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[By Elias Cornelius]

for

David Dale

with

Ann Fothergill's
kind remembrances

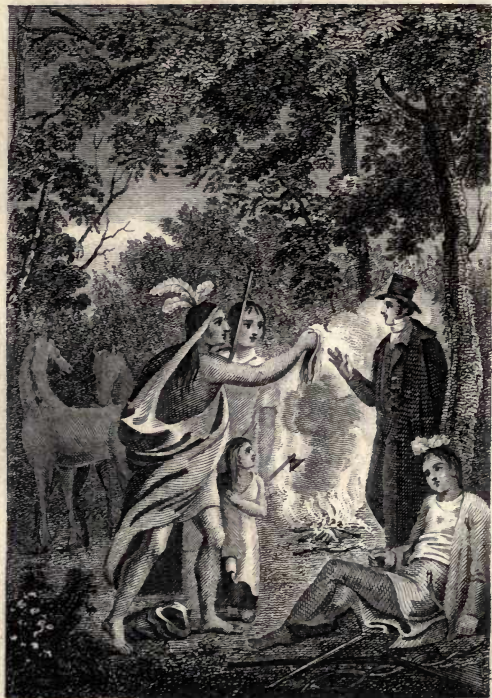
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David Dole.

FRONTISPIECE.



J. Palmer sculp: Great College St. Camden Town.

I asked, what had become of her parents? When one of them went to his sack and took from it TWO SCALPS! "Here" said he, "they are"; holding them up in his hand before me.

THE
LITTLE
OSAGE CAPTIVE,
AN
Authentic Narrative:
TO WHICH ARE ADDED
SOME INTERESTING LETTERS,
WRITTEN BY INDIANS.

YORK:

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1824.



Advertisement.

The following account of the Little Osage Indian, and of the great and at length successful endeavours used for her redemption from captivity, can scarcely fail to be interesting, in a more than ordinary degree; the recital of the occasion on which she became an Orphan—of her captivity—of her redemption—her being placed in the Institution at Brainerd—her return to the Osage Indians—and her restoration again to those who, in that benevolent Institution, had become as parents to her, are important incidents in themselves; but her narrative is rendered especially interesting, when it is considered, that the endea-

vours were, ultimately, so completely crowned with success, that though she died at an early age, it was not till she had become acquainted with that Saviour, who said : “ Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.”

Narratives are also introduced respecting two other Captive Osage children ; and the Letters from the civilized Indians, are a new and interesting feature, characterizing the effects of instruction, civil, moral, and religious, bestowed upon that people.

PREFACE.



In the year 1817, the Writer of the following Narrative, was employed by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to visit several Tribes of Indians, residing in the South-western parts of the United States. The object of the Mission, was to converse with the Natives, and to obtain their consent to have Schools and other Institutions established among

them, for the purpose of instructing them in Christianity, and in the most useful arts of civilized life.

While performing the duties of this appointment, the principal incidents occurred, which are related in this little history. The facts which it contains, are derived from the Author's own knowledge, or from the testimony of persons of undoubted veracity. Some of them have been published already, and have awakened a lively interest in the religious community. But, as they were imperfectly known, and lay scattered through several volumes of Missionary intelligence, it

was conceived that they might be put into the form of a continued narrative, and be so combined with other facts not hitherto published, as to make a useful and entertaining Memoir.

Such a memoir, it was thought, would be especially interesting to children and youth; and would serve to direct their attention to those efforts which are made to enlighten and convert the heathen. By the aid of parents and instructors, it might, perhaps, help to enkindle their zeal in the Missionary cause; and prompt them to those *early habits* of exertion, in support-

ing it, which are the sure means of its future prosperity.

It was the hope of interesting this class of persons, chiefly, which led the writer to the present undertaking. He believes that the time has come, when new and unparalleled exertions, must be made to propagate the Gospel. The present generation will do little more than begin the work : to the rising generation and the generations to come, it must be left to carry on and complete it.

It is impossible, therefore, to say, how much is depending upon the direction which is now given, on

this subject, to the minds of children and youth. The views and prepossessions of early life, are not easily lost. Should these, for time to come, be in favour of Missionary exertions, the result would be auspicious, beyond the power of present calculation. Let it every where be deeply impressed upon the minds of children and youth, that the wants of the Heathen are pressing and great; and that it is the duty of all, who have the means, to send them the Gospel. Let them, from the commencement of their rational existence, be taught to think much of the condition of the

heathen, to commiserate their wretchedness, and to make frequent sacrifices for their benefit ; and who can tell, what revolutions may be effected, in the moral state of mankind, within the course of another generation ?

It becomes parents and teachers, and all who have the management of youth, to ponder deeply the responsibility of their station, as it respects the interests of this great cause. It becomes every *mother* to consider it ; and as she moulds the pliant mind of her infant child, to be careful to impress it with a conviction of its superior excellence, and the strength

of its claims to the support of every humane and benevolent person. Who knows, but upon her fidelity, may be pending the character and state of future millions, both for this world and the next? Could the mother of the illustrious Washington have known, that the future instrument of her country's independence was entrusted to her care, how would she have felt the motives to faithfulness increased! And shall not every pious mother now, be stimulated to unwearied diligence by the reflection, that the infant son whom she holds in her arms, may be enrolled with a Brainerd or a

Swartz, a Buchanan or a Martyn?

Should this little book afford any aid, to those who are endeavouring to make an impression upon the rising generation, in favour of the Missionary cause, the writer will not have laboured in vain; and that this may be the effect of it, he would fervently commend it to the favour and blessing of God.

ELIAS CORNELIUS.

*Salem, Massachusetts,
Feb. 1822.*



THE
LITTLE OSAGE CAPTIVE.

—◆◆◆—
CHAPTER I.

The author travelling in the wilderness—Meets a party of Indian warriors.—Observes among them a little Indian girl.—Is told that she is a captive, who has been taken in a war with another tribe.—Her Indian owner shows him the scalps of her father and mother.—The author entreats him to place her in the Missionary school at Brainerd.—He consents; and the author addresses a letter by him to Mr. Kingsbury.

THE little Indian girl, who is the subject of this narrative, was brought to notice by a remarkable interposition of Providence. In the autumn of 1817, I was travelling from Brainerd, a Missionary station

among the Cherokee Indians, to New Orleans. Early on the morning of Saturday, November 15th, as I was journeying on horseback, in company with three or four other persons, we came to a small stream which forms the eastern boundary of the Chickasaw tribe of Indians, and which the white people call, Caney-creek. It was in the wilderness, a few miles south of the Tennessee river, and about two hundred miles west from Brainerd.

As there are but few bridges in the country, travellers are commonly obliged to ford the streams; or where the water is too deep to

admit of this, they drive their horses into them, and make them swim across; while they contrive to get over, upon logs, or in some other way.

When we arrived at Caney-creek, we found that we should be unable to cross it, without much difficulty, as well as danger. A heavy rain had fallen the day and night before, and had raised it to such a height, that its banks were overflowed in many places; and every pit in the low grounds through which it runs, was filled with water. It was necessary, however, that we should proceed on our journey as rapidly

as possible. The Sabbath was approaching; and we wished to observe it as a day of rest. There were no suitable accommodations for ourselves or our horses, where we were; and good accommodations, a few miles beyond. We spared no pains, therefore, to overcome the difficulties of our situation. But all was in vain. After toiling several hours, we were compelled to desist, and stay where we were, until the waters should subside.

Our disappointment was great: but Providence had wise and good ends to accomplish by our delay. Towards evening, a company of

Indians arrived from the westward ; and, being much more expert in the use of their horses than we were, succeeded in crossing the creek. They proved to be a party of Cherokees, returning from the country which had recently been ceded to them, by the Government of the United States, on the west side of the Mississippi river.

The country, which had thus been ceded, lies upon the North side of the Arkansaw river, about four hundred miles above its junction with the Mississippi. It had been given them in exchange for other lands belonging to their tribe, on the east

side of that river. The Cherokees, who emigrate there, are called Arkansaw Cherokees, to distinguish them from those who remain in their native country.

The party who have been mentioned, had been visiting their newly acquired territory; and were returning with the view of taking their families thither, in the spring. As the object of my mission was to confer with the Indians, respecting the institution of schools, and other means of instruction among them, I thought this a good opportunity to ascertain the feelings of the Arkansaw Cherokees on the subject;

and accordingly walked to the place where the party had encamped for the night.

There were a dozen or more of them; and among them, one who could talk a little English. They had built a fire under a tall tree, which stood upon a gentle rise of ground, about half a mile from the creek. Some of them were sitting upon the ground, and the rest were standing. Their baggage consisted of various articles of travelling furniture; some sacks of corn and other provisions; the skins of wild beasts, with which they made their beds at night; several bunches of bows and

arrows—which, together with their guns and tomahawks, were lying about promiscuously upon the ground, and presented a truly savage appearance.

The bows and arrows, with some other things, I learned had been taken from the Osage Indians, with whom they had been at war. Some of them were stained with blood, having been taken from the bodies of the killed or wounded.

These Osages are a large and powerful tribe, whose country extends from the waters of the Arkansas, to those of the Missouri. They are divided into two nations;

and are called the Osages of the Missouri, or the Osages of the Arkansaw, according as the country they inhabit, is in the neighbourhood of one or the other of these rivers. It was with the *latter*, that the Cherokees had been to war; the country they occupy, lying contiguous to that which is claimed by the Osages of the Arkansaw.

The following Extracts from a Letter, written by a Cherokee youth in the Foreign Mission School, at Cornwall, and who was present when the Little Osage was taken captive, describes the origin of the war.—It is dated Jan. 17, 1822.

