



SCENES
IN THE
INDIAN COUNTRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN CHUSAN," "LEARN TO SAY NO," AND
"HOW TO DIE HAPPY."



PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,
NO. 821 CHESTNUT STREET.

1859

E99
.C9L8

~~~~~  
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by  
JAMES DUNLAP, TREAS.,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District  
of Pennsylvania.  
~~~~~

~~~~~  
STEREOTYPED BY  
JESPER HARDING & SON,  
INQUIRER BUILDING, SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.  
~~~~~

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
The Creek Indians,	7
Van Buren,	13
Forest Rangers in the Town,	15
The up river Experience,	17
Near sinking,	19
Wooding,	21
Fellow Passengers,	22
The Lieutenant,	25
The Surgeon,	26
The White Indian,	28
Red men,	30
The Piece that was lost,	31
What Boarding-schools have done,	33
Fort Coffee,	34
Fort Gibson,	36
The Verdigris Landing,	37
Tallahassa Mission,	39
Kowetah Mission,	41

	PAGE
Origin of the Kowetah Mission, . . .	47
The African Interpreter, . . .	52
Uncle Frank, . . .	58
The School, . . .	62
The Farmer Missionary, . . .	63
Female Department, . . .	69
How they work, . . .	71
Their Recreations, . . .	72
Scene in the Dining-room, . . .	75
Help those Women, . . .	77
The Cause which was dearest, . . .	86
Portrait of a Missionary, . . .	91
The Teacher, . . .	96
What is the Cause of this Difference, . . .	100
The Contrast, . . .	102
One that had not been a Pupil, . . .	104
Preaching, . . .	106
Evening Preaching at Cabins, . . .	107
Night Meeting among the Negroes, . . .	109
Aunt Chloe, . . .	112
The Whiskey Village, . . .	113
The Challenge, . . .	115
Drunken Indians, . . .	118
Travellers disturbed, . . .	119
Itinerating, . . .	122
The Vision, . . .	127
Another Vision, . . .	133
Oddly constructed Vehicles, . . .	134

	PAGE
Journal continued,	135
State of Widowhood,	139
Soaking the Seed,	142
Foot-prints in the Rock,	144
Another Day's Work,	146
Tulsey Town,	147
A Sick Woman,	152
"This be Indian's Hunting Ground,"	156
The Commons,	163
The poor lone Widow,	164
Discussion with a Mekko,	167
Choosing the Broad Road,	177
Returning home,	184
The Assault,	185
"Where other Indians go,"	188
Different Degrees of Civilization.	191
The Gentleman,	191
One of a Class Opposed to Civilization,	192
The Blowers,	194
Different modes of Burial,	195
Diffusive Influence of Religion and Knowledge,	197
Mingled Races,	199
Alarm in Prospect of Death,	202
Sofky,	205
White Wife,	207
Drunkards of Ephraim,	209
Prohibitory Laws,	210
Smugglers,	211

	PAGE
Morning after a Debauch,	213
The way of Transgressors Hard,	215
Extracts from Letters,	217
Big Meetings,	218
Unlettered Preachers,	219
Examination Day,	223
The Cold Plague,	225
Economical Lodgings,	229
Change of Weather,	230
Reckless Riding,	232
Indian Doctors,	234
Prophets,	238
The Busk,	241
Traditions,	248
Marriage and Courtship,	250
Some Incidents of a Day's Ride,	252
The Gleaner,	257
A Funeral,	259
Eloquence of Silence,	262
A Visit to the Cherokees,	264
A Cherokee Preacher,	269
Blood Revenge,	274
Testimony of a Drover,	275
Is it a Paying Business?	279

SCENES IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

THE CREEK INDIANS.

WE propose to give some account of the things seen—of the facts learned, and the labours engaged in—of about a year spent amongst the Creek Indians, who are located along the Arkansas river, west of the State of Arkansas. This tribe was removed to their present country, from Georgia, within the memory of those who are now not far past the meridian of life. They were very reluctant to remove; sorry to leave their old fields and orchards, their homes and hunting grounds, their council houses, and the graves of their kinsmen and their

braves. To this day, they talk much of the happy country from which they were *driven*, as they express it: they discourse about its springs, and brooks, and rivers; its rich soil, and abundant timber; its hills and valleys, and genial climate; and with it they are wont to contrast, depreciatingly, (like any homesick person,) the "woodless and waterless" country in which they are now settled: nothing is equal to what they had in Georgia; the summers here are hotter, the winters are colder, the rain is wetter, the crops lighter, the game scarcer, and their people are dying off faster than ever was known in the "old nation."

But, however unfavourably it may, in *their eyes*, compare with the country from which they came, they now have a goodly land, if they improve, and are disposed to enjoy it. They have prairie and woodland; the "openings" with their grassy carpet and majestic trees to shade the grazing herds, and a fitting place they are, also, for the pensive Indian to roam in solitude and

silence. They have the "deep tangled wild wood," where the earth never feels the enlivening influence of the sunshine, so dense are the tree tops with their trailing vines: they have upland and lowland, rivers and smaller streams; so many, that every family of the tribe might, if so disposed, fix its habitation on, or near a stream of living water. The face of the country is undulating, with here and there a ridge thrown up, and occasionally an isolated hill.

When they first came to the west, they settled on lands belonging to the Cherokees. From fear of the wild Indians of the western plains, of whom they had heard frightful tales, they kept, for a time, close to their Cherokee neighbours. Then they went over upon their own lands, but still continued huddled together in the north eastern corner of their own territory, and as near as possible to Fort Gibson, which is on the Neosho, not far from its confluence with the Arkansas and Verdigris rivers. The land in that vicinity was nearly all occupied with

their cornfields; but now, scarce a cabin remains there; young trees are covering the ground; the place bears the name of Tallahassee, or old fields, and the tribe has scattered about over their wide territory: some north along the Verdigris, some along the Arkansas, some south and away to the southwest, on the different branches of the Canadian river, and some far out on the western borders, where the buffaloes still range, and where some enterprising Creeks have established stores, and drive a profitable trade with the wild tribes.

Such as wish to farm, make a clearing in the heavy timber, supposing that the best land is likely to be where the timber grew; thus they are protected from the winter's winds, by that portion of the forest which still surrounds their field. Some erect their cabins on the borders of the groves, and make a farm partly on the prairie, and partly in the clearing.

It is not an uncommon occurrence to tear down the cabin, and remove it and the fences

to another place, and make new improvements; some because their old fields have become worn out, or too thickly seeded with weeds; others, not to secure greater agricultural advantages, but because fire wood is becoming scarce in their immediate vicinity; for, rather than go out and cut wood and "haul" it to the door, they prefer to move the house into the midst of standing trees, where they can fell and burn them at their lazy pleasure. Some change their location in order to get by the side of a better spring, or to find a better range for their cattle.

Many of the Creeks are tolerably good farmers, with well fenced and well tended fields, good horses, large herds of fine cattle, and many hogs. The hogs roam in the woods feeding on roots and nuts, and in the winter are fed sparingly on corn. The cattle fare well during the long summer, on the luxuriant grass of the prairies, and such as have provident owners, get a little hay in the winter; otherwise they must shift for themselves, picking the sour grass of the

lowlands, and browsing in the woods and cane brakes.

Now and then we see a small flock of coarse-wooled sheep; but it is difficult to raise them, because of the prairie wolves which are numerous and troublesome.

A majority of the Indians are, as yet, but indifferent farmers, and a large class seem to be desirous merely to live, and to live with as little trouble as possible. You will perceive who these are if you travel much in the country; their fields are small, and smaller this year than they were the year before; for instead of making new rails to replace those that were broken or burned, because there was nothing more convenient to boil the dinner, they diminish the size of the lot. The ploughing was done too late, and the planting was not in season; the scattering stalks of corn are sickly, and yielding the ground to weeds that thrive without care. Such men have but little stock; but if possible, they will keep one pony, for there are many gatherings for

amusement, feasts and games, at wide distances apart over the country, which are most punctually attended by those who most dislike labour. It is not certain, however, that every man that rides away from home, will ride back again; for the *labour-hating* are likely to be the *whiskey-loving* people, and the gamblers too; and that one pony may be gambled away or pledged for liquor.

VAN BUREN.

Our first introduction to the Indian Territory, we may say, began at Van Buren, a town in Arkansas, on the river of the same name, and at the point where it enters the State from the west. We arrived Saturday evening, and found the place full of people, with much noise and excitement. Here was the residence of the Superintendent of Indian affairs for all this portion of the Indian Territory, and here the courts are held, and all difficulties which could not be settled at the agencies in the several tribes,

and crimes of a grave character, were referred to the Superintendent ; here, too, was the jail, in which prisoners were lodged. It being the time of court, many Indians were lodging in the town, or encamped around in its vicinity ; some as principals, others as witnesses in the various trials.

We noticed that some who had been fellow passengers with us on the boat, and who were returning to their homes or places of trade in the Indian country, showed symptoms of anxiety, as they learned what was going on in town.

We asked the cause of their alarm, and they answered, " We'll have rows here, sir ; so many Indians together ; for if there is any whiskey within reach, they'll be sure to scent it out, and if they find it, they'll not be long in getting drunk, you may depend ; and when they're drunk, they'll fight and kill : that's so." But we enjoyed a quiet Sabbath, worshipping with God's people.

FOREST RANGERS IN THE TOWN.

During the forenoon of Monday we were looking about, and learning what we could of the Indian character and habits. Some were racing their ponies through the streets for the mere excitement of the thing. Here you might see half a dozen of swarthy faced young men, with the long black hair floating over their broad shoulders, issue from a grocery, unhitch their apparently sleeping nags, spring upon their backs, and with a wild screech fly up the road whooping and yelling till their noise dies away in the distance. We have forgotten them and are occupied with other scenes, when suddenly in an opposite direction we hear the same frightful screeching and clattering of hoofs, then we see the foaming horses plunging furiously towards us, and on even to the hitching rail, where they halt in full career, and the riders slide down their sides, turn the bridle rein over the pony's head, hang it on the hitching peg, and lean themselves

against a post or the side of the house, and, with eyes dropped upon the ground and one leg twisted around the other, they at once appear as listless and unconcerned as if they were alone by their own cabin in the woods.

We go about among the shops. Here is a spruce young fellow purchasing a hunting shirt of gay coloured calico with red or yellow fringe, and a beaded sash with long tassels: there an ambitious lad getting brass ornaments and flaming streamers for his bridle; others, too poor to buy, yet examining the gaudy horse caparisons which are hung about in tempting style. In another shop scores of men are laying in supplies of powder, and lead, and percussion caps; others are examining and trying the knives, rifles, and revolvers. Indian women are chattering over the shawls, and cotton handkerchiefs, and gaudy calicoes; and buying wooden pails, tin cups, and coffee pots.

Yonder is a gang of men and boys pitching quoits; and there another arranging for a foot race or ball play.

THE UP RIVER EXPERIENCE.

About noon we go aboard the *very* little steamboat that is to convey us still on up the Arkansaw "as far as she can go;" which, if the river does not fall immediately, will be up to the Old Creek Agency; and that is where we would like to be landed, for it is near the Tallahassa Mission. The officers, though young men, are nevertheless "old hands" in Western waters; and before you get to your journey's end, if skilful in questioning, you will have learned many interesting and some thrilling as well as some prosy facts relative to steamboating in these fitful rivers. They will tell you how in low water all hands are sometimes compelled to jump into the stream to work the vessel over a sand bar, and may be they will have to "tote" the lading all ashore, and after they have passed the shoal to "tote" it back again.

When we came down the river, we had a little experience in low water navigation.

In one place we saw a fine large steamboat away out on a sand plain, and many feet above the channel we were running in. She had, it appeared, been running in high water and thought to cut off a long bend by shooting across the bar; but the river was falling too fast, and she found herself in a place where she neither could get back or forward; and there high and dry she lay for months waiting another rise of the river. "The farthest way round would have been the shortest way home" for her that time.

Of high water boating we had some examples on our way up. Soon after leaving Napoleon we met a flood, which the officers declared was four feet perpendicular as we met it. Certain it is, that from a perfectly smooth surface, we passed at once into a turbulent stream, covered all over with drift wood, as though all the old "rack heaps" in the river had suddenly broken loose. Two men were stationed at the bow with poles and hooks to look out for the biggest logs, and, if possible, to turn them to one side. We ride

over logs and trees which thump and jostle us about; now a small tree is caught in the wheel, nor does it let go without leaving its mark. Some of the passengers say, "Captain, is this quite safe, do you reckon?" "Oh," he answers, "this is the United States mail boat, don't you know? She's bound to go through, sir." By and by the carpenter reports a hole in the bottom, and we turn in towards the shore and repair. In the middle of the night again, while nearly all the passengers are asleep in their berths, we hear the engine bells ringing ominously, and soon we are tied up to some trees on the bank, and the steam is let off. We go out to learn what's the trouble. "Oh, nothing special," says the mate, "only a little bit of a hole 'bout as big 's yer head; 't will be plugged in less 'n half an hour."

NEAR SINKING.

In our little boat from Van Buren to Fort Gibson we still had high water. At Fort Smith, where we lay part of a day taking in

cargo, we narrowly escaped a watery grave. Just at night they left the wharf to steam around to another landing which was at the mouth of a creek, and that creek too was high, and its waters were rushing down so impetuously that our craft could not make head against it, but the current caught and whirled her bow around against some sharp projecting rocks on the shore with startling force. The carpenter jerked off the hatchway and jumped into the hold; but he jumped out as quick as he jumped in; and in answer to the quick inquiry from the pilot house, "How is it?" he shouted back in an agitated manner, "She's taking water as fast as ever she can." The youthful captain, who was himself at the wheel, did not lose his presence of mind; but backed down a little, then with all the steam that could be let on, he rushed her hard into a cane brake; and the canes bending under and at the sides of the boat, helped to buoy her up, and meantime others were busy cramming bedding into the holes. We lay there nearly all the

night till the damage was repaired, and "better than new," as they insisted. Had we gone down where we struck, there would nothing have been seen, even of the tops of our smoke pipes; so they told us. Most of the passengers would have been glad to have been ashore. Some went out on the hurricane deck, and shouted long and loud to *anybody* on the land; screeched with that Cherokee screech. One or two came lazily down to the water's edge and asked, "What's the matter?" and when they were told, they coolly replied, "Oh, is that all?" and as lazily they walked away.

WOODING.

Wooding along those rivers far up the country is not the systematic and speedy business that it is where there are woodyards, and men who have ambition to chop and haul the wood to the river, and enterprise to be on the look out for opportunity to sell it. When our stock was getting low, all hands were put on the look out for a con-

venient place to land, and where there was a prospect of gathering wood. Dry limbs were gathered, small trees were cut, and not a few rails from the fences near the river would be tossed aboard—"Pitch them in," they would say, "pitch them in; don't you see the bank is caving? They 'll be gone any how pretty soon, and we might as well save them—pitch them in."

FELLOW PASSENGERS.

Perhaps we are taking our readers on too fast: you may have a curiosity to look around amongst our passengers and see who they are. When we embarked at Van Buren we found quite a company on board already; a few white men, but many Indians, men and women; and the Indians were the lords and ladies. The first day, at the table, a fat Indian woman fixed herself in the captain's seat; nor was she asked to vacate it. All helped themselves to what they liked.

The women wore very small shawls, and gowns which were not very flowing; with

handkerchiefs tied about the head instead of bonnets.

At Fort Smith, more people came aboard; of whom some were white traders, some were Indians, who were merchants on a small scale, and had come down to lay in a stock of goods; also a few people belonging to the United States service.

Amongst the Indians, there were a few petty chiefs, two of whom were very fat; and one, a very tall, and very dark man, who bore himself rather haughtily, was pointed out to us as the third chief of the Creek Nation, and brother to the principal chief, and a merchant, and Baptist preacher besides.

