, and no message having arrived from their friends at Pittsburgh, they were now preparing to go; and further, that this place, Gnadenhütten, was now breaking up, and its inhabitants were to join the congregation at Lichtenau; those deserters having assured them, that they were not safe, even for one day, from an attack by the Americans, while they remained here. Finding the matter so very urgent, and admitting of not even a day's delay, I con-

sented to proceed. After enjoying a few hours repose, and furnished with a trusty companion and a fresh horse, between three and four in the evening, the national assistant, John Martin, being called on for the purpose, we set out, swimming our horses across the Muskingum river, and taking a circuit through the woods, in order to avoid the encampment of the war party, which was close to our path. Arriving about ten o'clock in the forenoon, within sight of Goschochking,* a few yells were given by a person who had discovered us, to notify the inhabitants that a white man was coming. This immediately drew the whole body of the Indians into the street; but although I saluted them in passing, not a single person returned the compliment; which, as my conductor observed, was no good omen. Even Capt. White Eyes, and the other chiefs who had always befriended me, now stepped back, when I reached out my hand to them. This strange conduct would have disheartened me, had I not observed among the crowd some men well known to me as spies of Capt. Pipe, watching the actions of these peace chiefs. I was therefore satisfied, that they were acting from policy, and not from any ill-will against me personally. Indeed, on looking round, I thought I could read joy in the countenances of many of them, on seeing me among them at so critical a juncture, when they had been told but a few days before, by the deserters, that nothing short of their total destruction had been determined upon by the long knives, (the Virginians or American people.) Yet as no one would reach out his hand to me, I inquired into the cause; when Capt. White Eyes, boldly stepping forward, replied: "That by what had been told them by those men, (McKee and his party,) they no longer had a

[* This spelling appears to have been adopted with more deliberation than the former one.—Loskiel, III, 105. Heckewelder's Narrative, 170.—*Ed.*]

single friend among the American people; if therefore this be so, they must consider every white man who came to them from that side as an enemy, who came but to deceive them and to put them off their guard, in order to give an enemy an opportunity of taking them by surprise." I replied, "that the imputation was unfounded, and that were I not their friend, they never would have seen me here." "Then," continued White Eyes, "will you tell us the truth with regard to what I ask?" On my having assured him of this, he asked me, "Are the American armies all cut to pieces by the English troops? Is General Washington killed? Is there no more a Congress; and have the English hung some of them, and taken the rest to England to hang them there? Is the whole country beyond the mountains in the possession of the English; and are the few thousand Americans who have escaped them, now embodying themselves on this side of the mountains for the purpose of killing all the Indians in this country, even our women and children? Now do not deceive us, but speak the truth; is all this true that I have been saying to you?"

"I declared before the whole assembly, that not one word of what he had just now told me was true; and held out to him, as I had done before, the friendly speeches sent for them by me; which he however refused to accept, probably from prudential considerations. I thought, by the countenances of most of the bystanders, that the moment bade fair for their listening at least to the contents of these speeches; and accidentally catching the drummer's eye, I called to him to beat the drum for the assembly to meet, for the purpose of hearing what their American brethren had to say to them. There was a general smile of approbation; and White Eyes, thinking the favourable moment arrived, asked the assembly, "Shall we, my friends and relatives, listen once more to those who call us their brethren?"

The question was answered in the affirmative almost by acclamation; the drum was beat, and the whole body repaired to the council-house. The speeches, all of which were of the most pacific nature, were read and interpreted to them; when Capt. White Eyes rose, and in a long address, took particular notice of the good disposition of the American people towards the Indians; observing that they had never as yet called on them to fight the English, knowing that wars were destructive to nations; and that they, (the Americans,) had, from the beginning of the war to the present time, always advised the Indians to remain quiet, and not to take up the hatchet against either side. A newspaper containing the capitulation of General Burgoyne's army being found enclosed in the packet, White Eyes again rose and holding the paper unfolded with both his hands, so that all could have a view of it, said, "See, my friends and relatives, this document contains great events; not the song of a bird, but the truth." Then stepping up to me, he gave me his hand; saying, "you are welcome with us, brother." Every one present immediately followed his example.

After this I proceeded with my conductor, John Martin, to Lichtenau. Here we related what had taken place, to the inexpressible joy of the venerable missionary Zeisberger, and his congregation; while they, on the other hand, assured us that nothing could have happened more seasonably to save the nation, and with it the mission, from utter destruction, than our arrival."

Thus, by means of his faithful and spirited conduct, was Mr. Heckewelder enabled to prevent the total destruction of the Ohio missionary settlements. But this was not all. He also aided the American cause in a very important manner, by restraining the heathen Indians from taking up arms against the United States. Although he would, no doubt, have done his best, as a Christian apostle, so far as words of peace and mercy could

effect it, to prevent massacres of the English, still it is evident that his feelings were enlisted on the side of American freedom.

To those that were acquainted with our missionary, it is very unnecessary to offer any proof of this fact. But it seems that malice and misrepresentation are often long-lived; as an attempt was made within a late period, to defame Mr. H's character, and those of the other missionaries, by representing them as secret assistants of the English. An article to this purpose appeared in the Western Pioneer, published in Cincinnati. The writer was probably ignorant of the truth, and misled by statements originating from the ill-will of some settlers of those times, handed down to their descendants and neighbours, and credulously believed by them. But from whatever source such representations have been derived, the above extract, published at a time, when it might, if untrue, have received the most direct contradiction, ought certainly to be of weight with every impartial reader. Besides Mr. H., knowing full well the deadly hatred against him and the whole missionary cause entertained by many of the white settlers in Ohio and Pennsylvania, carefully preserved a number of favorable testimonies of his character, written by American Revolutionary officers who had served in those parts, and were well acquainted with him and his services. These certificates have been forwarded to Cincinnati; and it is confidently hoped that the calumnious assertions alluded to, will thus be at length put down.

Mr. H. and his fellow-missionaries were the chief object of hatred to the heathen Indians; who, besides their attachment to their ancient superstitions, and their natural distrust, were continually goaded on to outrage and murder by evil-minded white men; and the lives of these faithful teachers were often saved, as it were, by miracle. Mr. H. himself was way-

laid at two different times while returning from Gnadenhütten to Salem, by the same Indian. On one occasion the assassin lay behind a log by the side of the path, and had actually levelled his piece; and at another time, he had concealed himself in the top of a tree, near the path Mr. H. was to pass. From both these attempts he was preserved by Christian Indians, whom Providence sent to his relief. The very same Indian, who seemed to pursue Mr. Heckewelder with a peculiar, deadly hatred, also made an attempt to break into his house and murder him; but was discovered by the people without, and prevented from executing his design.

On another occasion, in 1781, Mr. H. was in the act of going to hold a meeting in the church at Salem, when he was near being shot in his house, by a Monsey Indian, a declared enemy of the gospel and of the whites. The intervention of the aged Tobias, the sexton, an Indian brother, who came to call his teacher to meeting, saved his life.

In relating at length the troubles and trials of the Indian congregation at this period of the mission, Mr. Heckewelder bears the most striking and convincing testimony to the true conversion of many of the red men; a thing which not a few have considered almost or entirely impossible. There are many who still believe, that whatever efficacy the gospel may possess, it is powerless among the savages of North America; however much this is contradicted by the Scriptures, and by the happy experience of numbers. But on a closer examination, two reasons will appear, sufficiently explanatory of the want of success which has often been a source of grief to the philanthropist, and perhaps of triumph to the infidel. The first reason is, that the history of Jesus Christ is not always fully preached; or, at least, the attention of the heathen listener is not particularly and solely directed to this one subject. Whenever this is not done, the savage mind

cannot be warmed with love to the crucified Saviour. Moral precepts may have great effect in producing an external change of conduct among civilized nations, which are under the salutary restraint of laws; as also, with persons of cool and calculating minds, or feeble passions. But among the Indians there is no government, properly speaking; the chiefs being compelled to exercise personal influence, and power being a thing out of the question. Besides, the Indian will not, in general, restrain his evil desires, especially anger and revenge, unless he sees plainly that it is his interest to do so; at all other times he turns them loose, and suffers them to do their will. Thus it happens that whilst a converted white man, who is restrained by law and habit, and by a natural desire of respect and reputation, and who has to combat with weaker desires, may sin hundreds of times in mind, and therefore without the knowledge of others, a converted Indian instantly proceeds to deeds which all may witness. It is evident therefore that it is of no use merely to *tame* the red man; but he must be converted, he must be thoroughly changed, by the power of the love of Christ, which works love *to* Christ. And in this work the old Moravian missionaries, plain, uneducated and unphilosophical as they were, succeeded wonderfully; not by any force of character or intellect or human wisdom, but simply by the moral power which faith in Christ Jesus, wherever it really exists, is always found to exert. The least attentive reader of the "Narrative" must be struck with this fact; and a faithful missionary of our times may, from this simple history, learn more of the true secret of success in his calling, than many volumes, purposely written on the subject, might perhaps teach him.

It is alleged by many that the Indians should first be civilized and then christianized; or, as it is sometimes phrased, that the soil must be prepared before sowing the seed. The writer

of these sheets is of opinion that the human soul needs no preparation for instruction, further than what is afforded by the daily experience of every man's heart. Civilization, such as it is presented to the Indian, is certainly one of the worst preparations for Christianity that can be possibly thought of. All the savage notions and practices of the Indians have not done them so much harm, as those mistaken attempts to civilize them, which result in teaching them the luxuries, vices and evils of civilized life, and in giving the poison of sin in a more pleasant, but on this very account more deadly draught. To the truth of the foregoing remarks, Mr. Heckewelder, whose long experience as a missionary certainly entitles him to the serious attention of those who interest themselves in this solemn subject, frequently bore the most unequivocal testimony. This is exemplified by the following extract from among his manuscript papers; being a copy of his written advice to Epaphras Chapman, a missionary amongst the Osage Indians, in the neighborhood of the Arkansas river.

"It is not advisable to begin with preaching to the Indians about the majesty of God, about his greatness, his almighty power, &c. All subjects which have a tendency to widen the space between God and man, or which cause them to dread him, should be avoided. The name of God and Creator, are familiar to the Indians; but it is the names of Heavenly Father, Redeemer, Saviour, Christ Jesus, and the sacred history annexed, that touch and captivate the heart of the untutored Indian.

"The creation of man, his falling off from God, his Creator, into sin, by his disobedience, his redemption through the sufferings and death of Christ, future happiness and eternal life, the portion of all who believe in Christ Jesus, and who have been washed and cleansed from their sins with his blood; this, the *gospel of salvation*, is what most assuredly will attract and melt the heart of an Indian; and this effected, he becomes

tractable and obedient. This gospel, preached to them with a warm heart, ensures your success; and setting them a good example is putting the seal thereto.

"Most people are of opinion, that Christianity cannot take proper effect with Indians until they shall have become a civilized people; and that, therefore, civilization must take the lead. Our missionaries, however, have found by experience, that this is a mistaken idea; that the reverse is the case; and that by embracing Christianity they become prepared for civilization. The late missionary Zeisberger has often been heard to say, 'if I have only so far succeeded with an Indian, as to bring him to the cross of Christ, I will then be able to lead him by a thread wherever I please, and where no one with a whip would have been able to drive him, whilst in his wild and unconverted state." In proof of the above, I will take the liberty of stating, that I have known our Christian Indians to live together for years, in their country, and while their number at one time was upwards of four hundred souls, without one single case occurring which by our laws would have been criminal. I wish to observe here, that I make a difference between missionary and civil establishments among the Indians. The former I consider as having the conversion of the Indians at heart; the latter, the civilizing of them. Both of these, indeed, ought to be connected; but I fear that progress with the latter will be slow, and not so general as where religion takes the lead."

The second cause that often retards the conversion of the Indians, is the conduct of the whites. The shameful immorality and wickedness of many that call themselves Christians, cannot, of course, prejudice the red man in favour of the truths of the gospel. He must naturally consider them as ineffectual or dangerous. Besides, the hostile feelings of wicked men towards Christian Indians and Christian mission-

aries, induced by their being hindered in speculation, ungodly trading, cheating, &c. &c., have worked most powerfully for evil. The testimonies to these things are scattered over the pages of the "Narrative;" and in the "Advice" before quoted, Mr. H. uses this strong but true language: "Indian agents ought to be of an honest, moral and religious character; so that they set a good example to the Indians. Immoral characters may do much harm to missions, by clandestinely counteracting their labours, and by countenancing Indian usages, festivals, dances, sacrifices, &c. And it cannot be expected that an immoral agent can and will fulfil the duties incumbent on him; for how can he encourage the Indians to embrace Christianity, and amend their lives, when he himself does not do so? It was by Indian agents of the worst kind, that the three fine settlements of the Christian Indians on the Muskingum were broken up and destroyed in the year 1781."

The trials to which Mr. Heckewelder, together with the whole missionary family, was subjected at this period, however severe, are not to be compared with those which were soon to come upon them. The storm, which had so long been gathering over their peaceful settlements, was at last allowed by the Lord, in his own wise providence, to burst over them with fearful fury. Mr. H. writes, in a private account to a relative, "A few days after the birth of our oldest daughter, the Indians of this neighborhood were panic-struck by the news of an attack made by an American army on the Indian town of Goschochking, by which several of the natives lost their lives." Of course this grieved and mortified Mr. H. so much the more, as he had only three years before this time, been a peace-messenger from the Americans to this very Indian town of Goschochking, and delivered the pacific speeches committed to him by the officers at Pittsburgh. He had no resource but to console himself with the reflection, that he had at least

acted in all sincerity, and from an earnest interest in the welfare of both parties, as well as of the mission. "About eighty warriors immediately united, with the resolution of destroying the three Indian congregations at Schönbrunn, Gnadenhütten and Salem, (at which latter place I resided,) or, at any rate of transplanting them into their own country, about one hundred miles to the west of their present site. They advanced to our settlements for this purpose; but during their stay with us, they changed their resolution, and the greater part of them, and especially of their chiefs, became convinced that we were a happy people, to injure or disturb whom would be a great crime. On this account they were not only willing to suffer us to remain in peace, but many of them expressed their desire to become partakers of a like happiness, regretting that for the present they could not do as they wished. Amongst this party there was one who had determined to kill me. He tried to execute his design for two days, with the greatest perseverance; and the evident protection of our dear Saviour which I experienced on this occasion, demands my warmest gratitude. After this, the three congregations enjoyed a short season of rest: and increased in love and faith, so that one joy was followed by another. But, with the beginning of August of the same year, new troubles commenced.