“ Revenge, you know, is one of the characteristics of an Indian, and that was the principal cause of the war between the Cherokees and Osages. This war had been carried on for many years, and, in its commencement, I think, was occasioned by a few hunters of both nations being on the same ground, and taking from each other peltry and fur, till they began to slay each other. I wish here to be understood correctly. The above hunters were not the leading men in each tribe by any means, but wild and bloody men that regarded not the interest of their countrymen ; and so were

the two nations obliged to unbury the tomahawk of war. The engagement took place 30 or 40 miles west of the Osage village, and I presume 200 from the Cadron, which is 30 miles from the Dardanelles.* There were 600 of the Cherokees and their allies, the Shawnees and Delawares. As to the number of combatant Osages I do not know; perhaps they were not so numerous as their enemies; and they did not stand to fight, except a small company, who were immediately conquered. They fled from their encampments, men, women, and chil-

* The place of the Cherokee settlement on the Arkansas river.

dren, to the mountains and vales. Sixty souls were the number taken and killed, including women and children, and little Lydia was one of the prisoners that were taken. The Shawnees took some captives to their own country. I do not know what became of Lydia's parents: it is difficult to determine, as there was much bustle at the time, and I heard nothing on the subject afterwards. All the captives were taken at the same time. The expedition was in the year 1817, and I think in the month of October. General Talon-tis-kee* was at the head of the

* A full blooded Cherokee, of unusual enterprise, who is since dead.

Cherokee army. Every warrior (among Indians) is entitled to as many captives as he can take, and may dispose of them as he pleases; and it was thus with the man that took Lydia.

“Should this communication answer your wishes, I shall feel happy. And may the Lord our Saviour bless you in your useful enterprises, is the prayer of your unworthy friend !”

That which most of all attracted my attention, in the Indian group I have described, was a little girl apparently not more than five years old, who seemed to be travelling

with them. She was the only female, and the only child, in the company. Thinking it strange that so young a person should be travelling with a party of Indian warriors, I inquired whose child she was. They replied,—she was a captive, whom they had taken from the Osages in one of their late engagements. I asked, what had become of her parents: when one of them went to his sack, and took from it TWO SCALPS! “Here,” said he, “they are;” holding them up in his hand before me.

The poor child gazed at them with astonishment, as though she knew not what to make of it.

If ever I felt the deepest pity, it was when I beheld this unoffending prisoner. To the persons and language of those about her, she was an utter stranger. Her parents were dead ; and such were the horrid memorials, by which the thought was to be kept alive in her memory. She had travelled with her new owners, more than five hundred miles through a dreary wilderness ; and knew not how much farther she might have to go. The season was cold and rainy ; and she had been exposed to all its inclemencies, without a shelter, for nearly a month.

I went up to her, and attempted

to take her into my arms; but immediately she began to cry. The Indians smiled, and said, she was afraid of me, because I was a *white man*. She had probably heard much of the cruelty and injustice of the white people, and had formed an idea that they were even worse than the Indians.

How much I wished she could know the feelings of my heart towards her. But she understood not my language, and there was no one present, who could converse with her in her own. I endeavoured, however, by treating her kindly, and using the tenderest and most

affectionate tones, when I spoke to her, to gain her confidence, and make her feel that I was her friend. I gave her some cake, and a bright little cup which I happened to have with me, and she took them with cheerfulness. The latter pleased her greatly; but with the former, she seemed not to know what to do. It was probably the first time she had ever seen any food of this kind.

In her appearance, the little Osage captive was prettier than most children. She had, it is true, the copper-colour which belongs to all the Indians of America: but her features were so regular; she

had so much mildness and simplicity in her eye ; and her straight, black hair, hung down so loosely about her neck, that one could not help calling her a handsome child. Her dress was poor, but better than Indian children of her age are accustomed to wear. She had something like a bonnet upon her head ; and a loose woollen blanket was wrapped around her, to shield her from the weather.

I now thought of nothing so much, as how I might obtain her deliverance from captivity. Understanding that an Indian in the company, had bought her of the original

captor, by giving a horse for her, I addressed myself to him, and tried to get his consent to have her sent to Brainerd, at this time called Chick-a-mau-gáh, where a Missionary establishment had been made, and a school opened for the education of Indian children. I assured him, that she should be fed, clothed, and instructed, free of expense to him ; and intimated, that if he preferred it, the Missionaries would bring her up as their own child, and pay him a reasonable price for her redemption.

Observing that he had an affection for the child, I appealed to his

feelings: and represented to him on the one hand, the greatness of the calamity which she had met with ; and on the other, how well it would be made up, by allowing her to live with the Missionaries, who would be the kindest of fathers and mothers to her, and give her an education, which might make her happy in this world, and in the world to come.

To my great satisfaction, he appeared to feel what I said ; and consented, without much hesitation, to send her to the school soon after his return home. I then sat down, and wrote by him to the Rev. Cyrus

Kingsbury, the Superintendent of the establishment, desiring him to receive the orphan, and, if possible, to redeem her. The price which her owner demanded, as nearly as I can recollect, was one hundred dollars. I knew that it would be difficult for Mr. Kingsbury to advance so large a sum, consistently with other claims upon the Institution; but I had no doubt, the money would be refunded to him, the moment an appeal should be made to the public.

These arrangements being made, I took my leave of the Indians, and of the little Osage; and returned to the place where I had stopped for

the night, with emotions which it would be difficult to describe. I could not help admiring the wisdom and goodness of Providence, which seemed to have detained me here, on purpose that I might meet this company of Indians; and rescue, as I hoped, an unfortunate heathen child from captivity. The delay was contrary to my own intentions; and for a time, was a severe trial: but I now saw that it had been ordered in kindness, and felt sincerely thankful for it.

On the morrow, the waters of the creek had fallen, and I proceeded on my journey, with my companions,

at an early hour. We had not advanced far before we met several other parties of Cherokees, more numerous than the first, returning from the Arkansaw country; among whom, we afterwards learned, were other captives. But we passed them without stopping, and had no opportunity to ascertain the fact. In a little time, we were at the place which we had laboured so industriously to reach the day before; and finding the necessary accommodations for ourselves and our horses, we observed the remainder of the day as a season of rest.

CHAPTER II.

A generous donation to redeem the Osage Captive.—Difficulties in the way of obtaining her release.—The author returns through the wilderness, and visits the place where she lives.—On account of a supposed order of Government, her Indian owner declines giving her up.—Application to the Osages in her behalf. Application to the Government.—President directs her to be placed in the Missionary School at Brainerd.—She is brought to Brainerd, and is named Lydia Carter.

It will readily be imagined, that the occurrences related in the last chapter, left a deep impression upon my mind. As I pursued my journey, I felt more and more solicitous to know what would be the result of the interview

at Caney-creek, and waited with some impatience to receive letters from Brainerd.

On my arrival at Natchez, the capital of the state of Mississippi, I often related the history of the little Osage Captive. It happened upon one of these occasions, that Mrs. Lydia Carter,* a worthy lady who lived a few miles from Natchez, was present, and heard the recital. Her heart was touched with pity; and in a few days I had the satisfaction to hear from her, that if one hundred and fifty dollars would ransom the child, she was willing

* Since, Mrs. Williams of Brimfield, Massachusetts.

to appropriate that sum for the purpose.

So unexpected and generous a donation, encouraged the hope, that she was soon to be released from captivity, and permanently placed in the Missionary family at Brainerd. But in this we were disappointed. A letter received from Mr. Kingsbury, after my arrival at New Orleans, and more than two months subsequently to the transactions at Caney-creek, informed me, that the Indian who claimed the child, had called, but without bringing her with him. It was also stated, that he had refused to give

her up at all, except on the condition of receiving a negro girl, of her size, in exchange for her. This being a condition with which the Missionaries could never comply, it was impossible to say, how long she might continue in her present situation: besides, the disposition now shown to make a *slave* of her, was calculated to darken the prospect of her speedy deliverance.

It did not become us, however, to despond, after the signal interpositions of Providence which had been witnessed in her behalf. I resolved, on my return from New Orleans, when I should have occasion to pass

through the Cherokee country again, to visit the Indian with whom she lived, and to renew my endeavours to obtain her release.

Accordingly, in the Spring of 1818, having received the sum which had been given to ransom her, I passed through the wilderness, and called at the place where she lived. It was a lonely hut in the woods, far from the dwellings of civilized people, and about sixty miles from Brainerd.

Unfortunately, the Indian who owned her was not at home. I saw his family, however, and among them the little Captive, on whose ac-

count so much solicitude was felt. She appeared to remember me, and the moment she saw me, came running up with as much confidence as if I had been her father. She seemed also to be quite happy in her new situation; having found a number of little playmates in the family with whom she lived. As I had no interpreter, it was impossible to communicate my wishes to her, and I was compelled to leave her again, without being able to address her, in any more intelligible language than that of looks and gestures, and the tones of my voice.

On the 14th of May, I arrived at

Brainerd, and was happy to find there, that distinguished friend and servant of the Missionary cause, Jeremiah Evarts, Esq.; who was travelling for his health, and had arrived a few days before me. The best measures which could be devised with Mr. Evarts and the Missionaries, were now taken, to procure the release of the child, and to have her placed in the Missionary family.

But new and unexpected difficulties arose. A report was put into circulation, among the Cherokees, that the President of the United States had requested all cap-

tives, taken in the war with the Osages, to be given up; and it was understood, that the Indian who had possession of this little girl, did not feel himself at liberty, under these circumstances, to relinquish her to the Missionaries, but was about to return her to her own nation.

Of the correctness of this report, we were unable to judge with certainty. On some accounts, it seemed likely that it was true. It was very creditable to the Government, and agreed with their general conduct towards the Indians, to suppose, that they had thus inter-

posed their influence in the cause of humanity. Such a step might also be viewed by them, as the most probable means of restoring peace to the tribes, and preventing the recurrence of other and still greater calamities.

Far, indeed, was it from our wishes, to do any thing to defeat this benevolent intention. But even supposing that the request had been made, it was believed that an exception might be granted in favour of the present case. The child in question was very young, and but little able to endure the hardships of another journey, of several hun-

dred miles through a wilderness. Both her parents were declared by the Cherokees to be dead ; and if she returned, it was to be feared there was neither kindred nor home to receive her. Why then, might she not be left at Brainerd, where so many advantages existed for promoting her present and future happiness ? It was presumed that the Osages themselves would be willing to have her left there, could they be properly informed of the wishes of those, who were desirous of giving her an education ; and if they should consent, the Government would no doubt approve of the measure.

While we were thus deliberating on the subject, information was received, that a deputation of Indians, from the tribe to which she belonged, was soon to meet at St. Louis, in the Territory of Missouri, for the purpose of holding a Council with his Excellency William Clark, Governor of the Territory, and Agent of the United States for that tribe. We resolved, to take this opportunity to make known our wishes to the Osages, and if possible, to obtain their consent to have the child left at Brainerd. In pursuance of this design, a letter was addressed by Mr. Evarts to

Governor Clark, acquainting him with the facts, and soliciting his friendly aid in accomplishing the plan which had been proposed.