One morning, one of the corpulent chiefs caused his companions much merriment, by his ineffectual efforts to contrive a way to descend safely from the upper berth, and at length, whether as a last resort, or by accident, rolling over broadside, down upon the deck. This called forth floods of jokes,

which we did not understand, with peals of laughter long and loud.

From Little Rock, we had as fellow passenger, a nephew of the Cherokee chief whom I had known once in Princeton, N. J., where he was then attending school. Now he seemed to be quite a business man, having his residence at Tallequa, the capital of the Cherokee nation.

He had hitherto been dressed in a genteel suit of broadcloth, which he was wearing home from Philadelphia, whither he had been for the purchase of goods; and he had been quite social and communicative all the way up the river, until we met, on board this last steamer, amongst other Indians. He had stowed the broadcloth away in his trunk, and appeared in his hunting shirt, and bead sash with long tassels, no vest, gay slippers, straw hat with red ribbon. He would not enter into any protracted conversation with the white men, and seemed to be extremely anxious all the time, lest possibly he might become implicated in some of the

Indians' little quarrels. We regretted this, for he was an educated and intelligent man, and we had already drawn much valuable information from him.

At Fort Smith we took on board a surgeon, a lieutenant, and a sergeant. The latter had in charge two soldiers, who had deserted from Fort Gibson. During the night he managed to let them go again into the woods somewhere, when the boat landed—"he did it on purpose"—the surgeon said.

THE LIEUTENANT.

He was a wild, rollicking blade; he told tales about the many marvellous things he had seen or done, during the service in Mexico. What was truth, and what was fiction, it was hard to determine, and therefore the safest plan was to reject it all. From the companions gathered around him, and from the many bad words he used, it was manifest that he was not fit company for decent people. We observed that the surgeon had nothing whatever to do with him. But he

had a horse that might be admired; a noble, and well trained animal. When we were approaching the place where he purposed to take the land again, the saddle, bridle, holsters, etc., were brought out and adjusted; the boat ran in to the shore, and preparations were making to launch the planks in order to lead the horse off; but, "No," says the lieutenant, and touching his fingers to the bridle rein, and a toe to the stirrup, he vaulted into the saddle, and touching his heel to the flanks of his steed, off from the deck he leaped, clambered up the steep bank, then galloped away over the greensward, and was soon out of sight in the woods.

THE SURGEON.

He was a polished gentleman, and a Christian, we trust. His speech was pure and elegant, unmixed with those vulgarisms which are so easily acquired in the army, and by mingling with all kinds of people. He was now past the meridian of life, and had been in the army constantly, since he had

left the schools, yet he retained all the polish of manners, and kept up his reading with as much zest as if he had never left his city home. Through Florida, Texas, Mexico, and the Indian country, he had accompanied the troops, and had experienced the vicissitudes and privations of war; but it had not made him coarse or negligent. His own sound, religious principles, the presence of a wife and daughter, who were his companions when he was not following the army into battle; the presence too, of a well selected library, served to keep him up in a moral and social atmosphere, which was healthful and refining, while so many around him were people of different habits, and different tastes.

He loved much to talk of his Colonel, a pious man, who was not ashamed of his religion, and always would have order whether in the cantonment or the camp; who suppressed improper indulgences, and enforced a decent observance of the Sabbath. Many of the officers, therefore, complained of him

as a bigoted old Puritan, that could not tolerate amongst his men *innocent amusements*.

THE WHITE INDIAN.

There was a young white man on the boat, a citizen of the Cherokee nation ; for any person may become a citizen of any of these tribes, by marrying a native woman : he can then take up as much land as he is able to cultivate, providing he does not encroach upon the prior claim of any other man ; he may raise cattle, buy and sell, and enjoy all the privileges of a genuine Indian ; but he is required to attend, and contribute to the support of all their national feasts, and the sports and games connected with them, however idolatrous or immoral they may be. If, at any time he should grow tired of his wife, or of the country, and wish to remove, he must leave behind all the property which, as an Indian, he claimed. This young man of whom we are speaking, had been well raised ; a tall, hand-

somely formed person, with a sparkling eye, and finely wrought features. He had received some education, and had travelled some. When not too drunk he could converse pleasantly ; but, poor fellow ! he had abandoned himself to every degrading vice, and had lent himself, with his education and fine talents, to the service of the devil, in leading the poor Indian into sin, and teaching him forms of wickedness he had not known before. In gambling and drinking, he spent whatever money came into his hands ; selling off, one after another, the cattle and horses which were the inheritance of his wife, and staking at the gambling table, the annuities which were to come to her from the United States government.

He was considerably intoxicated when he came aboard, though not noisy ; but there was a "Bar" kept on the boat, and before long he became more drunk and more troublesome ; ready to provoke a quarrel with any one ; every now and then drawing out a frightful looking sheath-knife,

feeling its edge, then returning it to its place at his back, under the hunting shirt.

At length we arrived at the landing where we hoped to get rid of him, and to land some stores which he had purchased down the river; but the captain refused to put them ashore, till he had found security for damage done to a box of dry goods, which he had wantonly tossed into the river on the way up, which was, however, fished up again, though well saturated with the red Arkansaw water.

RED MEN.

One evening, as we were nearing the shore to gather wood, and to put out a few cases of goods for a small store back from the river, we had a view of a company of Cherokees, with painted faces, feathers in their hair, bare legs, moccasined feet, and armed with guns and knives. We were not expecting to find any of this tribe still appearing so wild and savage; but we subsequently learned that a portion of the nation have

always been desperately opposed to schools, and to the improvements urged by our government, and by the missionaries; they adhere to their old customs, and strive to train up their children in the same; carefully teaching them all their traditions, and charging them not to learn or adopt the religion of the pale faces; for it is not to the heaven of the pale faces, but to the happy hunting ground of the red men, they should wish to go.

THE PIECE THAT WAS LOST.

We had as passenger, a furniture dealer from Fort Smith. Wherever the boat made any long stop, he ran ashore to inform the people of the wares he had for sale, and employed others to circulate the news further, and to give notice that the people should be ready when the boat might return on her downward trip. Just as the word had been given this evening to "cast off," and the hurried strokes of the bell were pealing through the woods, and the people were run-

ning in on the narrow plank, an Indian woman came running, and calling, and throwing out her arms like one in great distress. We waited to hear her story. She was coming to buy a bureau, but on the way had dropped a ten dollar gold piece, and she wanted help to find it. The accommodating captain ordered the boat made fast again, and passengers and hands sallied forth with torches to help the poor woman find her piece of money, and they found it and returned it to her; whereupon she was exceedingly rejoiced, and it seemed so much more valuable than it did before, that the furniture dealer was unable to close a bargain with her.

Then some of us thought of the woman of the parable, who lighted her candle and swept the house, and sought diligently till she found the piece that was lost, and then called together her neighbours and friends to rejoice with her: we thought too of the joy there is in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and

then we thought of this Indian woman herself, and of those heathen red men, and of the work in which the missionaries to this people are engaged—work in which the angels would love to labour—not to find pieces of gold and silver; but to win souls, over whose salvation the angels may rejoice.

WHAT BOARDING SCHOOLS HAVE DONE.

On the Cherokee side of the river I went ashore one morning to procure, if possible, a pitcher of milk; for that was a luxury not down on the boat's bill of fare. "Follow up that path," said a man on the shore, "and it will bring you to a house where they keep it." So I followed that winding footpath about a quarter of a mile till it brought me in front of a neat cottage of hewn logs, having a portico in front, vines running over the windows, a well cultivated flower and vegetable garden. Within everything was clean and orderly; the lady was apparently a full blooded Cherokee, but genteel and easy in her manners, and speaking the English

language prettily. She was an educated woman, I saw at once; and without fearing to be thought impertinent, I inquired where she had attended school. Her eye lit up with emotion, and a grateful, pleasurable expression passed over her face as she quickly answered, "At the Old Dwight Mission, sir." I had not time to sit down, but yet had time enough to observe the appearance of herself, her house, and her household: and at my leisure I could contrast this scene with some others which we had witnessed, and could muse upon the influence of Christian Missions, and of the Mission *Boarding Schools*, especially in civilizing and refining those who otherwise would still be ignorant, indolent, and without the comforts even of this life.

FORT COFFEE.

When we came to this place, which is on the Choctaw side of the river, it had begun to grow dark one evening. It was then occupied as the Mission premises, and board-

ing school under the care of the Methodist church. The buildings were old log houses on the top of a bold bluff, and the river bends itself around its foot. The boat was bringing stores for the Mission, and her shrill whistle brought out the teacher, with twenty or thirty Indian lads, and they came running down the hill.

It was a romantic spot, and a scene which a painter would love to sketch. The cone shaped hill bearing stately trees on its sides, those weather beaten block houses on its summit, Indian boys scattered here and there, their dusky features revealed by the torch light, and the river laving its rocky foundation. That fort once grinning with cannon through its port holes; that hill once bristling with infantry, now serving a better purpose, and now a far better defence for the tribe than when armed men were quartered there; for now it is fostering an army of teachers, and men who will be friends of education and religion. A military station transformed into a nursery, for the religious

training of youth rescued from heathenism, is indeed a pleasing sight. And may the time speed on when the diffusion of knowledge, and the peaceful influences of the gospel of Christ, the Prince of peace, shall render forts and standing armies unnecessary—that time which prophets have foretold, when—

“To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.”

FORT GIBSON.

It was about daybreak when we drew near to this place, and our friend, the surgeon, called us out to enjoy the sight with him: especially, he said, we should embrace the rare opportunity now afforded, of looking into the mouths of three rivers at the same time. Straight before us the Neosho, gliding smoothly down from the north; the Arkansas, rolling along its turbulent red current, from the west, a part of which had come from the Rocky Mountains; and be-

tween the two, the melancholy Verdigris, with its dark green waters.

Our friend politely pointed out whatever objects of interest there were in sight, remarking upon their beauties, and the charms of that bright morning; "but," says he, "we are doing wrong in standing here in these river fogs, and the humid morning air; we are drinking in fever now at every breath. I do not allow myself to go out in the morning air, in this warm damp country, till the stomach is fortified by refreshment, and the air becomes dryer."

THE VERDIGRIS LANDING.

After spending a part of the day at Fort Gibson, we returned to the boat, to drop down the stream about two miles, and turn up the Arkansas once more.

We steamed up this broad, logwood coloured stream, trying to make the Old Creek Agency. But the captain, who had been narrowly watching the banks, by and by gave the order to turn about; he saw that

the water was falling, and knowing that these streams subside as rapidly as they rise, he dreaded the thought of being left aground in these woods for months, during the hot summer. So back we came, and turned up the deep and narrow channel of the Verdigris; its high banks being covered with trees, which locked their great arms together over our heads, almost shutting out the daylight.

From Fort Gibson word had been sent to the Tallahassa Mission, and the Superintendent was at the landing almost as soon as we arrived. It was dark by the time our goods were landed, and the ox-wagon had arrived to take the baggage and the stores for the Mission. For us there was a little buggy, which had already done too much service in the States before finding its way into the Indian Territory, and before it was a little black pony. An Indian boy belonging to the school was on horseback, and ready to serve as our guide, and so we started; our horse following his through the

bushes and over the sand beds, sometimes tilted to one side, sometimes to the other. It was late in the night when we arrived at the Mission. Such a ride as that, with all its attendant circumstances, it being, moreover, the introduction to a new country, and to new scenes of labour, is amongst the events which are not forgotten during a lifetime.

TALLAHASSA MISSION.

Here is a substantial brick building of three stories high, with a modest cupola, in which is a small bell, and which commands a view of the country for many miles in every direction. One half of the building is the department for the boys, the other for the girls; having a wide hall and staircase, with airy and commodious rooms on either side in each department. Each department has its distinct yards; the dining and recitation rooms are in common.

The orchard, garden, workshop, tool-room, and stables, are near; and the farm not far

off. About a quarter of a mile distant is a frame building for a chapel, and a little distance from this, the Mission burying ground, over which many ancient oaks wave their branches in solemn cadence with the moaning winds. Some that were pupils in the school lie buried there, and some who once were missionaries in that field, but are now far away, often return thither in imagination, for there is dust in that ground that is precious to them.

The school building is situated between the Arkansas and Verdigris rivers, about four or five miles from each. From eighty to a hundred Indian youth, of both sexes, are gathered here for instruction, and from all parts of the nation they have come, for it is the school for the whole nation. Think what an influence such an institution must exert; once in every three or four years, a body of eighty or a hundred youth going out through the tribe to spread more widely the leaven of the gospel. Every year some are leaving the school, who have been from

two to five years under the tuition and guardianship of pious men and women, to carry to their homes and neighbourhoods, something, at least, of what they have been learning by precept and example; and when they become heads of families, to bring up their own children, not in the way that was practised by their forefathers, but according as they have seen practised in Christian families, and according to the rules which they find in that Book of books which they have learned to read, and which some of them have learned to love.

KOWETAH MISSION.

This is eighteen miles west of Tallahassee, in the skirts of the timber which lines the banks of the Arkansas river. The road running from Fort Gibson, through Tallahassee, past this Mission house, and then stretching on towards the west, is the old army trail. From Tallahassee to Kowetah, it passes over rolling prairies, crossing two or three small streams, but which, powerful

rains sometimes swell suddenly to rivers that cannot be forded.

The Mission premises are not in sight from the prairie; for the farm was made by clearing away the forest, leaving a thin belt of timber still standing between it and the prairie.

The Mission house is pleasantly situated. Grand old forest trees stand there, in all their native pride and strength. The buildings are not at all imposing; they have not any of that look which would lead one to wonder if they had been taken up out of the city, and set down there; but they bear the marks of having been constructed of such materials and with such tools as were at hand, far out on the frontier; they are innocent of paint, or needless ornament; but they look comfortable.

Let us see if we can set them before you, so that you may be at home with us there, for a little while.

There was first a solid one-and-a-half story building of hewed logs, facing the east,

with a wide hall and two rooms on each side of it. Afterwards, as the school increased, a two story building was joined to its south end; it was of hewed logs, and weather boarded with clap-boards, split out of oak trees, and covered with pine shingles. Along the front was an open shed with rude seats. On the west side of the old house another building was added. Of these buildings, No. 1 was the girls' department: No. 2, the boys': No. 3, the dining-room, store-room, kitchen, &c. You may think of these as in the centre of a large yard, which was surrounded by a high rail fence; the yard, however, being divided in the middle by a close picket fence, giving a separate yard to each department, and you must not forget about those noble trees, which were very much higher than the houses. And now we wish you to look along the west side of the yard, and you see a row of little cabins. The first was occupied by the black man, who was hired by the month to work on the farm, and who was also employed as

interpreter. The second was the mill-room, where "Uncle Frank," the blind negro man, with an iron hand-mill, ground all the meal and hommony used in the establishment, to supply fifty mouths, and the bread used there was principally of corn. (Uncle Frank's own little cabin was still west of the mill-house, and on the other side of a narrow lane, in which lane is the "wood pile.") The third cabin in the row was generally reserved as a place for lodging strangers—Indian families that wanted entertainment for the night. For a time it was occupied by a young man and his wife, who wished to perfect himself in studies which had been broken off a year or two previously. Before his marriage, he had acquired a taste for learning, and having begun to drink at this fountain, desired to drink still more.

Beyond this cabin was the smoke-house, where the bacon was hung. On further, and down back of all were the stables, hay stacks, cattle pens, &c. Off at the east, and down a little hill was a spring, and over

it the milk-room. At the north-east was a capacious garden, guarded by its picket fence; the orchards at the west, and the fields spread out beyond and around; and there were corn cribs here and there. And this was the farm with its appurtenances, where Indian boys learned how to do all manner of *out-door* work; and there the girls learned to be good help-meets for educated Indian men, by getting a knowledge of the method of performing all manner of *in-door* work.