"We now heard that the savages were forming new plans to remove us from this region, or even to destroy us and our congregations. As they themselves were in want of proper leaders, white people who were unfavorably disposed towards the missionary work, undertook to assist them in the execution of their hostile designs. On the 12th of August, a war party appeared in Salem; and on the following day their number increased to three hundred, who encamped in the neighborhood of Gnadenhütten. At first they endeavoured to persuade the Christian Indians, by kind words and promises, to leave their villages,

and to move further into the Indian country; but after they had tried this in vain for three weeks, being ashamed to give up, and excited by their ring-leaders, they resolved to make use of force. They therefore called a general meeting to assemble on the 2d of September; at which all the white brethren from the three stations were to be present. The brethren Zeisberger, Edwards and Senseman, and myself, made our appearance. The first mentioned lived at Schönbrunn, eight miles above; I myself at Salem, about five or six miles below Gnadenhütten, and the two others at the latter place. Several other brethren and sisters remained with the children at Schönbrunn and Salem. We spent the night of the 2d in great distress of mind, but without fear; although we had received hints from various persons of what awaited us. But our hope and trust was in the Lord, who watches over his people.

"In the afternoon of the next day, as we were walking on the level, back of the gardens, several warriors of the Wyandot nation came running up to us, took us prisoners, and carried us with them into the camp. Here we were robbed of our best articles of clothing; and one of the savages seizing us by the hair, for his amusement, shook us with all his might, at the same time pretending to salute us in the most friendly manner. We were then placed under huts, or rather under roofs of bark, supported on poles, to keep off the rain from above. Here we lay on the damp ground, with scarcely any covering, and guarded by a band of savages. Their appearance was frightful; and their frequent and threatening handling of their weapons, induced us to believe that an instant massacre was intended. But I was not long suffered to reflect on my own condition; my thoughts were soon painfully turned in another direction; when a party of savages, with loud yells, set off in the direction of Salem, whilst others took the road to Schönbrunn. Of course I knew

the object of these expeditions; and my mind was in fearful suspense, waiting to see whether my wife and infant daughter would be brought captive to us, or whether the furious savages would murder them at Salem. Brother Jung, who had been left at Salem to guard my family, on seeing the savages approach, locked and bolted the door; which, however, delayed their capture but for a few moments. The warriors soon opened a way with their hatchets; and Mr. Jung narrowly escaped death from the blow of a tomahawk, by the sudden compassion of a white leader of the party, who arrested the arm of the murderer. My wife snatched her sleeping child from the cradle, and was turned into the street; where she and Mr. Jung were forced to endure the pelting of the rain, whilst the house was plundered, and whatever could not be carried off was destroyed.

"The first intention of the savage captors was to take their prisoners with them to Gnadenhütten during the night; but they were moved by the entreaties of the Indian sisters; who begged hard for permission to keep my wife and child till the next morning, representing to them that it was next to impossible to take them along in the darkness and rain. To this the savages at last agreed, on condition of the captives being delivered up the succeeding day. Mr. Jung was taken along immediately; and arrived in the camp at midnight. He brought us intelligence of what had happened; assuring me of the safety of my wife and child. His coming freed me from an almost intolerable agony; as we had heard the scalp-yell three times repeated, (a sign of their having taken three prisoners,) without our being able to ascertain whether they were dead or alive. The same night, towards morning, the other party returned from Schönbrunn, bringing the rest of the missionary family, namely, Brother and Sister Jungman, and the

sisters Zeisberger and Senseman; the latter with her infant child of only four days old. The same morning, at ten o'clock, the Indian sisters arrived from Salem, with my wife and child. We met in silence and in tears; our grief being too great for utterance. We were nevertheless thankful that we could now remain together whether for life or death.

"The blame of all the sufferings which we had to undergo rests not so much upon the Indian warriors, at least not upon the majority of them; for they were merely tools and instruments; but rather upon Capt. Elliot, who instigated them to the work. At least we were informed so by the Indians themselves; and I was more than ever convinced that the accusation was true, when he tried hard to prove his innocence to me. He may not have wished us to be treated in the manner we were; and he did indeed express sorrow at seeing us plundered and suffering so many hardships; nevertheless when some of the Wyandots themselves were moved by compassion to restore to us some necessary articles of clothing, he (Capt. Elliot) refused to give up our shoes, which he had obtained almost for nothing from the Indians, saying he did not know what had become of them.

"We were now all imprisoned together, and all our houses were plundered. Besides the few articles of dress returned us by the Indians, our beloved Indian Brethren and Sisters supplied us as much as lay in their power. The Sisters and children were allowed to remain with the Indian Sisters; and a few days after, we received our liberty, after having given a promise, very much against our will, to leave this country and emigrate to Upper Sandusky. To this our Indians were also induced to consent; and began to assemble at Salem from the other two stations. Here we spent three days more together, kept our meetings, and comforted and consoled one another.

We also partook of the Lord's Supper, to strengthen our faith and love; and the Lord was graciously pleased to assure us in an extraordinary manner of his presence and protecting care.

"On the 11th of September, we turned our footsteps from these spots where we had lived so peaceably and happily together. This was the darkest hour of the Ohio mission since its commencement, and perhaps the greatest trial of my life. Our books, which were so dear and useful to us, and which we partly used to instruct the Indian children, were thrown into the fire; much of our cattle [was] destroyed, and some had to be left in the woods; and we could hardly bear to leave our flourishing fields and well cultivated gardens, on which we had bestowed so much care, and which were now again to become a solitary wilderness. At the same time, humanly speaking, there was little or nothing to hope from the future; and we should have given way to despair, if the Lord had not supported us by his gracious consolations, and by the recollection of his promises to his faithful followers.

"Accompanied by the Indian warriors, we now set out; and on the third day reached Goschochking; where Elliot left us, and we felt as if we were relieved from a great weight. We then proceeded up the Walhalding river; but were compelled to travel very slowly on account of the drift wood collected in the river. Nor could such of us as went by land travel any faster; as they were obliged to wait for the coming up of the canoes, to get their provisions.

"The mothers and their little children suffered most of all on this sad journey; as the warriors would often not allow them to halt for the purpose of nursing their children. But we resigned ourselves patiently to the will of the Lord. At one time too we were in a most dangerous situation, during a dreadful thunder-storm, by which many trees were torn up all around us; and it rained so powerfully that we could not lie down, but

had to stand in the water. Besides, some trees having fallen on our canoes, many of our provisions were lost or spoiled.

"On the 11th of October, after a most painful journey of a month's duration, we arrived at the Upper Sandusky town, situated on the eastern branch of the Sandusky river. We found the country a desert wilderness; and our hearts almost sunk within us. Here we were left by the warriors; who returned to their own towns. After the first overwhelming feeling of grief had subsided, we recovered our cheerfulness, and became tolerably well contented; and although we had nothing, and saw no prospect of being able to live here, we did not feel anxious for the morrow, but were satisfied if we had but our daily food. We now ate with the greatest appetite what we would have turned from with disgust whilst living near the Muskingum; and by God's blessing we were enabled to carry on the necessary labours. Our meetings had to be kept in the open air; but we experienced that God is not confined to temples or churches built with hands, but that he is near to those that love Him and depend upon Him alone, wherever they may be.

"The missionaries began to build a small house; but we had not quite finished it, when we suddenly received orders from the British commander at Detroit, to whom we had been falsely accused, to appear before him in order to answer the charges brought against us. This was a new and very severe trial. The winter was setting in; there was still an immense quantity of labour to be done, and we had to leave behind our wives and children without any provisions whatever. Besides, the daily threats of the Savages, who seemed bent on destroying our congregations, filled us with fear. However, there was no help; we had no choice left us, and with heavy hearts we set out on our journey. We took leave of our families and the dear Indian congregation, as though we should never meet

again in this world. Leaving the Brethren Jung and Jungman behind, the Brethren Zeisberger, Edwards and Senseman, and myself, set out for Detroit. Brother Shebosh and the rest of the Congregation promised to do their best, during our absence, to supply the remainder of the missionary family with provisions; which they intended to fetch from our former missionary stations. But we had scarcely proceeded sixty miles, when information reached us, that Shebosh and others who had set out for the Muskingum, had been surprised by a party of white people, and that some had been killed and others taken prisoners. We were deeply afflicted by this intelligence, and mourned for our murdered and suffering Brethren. Fortunately the report was soon discovered to have been greatly exaggerated. Only a few of the party had been captured at Schönbrunn, Shebosh among the rest; while all the others found their way back to Sandusky, bringing with them four hundred bushels of Indian corn.

"With incredible difficulty we pursued our journey; for, the winter not having set in sufficiently to freeze over the tremendous swamps through which we had to pass, we and our horses were sometimes almost suffocated in the mud, and whilst we could scarcely help ourselves, we had to pull our beasts out of the deep holes. Besides, we proceeded in the teeth of a piercing north-west wind; and were almost frozen to death, not having sufficient clothing to protect us from the cold. At last, after great difficulties, and many narrow escapes from death, we arrived at the mouth of the Tawa [Ottawa] river, emptying into Lake Erie, where ships crossing the lake from Detroit usually anchored.

"Finding no vessel there, we had to pursue our journey by land; and on the evening of the ninth day after leaving Sandusky, we arrived within four miles of Detroit. As there was no boat to carry us across the river, we had to pass the night

in the cold and rain on an open prairie; so that the next morning we were quite stiff and scarcely able to move. After having waited in this situation, without any thing to eat, till eight o'clock in the morning, we were ferried over, and brought into the presence of the British commander at Detroit. He received us with angry words; having been prejudiced against us by the accounts received from Elliot, Girty, and other evil disposed white men. We listened with patience and answered with moderation. Our cool and collected behaviour seemed to impress him rather favorably; and we were dismissed with kinder expressions. Still we were compelled to wait eight days longer in suspense between hope and fear, before our fate was finally decided. In the mean time, we were not allowed another audience, nor to hand in any memorial in our defence. At last, Captain Pipe and two of his advisers arrived; our real accusers taking care to absent themselves. We were now summoned to appear once more before the commandant. He stated the charges against us, in the presence of our adversaries; when two of those who had come for the express purpose of accusing us, hung their heads in silence, as though suddenly visited by remorse and feelings of shame, at the thought of having so bitterly persecuted innocent men. To our still greater astonishment, Captain Pipe himself, who had done more to injure us than any other of his nation, openly defended us against the accusations of being spies, traitors, and the like. And when the commandant put the question to Pipe, what he would advise, he gave it as his opinion, that we should be suffered to return peaceably to our homes. I never witnessed a more manifest instance of the powerful workings of conscience than during the whole of this transaction. Of course, all who were present immediately acquitted us of all the charges brought against us; expressing their sincere regret, that we had innocently suffered so much. Thus, by the kind protection of the

Lord, every thing turned out quite the reverse from what we had expected; to Him be all the glory.

"From this time forward, the commandant became our sincere friend in every trouble; and many officers and inhabitants of Detroit were anxious to show us every possible kindness.

"Having been supplied with comfortable clothing, and also with horses, we set out on our homeward journey with cheerful minds. Our Heavenly Father was pleased to grant us unusually mild and agreeable weather, considering that it was towards the close of the month of November; and although the roads were miserable, we arrived without accident at Upper Sandusky, our hearts filled with joy and gratitude. We united with our families and all the Brethren in praising the Lord for his many mercies, and our unexpected deliverance.

"The very day of our arrival, the winter set in in good earnest; the snow fell in great quantities, and the cold became intense. The distress of our Indians became indescribably great; and the cattle having no food, we lost many of them. The savages renewed their threats against us; and we were given to understand, that the preaching of the gospel would not be permitted much longer. The power of darkness began to be so apparent that our courage almost failed us. At last the famine prevailed to such a degree that we were afraid of actually perishing with hunger. Under these circumstances, many of the Brethren with their families resolved once more to visit their deserted towns on the Muskingum, in order to gather in their harvest of Indian corn, and bring whatever they might find to Upper Sandusky. They set off, attended by our earnest prayers for their welfare; which were answered in a far different manner from what we had expected.

"We were now left alone with the remnant of the Congregation, and every day increased our trials and distresses. The "accuser of the Brethren" seemed determined to destroy the

good work; and the Lord, in his wise providence, permitted him to work his will. Captain Pipe already repented of his having spoken in our favour at Detroit; and probably thought his conscience would be more at ease if the missionaries were entirely removed, and their labours given up, so that he would not be under the necessity of witnessing sufferings of which he was a principal cause. Being also undoubtedly influenced by his former wicked advisers, he determined to give the finishing stroke to the mission in Ohio. He caused a letter to be written to the commandant at Detroit; and declared that if the missionaries were not taken away as soon as possible, "he would know what to do."

"In consequence of these threats, the commandant became anxious for our safety; and to prevent the massacre which seemed to be intended, all the white Brethren and Sisters, with our little children, suddenly received orders to remove to Detroit, and the christian Indians were commanded to mingle with their heathen countrymen. The news caused inexpressible grief and terror amongst the congregation; by whom we were accompanied a day's journey, and by some even to Lower Sandusky, with tears and lamentations. Two Indian Sisters insisted on carrying the two infants, wrapped in blankets, on their backs during the whole journey. On the fifth day, we arrived at Lower Sandusky; where we waited three weeks before we could proceed any farther.

"To fill up the measure of our distress, we now received the heart-sickening news of the savage and cold-blooded murder of those of our own Indian Brethren who had proceeded to Muskingum to obtain food. The account of this massacre is found in Loskiel's history of Indian Missions; [as also in the "Narrative."] We insert it at length from the first mentioned work; partly because, from the length of time which has elapsed since its publication, [1794,] it is probably in the hands of

comparatively few readers of this sketch; and partly because such atrocities deserve the stamp of eternal infamy. And it will no doubt occur to all that read the history of these transactions, that, whilst we hear many outcries against the cruelty of the savage, (as has very frequently been the case, for instance, during the late Florida war,) it were well to contemplate, on the other hand, the horrible murders committed by white savages, calling themselves christians.

"The Governor of Pittsburgh thought it but just to release the believing Indians, who with Brother Shebosch were taken prisoners last year by the Americans at Schönbrunn. The Indians arrived safely in Sandusky; and Brother Shebosch went to Bethlehem, to give a full account of the present Indian Congregation. The humane behaviour of the Governor at Pittsburgh greatly incensed those people, who, (according to the account given in the former part of this history,) represented the Indians as Canaanites, who ought to be destroyed from the face of the earth without mercy, and considered America as the land of promise given to the Christians. Hearing that different companies of the believing Indians came occasionally from Sandusky to the settlements on the Muskingum, to fetch provisions, a party of murderers, about one hundred and sixty in number, determined first to surprise those Indians, and destroy the settlements, and then to march to Sandusky, where they might easily cut off the whole Indian Congregation. As soon as Col. Gibson, at Pittsburgh, heard of this black design, he sent messengers to our Indians on the Muskingum, to give them timely notice of their nature; but they came too late. They however received intelligence in all the settlements, of the approach of the murderers, in time for them to have saved themselves by flight; for a white man, who had narrowly escaped from some savages, warned them with great earnestness to fly for their lives. But our Indians, who at other times behaved

with great caution and timidity, if only the least appearance of danger existed, showed no signs of fear, but went to meet real danger with incredible confidence.