No answer was received to this communication, until late in the following autumn. In the mean time, Mr. Evarts and myself, had taken leave of our friends at Brainerd, and in the hope that it might yet be called for, had committed to them the ransom money given by Mrs. Carter. Finding it convenient, as we returned, to pass through Washington, we determined to lay the subject before the Government ; and, if the President

approved the measure, to request that the child might be received into the school by his authority, and retained there during his pleasure. It was thought that this course might be taken, without giving any just cause of complaint to the Indians. It would not bind the President to any measures, which would oppose the wishes of the Osages; at the same time, it would remove a principal objection, in the mind of the Indian who possessed the child, against giving her up, and enable the Missionaries, perhaps, to ransom her without further delay.

Upon our arrival at Washington, we conversed on the subject with the Agent of Indian Trade, Thomas L. Mc Kenney, Esq. whose exertions for the good of the Indians are well known, and entitle him to the gratitude of the community. He approved of our design, and offered us all the aid in his power.

Our next interview was with the Secretary of war, the Honourable John C. Calhoun. From him we learned that the Government had not requested the captives to be given up, as reported among the Cherokees. He received us with

kindness, and treated our object with deep and friendly interest. He assured us, he would take the first opportunity to lay the subject before the President, and would inform us of the result. We soon learned that the President approved of the plan, and would take measures to carry it into effect. A letter was accordingly forwarded, by the Secretary of War, to Col. Meigs, the Agent of the United States for the Cherokee tribe, authorizing him to obtain the child, and place her in the school at Brainerd.

Thus, through the humanity of

the Government, whose conduct towards the Indians has, in many other instances, been such as to do them the highest honor, we had a prospect of soon gaining our object. The little girl, whose freedom had so long been sought, had become the subject of many hopes and prayers : and God, who had so remarkably encouraged them, we doubted not, had many blessings in store for her.

On the 28th of Sept. the Missionaries at Brainerd received the joyful intelligence, that the Osage captive was within four miles of

them, and would be sent to them the first opportunity. Unwilling, however, that her arrival should be deferred another day, the Rev. Ard Hoyt, who had succeeded Mr. Kingsbury in the charge of the establishment, went immediately for her, and had the happiness to introduce her, himself, to Brainerd.

The scene which took place, in the interview, first with Mr. Hoyt, and subsequently with the Mission school and family, is thus described in the Brainerd Journal:

“On seeing the dear orphan, who appears to be four or five years old, he (Mr. Hoyt) directed her to be

told in Cherokee, for she does not understand English, that he would be her father. She fixed her eyes with great earnestness upon him, about half a minute; and then, with a smile, reached him her bonnet, as a token that she accepted the offer, and would go with him. As he took her on the horse before him, she gave him some nuts, which she had in her hand, and leaned her head on his bosom, as if she had already found a father. She was very playful and talkative for a while, and then fell asleep, and slept most of the way to the Mission house.

“When first introduced to the family, she seemed a little surprised, on seeing so many gather around her; but the children beginning to talk to her, in a language she understood, her cheerfulness immediately returned, and she appeared to be quite at home. It is said she speaks the Cherokee language well for one of her age, though it is but little more than a year since her captivity.”

It was understood, that if the Missionaries succeeded in obtaining her, she should be named **LYDIA CARTER**, in remembrance of the lady who contributed so liberally for her

redemption. She was, accordingly, ever afterwards called by this name. In concluding their notice of her arrival, the Missionaries say : “ Our feelings on the reception of this exiled orphan, may be more easily conceived than described. We feel ourselves bound, not only in duty, but by the feelings of our hearts, to train her as an own child.”

CHAPTER III.

The little Osage adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain.—Gov. Clark's letter, communicating the result of the application to the Osage chiefs.—Intelligence of two other Osage Captives.—One of them is rescued from slavery, and placed, by order of Government, in the Missionary school at Brainerd.

WE have now traced the history of the Osage captive, from the time she was first met with, at Caney-creek, to the period of her arrival at Brainerd. For ten months, her case had been in a state of suspense; and it was not until much exertion had been made, that her deliverance was effected. But it was a rich reward

for all the pains which had been taken, that so good a home was provided for her at last. Here, it was hoped, she would long remain, and enjoy the protection of friends, who not only loved her, but would pray for her, and instruct her in a knowledge of God, and of her Saviour Jesus Christ.

All the members of the Missionary family regarded her with deep interest; but to the Rev. William Chamberlain and his wife, she became an object of special endearment. To them, the immediate care of her education was committed. They received her into

their family, and adopted her as their own child. She was taught to call them father and mother, and to feel towards them as such; while they addressed her as their daughter—and as the sister of another little daughter whom they had, whose name was Catharine.

It would be pleasant to proceed to give some account of the manner in which she spent her time with these new friends; but there are some things of an interesting nature connected with her history, which deserve to be previously mentioned.

One of them is, the result of the application, made through Governor

Clark, to the Osage Chiefs, for leave to obtain her, and educate her at Brainerd. Not long after she had been placed in the school, by the authority of the President, a letter was received from Governor Clark, which gave the Missionaries some uneasiness, and materially affected her future prospects. The letter was addressed to Mr. Evarts, and is as follows:—

“ St. Louis, Oct. 8, 1818.

“ Sir,—In compliance with the generous and humane wishes expressed in your letter of the 3rd of June last, I have made several applications to the Osages. A few

days since, in a general council at this place, a formal application was made directly to the father of the child, who was not killed in the battle, as the Cherokees supposed. He seemed much flattered at the interest his child had excited, but would not consent to part with it, to be taken so far off. Indeed, the whole nation* appear to feel great repugnance at the idea of trusting their offspring in the hands of stran-

* The word *nation* is frequently applied, by persons in the western country, to a tribe of Indians. It may appear singular, that bodies of people, so small as the Indian tribes, should be spoken of in this manner; but when we consider that they generally speak a different language, it does not appear to be a very improper use of the word

gers, at a distance from them. They all feel the force of parental affection, but know very little of social confidence.

Signed, WILLIAM CLARK."

Many thanks were due to the Governor, for the kind interest which he had shown upon this occasion. The fact that the father of the child was supposed to be still alive, though it greatly surprised us, after all which the Cherokees had said relative to the death of *both* her parents, was a sufficient reason why the application had

failed. For, as the Governor intimates in his letter, there are no people more fond of their children, than the Indians, or more unwilling to part with them, except where they know the individuals in whose hands they entrust them, and feel assured of seeing them again.

Whether, therefore, the Indian mentioned by Governor Clark, should prove to be the father of Lydia Carter or not, (and there were some reasons for thinking he was not,) the fact that the Osages considered him as such, was a circumstance which could not but render her continuance at Brainerd, very doubt-

ful. Still, the Missionaries had received her into the school by the direction of the President of the United States, and they were not at liberty to part with her except by an order from him. They felt happy in thinking that Providence had committed her to them; and would continue her under their care so long as it was best. They resolved, therefore, to proceed in educating her, and training her up as their own child: trusting in God, that He would bless their endeavours to guide her into the way of eternal life. Her adopted parents, having

formed these views, dedicated her to God, in the ordinance of baptism, on the 10th of January, 1819.

We are now to relate another interposition of Providence, scarcely less remarkable than that which occurred in the deliverance of the child, to whose history we have been attending.

On the first of December, 1818, Colonel Meigs, the venerable and worthy Agent before mentioned, informed the Missionaries at Brainerd, that a Cherokee, residing in a distant part of the tribe, had an Osage boy in his possession, who was taken at the same time with

Lydia Carter ; and that, as he was about to return to the Arkansaw country, he would leave the boy with them, provided they would go after him. Information was also received, that the same Indian had in his family an Osage girl, who was said to be Lydia's sister.

Upon receiving this intelligence, Mr. Hoyt and one of his sons set out in pursuit of the children, hoping to obtain them both. They were gone nine days ; during which time, they travelled between two and three hundred miles, and were obliged to lie out in the woods

several nights, and to suffer various other hardships. They saw both the children, but were unable to obtain either of them. The girl was, indeed, Lydia Carter's sister ; and appeared to be about fifteen years of age. The boy was not more than four or five years old. Mr. Hoyt did all he could to procure their release ; but the Indian with whom they lived refused to give them up, and said that the Agent had misunderstood him.

Nothing more was heard concerning them for several months. All supposed that they had accompanied their owner to the Arkansaw

country, and were far removed from the light of civilization and Christianity. But in August of the ensuing year, the Missionaries were told that the Cherokee with whom they lived, had not removed, as was expected, to the Arkansaw country, and that probably he would not remove there at all. They also learned, that he had sold the boy to a White man, who had moved into the tribe, and was living there as an intruder. It happened not long after, that Mr. Chamberlain, the adopted father of Lydia Carter, had occasion to travel near the place where the man lived. He did not

see the boy, but ascertained that he had been sold for the trifling sum of twenty dollars. In a few weeks, information was communicated, that he had been sold again, to another White man, for one hundred and fifty dollars.

It was now evident that a plan was laid to enslave the defenceless child; and no time was to be lost in preventing the cruel design from being effected. The Missionaries conferred with their friends on the subject, and Mr. John Ross, a respectable young man living in the neighbourhood of Brainerd, offered to go in pursuit of the boy, and

to rescue him. That he might be more certain of gaining his object, application was made by Mr. Ross to Colonel Meigs, for authority to take him wherever he might be found, and bring him to Brainerd. The Agent, acting in the name of the President of the United States, issued an order accordingly; and Mr. Ross, with two assistants, set out on the 27th of September. When he commenced the journey, he was unable to tell certainly, where the child was, but at length, at the distance of two hundred and fifty miles from Brainerd, he found him. On coming near to the place,

it is stated by the Missionaries in their journal, that, "he took the precaution to leave his horses behind him, and approached silently on foot. He found the boy entirely naked, in the yard before the house, and took him in his arms before he made his business known to the family. The man disclaimed all intentions of keeping the boy in slavery, and wished Mr. Ross to leave him a short time, until they could prepare him some clothes. But he refused to leave him a moment, or to suffer him to sleep from him a night."