At the south, and in front of the house, was an open space, covered with a green-sward; in the centre and most elevated point of the green, stood the chapel, which during the week days was also the school house. It had no steeple or bell; but a hand bell called the children into the school; and to gather the people from the surrounding cabins for public worship, a man with strong lungs blew a trumpet—a trumpet of the most primitive kind, a long crooked horn of an ox.

East of the Mission premises is a pretty valley; and through that valley glides a stream of pure water over a rocky bed. Beyond the stream is undulating ground with scattering timber; and one of the prettiest of those knobs is enclosed with a fence: it is the Mission burying ground; and there lie the ashes of some of the saints. Some who lie there are the blessed dead who rest from their labours, their works following them; and by their side sleep some of those for whom they laboured, and who will rise with them in the first resurrection—missionaries and those who, by means of their teaching, were turned to the Lord—teachers and pupils slumber together there; and Jesus watches their dust.

We are describing things as they were when we were on the ground; there have been changes since—changes in the internal economy, not in the external arrangement. And even if the whole were changed, yet what *has been* is worthy of record as a matter of history. Those who have advanced up

into the comfortable ceiled house, love to talk about the first log cabin in the woods; so let me go on to tell you about the

ORIGIN OF THE KOWETAH MISSION

That little cabin No. 2, now the mill-house, was first erected by the pioneer missionary, who is the present Superintendent of the Tallahassa Mission. Afterwards he brought a wife to it, to share his labours. In that one little cabin they taught a little day-school. There they had experience of many privations, of some sorrows; but yet of much enjoyment through it all.

There, in that little log cabin, some who are now teachers, and interpreters, and church members, first began to acquire that education which has rendered them useful men and women in their nation: there they began to learn respecting the way of life, which some are now travelling, and as the "light of the world and salt of the earth," are leading others in the same narrow way. Among those early pupils was, I think, the

boy, now the man and ordained minister, who at this present time has charge of this same Kowetah Mission, and the pastoral care of the church.

From such records as this we learn not to despise the day of small things. Look over the Annual Reports of the Board of Foreign Missions, for the last fourteen or fifteen years, and see to what that Mission has grown, which commenced with one man in a little lone cabin. That missionary still lives to see the work go on ; indeed most of the improvements at the different stations have been made under his superintendence, and with much of his own manual labour.

At first the Creeks were hostile to schools, and especially to Christian Missions. Formerly missionaries connected with other denominations had incurred the displeasure of the chiefs, and had been driven from the nation. Therefore, for a long time they had been left without schools, and without the preaching of the gospel ; except that there were a few Indians and Negroes that claimed

to be preachers ; but from reports concerning them, it is to be feared that, however well meaning they may have been, they sometimes darkened counsel by words without knowledge.

Our church began to be interested in this nation ; especially the Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, who, from his long familiarity with public affairs, had learned the history and condition of the Indian tribes, and had become ardently enlisted in every feasible plan for elevating them, both in temporal and spiritual things.

The chiefs of the nation were met in council, and permission obtained to send a man to them on trial. Such a man was found who was willing to undertake the mission. He travelled from his home, in Georgia, to the Indian Territory ; traversed the country on horseback, was present at a council, was granted liberty to construct a cabin ; and the ground lying between two streams that were specified, was designated as the Mission premises, so long as they saw

fit to tolerate the Mission at all. There he might have permission to teach such children and youth as chose to come to him; and he might preach in his own house, but nowhere else; and these privileges he could enjoy only so long as, in the opinion of the chiefs, he behaved with propriety. If he transgressed these rules, or meddled with the affairs of the nation to their detriment, he must be summarily expelled. That was a license for one year only. The missionary accordingly laboured within the limits prescribed, and at the termination of the year again went up to the council, reported what he had been doing, and petitioned for a wider field in which to preach. This was unhesitatingly granted, for he had won the entire confidence of the people, and disarmed the fears of the chiefs; and now, on their part, they requested him to send to the States for more men *just like him*, with a special reference to the enlarging of the school, that educational advantages might be more extensively enjoyed.

In a short time he was allowed to go anywhere in the nation, preaching the gospel; and at the present time, our missionaries and native preachers may travel, and hold meetings, from the eastern limits of the tribe, to the westward as far as the people have carried their settlements, and from the boundary which divides between them and the Cherokees on the north, to the country of the Choctaws on the south. Therefore, again there is occasion to remark, "Despise not the day of small things." This little scrap of history also suggests the necessity there is for prudence on the part of the missionary. The want of prudence caused the expulsion of missionaries, who already had a foothold on what seemed solid ground, and nothing but the exercise of great prudence could gain a new standing-place on precarious ground. "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," is a part of the charge which the Author of Missions gave to his first missionaries, and it is needed now quite as much as then.

•
THE AFRICAN INTERPRETER.

As we have not undertaken to give a minute and formal history of the Mission, we may be allowed to describe scenes, and relate events as they occur to us, and as we have spoken of a small cabin in the south-west corner of the yard, we will expend a few words in speaking of the person that occupied it. It seems that missionaries to the aboriginal tribes of this country have been accustomed to preach to them through interpreters, which is not the case in other foreign missions; and missionaries who learn the language of the people to whom they are sent, have greatly the advantage over those who do not become familiar with the language of the people to whom they go, as Christ's ambassadors. Since, however, missionaries to the Indians make much use of interpreters, it may not be unacceptable to the reader to hear a little about them. Well, one of our stated interpreters at the Koweitah Mission, was Robin, a negro, and he oc-

cupied the cabin in the corner. Robin was also a man of all work, and very "handy" at repairing tools, and preparing many little "make shifts," which cannot be obtained in that far off country, except by making. Within, his cabin was like a boatswain's locker, having a great many things, but all in confusion. Under the window was the tool chest, which served also for a seat, and sometimes for a table; there was a stool, and one chair with a piece of green cowhide, with the hair still on, drawn on it for a seat. Hanging about, you see scraps of old harness, buckles, spurs; and there are hatchets and hoes, axe-helves, broom-handles and brooms, and some of these in process of construction; for this man occupies himself at such labour in the evening, by way of overwork, to earn pocket money for himself. At the side of the room, opposite the great fireplace, is the low bedstead, constructed of poles, the ends of which are made fast in the logs; but it is not always occupied, for Robin often sleeps on the floor: in the sum-

mer to escape the mosquitoes, which he fancies are not so numerous close to the floor as a little above it, and in the winter, because then he may roll himself in blankets, not excepting the head, and place his feet close to the fire, and thus keep warmer than in any other way.

He was fond of talking, and once in a while we would listen to an old legend or tradition, as we were riding together, on our long missionary excursions. Some reference had been made once, to the colour of the people of different nations, and the question was started as to what may have been the original colour; when he repeated the old Indian tradition of the three men who originally were all black. They came to a stream of water, and one of them washed in it, and came out entirely white, and he was the father of the white race. The second washed in the now turbid water, and came out only partially white, and he was the father of the red men. The third, seeing the water already too black, did not wash

at all, except to touch the palms of his hands, and the soles of his feet, therefore he remained black, as do all the Negroes, his posterity, to this day.

Then he repeated that other old story, by which they account for the diversity of tastes and employments, which tradition many of the Indians firmly believe, and many likewise believe that the habits of the different races, and their social position, are so firmly and unalterably fixed, that it is useless to think of changing them.

The legend is, that those three men whose colour had become fixed, as above related, again started on their journey together, and travelled till they came to a place in which the Great Spirit had deposited a great variety of articles, arranged in three separate parcels. In one were books, maps, pens and paper, etc., and the white man chose these. In the second were bows and arrows, beads and feathers, and the like, and the red man caught up these; and there was nothing left for the poor black man but the spades,

and hoes, and grubbing tools. Therefore, in some instances, when we urge upon the Indians the advantages of education, and the importance of sending their children to school, they answer, "Oh, learning is for you white people; the books were given to you; but to us the bow and arrow; therefore the Great Spirit does not desire us to change our mode of living."

Though it may be interesting to be able to trace here a tradition respecting Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and to wonder how far back it had its origin; yet it is humiliating to reflect that there are people so near us who still repeat over such stories, and teach them to their children for solid history; and who by means of them encourage themselves to continue in ignorance, and to neglect the means of elevation which are offered them.

But our interpreter was able to converse on other subjects; and during our long rides we learned many facts concerning the country, and the habits of the people, their civil polity, and religious superstitions; as well

as many things relating to the extent and influence of christianity amongst the Indians.

The missionary and his interpreter soon get to understand each other; they warm up together, and one seems to stimulate the other, the interpreter becoming apparently as much interested in the subject as the preacher himself.

After a few years of such service the interpreters become well stocked with Theological and Biblical learning; and, if they are pious men they are prepared to be very useful.

This man, of whom we have been speaking, thought he would be able to repeat, entire, many sermons that he had interpreted, and in which he had become especially interested: indeed this, he said, was the way in which he occupied himself in his lonely hours. One of the ladies once asked him how he amused himself in his long rides over the prairie; for every other Saturday he rode, on his own pony, away several miles to spend the day with his wife. He answered, "Why, ma'am, some of the way I

sings, and some of the way I prays, and some of the way I preaches." "Preach, Robin! and to whom do you preach?" she asked. "Oh, to myself, ma'am."

UNCLE FRANK.

This was the black man, whose quarters were in the rear of the mill-house, and who ground the meal. He was entirely blind; had once been a bondman, was now free; and, what was better than all, he gave good evidence of being one of the Lord's freemen.

He kept his snug little room in good order, neater than some do who have both their eyes. He chopped his own wood; and sometimes we found him engaged in mending his clothes, which he chose to do rather than to be the occasion of unnecessary trouble to others. With his cane he felt his way around: scarce ever was he absent from the religious meetings, or from the morning and evening worship. He was always devout, and always cheerful. God's ways, he said, were all right and merciful too. Occasion-

ally we went to spend a few minutes with him, as he stood at his work, or sat in his door after the day's work was done, to hear him tell of what the Lord had done for his soul. He was wont to say that he never could express all his thankfulness to God for ever permitting him to hear the gospel, and for causing him to see what a sinner he was, and what danger he was in ; and then to see Jesus and to trust in him as the Lamb of God that taketh away sin. "And still"—he would go on to say—"still the good Lord is taking care of me so well ; giving me so good a home, and causing people to be so kind to me, a poor old black man, and blind, without money, relatives, or home of my own." Now his wants were all supplied, even better than many that were not blind ; and for himself he was happier than he was years ago when he could see ; for now he had such charming seasons of prayer : it seemed to him that in prayer he was very near to God, and did really talk with him : and now, oh, how he loved to think over what

he had heard read out of the Bible! "Oh that delightful book, sir!" he would say. "Strange it is, sir, that we seem to hear it like a new book every time, and to get some fresh light from it every time! Does it seem so to you, sir, when you read it? or have you learned it to the bottom?" Often he would come to the rooms of the missionaries, and modestly inquire, "Is Mr.———or Mrs.———or is Miss———at leisure for a few minutes?" "Yes, always at leisure to serve Uncle Frank; and what will you have?" would be the reply. "Well, if you please," he would say, "I would be so much obliged if you would read to me a few verses." So the Bible, or some good book is opened, and a few passages read, with now and then a few comments, and Frank says, "Oh that is beautiful! thank you. I am indeed very much obliged." And he goes back to his work, or to his room to ruminate, and study upon what he has heard, and to employ himself in prayer; for there is evidence that he is a man of prayer, and that he prays for blessings on those who

consider his infirmities, and do not despise his ignorance; and he prays too for blessings on those good people in the States who give money to support missionaries and schools amongst the Indians; that the merciful may obtain mercy, that the liberal soul may be made fat.

As he goes out, and gropes his way through the pitchy darkness—for every-where, by day or by night, it is dark to him—the missionary says to himself, “Happy man! God bless and comfort him ever! May the eyes of his understanding be more and more enlightened, though his eyes are dark;” and immediately he turns to other duties, and perhaps thinks no more of what he has done; but He who says, “I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience,” has seen it. Deeds like this done for Christ’s disciples, if performed with a right spirit, shall not fail of their reward: and every person may find some such work to do—some opportunity to give a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple.

THE SCHOOL.

The regular study hours are from nine to twelve, and from one till four; and often parts of the evening are employed in giving additional instruction to some of the advanced classes; or in familiar lectures to the whole school, to enlighten them in general knowledge.

Before and after school hours, the pupils separate into different companies for work. Some of the boys with their axes repair to the wood pile, others with hoes are put to work in the field. Among such a number of boys just out of school, it would not be surprising if there were more inclination to play than labour: indeed the man who is with them has his patience tried no little; but if he manages them skilfully he will get some work done; but what is better, and which in fact is the chief object in putting the pupils to manual labour, he may teach them how different kinds of work should be done; and by engaging with them himself they see that he is not above labour: also

during the hours in which he is with them in the field he has opportunity for dropping many useful hints, and directing their minds to the various objects around them which manifest the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator and Preserver of all things.

In the larger missions there is one who manages the temporal affairs of the establishment, and who takes charge of the boys when out of school; laying out their work, and directing and encouraging them in it. He is sometimes denominated the Steward and Farmer.

Suppose we attempt to draw a sketch of him and of his charge, as clearly as we can, and we will call him

THE FARMER MISSIONARY.

Missionary operations amongst the Indians are conducted differently, in some respects, from the missions in India, China, and Africa. Here the manual labour boarding-schools are a very important auxiliary in the work; and to conduct these success-

fully, there should be a number of missionaries who oversee different departments.

For example, at one station there is a superintendent, who is also the chaplain ; a teacher and two assistants ; a farmer, who is also steward ; a lady, who has care of the domestic apartment ; another who has charge of the girls out of school, and teaches them in needle-work and other branches of industry proper for their sex ; and a lady who has charge of the boys' clothes.

These are all missionaries ; but just now we are to tell you something about the farmer. There are, perhaps, some that might look upon this as not the most honourable part of missionary labour ; but, let us inquire what he does, and what his influence is likely to be, and what portion of the time he has the boys with him. We expect, of course, that he is a man of a good English education, of a strong mind, good common sense, of some experience, an enterprising man, and an active Christian. This man is with the boys of the boarding-school, four or five

hours each day, teaching them the various kinds of work which farmers have to do.

The Indians, you know, have been rovers in former times, living by hunting, fishing, or begging, and sometimes by plunder, and on such corn and beans as their women could cultivate; for the men considered it dishonourable to work in the fields. There was no hope of civilizing these tribes unless they could be induced to abandon their migratory habits, and settle down as farmers or herdsmen; and the most effectual means for bringing about such a result, has been found to be the Mission boarding-school; and in this work, as you at once perceive, a *practical* farmer is needed. Not merely a man who has the theory of farming, nor one who is wanting in the needful muscle, or the disposition to labour which is found in a practical farmer; but he should be a man that can take hold and do the work; or, in farmers' phrase, not one that would say, "Go, boys," but, "Come, boys." One to go ahead,

both encouraging the lads, and showing them how the thing is to be done.

Thus, putting his own hand to the work, or laying his own shoulder to the wheel, he dignifies labour in the eyes of the Indian youth; they will not be ashamed or afraid to undertake anything the missionary can do. In the field he teaches the boys the practical part of ploughing, planting, and tending crops, with remarks as to the best time, and best mode of doing the same; and how to do this, and that, and a hundred other things, that we cannot now mention, and which are not likely to be thought of, only as they occur. For instance, the plough-handles break. What is to be done? The farmer says, "What's to be done now, boys?" "I don't know," says one. "I don't know," says another. "Reckon we can't plough any more," says a third. "Shall have to buy a new plough," is the verdict of the fourth. But the farmer says, "Come with me." So he gets an axe, and they go to the woods. "What sort of timber must we

cut?" "I don't know," they all say. So he tells them what to get. Then he cuts and hews; and goes to the tool-box, and selects the proper tools, and before long the handles are worked, and fitted, and the plough is ready to go to the field again. Perhaps, a great many years afterwards, when these boys become men, and have farms, they may break plough handles, or some other farming implements, and they will remember how Mr. —— did when they were "at the Mission," and they are able to go to work and mend what they break, or make new articles that they may require.