"This was undoubtedly owing to an idea that they had nothing to fear from the Americans, but only from the Indians. However, on the 5th of March, Samuel, an assistant, was called from Schönbrunn to Salem, where all the assistants in those parts met, to consult whether they should fly upon the approach of the white people; but both those of Salem and Gnadenhütten were of opinion that they should stay. Samuel advised that every one should act as he pleased; and thus they parted. When Samuel returned to Schönbrunn, some Brethren accompanied him part of the way; and he declared that such love and harmony prevailed among the believing Indians as he had never seen before.

"Meanwhile the murderers marched first to Gnadenhütten; where they arrived on the 6th of March. About a mile from the settlement, they met young Shebosch, (the son of Brother Shebosch,) in the woods, fired at him, and wounded him so much that he could not escape. He then, according to the account of the murderers themselves, begged for his life; representing that he was Shebosch, the son of a white christian man. But they paid no attention to his entreaties, and cut him to pieces with their hatchets. They then approached the Indians, most of whom were in their plantations, and surrounded them almost imperceptibly; but feigning a friendly behaviour, told them to go home, promising to do them no injury. They even pretended to pity them on account of the mischief done to them by the English and the savages; assuring them of the protection and friendship of the Americans. The poor believing Indians, knowing nothing of the death of young Shebosch, believed every word they said, went home with them, and treated them in the most hospitable manner. They likewise spoke

freely concerning their sentiments, as Christian Indians who had never taken the least share in the war. They were now informed that they should not return to Sandusky, but go to Pittsburgh; where they would be out of the way of any assault made by the English or the savages. This they heard with resignation: concluding that God would perhaps choose this method to put an end to their present sufferings. Prepossessed with this idea, they cheerfully delivered their guns, hatchets and other weapons, to the murderers; who promised to take care of them, and in Pittsburgh to return every article to its rightful owner. Our Indians even showed them all those things which they had secreted in the woods, assisted in packing them up, and emptied all their bee-hives for these pretended friends.

"In the meantime the assistant, John Martin, went to Salem, and brought the news of the arrival of the white people to the believing Indians; assuring them that they need not be afraid to go with them, for they were come to carry them to a place of safety, and to afford them protection and support. The Salem Indians did not hesitate to accept of this proposal; believing that God had sent the Americans to release them from their disagreeable situation at Sandusky, and imagining that, when they had arrived at Pittsburgh, they might soon find a safe place to build a settlement, and easily procure advice and assistance from Bethlehem. Thus John Martin, with two Salem brethren, returned to Gnadenhütten, to acquaint both their Indian brethren and the white people with their resolution. The latter expressed a desire to see Salem, and a party of them was conducted thither, and received with much friendship. Here they pretended the same good will and affection towards the Indians as at Gnadenhütten; and easily persuaded them to return with them. By the way they entered into much spiritual conversation with our Indians; some of whom spoke English

well, giving these people, who feigned great piety, proper and spiritual answers to many questions concerning religious subjects. The assistants, Isaac Glickhican, (a converted Indian chief,) and Israel, were no less sincere and unreserved in their answers to some political questions started by the white people; and thus the murderers obtained a full and satisfactory account of the present situation and sentiments of the Indian congregation. In the meantime, the defenceless Indians at Gnadenhütten were suddenly attacked and driven together by the white people; and without resistance seized and bound. The Salem Indians now met the same fate. Before they entered Gnadenhütten, they were at once surprised by their conductors, robbed of their guns, and even of their pocket knives, and brought bound into the settlement. Soon after this, the murderers held a council, and resolved by a majority of votes, to murder them all the very next day. Those who were of a different opinion, wrung their hands, calling God to witness, that they were innocent of the blood of these harmless Christian Indians. But the majority remained unmoved, and only differed concerning the mode of execution. Some were for burning them alive, others for taking their scalps; and the latter was at last agreed upon; upon which one of the murderers was sent to the prisoners, to tell them, that as they were Christian Indians, they might prepare themselves in a christian manner, for they must all die tomorrow.

"It may easily be conceived how great their terror was, at hearing a sentence so unexpected. However, they soon recollected themselves; and patiently suffered the murderers to lead them into two houses, in one of which the Brethren, and in the other the Sisters and children, were confined like sheep ready for slaughter. They declared to the murderers, that though they could call God to witness that they were perfectly innocent, yet they were prepared and willing to suffer death. But

as they had, at their conversion and baptism, made a solemn promise to the Lord Jesus Christ, that they would live unto him, and endeavour to please him alone in this world, they knew that they had been deficient in many respects, and therefore wished to have some time granted, to pour out their hearts before him in prayer, and to crave his mercy and pardon. This request being complied with, they spent their last night here below in prayer, and in exhorting each other to remain faithful unto the end. One brother, named Abraham, who, for some time past, had been in a lukewarm state of heart, seeing his end approaching, made the following public confession before his brethren: 'Dear Brethren! it seems as if we should all soon depart unto our Saviour, for our sentence is fixed. You know that I have been an untoward child; and have grieved the Lord and my brethren by my disobedience, not walking as I ought to have done. But still, I will now cleave to my Saviour with my last breath, and hold him fast, though I am so great a sinner. I know assuredly, that he will forgive me all my sins, and not cast me out.' The Brethren assured him of their love and forgiveness; and both they and the Sisters spent the latter part of the night in singing praises to God their Saviour, in the joyful hope, that they would soon be able to praise him without sin.

"When the day of their execution arrived, namely, the 8th of March, two houses were fixed upon, one for the brethren, and another for the sisters and children; to which the wanton murderers gave the name of *slaughter-houses*. Some of them went to the Indian brethren, and showed great impatience that the execution had not yet begun; to which the brethren replied that they were all ready to die, having commended their immortal souls to God; who had given them that divine assurance in their hearts, that they should come to Him and be with Him for ever.

"Immediately after this declaration, the carnage commenced. The poor innocent people, men, women and children, were led, bound two and two together with ropes, into the above mentioned slaughter-houses, and there scalped and murdered.

"According to the testimony of the murderers themselves, they behaved with uncommon patience, and went to meet their death with cheerful resignation. The above mentioned Abraham was the first victim." "One of the party took up a cooper's mallet, which lay in the house, saying, 'how exactly this will answer for the business!' He then began with Abraham; and continued knocking down one after the other until he had counted fourteen whom he had killed with his own hands. He now handed the instrument to one of his fellow-murderers; saying, 'my arm fails me; go on in the same way; I think I have done pretty well.'"*

"A sister called Christina, who had formerly lived with the sisters at Bethlehem, and spoke English and German well, fell on her knees before the captain of the gang, and begged for her life; but was told that he could not help her.

"Thus ninety-six persons magnified the name of the Lord, by patiently meeting a cruel death. Sixty-two were grown persons, among whom were five of the most valuable assistants; and thirty-four [were] children.

"Only two youths, each between fifteen and sixteen years old, escaped almost miraculously from the hands of the murderers. One of them, seeing that they were in earnest, was so fortunate as to disengage himself from his bonds; then slipping unobserved from the crowd, he crept through a narrow window into the cellar of that house, in which the sisters were executed. Their blood soon penetrated through the flooring; and, according to his account, ran in streams into the cellar,

* Narrative, page 320.

by which it appears probable that most, if not all of them, were not merely scalped, but killed with hatchets or swords. The lad remained concealed till night; and providentially no one came down to search the cellar. He then, with much difficulty, climbed up the wall to the window, crept through, and escaped into a neighboring thicket.

"The other youth's name was Thomas. The murderers struck him only one blow on the head, took his scalp and left him. But after some time he recovered his senses, and saw himself surrounded by bleeding corpses. Among these he observed one brother, named Abel, moving and endeavoring to raise himself up. But he remained lying still, as though he were dead, and this caution proved the means of deliverance; for soon after, one of the murderers, coming in and observing Abel's motions, killed him with two or three blows. Thomas lay quite still till dark; though suffering the most exquisite torment. He then ventured to creep towards the door; and observing nobody in the neighborhood, got out, and escaped into the woods, in which he concealed himself during the night. These two youths afterwards met in the woods, and God preserved them from harm on their journey to Sandusky; though they purposely took a long circuit, and suffered great hardships and danger. Before they left the neighborhood of Gnadenhütten, they observed the murderers, from behind the thicket, making merry after their successful enterprise; and at last setting fire to the two slaughter-houses filled with corpses.

"The remainder of the Indian congregation, who were at Schönbrunn, escaped from the bloody hands of the white murderers. Messengers going to Gnadenhütten found young Shebosh lying dead and scalped by the way-side; and looking forward, saw many white people in and about Gnadenhütten. The congregation at Schönbrunn immediately took to flight, and ran into the woods. They now hesitated a long while, not

knowing whither to turn or how to proceed. Thus, when the murderers arrived at Schönbrunn, the Indians were still near, observing every thing that happened there; and might easily have been discovered. But here the murderers seemed, as it were, struck with blindness. Finding nobody at home, they examined the woods about the town, but without success. They then destroyed and set fire to the settlement; and having done the same at Gnadenhütten and Salem, they set off with the scalps of their victims, about fifty horses, a number of blankets and other articles, and marched back to Pittsburgh.

"To describe the grief and terror of the Indian congregation, on hearing that so large a number of its members were so cruelly massacred, is impossible. Parents wept and mourned for the loss of their children, husbands for their wives, wives for their husbands, children for their parents, brothers for their sisters, and sisters for their brothers. And having now also lost their teachers, who used to sympathize with and participate in all their sorrows, and to strengthen their reliance upon the faithfulness of God, their grief was almost insupportable. But they murmured not, nor did they call for vengeance upon the murderers, but prayed for them; and their greatest consolation was a full assurance, that all their beloved relations were now at home, in the presence of the Lord, and in full possession of everlasting happiness."*

To the missionaries, who received the information on their way to Detroit, the dreadful intelligence was as though lightning had fallen from heaven. Mr. Heckewelder's strength was entirely prostrated for some time; and till to the end of his days, he frequently spoke of these hours as the darkest of his

* A Society has lately been formed at Gnadenhütten, Ohio, styling itself the "Gnadenhütten Monument Society;" the object of which is to erect a suitable monument on the very spot where those ninety-six Christian Indians were murdered. [We are informed that it is now in process of erection.—*Ed.*]

life. It was indeed a time to try the souls of these faithful servants of Christ. Their prospects had been gloomy before; driven as they were from a pleasant home, exposed to hunger and cold and nakedness, at the mercy of Christian and savage foes, separated, as they believed for ever, from their beloved congregation, their cause had already seemed as hopeless as it could well be. And now, to crown all, came the news of this cold-blooded massacre. It is not surprising, that the courage, even of such veteran warriors of the Christian host, should be shaken, and their hearts sorely tempted to disbelieve in the promises and guiding care of the Lord; or rather, that these promises still applied to them. He seemed to have deserted them; to have dismissed them in anger from their labour in his vineyard; to consider them as no longer worthy the office of evangelists. And this was the severest blow of all. So long as they could count themselves His servants, while they acknowledged his gracious providence in all that befel them or their congregations, their hearts were girt with strength, and they could truly describe themselves in the language of the apostle: "In all things approving ourselves as ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned; by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; by honour and dishonour, by evil and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." (2 Cor. vi. 4...10.) But now they were for a time deprived of their strong support; and like Elijah of old, when flying before the vengeance of the

idolatrous queen, they cried: "it is enough; now, O Lord, take away our life, for we are not better than our fathers."

Doubts of this kind are the severest trial of a servant of God. He can brave the scorn or the hatred of the world; he can bear to see the fondest expectations blasted; he can rejoice, even at the martyr's stake, so long as he is upheld by the belief that he is, indeed, a labourer of the Lord's, and acknowledged by him as such. But when this faith fails, then he has lost all, for the Lord is his all. But He, who is a very present help in time of trouble, never permits his faithful followers to be tempted long in this manner; and the consolations of his word and spirit cheered their drooping souls. And the more they reflected on all that had happened, the more they were comforted, the more sincere were their feelings of love and gratitude, and the more they felt called upon to admonish each other.

Their faith and hope returned; and assembling under the high heaven, they performed the Litany of the Church; and as they wiped their tears away, their voices rose up with one accord; "Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant; and let us once rest together in thy presence, from all our labours." Instead of a horrid and cruel death, they now considered the massacre of their friends as a release sent them by God from every earthly trouble; and Mr. H. finishes his private account, with these affecting, yet triumphant words, "thus, between the 7th and 8th of March, 1782, a whole Indian congregation passed over into life eternal."

As has been mentioned above, the missionaries were detained for several weeks at Lower Sandusky; where they were kindly treated by some traders from Detroit, who took them into their houses, and supplied them with food and other necessaries. At last, the English officer who was to accompany them to Detroit arrived at Lower Sandusky, accompanied by a number of

Indian warriors. He behaved like a madman towards the missionaries; and with horrid oaths, threatened several times to split their skulls with a hatchet. He then sat drinking all night in the house where they lodged, raving worse than any drunken savage. But the Lord protected the missionaries and their families from all harm. At length the governor at Detroit, sent two vessels, with a corporal and fourteen riflemen; who brought a written order to take the missionaries from Lower Sandusky, to treat them with all possible kindness, and in case of stormy weather, not to endanger their lives in crossing Lake Erie; adding, that whoever did them the least injury should be called to account for it.

They now set out again; and arrived safely at Detroit. Here they were comfortably lodged in the barracks, by order of the Governor. He also soon came to see them; assuring them that though many new accusations had been brought against them, yet he considered them as perfectly innocent. He bade them be of good cheer; alleging that he had sent for them merely from regard to their safety, as he had been positively informed that they could not remain at Sandusky without being exposed to the most imminent danger. He also left it entirely to their own choice whether they would remain at Detroit, or return to the Congregation at Bethlehem; and gave orders that they should be supplied with every thing they stood in need of. Some weeks after, the missionaries removed to a house at a small distance from the town; where they enjoyed more rest and quiet.

In the mean time the Indian Congregation was brought into the most precarious situation. After the departure of the missionaries, the Indian assistants continued to meet and exhort the Congregation in the usual regular manner. This the missionaries heard with pleasure from an English trader, who had visited Sandusky, and had been present at several of

their meetings. He related that he had heard them sing hymns and exhort each other, till they wept together like children. But the internal peace of the Congregation was soon disturbed by the representations of some "false brethren." These began to ascribe all the misfortunes of the believing Indians to the missionaries; and even asserted that they were the sole cause of the murder of their countrymen, and had now sought their own safety by flight to Detroit. These groundless insinuations, although not believed by the reflecting portion of the congregation, still had an influence upon some of the more credulous. Besides, Capt. Pipe, who had already caused so much mischief, was uneasy as long as any Christian Indians remained in his neighborhood; for their presence continually reminded him of his treacherous and cruel conduct towards them and their teachers. He therefore sent them a peremptory order to quit the country, and seek a dwelling in some other place. Under these discouraging circumstances, the members of the congregation separated; and this dispersion put a period for some time to the existence of the congregation. It seemed as if the fruits of all the untiring and faithful missionary labour were to be irrecoverably lost, and the "hope against hope," at other times considered so praiseworthy, now indeed appeared more like the childish tenacity wherewith desperate men cling to the brightness of the past. But even in this darkness of darkness, the missionaries remembered that the Lord had sent them; and that was sufficient for them. They were satisfied that He was but fulfilling a design of wisdom and mercy, throughout the course of this mysterious providence; and resolved that whatever were His will, they would fulfil their part of it by remaining faithful to the end.