From the neighbours, it is further

stated in the journal, Mr. Ross learned, that the man had said the boy was a Mullatto, born in slavery ; and that he intended, in a few days, to take him to market and sell him. He was also informed, that the same man had endeavoured to persuade another person to join him in his horrid traffic ; telling him that there were a number of captives in the Cherokee nation, whom he thought he could obtain at a low price.

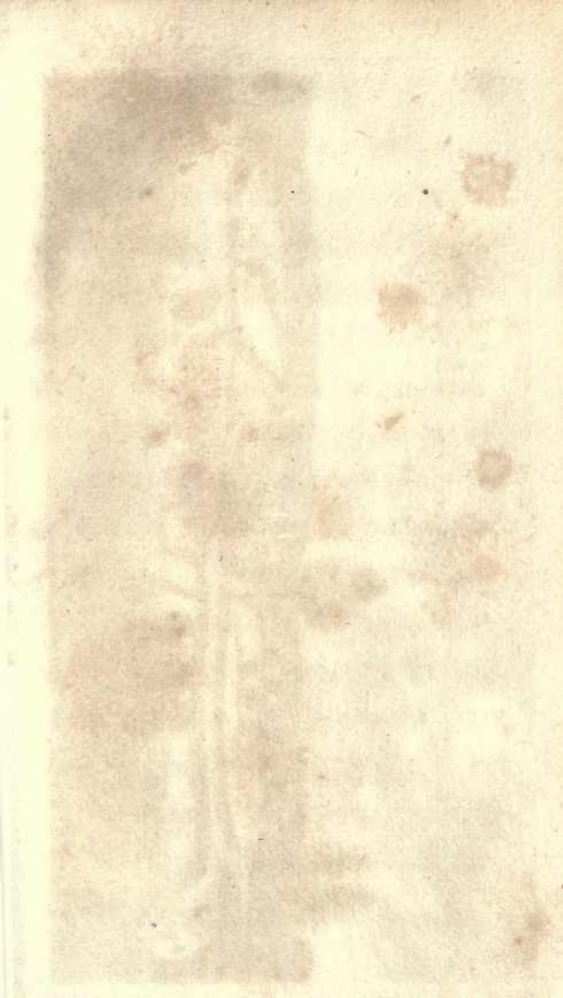
By this timely and disinterested effort, another captive was obtained, and saved from a state of hopeless bondage. After an absence of thir-

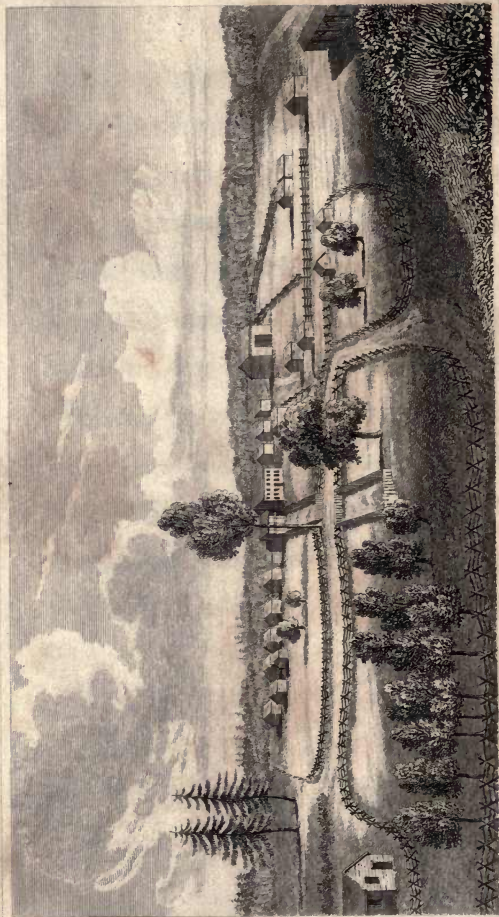
teen days, during which time he travelled six hundred miles, Mr. Ross returned to Brainerd, and had the pleasure of committing the boy to the kind and faithful guardianship of the Missionary family. He appeared to be much delighted with his new situation. He had forgotten his native tongue, but having been much with the white people, he could speak English with considerable fluency. Although he was very young, being even smaller than Lydia Carter, he discovered many traits of an active and sprightly mind. On being told by some one, that he would find a father and

mother at Brainerd—he answered with quickness and animation, “ Yes, and *bread too.*”

By the Missionaries he was named John Osage Ross, in honour of his kind deliverer. He was adopted by Mr. Hoyt, as Lydia had been by Mr. Chamberlain, and was given to God in baptism on the 12th of December, 1819. In January following, notice was communicated by the Agent, that the Government approved of what had been done, and that the child could not be removed from the Missionary school but by the authority of the President.

Thus, by a number of remarkable Providences, two little captives, belonging to the same tribe of Indians, were rescued, and placed in an Institution which afforded them every advantage for improvement. Another was still in bondage: but whether it would be possible to obtain her, and place her in the same Institution with her ransomed sister, could not be determined.





VIEW OF BRAINERD.

CHAPTER IV.

Situation and appearance of Brainerd.—Its buildings, cultivated fields, and grave-yard.—Design of the Institution.—Plan of instruction.—Its advantages above other plans of instructing the Indians.—Its success.—Death of Dr. Worcester.

As the Institution in which Lydia Carter was placed, is one which has excited deep interest among all the friends of the Missionary cause, it will be expected, perhaps, by my young readers, that I should give some account of it.

It was begun by Mr. Kingsbury, who has before been mentioned, in

January, 1817. He had been sent out as a Missionary to the Cherokee Indians, by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. At the time he selected this spot for the seat of the mission, there belonged to it a few acres only of cleared ground, and three or four log cabins, which were occupied by a White man who had married an Indian wife. These Mr. Kingsbury purchased, and without any assistant began to make preparation for an establishment which has since grown up into one of great importance. In May, 1818, it received the name of Brainerd; in memory of David

Brainerd, the excellent Missionary, whose labours were so much blessed among the Indians in New Jersey, about eighty years ago.

The place where the Institution stands, is two miles north of the line which divides the state of Georgia from the state of Tennessee, on the south west side of a small river, called Chick-a-mau-gáh creek. On approaching it from the north-east, you come to the creek at the distance of fifty rods from the principal Mission house. Immediately you leave the woods, and crossing the stream, which is from four to six

rods wide, you enter an area of cleared ground, on the right of which, appear numerous buildings of various kinds and sizes. At the distance of a few steps, stand a grist mill and a saw mill, turned by a canal three quarters of a mile in length, which conducts the water from a branch of the creek in the neighbourhood. A little further, you come to a lane, on each side of which, are several houses occupied by labourers and mechanics, of various descriptions. Following the lane, which runs across the cleared ground, you pass a large and commodious barn, with some other

buildings, and are conducted directly in front of a row of houses, which forms the principal part of the settlement, and makes a prominent appearance in the view of Brainerd.

Nearly in the centre of the row, is the Mission house, two stories high, having a piazza its whole length, with a pleasant court-yard in front of it. It is occupied by the Superintendent and other Missionaries. Behind it, and immediately connected with it, is the dining-hall and kitchen for the establishment. On your right, and at the distance of a few feet, stands another building, of two stories, which is used

for the instruction of girls. It is well finished, and was built by the particular direction of the President of the United States, who called here in 1819, on his tour through the Western states. Many smaller buildings are ranged upon the right and left of these two, and afford convenient lodging places for the children, and other persons connected with the Institution.

Passing onward, about thirty rods, to the end of the lane which has been mentioned, you come to the school-house for the boys; which stands in the edge of the woods, and is large enough to accommodate

one hundred scholars. On the Sabbath it is used as a place of worship. The whole number of buildings belonging to the Institution, exceeds thirty. They are most of them, however, constructed of logs, and make but a plain appearance.

The ground, on the south-east side of the lane,* is divided into a garden, an orchard, and several other lots, which are neatly fenced in, and present a pleasant prospect in front of the Mission house. In a corner of the orchard, next the school-house, is the grave-yard; where lie the bodies of those who

* The direction of the lane is north-east and south-west.

have died at the Institution, and among them the remains of that great and good man, the Rev. Dr. Worcester; who, having worn out his life in the service of Christ and the heathen, ended his days at this place, on the 7th of June, 1821.

The whole circumference of ground which has been described may not, perhaps, include fifty acres; but being in the midst of a wilderness, whose deep forests appear on every side, it presents to the beholder a scene of cultivation and of active and cheerful life, which cannot but inspire him with pleasure.

To the Christian, who contemplates the moral wilderness by which it is surrounded, it presents a prospect more delightful than tongue can express.

The design of the Institution is to instruct the natives in the Gospel, and to teach them the most necessary arts of civilized life. These ends are not pursued separately, but are carried on together. In this respect, the plan of the Institution differs from almost all former Missions to the Indians. For, while one class of Christians have maintained that the first thing to be done, was to civilize the Indians, and then

convert them to Christianity, another class have contended that it was necessary, first to convert them, and that then they would become civilized of course. It was conceived by those who formed the plan of the Brainerd institution, that both these objects are so closely connected, they may be pursued at the same time.

To a person, therefore, who visits Brainerd, the settlement appears like that of a numerous Christian family, the members of which are employed in the various duties of civilized and Christian life. Some are occupied in the field—some in

the workshop—and some in the domestic cares of the family. The children of the Indians who are brought here for instruction, are provided with schools according to their sex, and taught the most useful branches of human and Divine knowledge. When they are out of school, a part of their time is spent in relaxation, and a part in labour. The boys are taken to the farm, and taught the arts of husbandry; or to the shop of the mechanic, where they are instructed in some useful trade: while the girls learn to spin and to weave, to knit and to sew, or

take their turns in waiting upon the table, or serving in the kitchen. When the hour of devotion comes, all are assembled to offer unto God the sacrifice of morning and evening prayer. On the Sabbath, they repair to the house of worship, and unite in its solemn services. The Gospel is preached not only to those who belong to the Institution, but to as many of the natives of the surrounding country, as can be induced to attend. The congregation assembled upon these occasions is not large, but one of the most interesting which a Minister ever addresses. For, besides the Missionaries, and

teachers, and Christian labourers, who with their families attend, he beholds seated before him, from eighty to one hundred Indian children, who are taught in the English language, and are growing up in all the habits of a civilized and Christian people. Some of them have already made considerable progress in their education, and, in the judgment of charity, have been truly converted to God. Assembled with them, are many of their Indian parents and friends, who listen with fixed and silent attention to what the preacher is saying, and not un-

frequently drop the tear of sincere and lively interest, while he opens to them the word of God, and shows them the way of salvation.