The farmer missionary has the best of opportunities for dropping here a word of counsel, and there a word of instruction; or of enforcing or illustrating what they have learned in school, or in the sermon of the previous Sabbath; and these lessons will, doubtless, be remembered longer, or at least, as long as any others they receive.

Children that have been reared on a farm,

and have had pious fathers, will remember how these fathers conversed with them in the field day after day, beguiling the hours, and rendering labour easier; and they will be reminded of the great amount of knowledge which they acquired in those days, almost unconsciously. They will remember how they used to have illustrated to them the parable of the sower; the tares and the wheat; the wheat and the chaff; the barren tree; and the things in the spiritual world, which are represented by breaking up of fallow ground, and the influences of the Spirit on the heart, like the sun and the rain on the fields. Well, now, you who remember with pleasure these things, and who venerate the memory of those godly fathers, just think of the farmer missionary as the father, if you please, of such a family of boys, embryo farmers—large families, it is true; for some have twenty, some forty, and some even one hundred boys to look after. He will be remembered by these boys as long as they live; by many he will be loved, something,

perhaps, as you remember a parent, and some, very likely, may remember him as the means, more than any other person, of their conversion.

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

The girls, when out of school, are likewise appointed to their several tasks, or divisions of labour for the week; and the week following a change is made, so that all in turn are engaged in the different branches of domestic economy, having the ladies of the mission to direct them. Those ladies have to do more than to oversee them; they have to put their own hands to the work, in order to show how it is to be done. Amongst the Indian girls there are spirits hard to manage—difficult to tame: not unfrequently there is a case of “desertion”—a pupil broke loose from school, and escaped to its home. Untutored Indian children are not to be reconciled at once to the dull routine of school, and the stately uniformity of a well ordered household: it is a great change from the

free and indolent life to which they had been accustomed.

There were two little creatures—brother and sister. When brought to the Mission they were as shy as young partridges; and many was the time that they ran away. As soon as they were missed, a messenger would be posted after them. Their quick ears, however, would hear the sound of approaching footsteps, and they would turn aside and skulk in the bushes till the messenger had passed; and when, not finding them at home, he turns back thinking that certainly he must meet them on his return, they, being quicker to hear than he to see, would again elude him; and perhaps for several days they would avoid being caught.

One morning two little girls were missing. They had been at the Mission a long time, and seemed contented; their homes were far off, and they had no relatives near at hand: they were not to be found anywhere in the neighbourhood: we only knew that they were gone, and had taken some of their

clothes with them. It was afterwards learned that those two little girls, with no other company, had arisen some time in the night, crept softly from the house, and carrying their bundles, had travelled eighteen miles through the dark woods and over the solitary prairie.

HOW THEY WORK.

Visit one of those Mission boarding-schools, and if it is in the morning or evening, you would think it a very busy place. About the kitchen and dining room you see some of the girls assisting in cooking, others in preparing the tables; some are at the milk-room; others in the clothes room, some making or mending clothes, others ironing folding and laying them away—each child's garments in its own particular place; some are pounding corn in great wooden mortars, and others are cleaning it with such fans as the ancients in eastern countries used for winnowing grain; this corn is for *sofky*, and "large hommony." If it is Monday forenoon, many,

of the girls are earnestly and cheerfully at work in the wash-room.

THEIR RECREATIONS.

It is not "all work and no play" at these schools. Suitable and healthful recreations are encouraged.. Some portion of the time every day is theirs to use as they please; and it is pleasant and exhilarating even to see and hear them stretching their muscles and expanding their lungs in their sports; some of which we see practised by children in the States, and some of which we never witnessed except amongst the Indian children. On the holidays, or half-holidays, the girls may be seen in groups gathering wild flowers, resorting to the river's bank, or making little visits to young friends that reside near. Some of the older girls improve the time in writing compositions, or in getting instruction from the ladies in fancy-work.

The boys occasionally go out gathering berries or nuts; or they go a hunting—not

with fire-arms, but with sticks and dogs. An Indian boy would run down a rabbit without any trouble. Often on a moon-light night would be an application for permission to go and hunt racoons and opossums ; but generally they brought in more polecats than racoons.

The half day of the hunt was sometimes followed with an evening of feasting, in huntsman's style.

It was a picturesque scene, that frolicksome company of Indian boys around their fire, which was kindled on the ground at a safe distance from the house, dressing and barbacuing their game, and eating it, together with potatoes roasted in the ashes.

Singing was an exercise much practised by the children, and in which they took great delight. We always had good music in our public and family worship, for all the pupils joined in the song, making melody.

They had also their own little concerts of singing. It was not uncommon of a summer evening for the boys to gather in their ve-

randah, and the girls in their wide hall or under the spreading oaks, and the notes of sacred song with hymns of devotion, would rise and swell upon the evening air; and, as we were wont to fancy, rising through the tree tops, and floating upward to the skies. Such, we doubt not, was the case with the praises uttered by some of those once heathen children, for there were amongst them those, we trust, who sung with the spirit, and with the understanding also.

We will suppose that, wearied with the multifarious duties of the day, you have retired to your room to enjoy a quiet hour in reading or writing, when gently stealing on your ear, comes the soothing sound of sacred melody, and willingly you lay down that book or pen, and listen to the soft music of twenty youthful voices, and your own soul seems to be wafted, as it were, on the wings of their song to that

“—————happy land,
Far, far away,”

of which they are singing.

The hymn is ended, and the last notes have died away on the still evening air, leaving you absorbed in pleasant reveries; when from under the trees, where the girls are congregated, there comes a responsive song, and it may be the same hymn, but in their own native Muskogee tongue, and thus they chant,

“Ekvnv herata! Hopiyetvn!
Em mekusapvlkeh, Apeyvtes;
Mvn yvhikvkepet, Pu Hesayecv Mekko:
Akvsvmvkepet, Apokepes.”

SCENE IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Let a stranger come in at breakfast, or supper time, and we think he would be interested. After the meal is ended, each teacher and pupil recites a verse of Scripture, beginning at the head of one of the tables and passing around through the entire company. At other times, the answers of the Catechism are thus recited. Then a chapter is read, with a few brief comments, explanations, and practical observations, as

time and circumstances will allow; then the hymn and the prayer. This is edifying and refreshing; for as our bodies require their daily bread, so do our souls need some spiritual aliment day by day: and the strangers who may be present, be they parents that have come on a visit to their children, or travellers who have turned in to tarry for a night, have, by this arrangement, an opportunity of learning about God, and the way to worship him.

We look to those brief religious exercises, especially those which followed the evening meal, with very much pleasure. All the people employed about the house or farm were present on these occasions; and just now we seem to see that devout face of Uncle Frank, and that large and intelligent eye of the interpreter, rolling quicker as some new idea enters his understanding, or a new thought springs up in his own mind. The children, when questioned on the chapter, gave evidence by their answers, that they had not been listless, and that they were

daily gathering up more of that knowledge which is able to make men wise unto eternal life.

HELP THOSE WOMEN.

“Help those women which laboured with me in the gospel.” Phil. iv. 3.

That is a self-denying and arduous work in which the ladies in these Missions are engaged, and we ought to thank the Lord that he still disposes some to devote themselves to his service in these fields; for without them, the whole work connected with the boarding-schools would have to stop. Ladies, to a large extent, are employed as teachers: and they are efficient teachers. There must, of course, be ladies to superintend all the domestic arrangements. Without ladies, from whence, in such an establishment, would come that subduing, softening, and refining influence which is found, or preserved for any length of time, only where

ladies dwell; and which influence is needed in enlightening and elevating any people?

The trials—those trials which are the hardest to bear—of the female missionaries in these fields are such as are not paraded before the public, and which, therefore, they have to bear alone, because few know them. There are trials in getting to their place of labour. When there, they are far away from home and friends; though on their own continent, yet in some measure, isolated from the stirring, news-reading world, of which they before formed a part. The Mission stations are far apart, and when there is a vacation, in which they might go to visit their fellow-labourers at other stations, they find their modes of travelling slow and uncomfortable, compared with what they had been accustomed to at home. Going to meeting in ox-wagons, or starting on a journey of two hundred, or four hundred miles out and back, with rivers to ford, or perhaps to swim; with horses breaking down, and then two ladies seated on one beast to

prosecute the journey; this is a new thing to most of our missionary ladies, until they arrive in the Indian country. The luxuries, and many of the conveniences of life, to which, perhaps, they had always been accustomed, are not now within their reach; and help in the kitchen sometimes cannot be obtained, when absolutely necessary. Before the Indian girls can be made useful, they have, in most cases, to be taught, and some have first to be tamed and subdued. They are tried with the unruly and perverse temper of children who, in some cases, seem to delight to tease and worry their teachers and matrons; this is not mentioned in the papers, nor referred to in platform speeches; nor is the public told how sad and discouraged the lady sometimes is, when she finds that the task she directed to be done, is not done, and that the girl has run away to play, and she herself has to perform the work. Letters written for the Missionary journals, do not let you into the inner heart of that good Christian woman, who has

been for days and weeks endeavouring to win the affections of certain of the children who are members of the circle of which she has charge, and still they remain intractable, unthankful—do not return love for love.

The journals do not portray the state of that heart which, in hours of dejection, and discouragement, and loneliness, is thinking of a mother or sister far away, and that is pining for their society, just for the sweet privilege of even once unbosoming all to them, telling all its cares.

There are trials which result from sickness or enfeebled health, and impaired strength; while the labours remain undiminished; trials also from the loss of fellow-labourers, and a consequently increased burden of cares and duties; such trials, sometimes, as those experience, who have families that need medical treatment, or themselves are sick, but physicians are not at hand; and there are trials, such as you may imagine, when many of the pupils are prostrated with an epidemic disease, and the

duties of nurse, both by day and by night, are added to all their other duties.

Therefore we say, "*Help those women which laboured with us in the gospel!*" Help them with the assurance that they have your sympathy: help them with your prayers: help them where you can, with material aid. This you can do: you can contribute the means by which they may be supplied with more of the thousand little conveniencies of life; and, what would be more acceptable to them, you can send to their aid fellow-labourers, so that they need not be overworked, and so that, when disabled by sickness, they may be relieved from cares, and thereby useful lives may be continued to the Mission, and to the service of Christ on earth.

To the ladies themselves we would repeat those words of our Master, where he says to his servants, "I know thy works, and thy labour and thy patience." Let this encourage and comfort you. Though the world does not, and cannot know the hundredth part of what

you have to do and to endure, yet, He whom most it concerns, and who is able to appreciate, he knows, and he will reward it all. He knows all the works performed there in the daily routine of duty. He knows all the extra and exhausting labours which you perform, and to which love constrains you. He knows your assiduity in teaching from day to day, and on and on still for months and for years. He knows your patience in this work, and the labour and pain it may cost you. When friends, or the comforts of home invite you to retire from the field, and to leave the burden and heat of the day to other labourers, he knows how you overcome these temptations, and still have patience and faint not. He is a witness to all that you do, because of the love you bear to him. He knows all your interest in the great work of Christian Missions, and your love for the people for whose good you have voluntarily submitted to these many privations. Your works may never be published over the world, and when

you die, but a few of your fellow mortals may know it; but your Saviour perfectly knows all, and will take care that your labours are not be in vain, and that you shall not lose your reward.

He knows your patience too—your patience in the midst of discouragements; your endurance of trials; your patience in waiting for the precious fruit, and your patience in affliction. He knows how you bear with the dulness, or indifference, or perversity of the children of your charge. When sick, or worn down with care and constant exertion, he knows with what patient endurance you still work on.

That patient woman who continues to hear some of her classes, though she is unable to leave her room, and when she cannot even sit up in her bed, still gives the girls instruction in their work—let her know that He who loved the sisters of Bethany, who approved what Mary had done in washing his feet, and what another had done in anointing his head; who stood over against the

treasury when the poor widow threw in her two mites—let her know that He is near her, and knows her work, and her labour, and her patience. By and by he will say, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.”

There is a time coming when some of the acts which now glitter before the world will be of no account; and when, on the other hand, such as worldly men did not heed at all, shall command the admiration of the universe. Then those women, who, because they loved much, were ready to do, and to suffer much, and so left the comforts and refinements of home for a life of labour and privation in a Mission field, may be bidden to a seat that is higher than the seats of many who have in this world occupied high places, and been caressed and applauded.

But their experience is not all discouraging: it is not all sowing in tears: they see harvest times also, when those who went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, come

again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

When now and then one of those pupils who once caused so much anxiety, comes to the missionary, begging to be told what she shall do to be saved, the toil-worn servant of God forgets all her former weariness and heart-aches: and when she sees one and another at different times coming before the church to take upon them the vows of God, and when with her they sit down to the table of the Lord, she remembers no more her sorrow, for joy that they are born again. And in after years, when travelling or visiting in the nation, she stops at a comfortable farm house, and finds there an industrious, intelligent, Christian wife and mother, she feels more than paid for all the pains and patience expended upon her; when she finds the common schools of the nation taught by those who once gave so little promise, and were so troublesome, she reproaches herself for her little faith. Now, after many days, she

finds the bread that was cast upon the waters.

THE CAUSE WHICH WAS DEAREST.

The Indian Missions afford many examples of veteran soldiers of Christ who gave to his self-denying, toilsome, and sometimes perilous service the dew of their youth; and who, though their locks are growing white, and the weight of years is bowing their heads somewhat, yet have not asked to be discharged; and their faithful wives together with them have patience, and labour, and faint not.

Recently a lady withdrew from the Mission, simply because she fancied that on account of her advanced age she could no longer be of essential service to "*a cause which was dearer to her than any other on earth.*"

When a young lady, she entered on her missionary life, the first portion of which was spent amongst the Cherokees. Together with a brother who was also a missionary,

she accompanied the tribe in several of their removals to the west of the Mississippi.

Soon after our Mission was established among the Creeks, she joined it, and for more than thirty years has she been toiling, planning, and praying for the interests of these Missions, and for the good of the poor Indian, just as that person would be expected to do, to whose heart this cause was the most precious. It did indeed seem to be her delight to be able to serve her Master, in doing good to the bodies and souls of these remnants of the nations, that once were the lords of the continent.

Day after day she worked in the kitchen, or laundry, or school room, or in nursing the sick—anywhere, so that she might be useful. Day after day for thirty years, she laboured and fainted not. After thirty years' experience and observation, it was still the cause which lay nearest her heart.

Her long familiarity with the Indian character, and knowledge of his habits and prejudices, and her great experience in Mis-

sion schools had qualified her for eminent usefulness: the missionaries were constantly consulting her, and freely and kindly was advice imparted.

As you may well imagine, she was a person of determined purpose, and being of a strong constitution and perfect health, having energy of body and an active mind, she always seemed to know what should be done, and was as prompt to do it.

Early one morning, while living at the Dwight Mission, when it was announced that three of the larger girls did not answer to the usual call, and were not to be found on the premises, she requested that the fleetest horse should be saddled, and at once started, and after them she rode. They, doubtless, had many hours the start of her, but she suspected what course they would take, and onward she pursued, and at length came in sight of them as they were swimming a river, with their clothes and their bundles tied to the back of their heads.

As they reached the farther bank, she

rode up, and in the tone of one accustomed to command, ordered them to "stop, turn right around, and swim back again immediately." And they, all at once, answered, "O Miss N——, is that you? We saw somebody coming, but if we had known it was you, we wouldn't have tried to get away." So they turned, and recrossed the stream, and accompanied her home without a sign of demurring, or attempt to escape.