Indeed it was not long before a gracious providence was discernible in this last afflicting event. The same gang of murderers who had committed the massacre on the Muskingum,

did not give up their bloody design upon the remnant of the Indian congregation, though it was delayed for a season. They marched in May, 1782, to Sandusky; where they found nothing but empty huts. Thus it became evident, that the transportation of the missionaries to Detroit happened by the kind permission of the Lord. For had they remained in Sandusky the Indian congregation would not have been dispersed, and consequently in all probability would have been murdered. And thus this painful event, which at first seemed to threaten destruction to the whole mission, in fact averted it.

To human reason it would have appeared that the labours of the missionaries in these regions were finished. They had founded the different establishments amidst trials and dangers; they had faithfully instructed those committed to their charge; they had stood by them to the last, and left no post of danger till they were forced away; but now that there was no longer an Indian congregation, they seemed to be at liberty to return to their brethren at Bethlehem.

On deliberation, they resolved to stay; being assured that a contrary course would be a dereliction of duty. It was a fixed principle of their faith, that success was not requisite to make it obligatory on a missionary labourer to continue at his post; but that all he had to consider was whether the Lord wished him to be there, even were it only to die.

There being no longer any prospect of recommencing the mission in the Ohio territory, a new spot was selected in Michigan. This settlement was called New Gnadenhütten; and was situated on the Huron river, which flows into Lake St. Clair. It was distant about thirty miles from Detroit.

The consent of the Chippeways, the masters of that region, was procured by the Governor; who gave every assistance in his power, and sent messengers to the dispersed Christian Indians, to give them notice of the new settlement, and to invite

them to rejoin their teachers; promising that they should enjoy liberty of conscience, and be supplied with provisions and other necessaries of life.

In consequence of this invitation, two Indian families soon arrived at Detroit. These were followed by others, who erected temporary huts near the missionaries' house. The brethren immediately recommenced their daily meetings with the Indians; and met in the open air, for want of a chapel. Having by degrees collected twenty-eight of their former flock, they resolved to begin their settlement. The Governor liberally assisted them in various ways, furnished them with provisions, boats, planks, and the necessary utensils, from the royal stores, and gave them some horses and cows. His lady presented them with a valuable assortment of seeds and roots; and both gave them the most convincing proofs of their benevolent disposition, and friendly feeling towards the missionary cause.

But in spite of this sincere kindness, and although not a few of the dispersed Indians returned to New Gnadenhütten, the missionaries could not consider their stay of four years in Michigan in any other light than that of a cruel exile. Their congregation contained but few, when compared with the numbers in their former settlements; and the surrounding Chippeways, although friendly, were too careless and indolent to interest themselves in the gospel. Mr. Heckewelder says, in a short memoir of his life: "Our settlement being so far from Detroit, we were almost entirely cut off from communication with the Fort; for in summer, the way lay partly through fearful forests and tangled underwood, partly through a large swamp covered with tall grass, where, besides the probability of being smothered in the mire, the lives of travellers were in imminent danger on account of the incredible number of rattlesnakes, of the most venomous kind; and in

winter, the deep snow, the treacherous ice, and the inclement weather made the journey almost impossible. Besides, the land which we had to cultivate in order to raise the necessaries of life, was covered with a thick growth of heavy timber. Here we were compelled to labour with our axes in the intolerable heat of summer, tormented by swarms of mosquitoes; and often spent half the night in rolling logs together, in order to burn them. We had nothing to depend upon except the labour of our hands. It would have been ungenerous in us to make ourselves pensioners on the bounty of the government; and we could not communicate with our brethren at Bethlehem either by messenger or by letter; because the distracted state of the country, and the fear of falling into the hands of the hostile Indians or of the English "Bush-rangers," put an end to all travelling thirty miles north of Bethlehem.

"In this distress we received a present of four hundred dollars from England; where the Congregation had been informed of our disheartening circumstances. Yet we were obliged to make use of this only in the most sparing manner; and besides, this assistance could not go as far as it would have done at other times and at another place; for provisions and cattle were sold at enormous prices, and the smaller comforts for women and children could hardly be procured. Some idea may be formed of our expenses from the facts, that for two cows we paid $190; for a young pig $25—poultry was sold at $1,25; a bushel of Indian corn cost $5; and a hundred weight of flour could not be procured for less than twelve and a half dollars.

"To add to our difficulties, we were so unfortunate, one season, as to have our crop of Indian corn totally destroyed by a frost in the month of August. We were thus compelled to purchase provisions for a whole year in advance; and by so doing we incurred very heavy debts, which we had no other way of paying than by taking what produce of our fields and

gardens we could spare, to the market at Detroit. This we accordingly did; but as we had to pass a cove at Lake St. Clair, nine miles in breadth, in stormy weather very dangerous, our lives were frequently hazarded by these jaunts. The rivers, where they empty into the Lakes, were very difficult to pass, on account of the bulrushes and wild rice growing there. Brother Senseman and myself, while one day working our way into the cove, during a calm, in a canoe laden with all kinds of garden produce, were, on entering the cove, suddenly overtaken by a storm, and our canoe, which was furnished with a sail, was nearly capsized. Our hope of saving ourselves was fast diminishing; when, being one mile distant from the shore, we discovered a Frenchman, who lived on the neck of land jutting out of the cove, running to and fro with uplifted hands. As we approached nearer, we distinctly heard his exclamations of distress on our account; and at last, as we came near the land, he waded into the water almost up to his shoulders in order to draw the boat ashore. He appeared exceedingly rejoiced and grateful to God for our miraculous escape; which, as he informed us in French and broken English, had already been past his expectations. He then took us into his house, and ordered his wife to prepare a large pike he had caught, for dinner. He next fell upon his knees, and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to God, in our presence; while silently, and with heartfelt gratitude, we did the same.

"On another occasion, while I was crossing the ice in this cove on horseback, the horse broke through with me; but being a nimble Canadian, immediately, before he had time to sink, he took a leap upon the firm ice, and thus saved my life."

Thus these devoted men toiled on, not for themselves, but for the Lord. In the year 1785, the missionary family decreased in numbers by the return of the aged missionary Jungman, with his wife and another couple, to Bethlehem. Brother

John Jung had gone to Bethlehem some time before. The brethren Zeisberger, Heckewelder and Edwards remained a year longer. But hearing more peaceful accounts from Ohio, and being informed that Congress had reserved the district belonging to the three former settlements on the Muskingum for the express use of the Christian Indians, they resolved to return thither with their flock. In this resolution they were confirmed by the unfriendly disposition which the Chippeways began to show towards them.

Accordingly, after Easter, 1786, this congregation of the cross began their preparation for departure. On the 20th of April, they met for the last time in the chapel at New Gnadenhütten, to offer up prayer and praise to the Lord, thanking him for all the mercies and benefits received in this place, and commending themselves to his care and protection. They then set out for Detroit; and having been hospitably received there, they departed for the Ohio territory, accompanied by the good wishes of all good and honest men who had had opportunities for becoming acquainted with them. It was a source of peculiar gratification to the missionaries, that they themselves, as well as the Christian Indians, had been able to pay every debt to the last farthing; and thus to "provide things honest," not only before God, but also before "men."

The Congregation now crossed lake Erie, and made a temporary settlement on the Cayahaga river. They had intended returning immediately to the Muskingum. But they were soon cautioned not to proceed on their journey; as some white traders had quite recently been plundered and murdered by the savages on the Muskingum. On account of this information, and because it was evident that a settled peace was not yet established with the Indians, but that they were at all times waiting for opportunities to renew hostilities, the Indians thought it advisable

to remain at Pilgerruh, (Pilgrim's rest, by which name the settlement on the Cayahaga is known in the Moravian history of Missions,) till God himself should point out the way, if it were his gracious will that they should proceed.

The first Indian brother who died at Cayahaga, was Thomas; who, as has been related, was scalped at Gnadenhütten. He was drowned in the river, as he was fishing. Since he had lost his scalp, he was afflicted with so violent a rheumatism in the head that it frequently took away his senses. This was probably the occasion of his death; for he was an excellent swimmer, and his body was found in shallow water. As there was now not the least prospect of a peace in the Indian country, and the Indian nations, as we have stated, continued to manifest a warlike disposition towards the United States, as well as on account of his wife's delicate state of health, which entirely unfitted her for undergoing the hardships and fatigues unavoidably connected with the commencement of a new settlement, Mr. Heckewelder found it necessary to think of returning to Bethlehem. Having taken an affectionate leave of the Indian Congregation, he set out, in October, 1786; leaving for a time the scene of his faithful labours.

Although he was now no longer in the same close connexion with the Ohio mission, he still continued to serve the cause in every possible manner; and as formerly, it mattered not to him in what capacity he could make himself useful. He was employed as a messenger and guide to missionaries travelling out; and was also diligently engaged in promoting the interests of the Society for propagating the Gospel amongst the heathen, which had been established at Bethlehem independently of the Congregation. In 1787, he travelled to Pittsburgh with Brother Michael Young; in 1788, again to Pittsburgh, and from thence, with Capt. Thomas Hutchins, chief surveyor of the

United States, to Marietta. In the year 1789, he went with Brother Abraham Steiner, to Pittsquotting, one of our missionary stations.

During this period, and until the spring of 1791, the government of the United States made every possible exertion, partly by negotiation, partly by force of arms, to induce the Indians to conclude peace and restore quiet to those districts; but in doing so, the American army under Generals Harmar and St. Clair was so completely foiled, that there was but little hope left of obtaining the desired object in this way. The government, however, was anxious to restore peace; and determining to leave no means untried, they appointed General Rufus Putnam commissioner to treat with the Indians. The latter accepted the appointment; but desired that Mr. Heckewelder should be commissioned to accompany him. In consequence, Mr. H. received a letter to that effect, by express, from Philadelphia, from the Secretary of war, General Knox. "This offer," he writes, "was quite unexpected to me; and when I called with the letter on the late Bishop Ettwein, and he had read it, (it was explicitly expressed therein, that the peace to be negotiated was to be based upon terms of justice and humanity,) he returned it to me with the words, 'Blessed are the peace-makers!', and wished me the blessing of God on this important charge. Setting out on the journey very soon after, I met Gen. Putnam at Pittsburgh; whence we proceeded without delay. Our business led us very far into the Indian country, even to Post Vincennes on the Wabash. The result of our enterprise was briefly as follows. We took along with us some fifty Indian prisoners, including women and children, from Fort Washington to the assembled chiefs, a distance of about four hundred miles, and restored them to their friends and relatives. This journey, and our stay on the Wabash, where all the chiefs of the belligerent Indian tribes were assembled, took up the space of nine months.

The year after, fourteen Indian chiefs accompanied us to Philadelphia, to see their father, President Washington. This was in the year 1793. Before these Indians returned into their own country, Congress afforded them an opportunity of traveling through the northern part of the States, via New York, Boston, &c., in order to give them a proper idea of the population, resources and present condition of the country." A few extracts from Mr. Heckewelder's journal are here inserted.

"July 1st. [1792.]—The residents between Laurel hill and Pittsburgh had received intelligence that several hundred Indians were on this side of the Alleghany; and the common topic of conversation was that of flight, some being of opinion that even Carlisle was not secure. Here, in Pittsburgh, the people had more courage; since a large skirmishing party, composed partly of regulars and a party of Seneca Indians, under the command of Lieut. Jeffers, had taken two scalps and one prisoner. Having met Gen. Putnam, who had arrived at Pittsburgh on the day previous, here, the general confidentially communicated to me his instructions, and made me acquainted with all the particulars relating to the treaty of peace with the Indians. We agreed to liberate the Indian prisoners who had been brought hither, and to send a speech to the hostile Indians by them. Accordingly, this speech was sent to the peaceable Monsy chief, and to Cornplanter; and by them forwarded to its destined place. Subsequently we were grieved to learn from the newspapers, that these Indians, of whom Capt. Snake was one, had been killed by the hostile Indians, after they had delivered the speech.

"On the 2d of July, we arrived in Cincinnati. At Fort Washington, nine salutes were fired in honour of Gen. Putnam. After having rested ourselves, Gen. Putnam and myself visited the fifty-six Indian men, women and children of the Eel river and

Wawiachtens [Wabash] nations, who were taken prisoners in Kentucky a year ago, by Generals Scott and Wilkinson. Gen. Putnam told them that they would soon be released, and that in a few days more he would gladden their hearts. They thanked him for this promise.

"On the 3d of July, Messrs. Vanderburg, Vigo and Beard, arrived here from Vincennes, and with them five men and one woman of the Wawiachtens tribe, under an escort, for the purpose of visiting their imprisoned friends, and conducting them home. The prisoners were informed of this the same evening, the guard within the stockade ordered away, and the gate thrown open. However, for the safety of the prisoners, a guard was placed outside of the gate. It was quite affecting to witness the meeting of the prisoners and their friends; at which all wept for joy. The gentlemen from Vincennes told us that Indians from their section of the country had brought them intelligence that the three messengers of peace, Trueman, Freeman and Hardin, had been murdered by the hostile Indians, and that their speeches and belts had subsequently been seen in some of the towns.

"Saturday, July 7th. This morning, at 9 o'clock, two men, a woman and a boy, who had gone in a canoe from here to Columbia, were attacked by the Indians, one and a half miles from here; one of the men was killed and scalped, the other shot through the shoulder, and the boy carried off prisoner. The woman, who from fright had fallen into the water, and floated down the stream for some distance, at last got safely on shore and brought the news hither. The militia, which was immediately called out, brought back the wounded man and the corpse of the one that was murdered. The former had the ball cut out, and the wound was declared not to be dangerous; the head of the latter was dreadfully mangled.

July 12th, William Wells arrived from Louisville. This Wells, when a boy of twelve years of age, on his way to some school in Kentucky, about eight years ago, had been taken prisoner by the Eel river Wawiachtenos, and adopted into the family of their chiefs; where he learned their language, and became a good hunter and useful man among them. He was present in the fight of the 4th of November, gives an accurate account of all that passed, and has discovered where the cannon were buried by the Indians. His adopted father, Gaviahatte, (*i. e.* Porcupine,) having granted him liberty, this spring, to go wherever he chose and to visit his friends in Kentucky, he came at first to Post Vincennes, whence he found means to visit his brothers in the neighborhood of Louisville. Gen. Putnam being in need of an interpreter, there being nobody here who could speak with the prisoners, he sent for Wells, and engaged him in the service of the United States. Here he found the rest of his adopted relatives, his mother and sisters; who shed many tears at their meeting.