These things the writer states, not from information merely, but from what his own eyes have seen and his ears heard, while sojourning a few weeks at this delightful spot. He has seen an Indian warrior who was famed for his courage, melt into tenderness, on hearing the love and mercy of God through Jesus Christ described; and he has known him, the day after, to come several miles, that he might disclose the burden on his mind, and ask the Mission-

aries the plain and solemn question :
“ Can you tell me what God wants
me to do ?” And he has seen this
same warrior, humbly sitting at the
feet of Jesus, and rejoicing in him,
as his all-sufficient Saviour. The
habits and feelings of the savage
were no longer perceived : they were
exchanged for those of the industri-
ous man, and consistent Christian.

Nor have these proofs of the pre-
sence and blessing of God, been
seldom witnessed. Numbers of the
natives, and others who reside in the
vicinity of Brainerd, have been in-
duced to renounce their sins, and

embrace the religion of Christ. Some of them have been ornaments to the Church. Of the children and youth, who have been instructed here, and given evidence of piety, several have already been the means of much good to their acquaintance and friends; and promise to be yet more extensively useful to their tribe. Thus, while one of them is instructing a school of Indian children, at the distance of one hundred miles from Brainerd, where she has already witnessed the conversion of her parents, and of some of her other relatives; another, who is her brother, is pursuing his studies in the Mis-

sionary school at Cornwall, in Connecticut, and qualifying himself to preach the Gospel to his ignorant countrymen. Several other youths, whose course of instruction was begun at Brainerd, are expected to become Missionaries and Teachers in their native tribe. Some idea of their attainments, and of the prospects they give of future usefulness, may be obtained from a few of their letters published in the Appendix.

But the good which this Institution has done, is not confined to those who have been immediately connected with it. It has proved

to the world, that the Indians may be civilized, and converted to Christianity. Thousands, who before doubted whether this could be done, doubt it no longer. A general interest has been awakened for the Indians, and multitudes are endeavouring to promote their temporal and eternal happiness. Other causes have undoubtedly had an influence to bring about this result: but they have begun to operate chiefly, since Mr. Kingsbury commenced his labours at Brainerd.

A place like this, then, will ever be strongly endeared to the hearts of Christians. Here it was, that

the long night of Indian darkness began to disperse. Other attempts had been made to do good to the natives, which had cast some light over their prospects; but, nothing had been done, which seemed so much like the dawn of an approaching day. Here, also, it was, that the man, whose wise and faithful counsels had contributed so much to establish and build up the Institution, was called, by a mysterious Providence, to die. Scarcely had he time to witness the success of his labours, and to behold the answer to his prayers, when his spirit fled to receive its reward in heaven. At

this consecrated spot, his body is fast mouldering into dust: but while the name of WORCESTER is revered and loved, that dust will be remembered, and Brainerd, with whose soil it has mingled, will not be forgotten.

CHAPTER V.

Character and conduct of Lydia Carter while at Brainerd.—Progress in learning.—Her religious feelings.—Affection for her adopted parents and friends.—Her gratitude to her benefactors.—Recollection of her Osage parents.—The manner of her mother's death.

Such was the Institution, to which little Lydia Carter was brought. The advantages which it afforded her for improvement, were great. If, in addition to this, we consider that Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain had adopted her as their own child, and that they ever after treated her with the care and affection of the tenderest parents, it may well be

doubted, whether there are many children, even in Christian lands, whose situation is happier than was hers. The manner in which she conducted while at Brainerd, and the progress she made in her education, next claim our attention.

When she arrived at the Institution, the Missionaries supposed that she might be about five years of age. She had no knowledge of the English language; but so rapidly did she acquire it, that in less than a year from the time she entered the school, she was able to speak it, as well as children commonly do, who have learned no other language.

In a letter recently received from Mr. Chamberlain, he says: "She discovered a very strong mind for one of her age. She was apt to learn; but, owing to hardships which she experienced before she arrived here, she was sick most of the time while with us, which retarded her considerably in her education."

It will be recollected, that it was ten months after she was met with at Caney-creek, before she was brought to Brainerd; and, judging from some facts which have since been disclosed, it is probable that

she had been taken captive two months before: so that when she fell into the hands of the Cherokees, she could not have been older than four years. This was a tender period of life, to undertake such a journey through the wilderness, as she had to perform. Nor will it appear strange, that it should have injured her health, for a long time after, when we consider, that she travelled eight hundred miles, at a most unpleasant season of the year, and through a country which afforded only a scanty supply of food.

Notwithstanding her health was so poor, she still made considerable

progress in learning. She could read in easy lessons, and recite a number of hymns besides giving answers to questions in the catechism. The hymns she had learned to sing, as well as to repeat.

Her mind was early instructed in the things of religion: and, although she gave no decisive evidence of possessing a new heart, her feelings were so serious and tender, that it seemed as if the Divine Spirit had begun to operate upon her mind. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking of her character in this respect, says: "When Lydia first began to speak

our language, and hear something about God, she would sometimes be almost lost in thought; and would frequently show the depth of her mind, by her pertinent questions. When her mother told her that God made her, she mentioned over several other things, and wanted to know, if God made them also. On being answered in the affirmative, she wanted to know what God was—where He lived—and who made Him. She never appeared satisfied, until she understood what was told her. She frequently asked respecting things of another world; and what would become of people when

they die." It is added : " She was particular to say her prayers morning and evening."

In her feelings, she was remarkably *affectionate* and *kind*. " I think I never saw a child," says Mr. Chamberlain, " who was more fond of its parents, than she was of hers." She was unwilling to stay from them, even for a night. And nothing could be more painful to her, than the idea that she might, one day, have to leave them to return to her own tribe. The same affection was exhibited by her towards her little sister, Catharine Chamberlain ;

whom she greatly loved, though she was much younger than herself.

To her parents and superiors, she was *obedient* and *respectful*, as well as affectionate. She would sometimes do things which were wrong, but it was not with a stubborn and wilful opposition to duty: when she had acted improperly, she would confess her faults, and appear to be sorry for them.

She was very *grateful* for the favours which she had received, both before and after her arrival at Brainerd; and she would often speak, in the tenderest manner, of those who had been instrumental of

her deliverance from captivity. The following anecdote, related by Mr. Chamberlain in one of his letters, illustrates this trait in her character so strikingly, that the writer hopes he shall be pardoned for inserting it, notwithstanding it refers to himself. The letter was written a little more than a year after her arrival at Brainerd. In it Mr. Chamberlain says: "Lydia Carter appears to be a promising child. She often speaks of you, and considers you as her deliverer. She was very much disappointed a few days ago: she was out in the yard, and saw a person ride up, whom she fancied to

be Mr. Cornelius. She ran in, with great haste, and cried out, Mother, mother, Mr. Cornelius is come. But the poor child was soon undeceived, and hung her head."

In the midst of so many other friends, she still remembered her Osage parents; and she would sometimes speak of the calamity which separated her from them. Of the fate of her father, nothing was certainly known; but in respect of her mother, it was very different. Her death had made an impression upon her mind, too deep ever to be forgotten. "At one time," says Mr. Chamberlain, "she related to

me the circumstances of her mother being killed. She said, as they were sitting in the bushes, some men came and shot her mother in the breast, and the blood ran along upon the ground. The men came then, and took her, and put her on a horse, and she fell off. She said, one time on her way here, she rode alone through a creek, and the water came up all around her." In confirmation of this statement, Mr. Chamberlain says: "As near as I can learn, these things were true."

It is delightful to think, how Providence had relieved her from

all these misfortunes, by placing her at Brainerd. Here she found a home, dearer to her than any she had enjoyed before ; and parent were raised up, who had it in their power to do far more to promote her happiness, than those whom she had lost.

CHAPTER VI.

Intelligence received at Brainerd that the Osages had demanded the captives; and that an authorized Agent had come to receive them.—Intelligence confirmed, and the Agent arrives at Brainerd, with orders from Colonel Meigs.—Distress occasioned by this event.—The captives given up.—Parting scene

Great hopes were entertained, that the interesting child whose character and conduct have been described, and the little boy who had been taken with her, would be allowed to remain, and grow up, under the care of those excellent friends, who had adopted them as their children. But God, who sees

things not as man sees them, had otherwise determined.

Ever since the arrival of Lydia Carter, and, especially, after Governor Clark's letter had been received, the Missionaries had felt some apprehension, that the Osages would demand her in a formal manner ; and that the President, by whose direction she had been left at Brainerd, would feel himself obliged to grant their request. Two years had nearly past, and the strongest attachment had been formed between her and her adopted connexions, when news came that the demand had been made, and

that she must soon be taken from them.

The pain which this intelligence gave, both to the parents and the child, may be learned from the following extract of a letter, written by Mr. Chamberlain at the time. It is dated August 4th, 1820. “ My wife and myself are in trouble at present, and wish your prayers. We expect every day, to lose our dear Osage daughter. There has a man come from the Arkansaw, for her and the other captives. Brother Hicks* thinks they will be obliged

* Mr. Hicks is a half-bred Cherokee, the second beloved man, or chief of the tribe, and a member of the Moravian church at Spring Place. K

to go. I know they cannot take Lydia, without orders from the President; but the man is waiting at the Agency, probably for orders. We have not dared to tell her, what the prospects are; though she got some hint of it among the children the other day. She ran to her mother in great surprise, and said, 'Mother, they say some people have come after me—but mother wont let me go, will she?' Her mother could not answer her, and it passed off. It will no doubt be as hard for her to leave us, as for any other child, of her age, to leave its parents; and I think it will be as hard

for us to part with her, as though she were our own. But the Lord will direct.”