Though at times a little stern, yet she was always loved. Those very girls that she arrested, were very likely gathering wild flowers for her pretty soon, while on their return journey; and she, as was her wont, would doubtless be engaging them in pleasant conversation; and possibly, they may have been amongst the number that were engaged in that demonstration of which we have heard, though I do not remember just the date of the occurrence, or the precise place. The teacher had been absent from the mission a short time; but to the girls, it seemed a very long time. When she was

seen coming along the road, the word flew that "Miss N—— had come," and many of the girls met her at the stile, and took forcible possession of her; four of the largest making an extemporaneous seat with their joined hands, and thus they bore her, with boisterous demonstrations of joy, around the yard, and then to her room.

She could endure much. Many were the long rides which she took on horseback. We have heard her speak of being thrown from her horse on a dark night, and in a thunder storm, her horse being frightened by a fierce flash of lightning, close to his face. Where she was thrown was in the middle of a wide prairie, without a stone, stump, or a mound at hand to aid her in remounting, and with only an Indian boy for an escort. We have heard of her taking a horseback journey from the Arkansas to the Red river, and back again.

Though she has retired from service in that field, yet while she continues here with us, a companion in tribulation, and in the

kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, the church, we doubt not, will have her prayers; and when, at last, she rests from all her labours, we trust that many blessed fruits of that thirty years of missionary labour may follow her.

PORTRAIT OF A MISSIONARY AMONGST THE
INDIANS.

We do not pretend to say that they all look alike; nor that the men for this field are selected with reference to their stature or girth. But for this picture, you may imagine a man still on the forenoon side of the meridian of life, more than six feet high, with broad shoulders, strongly built every way, and active as strong. There is little doubt that, when a youth, he could jump as far, and run as fast as the best in his neighbourhood; and (in a whisper I may say it) he would sometimes give the school boys, in play time, a small specimen as to how such things might be done; their best runner could hardly catch him, and their best

player couldn't beat him in knocking, throwing, or catching the ball : and he would try his hand with them in shooting with the blow gun, or bow and arrow. He was, you see, a believer in the doctrine that "All work (or all study) and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." He was an earnest man. As you observe him moving about through the rooms, up and down stairs, about the yards, to the garden, then to the fields, you say, Surely that is an earnest man in whatever he undertakes.

He is always cheerful ; he has a smile and a kind word for every child in the school, for every fellow labourer, for every man, woman, or child he meets ; be it the first chief or the poorest of the common people ; or be it at morning, noon, or night ; be it in a fair day or a dull day. Such a man, you may be sure, will be popular among the Indians. We never knew him to be down sick, and scarce ever at all unwell ; for he was blessed with a good constitution ; and abundant exercise, and plain diet, with the

blessing of God—without which, no rules of health would avail—have kept him healthy and robust. He loves to preach, and he loves to sing; nor do these labours and exercises tire him, and the Indians and Indian children never tire of singing with him, whether in English or Muskokee.

Now you may see him preparing for a short preaching excursion. In those well worn saddle-bags, covered with black bear skin, is the Bible, an English and a Muskokee hymn book, a few tracts and catechisms, in both languages, and a few simple medicines; for the Indians persist in believing and declaring that he is a first rate doctor. That Mackinaw blanket strapped on the saddle, is to serve three purposes, viz: for a softer saddle seat, for a cloak when it rains, and for a bed at night. If it is for a long tour, you will see a tin cup, and coffee pot, and skillet, hanging from some part of the saddle on one side, and a small sack of provisions to balance it on the other. Willie, or Roan, or Wellington—whichever it is—

seems to understand that it is for a long jaunt, and he moves off very moderately, in a swinging pace, and not in a lope as at other times. That noble fellow will walk his master safely through the shallow streams, and swim him over the deep rivers; and should he go under now and then, because he can't help it, he will let him catch to his tail, if they are so much favoured as to rise to the surface at the same time, and thus he will tow him to the shore. If, where they turn in at night, there is no corn, as is not unlikely to be the case, he will put up with hay; and if there is no hay, he will consent to be tethered with a long rope, and pick up what he can on the ground; and if there is no long rope, the patient animal will stand all night tied to a tree, and browse upon the twigs, asking only the privilege of nibbling the grass by the way-side to-morrow, with a promise that he shall be baited at the first corn crib they come to.

When the missionary gets home again, he is as busy as ever, and if you have busi-

ness with him, it may cost you a sharp look-out to find him; for he may be away overseeing the work on the farm, or down in the timber to select a tree for the men to cut, for some particular purpose; or he is called off to shoot down that wild steer that has been driven up to make them a change of diet; or perhaps he is out grafting trees, or preparing ground for a nursery, or he has gone to the shop to make or mend something; or possibly, there is some little difficulty between some of the scholars, which their teacher feels incompetent to decide, and he is called in to hear, patiently, the whole case from beginning to end; or he is entertaining some stranger Indians from a distant village, or conversing with the parents of some of the pupils, who are on a visit to see how their children fare; or he may be weighing out medicine for the sick, or himself just starting to visit a sick neighbour; but, if you fail to find him engaged in such like labours, make your way to his study, and there, with his interpreter, you

will find him hard at work over a manuscript, and you perceive that it is a translation of the Scriptures on which they are employed, or a catechism or tract.

THE TEACHER.

He is a graduate of an eastern college, has taught in academies in the States where he received a fine salary, and was in a way to advance, like other teachers, to the rank of professor; but he heard a call from the church, or rather from the Head of the church, to go and teach the poor Indian; and you will find him now where he has been for years, applying himself diligently day after day in the school room. He can teach either A, B, and C, or the mysteries of the natural sciences, the elegancies of the ancient languages, or the sublimities of mathematics. Steadily he returns to this work every morning, and on through all the days of the term, and all the terms of the year; and not only throughout the day does he work, but how often at night does he

gather the school to listen to an oral lesson, or a lecture, with illustrations, pictures, or apparatus! Sometimes it happens that there is no steward or farmer in the Mission, and he for a time attends to the duties of that department, in addition to his other labours. But he is always a busy man, whether from necessity or choice. Many useful articles, which you may see about the house, were made by him during the intervals of school.

Not unfrequently he may be met roaming over the prairie and through the woods, gathering specimens in botany, mineralogy, or entomology, and other facts in science, to send to the great masters and professors at the east, who have requested the favour of such services, and who are building up a reputation of their own for great research, diligence, &c., partly by means of such agents as this, who themselves are never known to fame.

The labours of the day all done, and the children all settled in their beds, you may see the light still burning in his room; and

there he is at his books, and his wife with him: they are making a grammar of the language, or preparing a tract.

And now, let us inquire what it is that can reconcile a person of education, of refinement, and accustomed to the society of learned and polite people—what can reconcile him to a comparatively isolated situation, and to the work and dull routine of such a school as this in which we find him? What but the consciousness that he is in his Master's service, and the hope that his labours shall not be in vain in the Lord—the hope that he is contributing the influence of one man, of one life-time towards elevating the character and social position of a whole tribe—the hope that future generations may witness the fruits of seed sown by his hand, though his own eyes may not see much of it while he lives? He is stimulated by the evidence afforded all around him of the absolute necessity of schools, in order to the greatest success of an Indian Mission, as well as by the great improvement already

effected by means of such schools; he is cheered by the belief that a rich field lies open before every teacher of children and youth to sow the seeds of saving knowledge, and thus to be instrumental in training immortal souls for heaven. Again at times, he reasons like a philosopher on the subject, and his conclusions strengthen his determination to hold on his way. He says, "If, as we have read, '*He is a benefactor of his race who causes two spires of grass to grow where only one grew before;*' is not he who is an agent in starting into being many ideas in minds where there were but few before—is not he who is raising up teachers, native teachers for a people that had them not before—who is preparing the way to give a literature to a nation that had none before; and who is preparing the way for the erection of schools and churches, and who is laying the ground work for supplying a native ministry to a people that had none of these things before?

Other people in passing about over the

country notice indeed a great dissimilarity in the conduct of the people, as well as in the appearance of their dwellings and improvements, but they notice it only to *wonder* how it happened so; our missionary however has often noticed the same, and has found food for encouragement in it, for he knows

WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THIS DIFFERENCE?

Let us turn our horses up this trail, and call at yonder cabin. We pass a small field, yet small as it is, more than half of it is untilled, and the corn growing in the remaining part must have been late planted, and is badly tended. Let us go into the cabin; but you must stoop, for the door is low; a dirty Indian woman sits inside with slovenly dress carelessly put on; she does not rise to give us a seat. We say, "Good morning;" she answers with a grunt. We ask, "Are all well?" she answers with another grunt. We look about. There are children with thick, uncombed, and untrimmed hair; dirty, and



“Who is that girl—her hair so neatly put up—dress clean, and tidily put on?”—Page 101.

as ignorant, almost, of religious truth, as the half-starved and sneaking dogs that are barking about the door.

We will ride on. By and by we turn up another trail. We pass large corn fields—here is a small orchard—a garden—many cattle near—a covered two-horse wagon in the yard. But who is that girl—her hair so neatly put up—dress clean and tidily put on? She is attending to the milking of the cows, and seems to have the care of the milk-house. We tie our horses and go in; chairs are placed for us under the shade of a tree before the door. Soon that girl comes from the milk-house, she advances with a pleasing frankness to shake hands, then goes to the garden and brings a watermelon, and hands us knives, that we may eat and refresh ourselves with this cooling fruit. She seems to have the care of the family, for her mother is unwell. But what is the cause of the difference between this girl and the girls in the cabin at which we first stopped?

This girl is a pupil in the Mission boarding-

school. She is at home now, for it is vacation. She is a member of the Mission church, and, we trust, a true disciple.

Is there any encouragement in trying to elevate the Indian? Is any good accomplished by Mission boarding-schools?

THE CONTRAST.

You see that tall Indian standing by the side of the path, endeavouring to cover some parts of his body with the half of the hunting shirt which still hangs on him. He has little friendship towards the missionaries; he dislikes the white physicians; he believes in conjuration; if his neighbours are sick, he tries to persuade them to throw away the white doctor's medicine and send for a "blower," a medicine man; he observes all the ancient Indian ceremonies at the death of any member of his family. He is in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity; and he desires to remain as he is.

But go with me a short distance. You notice broad fields of corn on the rich bottom

land at the right; you observe they have been well tended, and are well fenced. At the left you see the cow-pens; here a pen with thirty calves; not far off are horses, and sheep, and cattle; there are corn-cribs and out-houses. The house is small but neat, verandahs in front and rear, fruit and shade trees growing. Now go into the house; the wife is spinning wool, but politely hands you a chair. The owner of the establishment is at home, for he is not in good health, and had sent for the missionary to converse with him about the way of salvation. He is neatly dressed, is polite, and speaks correct English. Quite a contrast, certainly, you say, between this and that tall Indian; yet they are both *Indians*; why is the difference? You ask, Where did this man get his habits of order, neatness, and thrift? And more than all, Where did he get so much correct religious knowledge? Let me tell you. In his youth he had been in a Mission boarding-school.

Perhaps the missionaries who had the care

of this man when a youth in school, were quite discouraged in regard to him, seeing no fruit of their labours; but they cast bread upon the waters, and now after many days it appears; *we* see it; *they*, perhaps, have not, and never may in this world. These are thoughts which we will lay up; they may help us when we begin to feel discouraged.

ONE THAT HAD NOT BEEN A PUPIL.

On a Sabbath, in midsummer, there was an appointment for preaching about twelve miles west of the Mission. It was a very hot day. The rays of the sun were poured down upon us, even through our umbrellas, and fearing a sun-stroke, we frequently lifted our hats to let fresh air in upon our heads. The ground too, which had long been scorched, seemed to be in a humour to scorch others, and it sent up its steaming vapours, and radiated heat into our faces. We dared not urge our horses lest they might melt, and, as you may suppose, by

the time we arrived at the house where the meeting was to be, we were pretty tired ; and when the Indian woman started out to the trees near by, to pick up some of the fallen fruit, we began to feel revived, just with the thought of ripe mellow fruit to wet our parched throats. Soon the woman returned with six uncommonly large and rich peaches. She laid them carefully on the table. Then went for a knife, and placed it beside the peaches. Then put a stool up by the side of the table. And then—then what did she ? Why, she just sat down on that stool, and took the knife, and herself devoured those six peaches without saying a word to any one, and then arose and walked away with an air of satisfaction ; leaving it for the hens and their chickens to dispose of the parings.

We didn't inquire where that woman was educated : it was not at any of the Mission schools.

But, in regard to the meeting. When we arrived, one of the men took down an ox-horn, (a common piece of furniture in an

Indian's cabin,) and walked out upon a slight eminence, and away from the trees, and blew it; making a noise that might have been heard for miles around. Scarce any responded to it, however, for there was a "a big meeting" somewhere, and the Indians, who delight in great gatherings in the woods, will travel many miles to a camp meeting, or any "big meeting," passing by the quiet chapel. We preached, nevertheless, though it was to but eight souls; and rode our twelve miles home again, holding umbrellas over our heads, except where we passed through portions of the forest.

PREACHING.

On each Sabbath day there was preaching at the Mission, and an evening meeting at least once during the week. Sabbath schools were conducted in adjacent neighbourhoods, where it was practicable, by the lay brethren. The ministers had stated meetings at different points in the nation; some on the Sabbath, and some on week days.

Of these, some were not so far off but that we might ride to them on Sabbath morning, and return in the evening; to other places, it was necessary to go on Saturday and return on Monday.

At a few of these out stations, there were men residing who were qualified and willing to serve as interpreters. Such a place was Conchatee, a village several miles to the west, and on the opposite bank of the river, where were a few Christian families, in which a missionary would be cheerfully entertained.

EVENING PREACHING AT CABINS.

Few services were pleasanter than were those meetings held on a week-day evening, in an Indian's humble dwelling. Taking the interpreter, and a few of the larger boys of the school, in order to secure good singing; and taking a candle, (for the people of the cabin have none,) we walk to the huts, one, two, or more miles distant. The dull fire, in the wide fire-place, gives light enough to

enable us to see that there are people present, but not enough to enable us to distinguish who they are. We light our candle, and in lieu of a candlestick, we fix it with a pen-knife to the wall; but the wind coming in between the logs, and through the roof, and down the wide chimney, flares it, so that we take it in our fingers; and under such circumstances we stand up to read the hymns and Scripture, and to preach.

Perhaps you can fancy the scene. The half bent forms of these dusky people, in this dusky light; men, women, and children: the women in gowns, and a faded handkerchief tied over the head; the men in trowsers, and what looks like a farmer's frock with a belt over it; and the children, with a shirt, and nothing more: these arranged, some on stools, two or three on chairs, some on the bed, others crouching on their heels; while our school boys stand together, where they have found a vacant place. The preacher stands before them, with a pocket Bible in one hand, and a ra-

pidly wasting tallow candle in the other ; he speaks one short sentence, or, but a piece of a long sentence, and waits for the interpreter, who stands close beside him, to repeat the same in the Muskokee language.

Some of the audience scarcely raise their eyes from the floor during the entire service ; others give us their eye, but now and then they raise a hand quickly to brush away a tear. In every such assembly we may expect to find one or more to whom the name of Jesus is precious, even as ointment poured forth.

After meeting, we make the best of our way home ; now along the cattle path, and amongst the bushes, to the peril of our clothes ; thankful if our faces escape a scratching, or our heads a beating against the trees, when we come into the thick and darker woods.

NIGHT MEETING AMONG THE NEGROES.

About two miles from the Tallahassa Mission, was a cluster of cabins occupied by

the negroes of a plantation. One of these cabins was large, and we occasionally held a meeting in it. The people all seemed glad to have this privilege, and it may be that their pleasure was partly on account of being noticed by the missionaries. When we preached there, the house would be well filled with both Indians and negroes, seated on rough benches, and the great fire-place, with its bright fire, sent a cheering light over the audience.