"14th. Early this morning, an express arrived from Fort Jefferson, with the news that two soldiers, one of whom had been taken prisoner by the Indians in Gen. Harmar's campaign, and the other on the 4th of November, had escaped, while at work in the corn-fields not very far from town. Early on the 15th, they were brought in under an escort of cavalry, and examined under oath by a judge, in presence of Generals Wilkinson and Putnam. They had both been taken prisoners by the Pottawottamy nation; and one of them, named Schäffer, could speak their language pretty fluently. According to their statement, the Indian tribes were not inclined to listen to any proposals of peace until all the forts and settlements on this side of the Ohio were evacuated and destroyed. They also stated that the two messengers, Trueman and Freeman, were

certainly dead; and that their scalps, clothes, speeches and belts had been exhibited, with the promise that in future all such messengers and deserters should be treated in the same manner. Of Col. Hardin they knew nothing more than that they had been told that he and all his companions had been murdered. They furthermore informed us of all the parties who had set out during the summer; and that Simon Girty was personally present at the last attack on Fort Jefferson, in which upwards of one hundred Indians were engaged. Their statements were found to be correct, and agreeing with the facts as heretofore reported to us. Information reached us in the evening from Columbia, that about thirty Indians had been there and taken three prisoners. A large party of cavalry was despatched after them, who tracked them for forty miles; but the fugitives having there taken to the swamps, the horses could not be employed any further.

"In the forenoon of the 16th of July, the Wawiachteno chief died suddenly. He was one of those who had recently arrived from Post Vincennes. By order of Generals Putnam and Wilkinson, his remains were interred with military honours, and three vollies fired over his grave. The greater part of the Indians followed his corpse. One of them carried a white flag on a long pole, which he planted at the head of the grave. The procession moved along in the best order, and was accompanied by the most respectable gentlemen of the place. The muffled drum beat the dead march. He was buried in the grave-yard; the hope being entertained that this would make a favourable impression on his family, as well as on the whole nation. Some wicked people disinterred the corpse in the night following; and, having carried it into the street, pulled down the flag and staff, and threw them into a mud-puddle. The generals caused the corpse to be replaced in the grave, and a flag to be hoisted; and Col. Winthrop Sargent, Secretary of the Western Territory, issued his procla-

mation, offering $100 for the detection of the perpetrator; however, the night following, both the flag and the proclamation were taken down and torn to pieces, but the corpse was left in peace. Another flag was put up, and a guard stationed near; after which no further disturbances took place.

"August 16th. All the Indians who had been imprisoned here for upwards of a year, and their interpreter, Wells, left here for Vincennes, in company with four other large boats, and under an escort of sixty men. On the 18th, they were followed by Gen. Putnam and myself in our bark.

"August 21st. Capt. Peters made the necessary preparations for carrying our four boats over the Falls of Ohio. Having, in the first place, taken our baggage across the river, which is very wide at this place, and conveyed it on wagons two and a half miles below the falls, we next attempted to take the two empty Kentucky boats and the two barques over the falls; and for that purpose engaged pilots, whom we had to pay one guinea for each boat. The river being low and the channel narrow, this proved an undertaking of great difficulty; three of our boats grounded, and with the fourth only could we succeed this day in getting over the falls. We endeavored to get the other boats afloat, but did not succeed; and the poor passengers were compelled to content themselves and remain in them during the night, wet as they were. The greatest misfortune, however, was that the timbers of one of the boats, 40 feet long and 16 wide, and for which we had paid forty dollars, having parted asunder, it filled and settled. Two sick Indian women and two soldiers, who were on board, saved their lives by getting upon the deck of the boat.

"The commandant at this place, a very worthy man, was in great anxiety about the sufferers; and sent a number of his ablest soldiers, together with part of the rigging of one of his schooners, to their assistance. Towards noon, they succeeded

in getting the two barks safely over the falls. They likewise brought the four persons on the wreck, together with all their baggage, in safety to the shore. The poor Indians who had witnessed and experienced all these difficulties and dangers, burst into tears. Their interpreter having gone on a visit to his brother, I comforted them as well as I could, and conducted them in the evening back beneath the guns of the fort, so that they might be out of danger. Capt. Doyle treated them very kindly till the following day; when they were taken to Gen. Putnam's lodgings beyond the falls, on the other side of the river. Here they seemed to be quite easy and contented.

"August 26th. We proceeded on our journey. Our company now consisted of 140 souls; who were distributed in four large Kentucky boats, three barks and several canoes.

"September 4th. This afternoon we entered the Wabash river. The Indians, being now again on their own native soil, became quite cheerful. We went about eight miles this evening; and then took up our night's lodgings.

"September 6th. To-day I felt very unwell; and this evening was seized with a violent fever, of which I had several severe attacks during the four succeeding days. Lieutenant Prior, who had studied medicine, and was the physician of the company, pronounced my disease to be a bilious fever, and administered the requisite remedies, so that I recovered so far as to be able, at intervals during the day, to sit up; but a lingering fever still existed, and the powerful night-sweat, together with the violent pains in my head, to which I was still subject, bereft me of almost all my strength. In this situation I found myself when we arrived at Vincennes, on the afternoon of the 12th; where Mr. Vanderburgh immediately took me from the boat to his house; and I here enjoyed the most careful attention.

"September 12th. Meanwhile a part of the Indians who had been summoned hither to the treaty, had arrived; and when,

standing on the banks of the river, they saw their friends approaching, they discharged their guns in token of joy, and sang their praises of these friends in tunes peculiar to them. These prisoners were immediately delivered up to their relatives; on which occasion Gen. Putnam made a speech. From the 13th to the 22d, Indians were almost daily arriving for the treaty.

"September 24th. The negotiations relative to the treaty were opened with a speech by Gen. Putnam to the assembled nations; the Eel creek Wiachtenos from the sources of the Wabash, the Wiachtenos on the lower waters of the Wabash, the Piankishaws between the Wabash and Illinois, the Potawottomies from Lake Michigan and St. Joseph's; the Kickapoos from the Cahokia; the Kaskaskias and Musquitons, from Kaskaskias. Gen. Putnam assured them that the United States wished to be at peace with all the Indian nations; and therefore would give an opportunity to all of them, to talk with the United States about all that had happened, to settle all old scores, and to begin anew. The answer was deferred to the following day.

"25th. The assembled nations, by a speaker, whom they had chosen among themselves, to-day unanimously returned their answer; and handed to Gen. Putnam two large pipes of peace and a large and elegant belt of wampum, desiring him to accept of them as a token of peace, and to hand them over to Gen. Washington, in order that he might be able also to smoke out of these pipes. Thereupon the chiefs of these nations rose up in succession, and spoke with strings of wampum. The drift of their speeches was that the white people should not take their lands, but remain on the other side of the Ohio, and let that river be their mutual boundary. As however their speeches were somewhat unintelligible, they were on the 26th, requested by Gen. Putnam in a speech, to express themselves

more distinctly; which they did in the afternoon of this day. They stated that they wished not to live too near the white people, because there were bad people on both sides. They desired however to have permission to trade with us; but requested that the French who dwelt in this vicinity might not be deprived of their land by Congress, which had been given them by their forefathers in times past.

"27th. The articles of peace were read to the assembled nations; and after the same had been signed by thirty-one chiefs of the nations, the General, in a speech, declared that peace had now been concluded, and the seven belts of wampum belonging thereto, were distributed among the head-chiefs of the nations; and last of all, eight cannons were fired, the first by Gen. Putnam himself, the rest by the chiefs who had received the belts.

"On the 29th, all the Indians performed a dance in the council-house, to express their rejoicings at the peace. Each nation was painted in a different style; and all took the utmost pains to make themselves appear as fierce and terrific as possible. They commenced by proceeding, with drums and singing, through all the streets of the town; and then adjourned to the council-house, where they sung and related their warlike deeds. The figures and grimaces which they made during this dance, the disfigured and ferocious countenances, the instrument of war they whirled about, and with which they dealt blows upon the posts and benches, the rattling of the deer-claws about their legs, the green garlands around their necks and waists, their naked bodies, presented a scene which I am unable to describe. All however passed off in an orderly manner, at least in their way.

"September 30th. The beginning was made with distributing presents among the Indians, which was continued for several days.

"October 5th. In the afternoon, sixteen Indian chiefs and one woman, commenced their journey to Philadelphia. In company with them, were Lieut. Prior as their conductor, myself, two Kentucky pilots and two soldiers, in all twenty-three souls; with provisions on pack-horses. While passing Fort Knox seven salutes were fired. The journey was made by land to the falls of the Ohio. We encamped for the night at a stream only five miles from the village. Another company of chiefs was despatched with speeches for the hostile Indians; and were to be accompanied by the interpreter Wells.

"October 11th. In the morning, at 2 o'clock, a heavy thunder storm with rain passed over us. We had neither tents nor roof over head; and the night was pitch dark. The water poured down in torrents, and under us it ran in small streams, so that all of us got soaking wet.

"We were now eighteen miles from Fort Steuben, in a part of the country through which the Miami warriors generally pass on their way to Kentucky; as also their pursuers from that State. We knew that if the warriors had lately been in Kentucky and done any damage, and their pursuers should meet us, our Indians would have to pay for it. Mr. Prior therefore spoke with them and the pilots, and ordered a forced march. We had scarcely proceeded half a mile before we were overtaken by another shower, which continued so long that upon arriving at Clarksville at 10 o'clock, my boots were filled with water, although I wore two overcoats.

"October 16th. The canoes which were to convey us to Fort Washington were brought over the falls and put in readiness. Several gentlemen from Kentucky paid us a visit; and with them came Mr. Sebastian, a lawyer from that State, who intends to go with us to Cincinnati. On the 17th, we started upon our voyage up the Ohio. The firing of the guns at the fort announced our departure. The Indians returned their thanks

to the commandant, Capt. Doyle, in a speech. We had some difficulty in arranging ourselves, since there was not room enough for all in the three canoes, and more could not be procured. The Indian chiefs, considering themselves as the wise and great of their nations, thought they had nothing else to do but to sit in the canoes, and eat, drink and smoke tobacco. Fifteen soldiers were sent along with us, as an escort, and at the same time to row or propel the canoes. For several hours, we rowed along slowly and in constant danger of sinking. Prior did not know how to manage, and the soldiers cursed the Indians and spoke of returning. I now told Prior that I would put an end to these difficulties if he would follow my advice, to which he readily agreed. I advised that he, Ensign Lang, myself and the three interpreters, should each take a gun and go on shore; and that he should forbid those in the canoe to come too near land. This was done, and Mr. Sebastian, guessing my design, likewise came on shore. We had hardly proceeded half a mile before a wild-cat crossed our path: we fired at her but missed. Soon after we shot four turkeys and wounded a young bear. The Indians having seen this, desired to be set on land; but as their request was not complied with, seven of them jumped overboard, waded through the river, took their guns away from us, saying that hunting was their business, and they would attend to it, and we should remain in the canoes. Our object was gained, and we had a good voyage.

"October 18th. The Indians who were on land, shot five bears and several turkeys.

"27th. To-day, Col. Winthrop Sargent, Secretary of the Western Territory, gave a dinner to the Indian chiefs, to which he invited Gen. Wilkinson and several other gentlemen; and I was invited. He gave the Indians good advice, how they were to behave on their journey and in Philadelphia, begging them for their own sakes to abstain from drinking.

"October 28th. Next day, the 28th, Gen. Wilkinson gave another dinner at the fort. On this occasion the healths of the President, General Washington, of Generals Knox and Putnam, and of all the chiefs present, were drunk; and a cannon fired at the name of each chief. During dinner, one of the chiefs rose and addressed Gen. Wilkinson in the name of the other chiefs, on the subject of the warlike preparations, which he had seen here; and principally with regard to the great number of soldiers and sumpter horses, which he had seen during the last days on the track where his wives and children were; which had made him suspect that some mischief was intended against these during his absence. Gen. Wilkinson thereupon rose, and in a pleasant speech, gave them every assurance, that no harm should be done to their friends, whom they left behind. He told them, that the United States had yet many enemies; that he was a warrior, who was in the service of these States, and must obey them; and that his whole aim was to pursue these enemies of the United States, until they should acknowledge their injustice, and agree to a peace. "See, my red brethren of the Wabash," continued he, "see, how we sit at the great table; there is no difference between us and you; you have but lately made peace with us, and to-day already you sit in our midst and eat with us out of the same dish, &c." The Indians rose, shook hands with Gen. Wilkinson and the officers and gentlemen present, each nation separately returning thanks for his explanation and for the dinner; and thenceforward they felt satisfied. I must add that Gen. Wilkinson had requested the guests to seat themselves promiscuously among the Indians at dinner; in consequence of which great cordiality had prevailed.

"October 30th. One of the Wawiachteno chiefs died during the night; who had been attacked by pleurisy soon after our arrival at this place. At his funeral, the next day, October 31st,

all the officers and gentlemen of the town were present; and three platoon discharges were fired over his grave, which were answered by a cannon from the fort. After the coffin had been let down into the grave, each of the Indians present, after their fashion, threw a handful of earth upon the coffin, the whole company present following their example. In the coffin were deposited the gun belonging to the deceased, with powder-horn and ball, his tobacco pipe and pouch, several pair of shoes, and leather to mend them with, a tin pint mug, a knife, tomahawk, &c., besides provisions and a bottle of brandy for his use during his journey to and abode in the new country. At the head of the grave, a long peeled stake was driven in, decorated with a white flag.

"November 1st. In the afternoon, we left Cincinnati, while a farewell salute of thirteen guns was firing; and arrived at Columbus in the evening.

"November 4th. We passed many settlements on the Kentucky side. The people of the new town of Charlestown, were particularly favourable towards us; but when we came to Limestone, [Maysville, Ky.] the case was different; and it really seemed as if the Indians, and perhaps we too, would find our graves here. Several hundred persons, of whom about one-third were on horseback, threatened 'what they would do;' while at the same time, sixteen large Kentucky boats, with four hundred soldiers on board, who uttered long and loud curses against us, passed along the other side of the river. Fortunately for us, Major Rudolph was on shore, and endeavoured to pacify the people, advising Prior to proceed on the voyage without delay. With this advice he complied; and we continued our course till late at night. As we could not know whether we should be pursued and attacked in the night, Prior selected an advantageous spot on the north side of the Ohio for our night-quarters, and stationed guards, to whom he gave

orders how to act in cases likely to occur. The Indians, who knew their danger, slept but little: the night, however, passed off quietly, and we were able to proceed on the morning of the 5th, in peace. In the evening we arrived at Col. Graham's settlement. We were rejoiced at meeting with so friendly and excellent a gentleman. His people, about thirty in number, do their master's will; and all showed us favour, and gave our Indians many presents.

"November 8th. A large bear, in crossing the river, made an attack on our canoe. One of us striking at him with an oar, he took hold of it with his mouth and swam away with it. However, he was soon compelled to give up the oar and himself to boot.

"9th. At starting this morning, we discovered another bear fording the river; we surrounded and shot him. We frequently met buffaloes in herds or in small numbers; and our Indians killed some from time to time.