In this state of suspense, every thing remained, until the 22nd of August. On that day, a person commissioned by Government, arrived at Brainerd, with orders to take Lydia Carter and John Osage Ross. The letter, addressed by Colonel Meigs to the Missionaries, upon this trying occasion, states, that Governor Miller, of the territory of Arkansas, had been authorized by the Government of the United States, to settle a difficulty

between the Arkansaw Cherokees and the Osages, who were on the point of engaging in another destructive war; that the Governor had met the parties, and brought them to suspend hostilities, on condition that the Cherokees should return the captives they had taken, and that the Osages should give up certain men, who had murdered three of the Cherokees; that these conditions having been solemnly agreed to, on both sides, the Government felt it their duty to compel the parties to fulfil them; and, finally, that Governor Miller, acting in behalf of the United States, now demanded

the delivery of the prisoners, on one side ; and of the murderers, on the other.

Colonel Meigs remarks in the letter, that Governor Miller had assured him, he would use his influence to have the children returned to Brainerd again ; and then adds—“ I am sensible it must be painful to you to part with them ; but it seems the only measure to be adopted, to prevent the shedding of much blood. Mr. John Rogers, a kind and humane man, will take the best possible care of them. I request that the children may be com-

fortably furnished with every thing necessary and proper for their journey, and I will pay your bills for the same. * * * * * I request you to deliver the two little prisoners to Mr. Rogers. I am confident, that he will be governed by your advice, and will, in every respect, act towards them kindly and tenderly."

The effect which this communication produced, cannot be better described, than by quoting the journal of the Missionaries.

"This message," say they, "was inexpressibly distressing, to all the Mission family; especially, to those who had adopted these children as

their own. We had, some days since, been informed that the children were demanded, and had reason to expect they must be given up; but still we were not without hope, that by some means they might yet be retained, till they should be prepared to carry the knowledge of the Saviour to their people. All hope is now taken away. They must be given up; not to the arms of death, but to a call from the wilderness; to be taken back, probably, to a savage life. We can only commend them to the care of that gracious Redeemer, to whom they have been devoted in baptism, and who is still

able to preserve, and bring them where they can receive that instruction, which we would gladly have given, and by means of which they may still be prepared for usefulness in life, peace in death, and happiness beyond the grave."

The Journal next states the effect which the communication had on the children.

"John Osage Ross, being younger, and not having been so long with us, was not much affected: but Lydia Carter had become strongly attached to us all; especially to brother and sister Chamberlain, whom she called father and mother.

She knew no other parents ; consequently, the thought of a separation was peculiarly trying to her, as well as to us.

“ When she heard that Mr. Rogers had come for her, which was early in the morning, she, in company with another little girl, escaped to the woods. All the persons about the house, including the children of the school, went in pursuit of her, but without success. A little after noon, one of our neighbours came and informed us, that he had seen them about three miles from this place, on their way to the girl’s father. Milo Hoyt was immediate-

ly sent to fetch Lydia. When he came to the house of the little girl's father, he learned that Lydia had been there, but fearing some one would know where she was, and come for her, she could not rest contented until she went two miles further; making in all, *five miles*, which she travelled through the woods to avoid being taken.

“When she first saw Milo, she appeared somewhat frightened, and began to cry; but he soon consoled her, by telling her some pleasing things, about the man who had come for her, and what she would see on the way. On returning, she

appeared cheerful; and learning that we thought it best for her to go, she said she was willing. This relieved our feelings very much; as we could never before make her consent to go away on any terms; and we feared she would have been forced from us. She remained very cheerful, and sung in our family worship with her usual animation."

The following morning was the time fixed upon for her departure. Having a trunk, and some other articles, which it was inconvenient to carry, she desired her mother to keep them; and, in case she should never return, to give them to her

sister Catharine—adding pleasantly, ‘Here is a little handkerchief, too small for me; I wish you to give this to Catharine, whether I come back or not.’”

In describing the final separation, the Journal says: “She remained composed till just before they started; and then appeared in deep thought. She looked around on those she loved, for the last time, and then dropped her head, and the tears flowed profusely. She walked out to the horse, without being bidden; and, notwithstanding her evident grief, she was not heard to sob aloud, except when taking leave

of her little sister Catharine. Her whole appearance through this trying scene, was like that of a person of mature age, in like circumstances. It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.

“Little John, having been told from the beginning, that if he would go willingly, without crying, he should have the horse on which he was to ride, and the saddle and the bridle for his own, went off smiling; and was apparently much pleased with his newly acquired property.”

The Journal, in concluding this affecting account, expresses the

hope, that the children on their return to the Osage country, would be taken into the Missionary School at Union, which had been established a short time before by the United Foreign Mission Society: But God had other purposes in view, which as they respected Lydia Carter, were soon to be accomplished.

CHAPTER VII.

The Captives, a few days after their departure, arrive at Creek-Path.—The happiness of Lydia Carter on seeing some of her Brainerd friends.—She pursues her journey, and is taken to Governor Miller.—Governor Miller takes her with the other Captives to the Osage country.—She and little John are given back to the Governor.—Lydia returns with him as far as the country of the Arkansaw Cherokees, and is left at the house of a Whitewoman.—Her health having long been delicate, she is taken sick and dies.—Conclusion.

It was on the twenty-third of August, 1820, that the captives left Brainerd. The weather was very warm; and a long journey was before them. After travelling a hundred miles, they came to a settlement in

the western part of the Cherokee nation, called Creek-Path. It is situated on the south-side of the Tennessee river, about thirty miles from Huntsville, in the state of Alabama. The place is interesting on account of its being the residence of the parents, and some other relatives of Catharine Brown, who was one of the earliest converts in the school at Brainerd. Catharine had returned to Creek-Path when Lydia arrived, and was instructing a school of Indian girls. Some of her other Brainerd acquaintance were there also, who were engaged in making

preparations for a new Missionary establishment.

Her feelings, on meeting these kind and sympathising friends, may easily be imagined. They served to renew for a while the pleasure which she had lost. One of Mr. Hoyt's daughters happened to be there at the time, and returned not long after to Brainerd. The Missionaries, speaking of some intelligence received by her, state the following circumstances in their Journal: "She also informs that she saw our dear little Lydia, on her way to the Osages. Lydia told her, she wished

she could write to her father and mother. Sister A. told her, she would write for her, if she could tell what she wanted to say. She appeared pleased with this, and began, and was able to say only a few words, before she was so much affected that she could not proceed. She said she wanted her father and mother to come to the Osage country and take her."

The particulars of her journey from this place have not been received. We learn, however, that she was taken to Governor Miller in the course of the autumn, and that by him she was conducted,

with the other captives, to the Osage tribe, the next winter.

And here, in order to give a better idea of her wanderings, it may be necessary to add something further respecting the geography of the country.

The river from which it takes its name, is one of the largest which empties into the Mississippi from the west. It is said to be more than two thousand miles long, and is navigable almost to its source. The country through which Lydia Carter travelled, lies on the north side of the river, and may be divided into three parts. First, the Territory of

Arkansaw, or more properly that division of it which is inhabited by White people. Second, the country ceded by the United States to the Cherokee Indians. Third, the country belonging to the Osages.

The principal settlements of White people upon the Arkansaw river, are at the Post of Arkansaw, Little Rock, and Cadron ; the former of which is sixty, and the latter four hundred miles from the mouth of the river, reckoning its various windings. The Cherokee settlement is, perhaps, one hundred miles further. Not far from it, on the west side of what is called Illinois-creek,

and five miles above its junction with the Arkansaw, stands DWIGHT. This is a Missionary establishment, begun by the American Board in 1820, and named in honour of the late President Dwight, who was a distinguished Member of the Board, and a zealous friend of Missions. The great Osage village, near which the Union Institution is seated, is two hundred and fifty miles still further west. The whole distance from the mouth of the Arkansaw river to the Osage village is nine hundred miles; across the country in a straight line it may be two or three hundred miles less.

Over this whole extent of country Lydia Carter had once before travelled, and she was now to pass it again. Being under the protection of Governor Miller, she, with the other captives, left Little Rock, early in 1821, and ascended the river to the Osage country. The Governor hoped that, by restoring them to the Osages himself, he could more easily persuade them to fulfil the stipulations which were made on their part the year before, and thus put an end to the contest between them and the Cherokees. But when he arrived, he found the whole tribe bent upon war, and neither his sollicita-

tions nor their own engagements could induce them to give up the murderers.

What became of the other children is not known: but Lydia Carter and John Osage Ross, having been restored to their tribe, or as the Osages termed, "having been raised from the dead," were given back to the Governor, by his request. Lydia was to be returned to her parents and friends at Brainerd by the first opportunity; and John was to live with the Governor, and accompany him on a journey which he was soon to make to New England. The Osages particularly re-

requested that he would take the boy to Washington, and "show him to their great father, the President." *

Whom they saw on their arrival, or whether their parents were still living, is not known. It seems probable from the fact that they were so readily given back to the Governor, that their nearest relations were not there to retain them.

On the Governor's return, he took them with him; and Lydia rejoiced to think, that a few months more of wearisome journeying would

* It is understood that little John was taken to Washington for this purpose. He has since returned to the Arkansaw country, and if we are correctly informed, is living with Governor Miller.

bring her to her dear friends at Brainerd. But her wanderings were to be ended long before she crossed the wilderness which lay between them. God, who has promised that he will be a Father of the fatherless, had provided for her, it is hoped, a better home; and he was about to remove her thither.

From the time she entered the Arkansaw country, her health was delicate. In consequence of frequent and long exposures to the weather, she was seized with the fever and ague, and was never entirely well afterwards. When the Governor

returned with her from the Osage country, he thought her too feeble to proceed on her journey, and concluded to leave her with the Missionaries at Dwight, until she should be better, and a favourable opportunity should occur for sending her to Brainerd.

Several of the Missionaries being absent, and no female having yet arrived at the establishment, she was placed under the care of Mrs. Lovely, a kind and hospitable White woman, who is the widow of a former Agent of the United States, and lives about a day's ride from Dwight. At what time she arriv-

ed here, has not been ascertained, but it was probably in the month of March.

It is said that she had no attack of fever and ague, after she came to Mrs. Lovely's ; but appeared to have been worn out by exposures while she was weak. Her strength failed rapidly ; and death was evidently near. But her mind was calm, and a sweet resignation to the will of God was shown by her, through all her sickness. She frequently repeated the hymns she had learned at Brainerd, and seemed to derive comfort from them. They

no doubt led her to think much of that Saviour who died for her ; and whom she promised her parents, when she left them, that “ she would always remember.”

In this state she continued for a few weeks, and then expired !—He who said, “ Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not,” received her, we trust, to dwell with Him for ever.