Not far off was an Indian village, where whiskey was sold, and where disorderly fellows congregated; and sometimes we were disturbed by them. Now and then a drunken band would ride by with shouts and yells. Occasionally a drunken Indian would surge against the door, and force it in, and stagger in himself, and reel along towards the preacher.

Such an occurrence would produce a commotion; for an Indian intoxicated is an object of terror, and especially so to any of that race which, according to the creed of

some of the Indians, was intended by the Great Spirit to use the spade and the hoe. Much management was required to bring the Indian to a seat, and to keep him quiet. By and by he would get dry again, and leave us uncereemoniously ; or, he would fall asleep, and thus we would be rid of his noise.

Those were pleasant seasons. The simple-hearted people appeared to drink in the words that were spoken : it was not like repeating a thrice told tale to sluggish ears ; but it seemed to be received joyfully, like good news. The historical portions of the Bible, and parables, they listened to without ever being tired of them ; and the story of the cross was not there repeated to people, all of whose ears were dull, and their hearts closed.

One of the company with which we worshipped there, and who was attentive and devout, was a pious old negro woman, familiarly called Aunt Chloe.

AUNT CHLOE.

On the day we were leaving the nation, as we were on the way to Fort Gibson to take the boat, we met her; and she says, "What! goin' away, Mas'r?" "Yes," we answered. "What! goin' clear away off? goin' back to the States?" "Yes," we responded again. Then dropping both hands as suddenly as she had raised them at her first exclamation, and in a melancholy voice, she added, "Well then, may the good Lord be merciful! but what are us poor ignorant black folks to do? Missionaries and teachers comes; but then missionaries and teachers goes away again, as many as comes, and there gets no more on 'em after all. Why! ar'n't ye never coming back to preach to these ere Indians, and to give us black ones some of de crumbs now and again?" "No, aunt Chloe, we don't much expect to come back again, and we'll not see one another any more in this world then; so, good bye; God bless you." "Well then—if ye must

go—when ye gets back to the States, won't ye tell them good peoples there, to think about us all, poor ignorant perishing ones away out here? and you, sir, please—you won't never stop praying for me, a poor old black critter away out west of Arkansaw. Good bye. Good bye. May the Lord be a wall of fire about ye—your never failing help."

THE WHISKEY VILLAGE.

That little cluster of cabins which we have termed a village, and of which we spoke two or three pages back, had a bad reputation. We called it a cluster of cabins, and yet it was not much of a cluster, nor were they very near together. There were three or four that were only a few rods apart; and others from a quarter to half a mile distant.

We were accustomed to make frequent excursions; leaving the Mission in the morning, and spending the day in visiting from village to village, and from house to house; conversing with families, and preaching

wherever a little congregation could be gathered.

For one of those days' works I had mapped out the course in my own mind, making this village the first to be visited ; and when we were in the saddle and had proceeded a little on the way, the interpreter inquired what place we were to make for ; and when told that we would go right down to that town on our right, he exclaimed, " Ah, sir, that won't do. It's not far enough past the holidays yet. Christmas, you know," he added, " lasts as long as there is any whiskey." The Indians in that country are rather remarkable for their observance of Christmas ; but the most that many know about it seems to be only that which they have learned from the loose-living white men that have lived among them, and who usually distinguished the day by their hardest drinking, and most reckless carousing.

Our interpreter, who was at that time an elder of the church, and who is now a minister, did not wish to expose himself to more

insult and abuse than he might be able to bear. "It might," as he said, "get the *Indian* up, and if he were provoked he might do something that he would be sorry for."

He was in the habit, you perceive, of praying, "Lead us not into temptation," and then endeavouring to practise in accordance with his prayers.

THE CHALLENGE.

"Discretion," somebody has said, "is the better part of valour," and having the interpreter's account of the villagers, and seeing his aversion to going amongst them, we passed along on the straight road; and he proceeded to give some account of an exciting affair in which he was engaged a few evenings before. It was just in the dusk of the evening—a cold evening, the ground was frozen, the doors were shut, and he and his little family were huddled around the fire; when suddenly a horseman galloped into the yard, and wheeled before the door; and with terrible yells, and awful curses,

called out his name, daring him to show himself outside the door. After hesitating a few moments, trying to think what he ought to do, he arose and went out. Then the drunken Indian assailed him with his tongue, saying, "So many years ago, you remember, we were at a ball play. I got mad at you and tried to kill you; but you were then the strongest, and you whipped me. I have never forgotten it. I mean to kill you yet, and I have got drunk to-day for this very purpose. I have come here just now to fight you, and I shall kill you. Whiskey makes me strong." The interpreter said that he felt the Indian in him growing, and getting stronger than the Christian; and he was afraid that if he had to hear more of that fellow's insolence he would get too mad, and, may-be, strike him; therefore he kept his teeth shut tight together so that he should not say a word, for he knew that if he would allow himself to begin to scold, his passions would rise the faster; but he walked up to the horse's head, took him by

the bit, led him rapidly out of the yard, and with a smart blow and a whoop, he sent them both galloping down the road; for the Indian had slightly overdone the thing: he had taken an over-dose of the stuff that such fellows often take to give them courage; and instead of making him strong, it had proved too strong for him: it had made the strong man weak.

After relating the circumstance, the interpreter asked, "Did I do right? Had I suffered him to remain, very likely he might have killed some of us. But I don't know when he may come back again; or I may meet him on the road at some time when he happens to be just strong enough. These Indians are curious; for when they get drunk, they seem to remember all their old grudges—all the old scores that they haven't paid off, and at such times they don't care if they get killed themselves, providing they can first kill their enemy."

DRUNKEN INDIANS.

It is not pleasant to encounter Indians, when the demon, called up by intemperance, possesses them.

Once, when riding alone, and in a lonely place, I heard the discordant whooping which proceeds only from those who are greatly excited and thoughtless. Soon, three tall, lank forms appeared in sight, and coming on to meet me. They were on foot. My horse was tall and strong, and had gradually been getting up a strong and steady pace that would carry him past any slight obstruction. They began shouting, "Who are you? Where you come from? Where you going?" and were closing in around as if to shake hands; we reached out a hand to the nearest one—for it is best to exhibit confidence in them, and friendliness. Good naturedly we answered all their questions, and put others to them. Very likely they may have been peaceably enough disposed; but somehow, many of the

Indians retain the notion that all this country once belonged to them, and by right should still be theirs; that the white man robbed them of it; that, therefore, all his present wealth was made from the Indian's lands, and consequently, the Indian has still a right to whatever he can get from the white man. This may account in part for the surliness with which they receive their annuities from the Government; and for the large demands, and small thanks with which they receive the missionaries and teachers that come to labour and suffer for their good: they regard it, not as a boon, but as a debt.

TRAVELLERS DISTURBED.

Two of the missionaries, one a minister, the other the steward and farmer, were returning from the Seminole Mission, where they had been to attend a sacramental meeting: the minister to preach and administer the ordinances. Where they stopped for the night, they were refused admittance into the house, and were only allowed to

spread their blankets under the open shed in front of the cabin. There they were sleeping soundly after a hard day's ride. But in the middle of the night they were awakened by the yelling of Indians, and the sound of many horses' feet approaching nearer and nearer. Presently the horses stop, and no sound is heard: then they move again, but only one approaches the place where our travellers are. He drew up before the cabin, and in the Indian language, called out to the people within, to arise, and bring him instantly a drink of cold water. But they had barricaded their doors before going to bed, and they made no answer whatever to the insolent demand. The Indian still sat on his pony, on the other side of the low rail fence, and still demanding a drink of cold water. The missionaries remained quiet for a while, till one of them, thinking that if he should get his drink of water, he would go on his way, and leave them to their slumbers once more, arose and went to the spring for it. The

lordly Indian drank, but immediately demanded whiskey. "No," says the missionary, "we have no whiskey," and immediately went back to his bed again. The Indian insisted that there was whiskey on the premises, and he would not go away till he should get some, and he grew more noisy and abusive. Now he dismounted, and came over the fence to where the travellers were lying. One of them, who was the farmer, arose and sat on one side of the table that stood by the wall, and the Indian leaned or sat upon the other side. "Now," said the Indian, "I must have some whiskey." The traveller assured him that they had none, and that it would be an impossibility to get it.

"Well, then," said the other, "you have money, and with that I can help myself to what I want. White men never travel without money, and I am bound to have some; and I will not leave you till I get it."

"You'll never get it from me," said the traveller, in a slow and steady voice.

Then the Indian began drawing out his

knife, and running his thumb along its edge; and then the farmer also quietly drew out his big pocket knife, and displayed its long blade. The Indian was still talking largely; but, apparently without seeming to do it with any particular design, he reached across the table and felt the white man's arm, before he ventured to grapple with him; and he found there a large round mass of hard muscles. The tone of the Indian's voice now changed, and, beating as honourable a retreat as possible, he left the travellers to sleep till morning.

So, we see, presence of mind and a strong arm are very convenient, oftentimes.

ITINERATING.

It has been intimated that, whenever we could command the time, and could have the services of an interpreter, we were accustomed to spend a day in visiting from village to village, and from house to house, over a given section of the country. It would be tedious to relate everything that

might occur in such a day's work; and yet, if we could but take our readers around with us on two or three such excursions, they would get a more correct view of this kind of missionary labour, than in any other way. Suppose you come with us then. It is a day in the month of December, but not very cold; for you must recollect we are in latitude 36° where the winters are not very severe. We have quite sudden, and sometimes extreme changes, however; therefore we lay a heavy overcoat over the saddle, for though we do not need it in the morning, we may before night. The interpreter is well mounted on his own horse, and we have Wellington, who has been the favourite of several missionaries, a noble, intelligent, and affectionate creature. We strike out N. W., towards what is termed The Mountain, which is about three miles from the Mission.

On the opposite side of it is a family, of which we know but little: they are never seen at church, therefore we will carry the

gospel to them, so that they shall not have it to say that nobody cared for their souls. In passing through a stretch of low land, we worry through tall grass and weeds; it is higher than our heads while seated on the horses' backs.

We reach the house; it is nothing different from a great many others in the country. There is a field, a cow pen, and a small log-pen, covered with thatch, for a stable. A small square log-house with one room, covered with long narrow pieces of oak split thin for shingles, and these not nailed, but held to their place by heavy poles laid along the roof. There is not a sawed board about the premises. The floor is of what are called puncheons—thick plank split and hewed tolerably smooth on one side; seats are made of the same material. The table was made with the hatchet, of such boards as cover the roof, and they are fastened together with small wooden pegs. The doors have wooden hinges and a wooden latch. At the side of the room are holes bored into

the logs, and wooden pins driven into the holes—on some of the pins are placed split boards: a few articles of dress hang on the pins, and a few dishes are set on the shelves. Over the door, a well kept rifle rests on its wooden hooks.

They have two guests whose home is away to the south-west, on the south fork of the Canadian river; and they are journeying to the "Missouri line;" we did n't ask if they were going to buy whiskey, though we suspected it might be the case. The guests were at breakfast. Their fare was salt pork fried hard, corn cake, a large bowl of pork gravy instead of butter, sweet potatoes boiled, and coffee very strong without milk or sugar.

We make a few remarks and inquiries, such as are usually heard when neighbours meet. They answer in monosyllables, but make no inquiries of us. All is silent, except while *we* are speaking. We see there is no such thing as engaging them in a conversation on any subject; so without fur-

ther delay we tell them who we are, and on what business we have come all this distance on purpose to see them.

They know, or pretend to know, scarce anything at all of the gospel plan of salvation, and the children, a half-dozen of them, seem altogether ignorant on religious subjects; therefore we undertake to impart as much instruction as is possible to be given in half an hour, on points the most needful for a person to know, if he were not to hear another sermon before he goes to the judgment.

We ask the children a few questions on what has been said, sing a Muskokee hymn, the interpreter leads in prayer, and we rise to depart, shaking hands all around again; and while we stand with one hand on the door-latch, and the hat in the other, a short dialogue is spoken, through the interpreter.

"Now Mr.—, we shall see you at meeting at the Mission next Sabbath, won't we?"
"Don't know when that day comes." "It

comes day after to-morrow—you will be there, won't you?" "Doubtful." "Why not come?" "Too far." "Its only about three miles." "Too far." "No, it's not too far, if you may there be told how to find the way to heaven. Think of these children. Don't you wish to have them instructed in the way to worship God, and to secure immortal life?" He makes no reply, only mutters something to himself; and again, and finally we ask, "You will bring all your family over to the Mission next Sabbath, won't you? Half-past ten is the time. Good day."

THE VISION.

The next place we will take you to is the residence of the Mekko or king of Osichee town. He is the Mekko No. 2. He has no seat or vote in the national council, but has more influence in his own town, and amongst his own clan, than the Mekko No. 1, who is a member of the council of the nation. The secret of their preference for one above the other is, that No. 1 receives pay

for his services, and No. 2 does not. In the same way they "take to" ministers and physicians. They have strong prejudices against a "hireling priesthood;" but a fondness for any ox that will patiently tread out the corn with the mouth muzzled.

The interpreter expressed fears that we might not be cordially received should the Mekko be at home, for he knew him to be a bitter enemy to Christianity and its reforms; and stoutly attached to all the old Indian ceremonies and traditions.

We find two cabins near each other, and both seem to be occupied. This looks as if the man had two wives; and it is not unlawful, we believe, for a man in this nation to take as many wives as he can support; at any rate, polygamy is practised here to some extent. We go up to one of the cabins, and knock at the door. A faint voice bids us come in. The occupant of the room is a poor sick woman, apparently near her death; it is the Mekko's wife. She is free to converse—says she is glad, very glad

to see us ; she seems hungry for instruction, and puts away the bed clothes from her ears, and stretches out her head towards the interpreter, so as to catch every word.

She has "an experience," and seems desirous that we should hear it, and give an opinion as to whether it is sufficient to base a hope on. Formerly (as she proceeds to relate) she had been in the practice of going to preaching whenever opportunity was afforded ; but she had never felt any special interest in religion, or alarm in respect to her spiritual condition, till she was taken sick ; and she was very sick and getting worse ; and so she continued for many weeks, and they told her she must die.

One day *her man* was gone to procure something for her, and there was no person in the house, and all was still around ; when she heard (imagined she heard) the sound of a great multitude of voices far, far up in the sky, and they were singing—oh, so beautifully were they singing ! faintly at first, but gradually descending towards the earth,

and their music swelling more full and loud till it seemed to be just at the door, and she expected the next moment to behold the glory-clad visitants from heaven ; but then the singing ceased, and she saw and heard no more.

From that time she began to think seriously about death, and to wish for that preparation for it which was necessary, whatever that preparation might be. She spent much time in prayer and tried to be good. Afterwards she recovered ; and for a long time she attended preaching when there was a meeting within reach—she sung and prayed, and endeavoured to do right, and thought she was succeeding pretty well in pleasing God, and getting a preparation for death. But unfortunately, a neighbour woman came in and talked saucily and provoked her, and she scolded back ; and then her good feelings left her, and she felt ugly and wicked ; and after that she did n't strive any more to be good. But very soon after this she was taken sick again ; and she had no doubt that

it was in judgment from God, because she flew into that passion and scolded the woman, and ceased praying and singing hymns; and now she feared she should never arise from that sick bed again, and she did not feel at all easy in regard to her preparation for the next world; but then—and this was the straw which the drowning woman was catching at—but then she had heard (fancied she had heard) that sweet singing such as mortals could not equal—what did that mean, she argued, unless it was that “Hesaketumese” (God) had taken this method to give her a sign that he was pleased with her?

We told her what we thought of it, that it was probably a sort of dream—she might have been half asleep, and half awake. We told her that she needed a better hope than that; she needed to see herself a sinner, and Christ the Saviour of sinners. We told her, and endeavoured to explain how it was, that her prayers and hymns in themselves, and her trying to be good, had not been helping

her on to heaven at all ; for we are so imperfect, while God is so holy, and his law so high, that nothing but the righteousness of Christ can reach it.