"10th. We arrived at Gallipolis, during a very heavy shower. The state of the good people of that place, who are poor, called forth my sympathy. Their case is simply this. A gentleman in New York, Mr. Duer, who had, with some other gentleman, contracted with Congress for land on the Sciota, despatched an agent to France, in order to ascertain whether any of the people of that country felt inclined to settle on their land, and purchase some of it. For this purpose a pamphlet was published, in which the land was praised far above its actual value, and which was distributed by the agent among the poor people of France, and the land offered for sale. Many of them purchased and paid twenty shillings per acre, cash, giving their note for the balance. In this manner many hundreds were induced to come to America to settle on these lands. Meanwhile Duer's contract had been annulled, and his agent had run off with the money. Duer depended upon the land he

owned in the Ohio company; and sent the foreigners thither. After they had settled here, Duer became insolvent; and the Ohio company, one of his creditors, refused him an interest or share in the land; and thus the poor Frenchmen are wronged. The Ohio company gave them to understand, that if they would apply to the company, they would be permitted to remain under certain conditions. They will not however suffer themselves to be imposed upon by any company any longer; but are making a direct application to Congress.

"November 12th. We left here for Point Pleasant, remaining one night at Col. Lewis's; by whom we were received very kindly. Capt. Prior's father residing here, the Indians saluted him according to their custom, and gave him the name of Wawiachtens.

"November 18th. We arrived at Marietta during a heavy shower; and people flocked around us, partly in order to hear the news, partly to see the Indians.

"November 20th. The inhabitants of the Campus Martius on this day invited the chiefs to dinner; and Capt. Hascall, the commandant of the place, escorted them in with drum and fife. When entering the gate, they were saluted with three guns, and then conducted first to Gen. Putnam's family. The General had been taken ill on the road, and obliged to remain behind. At the sumptuous dinner, of which they partook in company with the principal inhabitants of the place, they behaved with sobriety. They highly complimented the clergyman who sat at the head of the table and had offered up a prayer; and besought him to pray to God for them, that they might be preserved from the small-pox, of which they stand in the greatest dread. Finally they gave thanks for meat and drink, expressing their wish, that the table might always look as it did to-day; *i. e.* that there might never be scarcity here. They said, 'God gave the meat to men; else they would have nothing.'

"November 21st. Took leave of my travelling companions. Gladly would I have continued with them; but having agreed with Gen. Putnam at Post Vincennes to wait for him at this place, I was prevented from doing so. They had become so attached to me that they could not comprehend why I should forsake them, although I had told them the reason; and said they would cry for me for days together. I promised to follow them soon. Last of all Capt. Hascall gave them a dinner. After having partaken of it and thanked the Captain, they entered their boats. After they had pushed off from shore, two cannon, conveyed to the river for that purpose, were discharged seven times in honour of the seven nations to whom they belonged, and answered by them by the discharge of their guns. This being over, they said, "now one gun for our friend Wappanachi:" so they called me.

"December 3d. We heard that Mr. Prior, who had previously received a captain's commission, had safely arrived at Pittsburgh with the Indians; and that the latter had been treated with great kindness.

"18th. To-day, Gen. Putnam too arrived here, to our joy. He had been seized with a second attack of illness while on the Ohio; on account of which he had been detained three weeks at the falls.

"January 12th, 1793. At length the day of our departure arrived. We left this place at eleven o'clock, A. M. In our company were Messrs. Rome and Van den Benden; who proceeded to Congress as deputies from the people of Gallipolis, with remonstrances and petitions.

"16th. We passed Wheeling, and arrived in the evening at Charleston on the Buffalo creek. Here we dismissed our boats; and sent for our horses, which we had left with a farmer in this neighborhood last spring. Major McMahon, who resides here, but who is now at the head of his rifle

company in Gen. Wayne's army, happened to be here on a visit to his family. Having been at our ruined towns on the Muskingum, he gave the following information. At Gnadenhütten, there were, this fall, the best apples he had ever tasted. The peach trees at the three places bore an abundance of peaches, but nearly all the branches had been broken down by bears. The site of Gnadenhütten can scarcely be distinguished, the whole town-plot and adjoining land being overgrown with honey locusts, and the prairies or plains are thickly covered with brush-wood; a satisfactory proof that these prairies were caused by bush-fires. On his last expedition he found a camp with four Indians near Gockhosing, far up the Walhalding, (otherwise called White Woman's creek,) whom he attacked. Two of them he killed; and another, who was exceedingly fair and handsome, received a severe wound and uttered a loud cry, but succeeded, together with the fourth of their number, in throwing himself over the high bank into the Walhalding, and swam to the opposite side. The night being very dark, favoured their flight. The party however took their stolen horses, guns and every thing they could find.

"The 21st, we left Pittsburgh, and passed the night at Turtle creek. Here a gentleman of the name of J. Mac Intire also arrived; who, having become acquainted with me, gave me some account of the "Brethren's Garden" in the East Indies, which he visited in the year 1786. He appeared to have become quite intimate with some of our brethren on that missionary station.

"January 31st. We reached Bethlehem; whence we proceeded to Philadelphia."

Encouraged by the beginning made last year, and by the appearance of a more peaceable disposition on the part of the Indian tribes, government resolved to send a formal embassy to the chiefs who were assembled on the Miami of the Lakes.

This charge was entrusted, by order of President Washington, to Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, of Boston, Col. Timothy Pickering, of Pennsylvania, Postmaster General of the United States, and Beverly Randolph, late Governor of Virginia. Mr. Heckewelder's services were again called for; and he received, as before, an assistant's commission. It was thought that his acquaintance with the language and character of the Indians, and his personal reputation among them, might be of the most essential service. As usual, he was willing to render himself useful; and again separated from his family in order to accompany the deputation. Induced by these convincing proofs of a sincere wish on the part of our government to establish a lasting peace with the Indians, six Quaker preachers offered their services, and to pay their own travelling expenses; an offer which was readily accepted. Their names were John Parrish, William Savery and John Elliot, from the city of Philadelphia, Jacob Lindley, from Chester county, William Hartshorne and Joseph Moore, from New Jersey.

A few extracts are here inserted from Mr. H's. journal.

"Part of the company traveled from Philadelphia, via New York, Albany and the Lakes, to Detroit; which at that time was still in possession of the English; for the boundary posts had not as yet been delivered up by the latter, as they should have been according to the conditions of the general peace. In consequence of the latter circumstance, we were unable to attain the proper object of our journey; viz: to call upon the chiefs of the Indian nations assembled on the Miami of the Lakes, in order to negotiate peace with them in person; since all kinds of impediments were thrown in the way of our proceeding further than Detroit.

"April 27th. Set out from Philadelphia, with Gen. Lincoln, for New York; the two other commissioners, Messrs. Randolph and Pickering, having resolved to take the road through Northumberland direct to Niagara by land. The quakers

divided themselves between both parties. The heavy rains made travelling extremely difficult; so much so that we did not arrive at New York till the afternoon of the 29th.

"From New York we proceeded to Albany; our company having meanwhile arrived, consisting of four more gentlemen, all on their way to the Indian treaty.

"May 25th. We arrived at Fort Niagara; where, after refreshing ourselves, we crossed the river, which is there about three-quarters of a mile wide, and took lodgings on the opposite side, in the new town. There we were visited, the next day, by Governor Simcoe and other gentlemen. The commissioners had, agreeably to an invitation from the Governor, taken lodgings at his house in Navy Hall, about a mile higher up the river.

"May 27th. The quakers, doctor and commissary and myself, set out with our boats and baggage for the landing, seven miles higher up the river; where we encamped in an orchard, under tents. Here the governor and commissioners visited us; and I had an opportunity of conversing with the former about our Indian congregation on the river La Trenche. Both on this occasion and on the preceding day, the governor signified much satisfaction with respect to them and their mission; saying they were settled on an excellent spot of land, and had plenty of good butter and milk, but were otherwise very poor, especially the Indians; although that was not a matter of surprise, as they had been driven about so often. He hoped however, that they would now do well; for they were settled on good land and might remain there as long as they pleased. He said he knew Messrs. Senseman and Young; and expected the former here in a few days. I informed him that I had a few articles for the missionaries, and as the treaty was delayed, I intended visiting them; for which he promised me his passport.

"May 28th. We were visited in our camp by many people of this neighbourhood; some of whom were very sensible that they had exchanged better for worse in coming from the United States to these parts.

"May 29th. The quakers and myself went in a boat to Navy Hall, in order to consult the commissioners on our intended voyage to Detroit; which met with their approbation; and Dr. McCoskry, who wished to accompany us on this route, made a similar application next day, and returned at night with the necessary passports.

"May 31. The doctor and I accordingly set out in the morning on horseback for Fort Erie, in order to engage a passage in one of the vessels now lying at that place, for Detroit.

"June 5th. Embarking on board the Dunmore, Capt. Ford, we left Fort Erie, at 2 P. M., with a light breeze. We were in all twelve cabin passengers; and on deck were fifty Indians of the Mohawk, Massasaga and Mohican tribes.

"Among the former was Capt. Johnny, head warrior from the bay of Cansy, in Canada; and among the latter, Captain Hendricks, from the Oneida country. At five o'clock, we passed Point Ebony, in the evening the Sugar Loaf, and in the course of the night Long Point on the north, and Presque Isle on the south side; but the wind changing, we had to beat about and tack, the three succeeding days, crossing the lake from side to side. In this last night we were not a little alarmed, when, during the heavy claps of thunder and sharp lightning, our captain informed us that one-third of the cargo was gunpowder for the Indian department. The night, however, passed over without an accident; and the wind turning in our favour, we were, June 9th, early in the morning, in sight of the islands which lie off Sandusky, and some hours after passed the dan-

gerous rocks and shoals off Point a Plaire. There, according to the soundings, there was a sudden change in the depth of water, from six to two fathoms; while our vessel drew full nine feet water. A calm detained us several hours; until, a fresh breeze springing up in the afternoon, we ran, at ten P. M., into the mouth of Detroit river, and anchored close to the grounds where our Indian Congregation had dwelt a year ago. Early next morning, we ran up, with a very high wind, to Detroit, eighteen miles. We took lodgings in the town, at Mr. Dolson's tavern. I began to look out for an opportunity to go to our missionary station; but there being no passable way by land, and the wind blowing very hard, as it had done for several days past, and being right ahead, I was constrained to wait till the 13th. The wind then changing in our favour, and Mr. Dolson furnishing me with a boat and hands, I set off, briskly passing up the river, and through Lake St. Clair about forty miles; and then entered the river La Trenche, (or Thames,) where, after passing up six miles through thousands of acres of natural meadows, I stopped to visit an acquaintance of mine. Six miles further on, we put up at night at the house of Daniel Dolson; where I met with several of our Indian brethren, who were out to purchase provisions. From here I proceeded on horseback, taking one of the brethren along as guide, and arrived at our station at six P. M.; finding all our white and Indian brethren and sisters busy at work in their corn-fields and clearings. The report of my arrival soon spread around, and both surprise and joy were visible on the countenances of all; among whom I had now arrived the second time unexpectedly.

"I had fortunately met with two packets of letters for them by the way; and these, with a few articles of clothing I brought them, were very acceptable. The Moravian town is situated on the bank of the river. The houses, about thirty in number,

are principally of logs. The corn-fields are on both sides of the river; and they had about ninety acres of as forward and promising corn, according to my judgment, as ever I had seen at this season of the year. But few of them had any thing to live upon except what they pick up daily in the woods; their last year's crop having been entirely destroyed by a late frost in August.

"June 22d. We heard, by an Indian immediately from Sandusky, that a party of Wyandot warriors had returned, with the scalps of twenty women and children, whom they had murdered while the men were out at work. A number of Cayugas, from Buffaloe creek, passed by in three canoes for the Indian treaty. As neither Mr. Senseman nor myself had any time to lose, his business being with the Council at Niagara, (now sitting,) to whom he was to present a petition for land, and I being appointed to go to the Indian treaty, we set out, June 23d, in a canoe with some Indian brethren, for Detroit; where we arrived at ten A. M., and found all my friends well, yet almost out of patience at the delay of the treaty. The quakers were rejoiced to see some of our Indian brethren; and finding, upon inquiry, that they were almost in a starving condition, resolved to give $100 to their relief, which was accordingly laid out in provisions and forwarded to them; and the Indian congregation afterwards sent their benefactors a letter of thanks, written by Mr. Zeisberger.

"July 4th. About twenty of the Oneidas, who had come up from Brothertown with an intention to go to the treaty and urge the nations to peace, but were not permitted by the British Indian agents to go there, visited us this day; and also a Shawanoe man, who came in full dress. Daily reports of the Indians' intentions to murder us all at the treaty were circulating here, both among Indians and whites. July 9th, we were visited by the noted Shawnese warrior, Wawiapieschenwa; (which signi-

fies a whirlpool;) otherwise called by the whites 'Blue Jacket;' who, though seemingly friendly, was extremely reserved towards us. July 13th. Mr. Wilson and myself, who were alone at home to-day, invited the great war-chief Blue Jacket to dine with us. The conversation being, of course, on Indian affairs, we wished to hear his sentiments, and whether there was any prospect of bringing about a peace; but he conducted himself with that reserve so peculiar to the Indians, especially on such occasions. In the afternoon of this day we had the satisfaction of receiving letters from our friends at home; and also from the commissioners, informing us of their detention, but hopes of coming on soon. But the intelligence which reached us from the Miami left us little hope of a treaty of peace at this present time, and rather evinced that the nations were assembled for war; there being already eleven hundred men on the spot, and scarcely a woman to be seen among them, whereas, when Indians go to treaties, they are careful to bring their women and children along, in order to obtain more presents. Further accounts confirmed us in the opinion that there was no prospect of a peace. A deputation from Miami sent pieces of painted tobacco for smoking, to all these nations. This is a general custom among the Indians, and the design of it is to strengthen them for war. The consequence was that some parties set off immediately.

"July 21st. At length the Dunmore arrived with the commissioners; who were landed at the mouth of the river, eighteen miles below this, and had taken quarters at Mr. Elliot's, according to orders, not being permitted to go to Detroit. The Oneidas rejoiced, set out and camped near them; and we returned with the Dunmore, encamping under tents on the pleasant green fronting the house where the commissioners were.

"Every person engaged in the treaty business was now on the spot, except Jasper Parrish, who had gone express to Phila-

delphia. Their names are as follows. Gen. Lincoln, from Massachusetts, Gov. Randolph, from Virginia, Timothy Pickering, from Pennsylvania, commissioners; Charles Storer, from the province of Maine, secretary; Gen. Chappin, Indian Agent under Congress from Buffalo creek, as assistant; Doctor McCoskry, from Carlisle, as physician; William Scott, from Connecticut, as commissary; William Wilson and Sylvester Ash, as interpreters for the Delaware and Shawnese nations, from Port Pitt; Mr. Jones, interpreter to the Senecas, from Genesee; Mr. Dean, interpreter to the Oneidas, from Mohawk river; the six quakers, William Savery, John Parrish, John Elliott and Jacob Lindley, from Pennsylvania, Joseph Moore and William Hartshorne, from New Jersey; and myself, from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Gov. Simcoe had, on his part, sent two officers; Capt. Bombary, of the Regulars, and Lieut. Gibbins, of the Queen's Rangers; to accompany the commissioners and protect them during the negotiations. A cook, and of course several domestics, were in the family; and the Dunmore, being at our service, lay at anchor in the river opposite the camp.