May those who read her history, remember the means by which her last moments were rendered so peaceful and happy. It was through the instrumentality of CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES, who were sent to the

Indians, to teach them the Gospel, and to show them the way of salvation, that her mind was prepared for death. Had there been no Missionaries to instruct her, she had died without a knowledge of the Saviour, or any of those consolations which cheered and supported her in the departing hour.

Millions of others, in Heathen lands, are still ignorant of the same Saviour! What numbers of them will die before the news of his salvation can reach them! Who would not labour to save them from their wretchedness, and cheerfully deny

himself of the gratifications of this life, for the sake of sending them the Gospel. Let all who enjoy its blessings, remember that God has made it their duty to communicate them to the destitute. Let children and youth consider, that they are required to do something to send the Gospel to the Heathens. How many of them might give to this object a penny a week or a penny a month, by abstaining from some unnecessary indulgence. Were all the children in our country to do this, they would raise several hundred thousand dollars every year; and their donations alone, would be

sufficient to send instruction to every Indian child in America. Should the children throughout Christian lands do it, it would go far towards educating all the Heathen children in the world. May the youth who read this narrative be persuaded to embrace the Gospel themselves, and do what they can to send it to others: and may they live to see the time fully come, when “the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice;” and “the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”

LINES

COMPOSED BY A LADY ON THE DEATH OF
THE LITTLE OSAGE CAPTIVE.

—
“*If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*”
JOHN viii. 36.

WHERE the tall forest's sable plume
Deep shadows o'er the valley spread,
And where the cloud of Heathen gloom
Made nature's solitude more dread—

Consoled by no enlight'ning word,
Bereft of counsellor and guide,
In sadness, like some prison'd bird,
The lonely Osage orphan sigh'd.

But Christian sympathy, her woes
Beheld, while Zeal a tribute gave,
And pure Benevolence arose,
Like Him who came the lost to save;

Borne kindly to a refuge blest,
Where no oppressive foes intrude ;
The ransom'd Captive's joyous breast,
Became the seat of gratitude.

Encircled by a holy band
Who shed o'er darken'd minds the day,
Humbly she raised th' imploring hand,
And sought to brighter worlds the way.

Made free by Jesus—o'er the chains
Of cold mortality she sprung,
To range, in bliss, the heavenly plains,
And praise Him with an angel's tongue.

Indian Letters ;

OR AN

APPENDIX TO THE OSAGE CAPTIVE.

For the gratification of my readers, I subjoin the following specimens of Indian composition, nearly all of which are extracts from letters received by myself, and are now published for the first time. From these, it will be seen that the natives are not only capable of improvement, but that they are, to a high degree, desirous of possessing the means of instruction. The extracts are, from letters of Indian youths—from a correspondence with a converted Cherokee chief—and from a correspondence with a Choctaw chief. No alterations have been made, except in the punctuation, and in one or two words which appeared to have been used improperly through inadvertence.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF INDIAN
YOUTHS, EDUCATED AT BRAINERD.*

Letter E.

Nos. 1 and 2, were written by a Cherokee youth in the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall, in reply to some inquiries addressed to him respecting Lydia Carter, whom he knew at Brainerd, and at whose capture by the Arkansaw Cherokees, he was present. They will be read with interest, on account of the testimony they bear to Lydia's character, and the history they give of the war in which she was taken. The writer is eighteen or twenty years of age; and has been at school about three years. The first letter is dated Jan. 4th, 1822.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ My knowledge of the little Osage captive does not extend far, though I was one of the warriors that traversed the Osage nation in pursuit of blood, and was present at

* See page 91.

the Osage vanquishment by the Cherokees, and where Lydia Carter was taken.

“To particularize the circumstances from her first capture to the time of her reception at Brainerd, I presume is not essential, as you are much acquainted with them yourself. I could not but be interested in her case, when I saw her at Brainerd. She spoke the Cherokee language with a good degree of fluency, considering her age. The Rev. Mr. Chamberlain kept her in his family, and I think loved her with parental affection; therefore she called him, Pa, and Mrs. Cham-

berlain, Ma, and was truly a lovely daughter to them. The English language she acquired, in some degree, in a short time. Her devoted parents early led her tender mind to the subject of religion; and she was able to rehearse a few of the most important answers in the Catechism. Lydia considered little Catharine Chamberlain as her own sister, and was very fond of her.

“ In fine, the dear girl was promising, amiable, dutiful to her superiors, and the prospect of her future usefulness among her kindred was truly flattering. I lamented

much when I heard of her death, and remembered her poor wandering people, that are yet walking in the shades of midnight darkness. But the Lord will provide. I trust that the Board will not be discouraged in their grand enterprise of evangelizing the heathen, wherein they are so ardently engaged.

“The Missionary spirit, which is now so prevalent in this land, is, I trust, from above. I pray, that the benign auspices of Heaven may still attend the American Board, and that the long degraded Indians, whose minds have been held in

bondage by the God of this world, may be found in the fold of Christ.

“The anticipation is truly animating, when the Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to every soul in America, and when righteousness and peace shall reign to the Pacific Ocean.”

Letter EE.

The other letter referred to, was written Jan. 17th, 1822, in answer to further inquiries on the same subject; and is already inserted at page 15.

Letter EEE.

Copy of a letter from a female convert in the school at Brainerd, written in January, 1820, after she had been at school two years and a half. It is addressed to a lady in New England, who opened a correspondence with her, and who in a letter to the present publisher says:

“The hand writing of the epistle is good, its orthography correct, and the composition precisely as follows :”

“DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST !

“ I thank you much for your affectionate letter, which I received on the 23rd of December. O! how great, how rich is the mercy of our Redeemer, who has made us the subjects of His kingdom, and led us, as we trust, from death unto life! My dear sister, I can never express my gratitude to God, for his goodness towards me, and my dear people. Surely it is of *his own glorious mercy*, that He is sending to us the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, in this distant land, where the people had

long sat in darkness, and were perishing for lack of the knowledge of God. Blessed be his holy name ! O my sister ! let us rejoice continually in our Lord and Saviour, and as we have put on Christ, not only by outward profession, but by inward and spiritual union, let us walk worthy of our high and holy vocation, and shew the world, that there is something in true religion. And may the Lord give us strength to do his will, and to follow continually the example of our meek and lowly Jesus. I thank you for the present you sent me, which I received as a

token of love. The Mission family are all well, and also the dear children. Many of them are serious, and we hope they love and pray to God daily. O that I were more engaged for God, to promote his cause, among these dear children, and my people! I am going soon to visit my parents, which is a hundred miles from here, and expect to stay two months. I hope you will pray for me, that the Lord would bless my visit, and renew the hearts of my dear parents.

Your sincere Friend

and Sister in Christ."

Letter IV.

Extracts from a letter written by the same person to her brother in the Foreign Mission School, at Cornwall, dated,

“ Cherokee nation, Aug. 1820.

**** “ O dear brother! how much it would rejoice my heart to see you this evening, and converse with you face to face! But our good Lord has separated us, perhaps never to see each other again in this world. I often think of the morning you left Brainerd. It was a solemn hour, and I trust it was a sweet season to our souls. We wept, and prayed, and sung together before our dear Saviour; and longed for that blessed day, when we should

meet to part no more. What is a short separation in this world? Nothing, compared to an eternal separation! How thankful we ought to be, then, my dear brother, that we have a hope to be saved through the blessed Lamb of God! Yes, I trust when our bodies shall die, our souls shall be raised above the sky, where we shall dwell together, in singing the praises of Him who bought us with his precious blood. I hope we shall meet our parents, and brothers and sisters there. Since you left, the Lord has reached down his arm, to take sinners from darkness, into the marvellous light of the

Gospel. Dear brother, let us praise and rejoice continually in the Lord, for his goodness to our dear people, in giving them hearts to love and praise his holy name. Surely the Lord is with us here. We feel his presence. Our dear father and mother are inquiring what they shall do to be saved. Mother says she is grieved to think her children are going to leave her behind. But she says she will pray as long as she lives, and that the Saviour will pardon her sins, that she may go with her children to heaven."

In another letter to the same person, of a more recent date, she says:

* * * * “ Although we may be separated many hundreds of miles, the God of the Universe whom we serve, will often give us the enjoyment of Himself, which you know is of far greater value than all this world can afford. * * * * Last Sabbath was a very solemn and interesting day to us. Rev. Mr. W. from the state of New York was here—a very pious and engaged Christian. We were much refreshed by his kind instructions. I think it was truly a pleasant day to my soul. The Sacrament was administered, and we were permitted once

more to sit at the table of the Lord, and commemorate his dying love. Mr. S. was baptized; also an infant of Mrs. F. named SAMUEL WORCESTER. The congregation were attentive; and some of them were affected to tears. I hope the time is not far distant, when all the heathen shall be brought to the knowledge of the Redeemer. We have recently formed a Female Society* in this place. The members pay fifty cents† a year. I trust you will pray that we may be blessed, and that we may be instrumental in

* The Society is composed chiefly of Indian females who have been converted to Christianity. † 2s. 3d.

the great work of building up the cause of the Redeemer. I can never be sufficiently thankful to God for sending us Missionaries, to teach us the way we should go. We love them as our own brothers and sisters. That you may enjoy the light of our Saviour's countenance, while in this short journey of life, and finally be received to mansions of eternal glory, is the prayer of
Your Sister,"

Letter V.

Copy of a letter from a Choctaw youth, who left his native tribe in 1818, to obtain an education at the Foreign Mission School, in Cornwall. It is addressed to the writer of the foregoing narrative, who conducted

him from his tribe to the School, and taught him the English Alphabet himself.

“ Foreign Mission School, Cornwall, Conn.

Nov. 10, 1820.

“ MY VERY DEAR SIR !

“ It is now a great while since I saw you here, in this place, and therefore I thought it would be convenient for me to write a few lines to you, and send it by Mr. George Sandwich, who is now expecting to set out for the Sandwich Islands. May the Lord Jesus bless him, and grant him consolation and success on his way, and conduct him to his native country.