For a long time we talked to her, she listened with almost painful earnestness. We alluded to the subject of her dream, or her fancy—the music of the heavenly inhabitants ; and we told her that none can join in that song but those who have been taught it by the Holy Spirit, and she could be taught it: God was ready to forgive all her sins; Christ was ready to wash her in his blood; the Holy Spirit was ready to sanctify her wholly ; she had only to cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner ;” but she must do it in all earnestness, and look nowhere else for help ; and now was the time if ever, for her days on the earth were few, it was very likely, as her friends had warned her.

During our conversation other members of the family had gathered into the room, and remained eager listeners.

After singing and prayer we pass on. The woman lived but a day or two; and whether, when the soul was freed from the body, angels bore it home to join in their song, and the song of the redeemed, we will not know till we also get there, if indeed that blessedness shall be granted us.

ANOTHER VISION.

When we were on our way again, I said to the interpreter, "Indians seem to be favoured with more dreams and visions than other people, don't they?" "I guess so," he said, "they must imagine these things; or may-be their eyes are sharper than white men's. They see ghosts, and witches, and such like, a great deal easier than you do, you know." And then he proceeded to rehearse part of a conversation which he overheard the other day, between two old men; one an Indian, the other a negro. The old Indian was boasting that he was never going to die, at least, not for many years yet. "How do you know that?" asked the negro.

"Because," responded the other, "I had a vision lately, and the prophet has interpreted it to me as meaning that I shall never die, or, at any rate, not for a great while yet." "Well, what was your vision?" asked the negro. "Well, it was this," said the other. "I saw God; that was the amount of it." "Saw God! and how did he look?" "Why he was an old man, with white locks, a row of great white feathers stood out across his back, and there was a circle of fire all around him, and it was very hot, so that nobody could come near him." "Ha!" said the negro. "More like it was the devil you saw; for the Scriptures say that no man hath seen God's shape, and no man could see him and live."

ODDLY CONSTRUCTED VEHICLES.

On our way, we meet a yoke of oxen hauling a primitive kind of wagon. The wheels are nothing more nor less than sections of a saw-log—a very short saw-log, say about four inches long, and two feet in diameter,

with the heart chiselled out, and this runs on the axle. Soon another carriage is met, more primitive yet: it is nothing more nor less than the crotch of a tree, in the shape of the letter V, with the sharp end forward, and upright stakes set in to hold the load on. There are good wagons in the country, but not very many of the Indians are rich enough to own one.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

We approach heavy timber; and now we come to a "branch" near to its junction with the Verdigris. We have to descend a steep bank. It is far down to the water, and is dark on account of the overhanging trees: the interpreter, however, makes nothing of it, and keeps his seat in the saddle, humming a hymn to himself, while his horse is carefully trying to hold himself from plunging headlong down the almost precipitous foot path; but I was afraid, and dismounted, and led the horse down to the water's edge, then remounting, we forded,

and clambered up the opposite bank. Soon we emerge from the thick woods, and come into the "openings," where are scattering trees. The earth is covered with grass, very rank; the fire has not yet run through it, but it is dry; yet near the ground it is still green—here, and all about over the country, is space for thousands of farms, and pasture for such a stock as Job had, and that many times over. It is a long stretch now till we come to the Osichee busk house, and "square:" a desolate country it is to ride over, and not a habitation in sight; not a person do we meet, nor have we any trail, not even a cattle path. It is past noon when we arrive at the busk house. We find here, and in the vicinity, several families. The women and children are at home, but no men are seen. The people seem poor: they are scantily clad; some of the little ones almost naked: the women show but little taste or ambition to appear well. Their busk house is a rude affair; merely crotches set in the ground, and covered with

poles and bushes. We are not at all cordially received here; the children are rude, and the women are surly. We begin to talk with one, and she starts out to pick up sticks to replenish a feeble fire outside of the house, over which is a small black pot, in which, perhaps, is their dinner. They do not even ask us to a seat. The sun is very warm now, and we are weary, and begin too, to feel the want of some refreshment, but that we will not find till we get home; and this cold reception is very disheartening, and causes us to feel our bodily fatigue more; but we ride on, going southerly, then bending around towards the south-east, on a trail which will take us home. By and by we come to a house, in which we find several people. They are better dressed, and more polite than some we were last with. A few rods from the house, we had stopped to speak with a couple of men who were putting up a little structure over a new made grave—a miniature cabin it was. It was the grave of an Indian that I had seen

and conversed with, only three or four days before, at a gathering where the chiefs were distributing the annuities just received from Washington. This man had exposed himself; perhaps had slept on the ground, and without covering, and his camp fire had gone out; for it was a cold and rainy time. He took a violent cold, which seized some vital part—the pleura, or the lungs, and he died in a day or two. “The Cold Plague,” they call it; and many go off in this way.

Some of the neighbours and relatives were at the house, and we tried to improve the occasion by some timely instruction on the subject of death; the state after death, the preparation needed, and the consolations those may have who have lost friends that gave evidence of having been the friends of God, and are now taken to dwell for ever with him. But our conversation did not seem to be relished by them, and that dampened our spirits again. “Who hath believed our report?” we say.

The widow of the deceased was there, and

of all the company, she alone refused to shake hands with us. She had, already, by her friends, been put into what they call

THE STATE OF WIDOWHOOD ;

Which must continue for three years, though they may reckon the years like as do some of the Asiatic nations; not necessarily three *whole* years, or three times three hundred and sixty five days; but there may be parts of the three years as marked by the annual revolution of the earth--there may be in the time during which they are so "devoted" only a part of the first and third years, with the whole of the second.

Some have thought that this may be something resembling the vow of the Nazarite; or like the perpetual virginity or widowhood of Jephthah's daughter.

During the time of her widowhood, a woman is appointed to take care of her; it may be her mother-in-law, or sister-in-law. This woman must feed her, comb her hair,

and attend her wherever she goes. The widow may not shake hands with a man during the time of her widowhood; for should she do it the charm is broken, and she must commence anew. Of course she may not marry during the time, and when at length she does marry it must be under the direction of the relatives of her former husband, and a person of his clan; but if no suitable person can be found in that clan, she is at liberty to marry as she pleases.

The penalty (according to the statute) for breaking these rules, is to be beaten by the relatives of the deceased husband, and to have both the ears cut off. Widowers are likewise put under similar restrictions, but the season of widowhood is shorter—only four months. The penalties however are the same.

How the Indians came by these, and many other customs which bear not a faint resemblance to some of the old Levitical rites, we will not now stop to inquire. But really it may well awaken a curiosity, and we have

a right to wonder if some, at least, of the aborigines of this continent did not come around from Asia by Behring's Strait, bringing with them some of the traditions borrowed from the Jews, if indeed they were not stragglers of the lost Ten Tribes.

But we are detaining you with scraps of the conversation which we had with the interpreter on the way home.

When we start again it is with the purpose of going through without any more stops. The weather has now changed, and we need that big coat ; it is raining too, and there's a prospect of a wet, dark night. Disregarding the trial, we take a direct course to the Mission ; which however is not always best, and seldom safe unless you travel by compass, or with an experienced guide who knows where to cross the sloughs and the ravines.

As we neared the Mission, the interpreter turned to me inquiring, " And what should a man do when he is coming home ? " This requires that we explain a short conversation of the morning about

SOAKING THE SEED.

We were in sight of the first house on our outward journey, and were riding slowly along; neither of us having spoken for some minutes, when I broke the silence by asking the interpreter, "Are you soaking the seed, Mr. W——?" "Am I what?" said he. "Are you soaking the seed?" I repeated. Then I had to repeat, as nearly as I remembered it, the anecdote respecting the clergyman who was lamenting to his brother clergyman that though he endeavoured to be faithful and abundant in all his ministerial labours, sowing good seed; yet he saw no apparent fruits of his work in the conversion of sinners: and his neighbour replied, "Do you *soak* your seed, brother? The ground may be properly prepared, and the seed may be *good*, but do you *soak* it?" By which, as we explained to the interpreter, he meant, Do you pray over the word as you study and preach? Do you go

forth weeping while you bear the precious seed ?

And again addressing the interpreter we added, "By your silence and seriousness, one might presume that you were thus soaking the good seed of the word—praying for God's blessing on all the work of the day before us."

He seemed pleased with this new way of expressing an idea, and of illustrating a duty with which he was already familiar: and as appeared, had not forgotten it through the day; and after that day's planting was done, he enquires what else there was to be done. "When we go out, we must soak the seed. When we come back, what shall we do?" We replied, "How do you treat your garden? You plant not only, but you hoe, and pull up weeds, and kill the insects and vermin; if it is a dry time, you water the tender plants; and you keep it well fenced. Now all this must be done in our spiritual garden. It is not enough to go over the ground once; we will have to visit

it again and again. We will have to 'get up early to the vineyards and see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.' "

That man is a preacher now, and we trust that he does not forget to soak the seed, nor grow weary in the equally necessary work of watering the plants.

FOOT PRINTS IN THE ROCK.

On our return we must have come very near the rocks which have the "foot prints;" a broad space of bare rocks, it is, in a low place too, and water runs over a part of it, and it is marked all over with tracks of people, large and small; but for the ring of your horse's hoofs you might suppose you were riding over a bed of mud all tracked over. The Indians have been questioned about it, but from their various accounts, it is clear that the present owners of the country know nothing more about them than we would be able to conjecture. Some suppose that they were cut by Indians once living, or roaming

hereabouts, to warn their friends that there were enemies near ; and that the bearing of the tracks indicated the direction in which the foe was marching. In another place, we were told, were similar foot marks of deer, and other game. This they said was probably made as a sign that such game was in the neighbourhood. Rather a tedious way of talking by the impromptu method of signs it struck us ; but as we had no more plausible theory to offer, we let it pass. We visited that locality once in company with a friend, who had provided himself with chisel and mallet, and bag. He selected a pair of large moc-casoned foot prints which were found side by side ; he cut a channel around them, and deeper than the foot prints, and then split off the slab. He contended strongly that it was a "recent formation ;" others tried to prove to him that the tracks were cut with some instrument. However, he boxed up his specimen, and forwarded it to the Smithsonian Institute.

ANOTHER DAY'S WORK.

Early on the morning of a day in February we started from the Tallahassee Mission, for a day of missionary work in a town lying in the fork of the Verdigris and Arkansas river. We rode directly there, that we might have as much of the day as possible for visiting the families of the village.

Passing a store kept by a white trader, all the living thing we saw was the merchant, with a bland smile, giving the morning salutation to a hard looking, very black, and very small specimen of an Indian, who had dismounted from a little black pony, and who was coming towards the store with a little black bottle, to get it filled there or somewhere else with that liquid which leads to the perpetration of so many black crimes, and which hurries so many ruined souls to the place of outer darkness. We paid but little attention to either of the parties; not dreaming that we were again that day to encounter the same dark trio.

This village bears the name of

TULSEY TOWN.

And there is another place of the same name, we believe, farther up the country ; but both belong to one clan. The latter town, as we notice in the last Annual Report, is an out station of the Kowetah Mission, and there were several additions to the Church from these people. We found their settlement on the rich land of the river bottom, where the trees grow larger ; and to make a clearing for a farm must have been a formidable undertaking. These are the peccan tree, the cottonwood, oaks, and hickory, and a great many others, with their trailing vines ; and some of these vines had trunks from four to six inches through. Along the edges of the forest, and in the openings, many of the great trees were spotted over with great tufts of green ; this is the "mistletoe bough."

We proceed first to the farthest house in the settlement, intending if possible to see

and have conversation with every individual to be found in it. At this house they had just been butchering a beef, and several men were about. They made no objection to giving us a little time; and all gathered before the door under the thatched shed, and we had a short religious service. Some of these people were friends of our Master; and they welcomed us to their town, and thanked us for the words of instruction and consolation. That was a cheering beginning of our day's labour.

Next we made our way towards a very little hut. As we drew near, a woman came out, and attempted to escape into the woods which were close by. She was a frightfully squalid creature. We judged that she was in widowhood, and that those whose business it should be to attend to her toilet were neglecting their duty; and that her fear of being asked to shake hands might account for her vehement haste to get away from us. Her hair was hanging in matted bunches; the remnants of an old calico dress were

still hanging about her ; a dirty and tattered shawl or blanket was drawn close over her head and shoulders.

We wished to arrest her flight, if it were only for a few moments, just enough to speak a word or two, which might lead her to think about her soul, and the importance of obtaining a preparation for that place where there is no more widowhood, and where the days of mourning are ended. To our morning salutation, she made no answer : to some other inquiries she simply waved the hand, and would have hurried into the woods ; but we tried again to arrest her attention, and we asked if she had ever heard about Jesus. To this she answered, " Yes ; " and said that her son had sometimes been to meeting, and when he came home, told her what the preacher had said. And this was the sum of our conversation with her.

Two small children were playing in the dirt, near the house ; but it could not make them any more dirty than they were.

In the house where we next stopped, we found a young man and two women. We had no difficulty in introducing the subject of religion here. They professed to be disciples of Jesus, and as far as we could judge, they bore pleasing marks of being disciples indeed. As we read portions of Scripture, and commented on them, they listened with an interest not usually manifested by Indians; and in the hymn and prayer they joined in that manner that warm-hearted Christians are wont to do. It was pleasant to sit with them, though it was on a narrow stool in a little cabin, with no light when the door was closed, except the few sooty rays which came down the stick chimney.

The falling tears, and the earnest pressure of the hand when we parted, was an assurance that our visit was gratefully received. There is a peculiarly delightful, grateful feeling, which we would in vain attempt to describe to any person that had not felt it; that feeling which one who has long been living amongst those who are strangers to

Christ, and who are the enemies to religion, has, when he meets with a friend of Christ—a converted pagan, now loving the Saviour whom he loves, singing the songs which he sings, able to join with him in the same prayer, and longing for the same heavenly inheritance.

We continued in this manner to go from house to house; but time wore on, and we were likely to fall far short of accomplishing our desire of visiting every family; therefore, that we might have an opportunity of delivering our message to every inhabitant of the place, we attempted to gather all the people in one place and preach to them. A central position was selected, and permission obtained of the inmates of the cabin to hold our meeting before their door. We went about circulating the notice, and requested others to do the same.

While the people were collecting, I went inside the cabin, and there found a poor suffering creature—

A SICK WOMAN.

She was lying before the fire-place, in which were two half-burnt sticks, and the smoke, instead of going up the chimney, was wandering about the room. She had scarcely any dress, and no other covering; and had only two narrow split boards to keep her emaciated body from the damp earth; for the cabin had no floor. She said that her husband sold whiskey, and drank it too; that he was absent that day. She voluntarily confessed, and with the signs of a troubled conscience, that she had helped him in the shameful business of obtaining, secreting, and dealing out the fire-water.

She could talk a little in broken English, and we had some conversation, which, perhaps, may have been profitable to her. She was sensible that her time was short. Her previous life gave her no satisfaction when she looked back over it; the present was gloomy and troubled, and the future was all uncertain. In youth, she was giddy, and

spent her time in frolics, and going about seeking pleasure; when she became a woman, she was still thoughtless and wicked; when thoughts about death and eternity came into her mind, she hastily drove them out again. But now, for three or four months she had been sick, and for much of the time, had been lying as I saw her, unable to cook her husband's victuals, or even to help herself. When he went away, he left scarce anything for her comfort, and when he returned, it was to ill-treat her. Her notions about a future state were much confused; but she had heard too much of the Bible and its teachings, and was too well convinced of its truth, to feel at ease in the creed of the Indian, viz: that the Great Spirit, being their father, has a hunting ground for them, and that he will certainly take all his red children to it. She desired to know how to avoid going to the place of torment; and as we undertook to explain to her, in few words, how the sinner may flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold

on eternal life, she turned up her haggard face, and with her trembling, bony fingers put aside the uncombed hair, as we told of Him who came to save sinners, even the chief—that we have only to feel our need of him, and to cry, Lord, save or I perish. We told her of his acts of love and mercy, while on the earth; how he healed the sick and forgave sins; how the thief on the cross found pardon. We told her of the mansions which Jesus had gone to prepare, and if she was only willing to be his friend, he would, by and by, come and take her home to himself.