"There was now nothing wanting, and nothing more wished for by us, than a speedy meeting with the assembled Indian nations, and a treaty of peace. But although the commissioners were in great hopes that this end would be obtained, the more so, as the late deputation at Navy Hall had informed them, that now there was a prospect of peace, and that they hoped soon to have the pleasure of taking them by the hand, and leading them to the treaty; yet some of us, being better acquainted with the manner the business was carried on, doubted very much whether we should ever see the treaty ground, expecting rather a message directing us to return home again. And thus it turned out, as will be seen in the sequel. During our stay here, Mr. Senseman, on his return from Niagara, visited us; and several Indian brethren from the river Thames brought me a letter from

Mr. Zeisberger. These, together with Mr. Senseman, returned home again next day. Captain Brandt, who was a cabin passenger with the latter, being alone one day, had much conversation with Mr. Senseman; wherein he testified his full approbation of the conduct of the commissioners, declaring that they certainly would effect a peace with the Indians, were they left to act for themselves. July 28th, we were visited by several merchants from Detroit, friends to the United States, but who gave it as their opinion that there would be no treaty; that most of the Indians would be glad of a peace, but that they durst not act as they wished, but as they were told. July 29th, there arrived a deputation of about thirty Indians from the Council on Miami; among whom were Pachkantschihillas, head warrior of the Delawares, and two chiefs of the Shawnese and Wyandots. With those came also Matthew Elliot, deputy Indian Agent, James McKee, son of Col. McKee, principal agent in this quarter, and Thomas Smith, an assistant to the latter. The Indians did not even land on this side, but encamped on the island in the river; where they remained this day. But from the three British officers we soon learned the errand they were come upon; which was to undo all that which had been done by the first deputation with the commissioners at Navy Hall, accusing those of having become intoxicated there, and not having attended to the business as they had been directed. This agreed with what the Indians had told us at different times already at Detroit, with this alteration only; that Capt. McKee, Elliot and others had dictated this language to them, in order to undo what had been transacted there.

"Among these Indians were several whom I well knew, and especially one, a particular friend of mine, whom I invited to my tent, and with whom I had some conversation on the subject of a peace; but he told me his mouth was stopped, and he durst not venture to disclose any of their secrets. He, however,

lamented that there were so many evil advisers among them; fearing the labours of the commissioners would be in vain.

"August 6th. We were again visited by neighboring Wyandots; who appeared friendly; yet their addresses to the commissioners were in the same language they have adopted to all the people of the United States; viz: 'Brothers, the Big Knives!' &c.

"In the evening two Mohican messengers from Capt. Hendricks, at Miami, arrived, with letters from the latter to the commissioners; by which it appeared that the assembled Indian nations were nearly agreed to a treaty, and that we should be sent for in a few days. This information was confirmed next day by thirteen Indians from thence, of the Monsey and Chippeway tribes; who further related that great disputes had arisen among the assembled nations on the cause of the war and the impropriety of continuing it longer; and that the combined nations had charged both the British and the five nations as the cause of these troubles, they having put the tomahawk into their hands.

"August 16th. Two young Wyandots arrived from the council, with a written speech to the commissioners in reply to their former speech delivered on this ground; which address was both impertinent and insolent, being intended to put an end to the treaty business. The language in the speech was such, that no person having knowledge of the Indians and their modes of expression, would believe it an Indian speech; but be that now as it may, there were assembled at Miami by this time fifteen hundred warriors, and, anxious for mischief, they threw off the mask. The messengers, having gone off, agreeably to Simon Girty's orders, after they had delivered their message, the commissioners sent after them, desiring them to take an answer back to the council, which they agreed to. We saw quite plainly that the Indians were not allowed to act freely

and independently, but were under the influence of evil advisers; wherefore this speech was to convince them of the pains the United States had taken to bring about a peace with them, and that as they had slighted this golden opportunity, and been inattentive to their own welfare, and disappointed the United States, they must abide by the consequences, and blame themselves and their advisers alone if the result should be disastrous. These evil consequences they were brought severely to feel the year following; when Gen. Anthony Wayne, with a powerful army, penetrated into their country, routed them completely and enforced a peace.

"We now prepared for our return; and next morning, August 17th, embarked, making our way by morning to the Bass Islands, where we cast anchor, close by the encampment of the christian Indians, in 1786.

"August 23rd. We were confined to our vessel all day, on account of the wind blowing with great violence; but on the day following, our company separated. Those who had horses set out by land for their respective homes. The commissioners, Randolph and Pickering, by way of Albany and New York; and others by way of the Genesee Country, for Pittsburgh and other places; but Gen. Lincoln, the secretary, the doctor, two quakers and myself had no other alternative but to proceed by water, either by way of Oswego, Wood-creek, Mohawk river, and Hudson, or by way of Cattaraqua, Montreal, Lake Champlain, and so down the Hudson to New York.

"A number of Cochnowago Indians, who were come on with their interpreter Mr. Lorimier, from La Chine above Montreal, in order to attend at the treaty at Sandusky, came on board and gave us an invitation to visit them on shore; which we accepted. They had prepared seats for us and for some other gentlemen from this place; their intention being to honour us with a dance. The performer appeared in a dress far

superior to any I had ever seen before; consisting of a kind of of jacket, to which a number of belts were attached, a cap, leggins, moccasins, garters, necklaces or belts, altogether most curiously worked with dyed porcupine quills on leather, and all done by themselves, which altogether I suppose could not be procured for less than one hundred dollars.

"After the ceremony, which was conducted with decorum, and during which their countenances indicated their sensibility and gratitude that an American General, Gen. Lincoln, had complied with their request, and they having had the pleasure, in some measure, of conferring marks of esteem upon him and the people of the United States; the General made them a present, and every one of the company followed his example.

"Mr. Lorimier related to us a remarkable incident which had happened two months ago, at the Indian village of La Chine, and which for its singularity deserves a place here. There were in this village two remarkable men, the one for stateliness, being six feet four inches high, and the other for strength and activity. These happening one day to meet together in the street, some language fell from the lips of the former, which the latter could not brook, especially as it consisted of boasts tending to prove his inferiority. The latter then replied, 'You have insulted me this time, you shall do it no more;' and stabed him that instant through the body with his knife. The tall Indian fell dead at the other's feet. The alarm being immediately spread through the village, a crowd of people assembled; and the murderer having seated himself on the ground beside the dead body, coolly submitted to his fate; which he could not well expect to be any other than immediate death; especially as the cry of the people was 'kill him! kill him!' But though he bent his body and head forward to receive the stroke of the tomahawk, no person would lay hands on him; and removing the dead body soon after, they left him alone. After

some time he rose from this place and went to a more public part of the village, there lying down again, in hopes of being the sooner dispatched; but the spectators again retired.

"Wishing to have the matter settled, he went to the mother of the deceased; whom he addressed in these words. 'Woman, I have killed thy son, who had insulted me. But although this was the case, yet he was thine, and valuable to thee. I therefore now surrender myself unto thee. Direct as thou seest fit; and release me speedily from misery!' The woman replied, 'Thou hast indeed killed my son, who was dear to me, and my only support in my old age. One life is now already lost, that is true; but to take thine on that account, cannot be of any service to me, nor better my situation. Thou hast however a son. Wilt thou therefore give me thy son in his stead? then all shall be wiped away.' He answered: 'My son is but a child and can be of no service to thee, but only a trouble and charge upon thee; and here am I, really capable of supporting and maintaining thee. If thou wilt accept of me as thy son, nothing shall be wanting in me to make life comfortable unto thee while thou livest.' The woman instantly agreed, adopted him and his whole family, and took them into her house.

"August 30th. Within a few miles of Kingston, we passed the bay of Cante, on the north side; which bay is said to be navigable for upwards of seventy miles. Here a number of the Mohawks live, with Capt. Johnny at their head. They have also a minister and a schoolmaster; the latter a Mr. John Bininger, son of Abraham Bininger, sen'r.

When at the widening of the river St. Francis, we were in the most imminent danger to our lives; from which we were only saved by the merciful interposition of the hand of God. We had heard distant thunder all day; and passed a number of places where monuments had been erected along the shore to comme-

morate some disaster or other by water. When we came to the above mentioned difficult passage, I as well as the rest had expected that we should lie by for the night. Our boat's crew, however, were of good courage; and Gen. Lincoln siding with them, we determined to push on. But when in the midst of the passage, we were not only overtaken by the night, which was bad enough in itself, but by one of the most tremendous thunder storms which I ever witnessed. We had scarcely retired for the night, when we were suddenly roused by the loud command of the captain: 'Down with the sail!' Before this order could be obeyed, the boat was partially filled with water, so that our trunks were set afloat. The almost palpable darkness of the night was only momentarily interrupted by the brilliant flashes of lightning; and soon arose the piteous cry of the boat's crew: 'We are lost!' So totally had they lost all presence of mind, that they laid down the oars, and drove along at the mercy of winds, waves and rocks. These poor people, who were ignorant Roman Catholics, had rested their hope of safety, which had inspired them with so much courage, when we entered the passage towards evening, on some pieces of consecrated host, which they carried, in leather bags, in their bosoms, and on the Ave Marias which they repeated, whenever we passed the above mentioned memorials of shipwrecks. In this precarious situation, the quaker preacher, William Hartshorne, of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, who had in former times frequently made trips to the West Indies in small vessels, became the visible instrument of our preservation. By dint of urgent and encouraging appeals to the boatmen, he prevailed upon them, with the exception of one, who was so terrified that he trembled all over, to take up the oars; and he himself assumed the command of the boat, in which he was supported by the secretary of the commission, Mr. Charles Storer, and a New England gentleman. Our boat was steered

to the opposite shore, through the most frightful breakers, and rocks above and below water, amidst the darkness of night and the raging storm. Here we suffered considerably from the wet and cold before we succeeded in lighting a fire by means of a steel and tinder box which I carried about me. In the morning we saw, with awe and with loud thanksgivings to Providence, the numerous rocks projecting out of the water like hay stacks in a meadow, through and over which our boat had been successfully conducted without receiving any material damage.

"After these evident preservations by the hand of God, the guardian of my life, among which the last, and indeed the whole voyage by water, is one of the most remarkable, I cannot refrain from making the following general remark. I have experienced the divine protection in a singular manner (for which all glory and praise is due to Him) in all those common and inevitable dangers, to which all those are more or less exposed, who have to perform similar journeys of several hundreds of miles through the wilderness, continually surrounded by all the perils of storms and swollen waters, of hunger and frost by day and night, and of venomous and ravenous beasts. Four times I have met panthers, twice when I was quite alone; which however after stopping and sitting down opposite to me for a short time, rose again without attacking me and slunk off to the forest; and at another time I killed, in my encampment at Cayahaga, in one day, with the assistance of Indians, sixteen rattlesnakes.

"At Albany I had the satisfaction to be an eye-witness of the consolation and blessing conferred upon a dying young gentleman, nineteen years of age, brother to Miss ——, who had received her education at the boarding school at Bethlehem, by means of the religious instruction usually imparted in the Brethren's Church. The young man assured me, that nothing

could now induce him to wish to remain longer in this transitory world; having found grace, and being fully assured that after departing this life he should be with his Redeemer.

"September 17th. We arrived in New York at one P. M. Here I bade farewell to my fellow travellers; and in particular to my good friend, Gen. Lincoln, with whom I had travelled this journey of upwards of 2,200 miles. Four persons, who had been taken with fever in consequence of the dreadful night, mentioned above, on Lake St. Francis, were not yet recovered; and the commissary, who was one of them, was so ill that we had to leave him behind at Skeensborough. After taking leave of our brethren in New York on the 23rd, I set out for Bethlehem; where I arrived on the 25th."

In the year 1797, Mr. H. travelled, in company with William Henry, Esq. and others, from Bethlehem to Gnadenhütten on the Muskingum, for the purpose of surveying some land. Thence he proceeded, partly accompanied by an Indian, and partly alone, to Marietta, and returned, with Gen. Putnam and his surveyors, to Gnadenhütten and Tuscarawas fording place, and thence to Marietta, and finally to Bethlehem.

In the year 1798, Mr. H. accompanied one of the missionaries, Brother Benjamin Mortimer,* to the establishment at Fairfield on the Thames, in Upper Canada; whither the Indian Congregation had been forced to remove from Cayahaga, on account of the savage threats of Indians and hostile whites. From Fairfield he set out for the Muskingum river, with a view to take measures for renewing the mission, if possible, in that quarter. This journey he describes as having been the most disagreeable and fatiguing of all that he ever undertook. The description may truly be called a horrible one; but a lengthen-

* This gentleman was afterwards pastor of the Brethren's church in New York; where he died, Nov. 10, 1834.

ed narrative would be as tedious to the reader as the road was to the traveller. From the 31st of May to the 19th of June, Mr. Heckewelder and his companion, the aged Missionary Edwards, who cheerfully consented to accompany him and render him all the assistance he was able, together with two Indian guides from Fairfield, made their way through lakes and rivers and morasses, and over large tracts of country rendered almost impassable by an immense number of fallen trees, or infested by numerous serpents. Besides this, they were frequently necessitated to break their own path for miles together through tangled grape vines and thickets of nettles five feet high, between which, to crown the whole, grew a thick, strong weed, the stalk of which bore a strong resemblance to a file, and by which their shoes and clothes were cut to pieces and the skin torn from their bodies. Through all this they were accompanied by clouds of musquetoes, against the sting of which no defence availed. After a journey of three weeks, the weary travellers, at last arrived, entirely worn out, amongst the remains of their former towns.

The sight of their ruined habitations, of fields overgrown with weeds and thorns, and of the high grass growing on spots endeared and hallowed by recollections of former years, was not calculated to raise their drooping spirits; and they turned for consolation to the volume of "Daily Words,"* where they

* The volume of "Daily Words," or, as it is called in the German, the *Watchword* of the Congregation, is published every year. Its contents are two texts for every day of the year, one taken from the Old, and the other from the New Testament. To each is subjoined a suitable verse, or part of a verse, from the Moravian Hymn book. Nothing finds a place in such a volume that does not tend to real edification. All texts that might conduce to useless disputing, or subtle distinctions of doctrines, which those often understand the least who busy themselves most about them, are omitted. Inspection will show such subjects as the Love of Christ, his Sufferings and Death, his guardianship of the Christian Church, Love to Christ, Holi-

found the texts of the 19th of June; the first, Deuteron. xxviii, 8; "The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee, in all that thou settest thine hand unto;" and the second, 1 Cor. iii, 8, 9; "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour, for we are labourers together with God." By these words, so appropriate at the time, they felt encouraged; and began their labours, of clearing land, sowing the seed for the use of the future Congregation, &c., with hope and joyful faith.