“ Through the Divine goodness, I

yet enjoy a comfortable state of health. I have great reason to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ has recently renewed my wicked heart ; and has showed me the path of everlasting righteousness above. I feel very thankful to God, that He has brought me to this Christian land, where I can learn the good things of the religion of Christ ;— and also I am very thankful to those good Christian people in this country, who are dear to us, and supplying all our wants. I do earnestly pray to God every day, that He may preserve me from the everlasting punishment. I hope I shall per-

severe in the path of duty which I have entered. I have lately felt a good deal about my dear, poor, fellow perishing countrymen, who are yet in the darkness and the shadow of death ; and they know nothing about God, and the way of eternal life. But I am extremely rejoiced to learn that my brother D—— is becoming a religious man. We had the pleasure of receiving a letter from him, on the first of November. He says he wishes to go to school, but has a great deal of business to do at home. He says, he is not too old to go to school, though he will be

thirty years of age next January. I should be very glad to have you to write a letter to him, as often as you think it convenient, and give him good admonition, and encourage him to persevere in the path of righteousness.

“Now may the Lord Jesus Christ ever be with you and bless you, in all your undertakings, in doing a great deal of good in the world! I wish to be remembered with sincere affection to our dear, beloved, and venerable friend, Rev. Samuel Worcester, for whom I have a strong affection.

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully.”

Letter VI.

The following is a copy of a letter written in 1818, by a Cherokee boy to his heathen parents. He had been a member of the Moravian School at Spring Place, about two years, and was at the time fourteen years of age.

“ Spring Place, April, 1818.

“ DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

“ I hope, dear parents, that you will let me live with the Christians till I be a man, and once when I am come to our home, that I may be able to tell you about our Saviour; for you never did hear about God; how good He is to sinners; that if any body would pray to Him, He would make him good and so live happy, and when they die He will

take them up into heaven. And now let us love Him, for He came down into this world to save us that we might be saved, if we believe Him. I hope now you will pray to Him, that He may make you good and happy, and all of you there; and I shall pray for you too: and I hope, mother, that you will pray to God to make you like your brother: he is a Christian and loves God. I hope I shall be once like him, be a Christian and love God. I will tell you about our Saviour; He became a child, and grew up, and went about preaching to the people, but the wicked people went about to kill

Him. At last He knew that He should depart from this world to go to his Father, and that He should suffer ; and He went to a place, where was a garden ; and He prayed three times, and his sweat falling down to the ground, like as if it was great drops of blood, and an angel came and strengthened Him, and He went to his disciples, and they were all asleep : and as He yet spake, the people came and took Him, and beat Him, and sent Him to the Governor ; he scourged Him, and they put a crown of thorns upon his head, and they crucified Him, and two malefactors with Him, one on the left

and the other on the right side ; and they gave Him vinegar to drink ; and one good man took Him down from the cross and buried Him ; and the third day He rose again from the dead. And He went up into heaven ; and now He lives there forever, and sees all what we do ; and if we do right and pray, He will bless us, and if wrong He will punish us. I hope you will think of this. But you cannot speak English, but you can pray to Him in your own language. Pray to Him who died on the cross for us. Give my love to all.

I remain your dutiful Son."

Letter VII.

Copy of a letter from a Cherokee boy about thirteen years of age, who, when he came to Brainerd could speak no English. He is what is called a full blooded Indian. The letter was written to the Author of this little book.

“*Brainerd, Cherokee Nation, Feb. 1821.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * * “I have been here to school about two years and a half. A few years ago, I did not know that there was such learning as I have now got. But I often saw some of the people, those that had been at school awhile to some places, seeing that they had senses better than those that had not been at school. Now when this school was first commenced, I wanted to

come very much indeed. But they would not let me come to school, because they thought that I was most too sickly to take hold of such work as that. But still I would not give up yet—a little while after that, I was just ready to come away without letting them know it. Miss H. happened to send for me to come to her house. O ! how glad I was to come to her house, hoping that she was going to take me here to school. When I got there her children were just ready to come to school. I rode on behind one of them. But yet not knowing that there was a Saviour that came down

from heaven, to live with his sorrowful heart, and acquainted with grief, to save his people from their sins. But now I know that He is holding his arms of mercy, calling on me, and all the people of the earth, both great and small, saying, 'Come unto me, all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

* * * * * "Last June, on Thursday morning, I was out in the field; in about seven o'clock, I went up to the house, and I went into the porch to see Dr. Worcester, but when I got to the door, I saw him drawing his last breath. Alas! what an awful thing it would be to see

him drawing his last breath, if he had not been the friend of Jesus. But how great joy he had to rejoice for leaving this sinful world, to go to that happy world, where there is no sickness or death, into the bosom of his father Abraham, on the right hand of our Creator, to sing with the holy angels the song of Moses and the Lamb. I hope his children will try to follow their precious father. They laid the body in a house about two days and half, waiting for the Cherokees to come and see it. About in seven or eight o'clock, I saw some of my friends coming to see the body of our great

friend, that who has done great good for the poor and benighted heathen nations, that they might be brought to a knowledge of Jesus Christ, and to hear what Mr. Hoyt would say to them. After the body was laid in the grave, we all went in the school house to hear Mr. Hoyt. After when he had finished talking to us, they all return to their home, with most sorrowful heart for losing their great friend."

Let it be remembered that these youths, a few years ago, were wandering about in the forests of America, ignorant of Christianity, and without any education such as civilized persons enjoy.

EXTRACTS FROM A CORRESPONDENCE WITH
A CONVERTED CHEROKEE CHIEF.*

Letter VIII.

The piece which follows, was drawn up in July, 1818, and contains a short account of the rise and progress of those improvements which had been made in the writer's Tribe, to that time. It is entitled, "Sketch of the progress of Aboriginal Cherokees."

"The great and good Washington said to the Cherokees, 'As you now find the game growing scarce, and when you cannot meet a deer to kill, you will remain hungry and naked; and without other implements than the hoe to till the ground, you will continue to raise scanty crops of corn; hence you are

* This chief learned to read and write the English language when young.

exposed to suffer from hunger and cold ; and as the game are lessening in numbers, more and more, these sufferings will increase, and how are you to provide against them ?' and said, 'Listen to my words; some of you already experience the advantage of keeping cattle and hogs ; let all keep them, and increase their numbers.'

“Such was the language held out to the Cherokees, which objects had directed the steps of our former Agent, Silas Dinsmore, who, seating himself in the centre of the nation, and held out to the Cherokee war-

riors, the plough, the axe, and the mattock, with the pledge of the olive branch, over the lands; encouraging them to cultivate, and raise corn, cotton, and stock on the land; and stimulating the females, in the language of a brother, with wheels, cards, and the loom, to spin and weave their own clothing. Yet such sudden changes of habits and pursuits, were productive of jealousies, which was indeed natural; but these jealousies subsided with the advantages to the individuals, who had made the first trial of the advices given them.

“ Such were the inducement, which was held out to the Cherokees, that made it necessary to mature its advantages, before it could be perceptible ; and in the lapse of four or five years they began to use some more industry in families of raising cotton, for there were only two or three wheels, and cards, and no loom in the nation, when these encouragements were brought forward in our council ; and to change to the habits and pursuits which had been recommended to them, they began to move to separate farms from the towns ; still the towns

claimed jurisdiction over those persons who had so separated themselves from the community to which they had belonged to.

“Seventeen years had passed, since the Cherokees have begun to separate themselves into separate families, over the country which pertain to them, between the waters of Tennessee and Chattahouchie rivers, and in some instances have gone over those rivers.

“Considerable advances have been made by the Cherokees, since they have settled on separate farms, in agriculture, and their own clothing; and these advances has been more or

less beneficial, in the circumscribing of our limits, by repeated sales of our lands, and the game less sought after now than a few years back, as they begin to find that the products of the earth and labour, are the sure pledges of independence.

“Numbers of private schools are kept in different parts of the nation, and other charitable schools are established to educate the Cherokee youths, which will promote the civilization and christianization in a high degree.”

Letter IX.

In another communication he says,

“ Although separated by far distant and distinct family of the human race, yet but one flesh. It will be the greatest comforts, and joy of my life, to hear of your welfare, in the service of the all-atoning Master, who will prosper thy labours among the Red men of America, that they many come to the Tree of Life, and drink the healing stream when thirsty, and that they may sing the song of redeeming love, of God their Saviour.”



EXTRACTS FROM A CORRESPONDENCE WITH A
CHOCTAW CHIEF,

Letter X.

The letters, from which the following extracts are made, were written at different times; and relate, chiefly, to the institution of Schools and other means of instruction among the Choctaws.

* * * * *

“ I know, and all I can say for my nation, they are people much in need for help and instruction. And we look up to the Government of the United States for instruction—and which I do know, the establishment of this school,* will be the means of the greatest work ever been done for this nation.”

* The school at Elliot.

“ I have just returned from the Choctaw treaty ; and I inform you that the Choctaws did not sell or exchange their lands, with the United States. The Choctaws said, that it is but two years ago when nation sold a large track of country to the United States, and therefore they said that they had no more lands to sell—which they cannot think to sell the land which we are living on it, and raising our children on it.”

* * * * *

“ I am anxious, and waiting to see the great day to appear, before we poor distressed Red peoples—hoping that the day of light will

come before we Choctaws. We are ignorant, we are in the dark, and therefore we must humbly ask for help from our Christian brethren, as a poor helpless child looks up to their father, crying to have pity on them.

“ I am much in hope M^cK. and I. * are sensible the advantages of good education, and that they will exert their utmost, all their abilities, to improve their time in the very best manner.

* * * * *

“ Dear friend, you will under-

* Brother to the chief, at the Cornwall school.

stand, that you good people of the north, have led us to the knowledge of great good, of white path. And we Red people have listen to your good counsel, and we Choctaws have discovered the day light approaching, for us good by taking your counsel. Lead us in this white path, that we may find the great joy and happiness as you do.

“There is a great many indeed in the nation, whom it might be supposed they would care nothing about learning, and that they are so ignorant that they never would be brought about to believe that learn-

ing, was good things; but to the contrary. I am glad to say to you, this day, on this paper, that Choctaws are in throughout the whole nation, are anxious for schools. Now I wish to tell you how my nation are since they became acquainted with our beloved Missionaries, and never before seen a such a school; and not more, or hardly year since, our Red children were sent to this school at Elliot, and now they can read and write some. Choctaw nation are both hands are open for more Missionaries, more schools."

“ You will excuse my bad writing,
as I did inform you, that I had only
but six months schooling.”



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