After spending a most laborious summer, and after assisting to complete a small log-house for the venerable missionary, Zeisberger, his aged and faithful friend, besides transacting business of various kinds for the society, he returned late in the year to his family in Bethlehem; but for a few months only, for early in the spring of the year 1799, he again travelled to Muskingum to renew his labours. In the year 1800, he accompanied to Gnadenhütten a young missionary, Christian Fred. Denke, who afterwards laboured among the Chippeways. Thence he travelled, in the fall, to Le Boeuf, on business relating to the land on French creek, for the Society for the furtherance of the Gospel among the heathen. During his residence on the Muskingum, he received daily visits from Indians, who lived in the neighbourhood, or were travelling and encamped in his vicinity; many of whom proved exceedingly troublesome, with their continual begging, and otherwise; but

ness of life, Surrender of the heart to him, Confidence in God, the Happiness of the life to come, &c., to form the contents. These yearly volumes have done much towards promoting and preserving unity of spirit and simplicity of faith in the Church. In the earliest times of the Renewed Church of the Brethren, these Daily Words were not printed, but announced every day in the different houses at Herrnhut. They were to serve as a watchword in the daily warfare of the soldiers of Christ, by which to cheer as well as exhort one another. Hence the name "Loosung" (Watchword;) by which they are still known in the German Congregations.

there were exceptions, inasmuch as some were really friendly and peaceably disposed. "On a certain occasion, a very friendly Delaware Indian called upon us, and conversed a long time with us about Bethlehem, the people there, and their good ware or merchandize, especially their superior iron ware and leather."

In October of the same year, (1800,) the aged missionary, D. Zeisberger, with his wife and Brother Benjamin Mortimer, with part of the Indian Congregation, arrived on the Muskingum, a little below old Schönbrunn.

It was particularly gratifying to Mr. Heckewelder that he had the privilege of living near the venerable missionary, Zeisberger; who had been his faithful and intimate friend for so many years, and of having an opportunity of sometimes adding to his comforts during the last years of his life, visiting his aged friend as often as his numerous duties would allow; the place of Mr. Zeisberger's residence being eight miles distant from Gnadenhütten.

Afterwards, a village was laid out on the Schönbrunn tract, and called Goshen; which, however, was subsequently abandoned, when the Indians moved to the missionary establishment at Fairfield, Upper Canada.

After having thus served in various capacities at home, and travelled at different times into the Indian country, on business of the United States or of the Congregation; especially to survey and portion out the lands granted to the Christian Indians on the Muskingum; Mr. Heckewelder accepted the regular agency in Ohio, for the "Society for propagating the Gospel," and removed with his family to the scenes of his first missionary life, in 1801. Here he remained till the year 1810, under very discouraging circumstances; but his repeated resignation of his post was not accepted for some years, as the Society were unwilling to lose so honest and so able a servant. His ability

and faithfulness were especially conspicuous in various negotiations with the Ohio legislature; and amongst the rest in procuring a bill for the incorporation of the society in Ohio. By multiplied misrepresentations of the supposed secret intentions of the Moravians, and of the pretended hostile disposition of the Christian Indians, an effect had been produced on the minds of many good and honest men in the legislature, many of whom were already very suspicious of all religious societies. There was consequently but little hope that the bill would pass. Mr. H. repaired in person to Chilicothe, although suffering very severely from rheumatism, and obliged to travel during an inclement winter. On his arrival he sought personal interviews with the different members, and answered all questions fairly and honestly; and his frank uprightness of dealing removing all unfavourable impressions which calumny and ignorance had produced, the triumphant passage of the bill may, with truth, be attributed entirely to the weight of Mr. H's character, and his personal reputation as an honest man.

Other proofs of his unswerving rectitude are found in the records of his business transactions; indeed, sentiments which would do honour to the loftiest philosophy. But it was not to philosophy or deep researches that he was indebted for them. It was the religion of the cross that taught him to live as he lived. He knew of but one truth, "that the Saviour had loved him unto death, and that he in return should love the Saviour, and keep his commandments;" and this he considered the true groundwork of all real morality. This he taught as a missionary and as a father.*

* As our narrative here takes leave of Mr. Heckewelder's Indian Congregation, we have adopted the present place for a few interesting memoranda of the close of some of them at Bethlehem.

There are fifty-six Indians buried in the grave-yard at Bethlehem, who lived in or near the place, or were on a visit there, and died between the

After having been relieved from his duties as agent, he returned to Bethlehem, to close his days in quiet retirement; having served the missionary cause for almost half a century.

years 1746 and 1761. At one time the small-pox broke out among them; which carried off many of them. One-third of the whole number that died were children. Some of those who departed this life had been very useful and valuable assistants, whose loss the Missionaries most sincerely deplored; viz. John, Thomas, Isaac, &c. Among the rest was also a poor old Indian woman, nearly eighty years of age, and quite blind. She had, the year before, expressed a wish to be brought to Bethlehem; declaring that if she could but reach that place she would be baptized and go to God. At length, after a year's delay, her friends, who were enemies to the gospel, resolved to comply with her request; and, putting her into a cart which they themselves drew, they reached Bethlehem, after a tedious journey of twenty days. Here she heard the gospel with great eagerness, but falling sick, began most earnestly to beg for baptism; which sacred ordinance was administered to her. After this solemn and blessed transaction, she exclaimed, "Now my time is come! I shall now go home, and see the Lord my Saviour! This was wanting a year ago; I always said that I must first come to Bethlehem and be baptized, and then I should depart this life." The day following she fell asleep in the Lord.

There is another who deserves particular notice; namely, the aged brother Michael, whom the Missionaries in their letters used to call the crown of the Indian Congregation. In his younger days, he had been an experienced and undaunted warrior. In an engagement which was kept up for six or eight hours with great fury, he kept his post at a tree with unflinching firmness, though above twenty musket balls lodged in it. He was one of the first of his nation who turned with his whole heart to the Lord; was baptized in 1742, and remained in a happy steadfast Christian course. His walk was an honour to the doctrine of Christ; his mind cheerful, and his end calm and full of joy. The serenity of his countenance, when laid in his coffin, formed a singular contrast with the figures scarified or tattooed upon his face when a warrior. These were as follows: upon the right cheek and temple, a large snake; from the underlip a pole passed over the nose and between the eyes to the top of his forehead, ornamented at every quarter of an inch with round marks, representing scalps; upon the left cheek, two lances crossing each other; and upon the lower jaws, the head of a wild boar. All these figures were executed with remarkable neatness. He died July 25th, 1758.

But although he withdrew from all direct connexion with missions, he was still able to serve them in an efficient way, by giving to the public information on the subject, and placing the connexion of the Moravian Brethren with the Indians, and the real object of the former in their arduous enterprize, in its true light before every lover of the truth. He thus removed many prejudices which had existed against the work from its very beginning, gained many valuable friends for the persecuted children of the forest, and exercised no inconsiderable influence over the minds even of general and superficial readers. He was besides enabled to communicate a fund of useful information relative to the languages, manners and customs of the Indians; and more than one popular Indian romance has been indebted for much of its most interesting materials to Mr. Heckewelder's labours.

In the year 1815, Mr. H. was separated for a season by death from his beloved wife; who, although of a very delicate habit, had faithfully shared many a trial and many a danger; and to whom might well be applied the words of the Master in the parable: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." They had three daughters; who are at present all living at Bethlehem.

After having been frequently called upon by his friends and by various influential citizens, for a regular history of events connected with the Moravian missions in North America, he published his "Narrative of the Missions of the United Brethren among the Delaware and Mohegan Indians;" which covers a space of sixty-eight years, from the first commencement of the Moravian labours among the red men, to the death of the venerable Zeisberger.* This work must still be considered, in a his-

* This took place Nov. 17, 1808; at the age of eighty-seven years and eleven months.

torical point of view, as one of the standard records of the times. Mr. Heckewelder was an eye-witness of a great proportion of what he relates; and had the best opportunities of acquiring information. Of his honesty, too, those that knew the man, and have read his unassuming work, can entertain no doubt. Whilst he writes with singular freedom concerning friend and foe, and lays open all the shameful artifices employed by enemies and evil-wishers, he displays no unchristian bitterness or want of charity. He represents things as they were, without any attempt at colouring or ornament.

He also contributed largely to the records of the American Philosophical Society, of which he was a member, by his "Account of the History, Manners and Customs of the Indian nations, who once inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring States;" which he wrote at the repeated request of the late Dr. Wistar of Philadelphia, the President of the Society.

Without attempting a eulogy on the character of this faithful labourer, a work, which would be as easy as it would be useless, for the facts hitherto detailed give the clearest idea of what he was, we hasten to the closing moments of his life.

His last twelve years were spent by Mr. Heckewelder at Bethlehem. He had left the scenes of his toils and self denials far behind him; and the peaceful shrubbery and green foliage which almost hid his dwelling, must often, to his mind, have contrasted strongly with the wild forest and the foaming waters which had formerly been to him as familiar friends. But as yet he rested not. He spent his declining years in cultivating a beautiful garden, in which he took great delight and was very actively engaged, in communing with his Lord, in reading, in corresponding with his numerous friends, and in doing acts of kindness; in short, he was never idle, so that he continued to be useful to the last months of his life. His genuine philanthropy was conspicuous to the last. No trouble was too great

for him, provided he could do any one a service. His cheerfulness was remarkable; yet it was not worldly-minded mirth, but the quiet serenity of a christian, at peace with God, with himself, and with all men.

During so eventful a life, he had amassed a great amount of useful and interesting information; which he was at all times kindly willing to communicate to the numerous visiters who sought his company and conversation. At such times, when the gray-haired missionary sat with his hands clasped upon his staff, his countenance beaming with peace and kindness, it was difficult to imagine, that this was the same man, whose heroic enthusiasm had driven him forth a pilgrim in the years of early youth, whom no fatigue had wearied, whom no danger had appalled, and who at all times had been willing to suffer bonds, and persecution and cruel death, "for the sake of the Lord Jesus."

For the last four months, he was unable to leave his dwelling; and he was at length confined to his arm chair. An unspeakable peace reigned in his soul; and he longed for death, as an absent son longs for his distant home. His friends and acquaintance came to sit with him for hours, to look upon his tranquil countenance; and the chamber of the dying man seemed as the porch of heaven. Faith in Christ was his strong support, and even in his troubled dreamings, he murmured of the cross.

During his last night here on earth, the watchers heard him, in a low tone, repeat one of his favourite verses:

> The Saviour's blood and righteousness
> My beauty is and glorious dress;
> Thus well array'd, I need not fear
> When in His presence I appear.

Towards morning he became weaker, but the words, "Golgotha, Gethsemane," frequently escaped his lips. He fell

asleep in Jesus, January 31st, 1823, at six o'clock in the morning, aged seventy-nine years and nearly eleven months.

On the 2nd of February, his funeral was attended by a large assembly, both of members of the Congregation and of others who had long known and esteemed him. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles F. Seidel, on the words of Paul to Timothy, (2 Tim., iv; 7. 8.) "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Many have run a race more glorious, and have done more; none ever was more faithful, none died more happily.

In the beautiful grave-yard of Bethlehem, where rests so many a child of the forest, the red man's faithful friend is buried; and over his grave, a marble slab bears this simple inscription.

"In memory of John Heckewelder, who was born March 12th, 1743, in Bedford, England, and departed this life January 31st, 1823."

THE END.

TOWNSEND WARD'S
PUBLICATIONS,
45 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, or a Description of the Forest Trees of the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia; considered particularly with respect to their use in the Arts, and their introduction into Commerce; with a description of the most useful of the European Forest Trees. Illustrated by 156 *finely coloured Engravings*. Translated from the French of F. ANDREW MICHAUX, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. &c. To which will be added three additional volumes, containing all the Forest Trees discovered in the Rocky Mountains, the Territory of Oregon, down to the shores of the Pacific, and into the confines of California, as well as in various parts of the United States. Illustrated by 122 *finely coloured Plates*. By THOMAS NUTTALL, F. L. S., Member of the American Philosophcial Society, and of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, &c. &c. *The whole to be completed in Six Volumes*, imperial 8vo., with 278 Plates.

The figures in the *Three additional volumes* will comprise 122 Plates, finely coloured, mostly of new subjects, or such as have not been before published in the Sylva, executed with the strictest fidelity to nature, under the eye of the Editor. Additional remarks on the uses and economy of the Forest Trees of the United States will also be given, so as to complete, as far as possible, the requisite information on this important subject.

It is quite unnecessary to say any thing in praise of Michaux's magnificent work on the Forest Trees of our country—the well established reputation of Mr. Nuttall, the editor of the additional part of the work, is a sufficient guarantee for its accuracy, and the style of its execution. The Plates will be finely and carefully coloured; and it will form one of the most splendid books ever published in America. It will be published in imperial octavo.

The price of the whole work, with the plates finely coloured, will be Forty-Four Dollars—the first, and second volumes, Eight Dollars each, and the third, fourth, fifth and sixth, Seven Dollars each—payable on delivery of each volume. With the Plates uncoloured the price will be Five Dollars per volume.

Those persons who possess the former edition of Michaux's work, can procure the three additional volumes by Mr. Nuttall, separately, and thus complete their copies. The edition is printed on paper so large as to match either the 4to or 8vo copies of Michaux's work. Price, with coloured plates, Seven Dollars each volume—with plates uncoloured, Five Dollars each. They are requested to transmit their names as early as possible.

THE BULLETIN OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA. This Journal is published quarterly at One Dollar per annum, and contains the following papers:

No. 1.

DANIEL DENTON'S HISTORY OF THE NEW NETHERLANDS. Reprinted from the ed. of 1670. A curious work.—Price 25 cts.

No. 2.

COL. MCLANE'S VISIT TO WASHINGTON IN 1814. This interesting paper throws much light on the capture of the City of Washington.—Price 25 cents.

No. 3.

REMARKS UPON THE TRADITIONS, &c., OF THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA; by Rev. John Ettwein.—Price 25 cents.

No. 4.

ROBERT MORRIS'S LETTERS TO THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, about the time of the Battles of Trenton and Princeton, at which time the Congress had left the City in anticipation of its capture by the British.—Price 25 cents.

No. 5.

ISAAC SENTER'S JOURNAL, kept during the secret expedition of Gen. Arnold against Quebec, in 1775.—Price 25 cents.

No. 6.

MINUTES OF THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY OF NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, Pennsylvania, from February 8th, 1776, to April 17th, 1777.—Price 25 cents.

No. 7.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE. A series of interesting papers relating to this important action, illustrated by a Map of the Battle Field. This work was gotten up with great labour and expense.—Price 25 cents.

COFFEE, TEA AND CHOCOLATE; their Influence upon the Health, the Intellect, and the Moral Nature of Man. Translated from the French of M. St. Arroman.—Price 25 cents.

THE UNITED BRETHREN'S MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER, and Religious Miscellany; a quarterly Journal.—Subscription One Dollar per annum.