But she was afraid she could not understand all this; her mind, she said, was dark, and her heart was hard, and she had been such a wicked woman; but she felt that there could be but few more days for her on the earth, and what must she do? Poor woman! what indeed could she do? We prayed that she might be able to see the whole truth; to see that she was lost, and unless Jesus rescued her she would be lost for ever;

and we directed her to pray—even as she lay there on the ground, for Jesus was present everywhere—to pray to Jesus telling him that she was poor, and ignorant, and dull; that she was a sinner, and had no goodness; and beg him to have mercy and help her, forgive her sins, and give her a new heart. We assured her that if she would with all her heart offer this prayer, and continue to offer it, Christ would hear and answer: for he says, “Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.”

We felt that it was a great privilege to be able to point a dying fellow creature to the Lamb of God that taketh away sin; and we earnestly prayed to Him whose gospel is prepared for the poor, that he would now look in compassion upon her who was every way so wretched and miserable; opening the eyes of her understanding, taking away her sins, and clothing her in his own righteousness.

“THIS BE INDIAN HUNTING GROUND.”

A company of perhaps twenty people had assembled in the yard, on the leeward side of the house: there were no men in the company, but women and children only. The women with blankets drawn lightly over their heads, and with their shy looks; the children bare-headed, and bare-footed.

The service was proceeding pleasantly; we were engaged in reading and explaining a portion of the word of God; all was still; the audience was attentive, and the door of the cabin was a-jar so that the sick woman might hear; when all at once there was a nervous movement in the company, as when the leaves of the forest are stirred by a single puff of wind. Then all was still again; they held their breath; every head was inclined, and the open ears held in a certain direction: then a simultaneous “hūh;” and then our own dull ears caught the sound of an Indian whooping; and then the clattering of horses’ hoofs coming rapidly down a

path in rear of the cabin, and around through the gap and into the yard. A frightful apparition! It was that little black Indian we had seen near the store in the morning; and yet not quite the same person either, for then he was sober, now he was crazy drunk. His long and coarse black hair flew about more wildly; his skin seemed blacker, his eyes bigger and more fiery, his mouth wider, and his teeth sharper than then. Cursing in bad English, and scolding in Indian, he plunged into the yard, bounded from his pony, and came fiercely towards us, swinging both arms lustily, and crying out, "This be Indian hunting ground! What white man doing here? This be Indian hunting ground; I say! What white man doing here?" The women drew their blankets tighter about their heads and scattered; some behind the cabin, some into the bushes. The interpreter stood his ground, but was considerably disconcerted.

I stepped forward—but quite uncertain as to the result—and offered my hand to the

Indian. He indignantly refused it, and shouted again—indeed, he *screamed*, “This be Indian hunting ground; white man no business here!” “We come as friends,” said I. “We have no weapons, you see; we only wish to teach what is good: if you are displeased with our being here, we can go elsewhere. But just let us sit down and have a little friendly talk about the matter, so that when we part we may part as brothers.” All this time I was holding out my hand, and at last took hold of his, and was gently drawing him towards our seat. The terms “friend” and “brother” his ear had caught, and he said, “You my friend! then you shall drink with me,” and at once he drew out, and presented the bottle. We declined. He urged. We refused, and said, “No—whiskey bad, very bad.” “Whiskey bad? Whiskey bad, eh?” responded he; and then put it to his own mouth and turned it up, and drained it. “Whiskey good,” he says. “Ha! ah!—Indian say, Whiskey good.” “No!” said we, “whiskey no good!”

"Whiskey no good?" he answered, "then what for white men bring it to the Indian's country? White men make it, white men bring it, and white men sell it to Indian."

"They are not good white men," we answered, "they no love the Indian, they only love the Indian's money. We love the Indian, and we say the laws of the Creek nation to keep whiskey out of the country, are good laws." "Ah!" said he, "that be true, whiskey seller no love Indian, but love Indian's money. But what for you say whiskey bad?" "Why, because it makes the person that drinks it different from himself, takes away his senses, makes him unkind, sometimes makes him feel like fighting everybody; and it makes him poor: and besides, the Bible says that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

By this time he had quieted down considerably, and was seated beside us, my hand laid on his shoulder, and his hand on my knee, and we looking pleasantly into each other's faces. By this time also the

frightened women and children had begun to come forth from their hiding places, and to gather around us. The Indian had caught at my last statement. Said he, "You say, 'No drunkard can enter the kingdom of God.' Suppose Indian drink whiskey, he not go to heaven, eh! But I have been to heaven already; it was just the other night. Let me tell you about it." And now his face brightened up, and he seemed all changed from the fierce, frothing, scolding, creature of a few minutes before.

We listened to his story. He proceeds, "The other night I was lying on my back, and looking up into the skies—looking up, up, up beyond the stars; and I saw far away in the blue sky an opening, and within the chamber all was bright, shining bright. I wished for some way to get up there, but could find none. Presently a long—a mighty long ladder was let down through the trap door—let down till it touched the ground. Nobody saw it but me, and I scrambled to get on it, and climb up. When I had climbed

up there, and looked in, I saw heaps of people; oh, such heaps of people! And I called out and says, 'Where's your king?' But then I began to be afraid, and—well I can't tell you much more about it."

"Oh, my friend," said I, "that was only a dream; and when you began to be afraid you were waking up. But listen while we tell you something about that place—something that is not a dream, but solid truth; we will read it in God's own word, and you may depend upon it."

"Ah," said he, "yes, you white men have the books; we red men took the bow and arrow, and so we have to listen to you when we want to learn anything." Then we went on reading and discoursing about heaven, and the one only way to get there, the interpreter translating it to the audience; the Indian interrupting every little while. We made out quite a discourse; all the people listening eagerly.

Then we turned to the Indian, and said, "And now, wouldn't you like to have us

sing about that happy land, far, far away?" With some hesitation he assented. After singing, we again asked, "And now, would you like to have prayer offered for us all, that we may be made meet for that place of purity and bliss?" He hesitated; but we waited for his answer. At length he complied, and arose with us in prayer. After prayer we shook hands around; then, taking the Indian's hand the second time, we said, "You would like to have us come again, wouldn't you? Shall we set a time?" He did not answer, and we repeated the question. Finally he said, "Yes, come;" but, still he wished us to bear in mind that all that country was the Indian's hunting ground, and that the white men were there only by permission, and whenever the Indians pleased they could expel them.

During the conversation he betrayed that feeling which is common with many of the older people of the nation in opposition to Christianity—a jealousy in respect to the influence of the schools, and the preaching of

the gospel, lest it might at length subvert their own religion and customs. They could see already that a change had commenced, and was going on. In some of the clans it was becoming difficult to keep up their feasts, and heathen ceremonies; the old people, or some of them, might still get together, but there were not enough of the young people to carry on the games; and such was the case in this same Tulsey-town. Their busk house was going to ruins; the dancing ground was grown over with weeds, and the pole that stood in the centre was fallen down.

THE COMMONS.

The inhabitants of this town have a common field. Each family is expected to do its share of fencing, ploughing, planting, and tending. Each family has its own crib, and these cribs are scattered about over the field.

The bottom land on which the village and field are situated is subject to overflow; and

it sometimes occurs that the inhabitants are driven from their houses, and their crops destroyed.

These facts we learned by observation, and in conversation with the interpreter, as we were passing out of the town; for the day was drawing towards a close, and it was necessary for us to hasten home; and for our health we ought to have started earlier. On the way we met a few persons, and had a few moments' conversation with them. One of these, a negro, told us of the preaching they had in a cabin in the woods, by a coloured man. For himself he hoped he was "travelling towards Canaan."

THE POOR LONE WIDOW.

Farther on we saw an old log hut off from the road. We turned aside to it. A well cultivated garden was near it. The dirt and sticks were carefully swept away from the door. An elderly negro woman came to the door as we rode up. She was plainly dressed, but very clean: a number of small

black children followed her. She seemed to be visiting there, and was taking care of the little ones while their parents were away at work.

Without alighting, we began talking at once on the *great concern*, and found her ready to converse with us. We asked, "Do you love to hear the Scriptures read?" "The what, sar? I guess we never heard of them." "Well, the Bible, you love the Bible, don't you?" "The Bible! O yes, now I understand; sartin me love de Bible; but me can't read, mas'r.

"You love to pray too, don't you?" "Oh yes, yes; me love prayer: I don't know what a poor soul like me could do without prayer—so many troubles as comes on me—my children all scatter from me; some to Texas, some down river, and some I don't know where; and I can't find none on 'em any more. Oh, me's a poor widder—a poor lone critter in this worl' any how; may the good Lord be merciful: for there's no hope on anything in dis worl'." While she was

saying this, the tears were streaming faster and faster down her sable cheeks. It was a satisfaction to be able to speak to her about the widow's God, who says, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."

We will not soon forget how heartily, and over again, she thanked us for condescending to talk to one poor old black woman, all friendless and alone in the world: and we will not forget that scene; the good woman wiping the fast falling tears on her check apron, and speaking alternately of the sorrows of this life and the joys of the next; bewailing the afflictions which seemed to have crowded upon her as one born unto trouble, and expressing her fears lest her future state might be worse than this. She said, "Many times me thinks I's on the right road; and many times me's afeard I's got astray agin. Oh, may de Lord be merciful—that's all my hope."

I intimated that we had not started homeward early enough. This was apparent

on the following day. A rough trotting pony, too much talking, sitting too much in the open air with a damp and chilly South-east wind blowing on me, brought on, or *hastened* another attack of chill and fever, more violent, than anything I had ever experienced before.

DISCUSSION WITH A MEKKO.

This was a morning in the beginning of winter, white frost lay about upon everything, but a warm sun was beginning to climb up the eastern sky when we started, with the African interpreter, for a day of visiting in the neighborhood of the Kowetah Busk House. There was quite a settlement here; it was within convenient distance of the Mission, and we longed for the privilege of preaching there statedly; but hitherto every effort of the kind had been repulsed.

We rode directly to the house of the Mekko, or town chief, thinking there might be a bare possibility of getting into his favourable regards. He seemed to have some

of the good things of this world around him ; large corn fields, and cattle pens. He had a tolerably comfortable log house with a porch along in front, and he was at work upon another : they were “daubing” it ; that is, they were gathering handfulls of mud, which was prepared in a pit near by, and with force they were throwing it into the chinks between the logs, then smoothing it with the hands instead of a trowel. In the same way were they plastering the chimney, which, with the fireplace, was all outside of the house : the fireplace was of logs : the upper part of the chimney of sticks : the whole was thickly daubed within and without.

We began with conversation on general subjects, and he was sociable, still keeping at his work. He could not speak or understand English, therefore our conversation was all through the interpreter. We talked on ; but still found no place for an easy transition to religious discourse, and so we said right out, “This would be a pleasant

place to have preaching: wouldn't you like to have meeting here, or somewhere in the neighbourhood occasionally on the Sabbath or, on a week day evening?" This roused him. He threw down the mud which he had just taken in his hands, and turned and looked upon us, especially eyeing the interpreter who quailed before his steady gaze, and he said, "While we were yet in Georgia, and the government agents were trying to get us away, they told us that if we remained there, the whites would settle all around us, and would crowd in amongst us, and by little and little they would teach our people their customs and their laws, and ours would gradually go from us. But, go west, said they,—far away beyond the settlements, and you may be by yourselves always, without any fear of intrusion: and we believed their talk, and came west, even away here west of Arkansaw, and now you are on after us again."

"No, sir," we said, "we are not on after you to interfere with any of your rights and

privileges as a nation, nor to interfere in any of your political affairs. As teachers in the schools, we serve the people; the schools are open every day for the inspection of any person in the nation; and frequently the Chiefs, or the Trustees whom they have appointed, are called together to examine into all its operations, and they assure us they are perfectly well satisfied, and glad too, to have us continue in the work. As preachers, we are the humble servants of our Master, and in whatever part of the world we may be, we are bound to be faithful to him; and he requires us to publish his gospel to all people, exhorting men to repent, to cease to do evil and learn to do well. Jesus, when on the earth, did not interfere with the strictly political affairs of the nations; his apostles did not, and his ministers now ought not. We have enough to do to keep at our proper work of preaching the gospel, and in this we harm nobody, but benefit everybody; for the gospel is designed for all, and to all it is a message of peace

and good will." "Ah, but," says he, "our customs, our busks, dancing, ball-plays, races, drinking, card-playing, and such things; if you come here to preach, will you preach that they are all right? or will you even promise to say nothing at all about them, one way or the other?" We answered that if we preach we must follow the Bible, and whatever sins it denounced we must also denounce; and so far as any practices are contrary to God's commandments we must, of course, expose them, and exhort the people to forsake them. There are some things which are wrong in themselves, and at any time; and some things may be done on a week day, but not on the Sabbath. All games on the Sabbath are wrong, and some things in some of them are wicked at any time. It is never right to get drunk. "Ah, that is it," said he. "We like all these things; our fathers taught them to us, and the Great Spirit taught the same to them. We are bound to perpetuate them, and we *wish* to perpetuate

them; indeed we like them, and we mean to practise them."

Then again he asked specifically, "You will preach against liquor, will you? And do you say that it is a sin to drink whiskey?" "We say that it is wicked to get drunk," we answered, "and it is wrong to use any stimulant to such a degree as to become unnaturally excited. It is wrong to entice others to drink; it is dangerous to cultivate a taste for strong drink; and any person that is too fond of it, and is liable to become intoxicated by it, had better never touch it at all; and in fact, as it very rarely does any good whatever, but generally does a great deal of harm, the safest and best way is not to touch it at all."

"Well," said he, "I love whiskey; and I mean to drink it: and I love to get drunk; and I intend to get drunk whenever I can afford it, and find it convenient." "Well, sir," I answered, "as your friend, I am bound to tell you what I believe is true." "Well, and what is it?" "Why with that

determination you will not expect to go to heaven, I suppose; for the Bible says that 'no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.'" "But," he responded, "how do you know that there is any such place as heaven? Has any body been up there, and come down again to tell it?" We replied that Jesus Christ the Son of God came down from heaven to teach us about it, and that God in both the Old and New Testament had instructed mankind very plainly in respect to heaven, and the way to secure an eternal rest there. And now he asked, "And how do you know there ever was such a person as Jesus Christ? Did you ever see him?"

"No, I never saw him; nor did I ever see General Washington, nor General Jackson, nor was I ever in Georgia. But I believe there is such a state as Georgia, because the geographies and histories speak of them; and there are many incidental allusions to it in books and newspapers, and I have seen people that profess to have lived in Georgia.

I believe there were such men as Washington and Jackson, though I never saw them; for there were men who did see them, and we have their testimony; history records their deeds; we have the letters they wrote, and the speeches they made; in books and newspapers there are innumerable allusions to them; and any person that should rise up now and say there never was such a man as Washington or Jackson, would be taken for a fool or a madman. Now precisely such testimony have we that there was such a person as Jesus Christ, and that what the New Testament says of him is true; and it testifies that he performed miracles, and that those miracles were to prove that he was the Son of God, and came down from heaven."

"Well," said he, "I can't read, and I don't know anything about the Bible, but some of your own white men tell me that it's only a 'pack of lies.'" "Yes," I replied, "I know there are some who say it, and that is another evidence that the Bible is true, for it

tells us that there will be scoffers; and it tells us that there will be those that deny the truth, and even say that there is no God; it says that before conversion all people dislike holiness, and hate the light; and you see that we find that it is just so. If there were no scoffers, the Bible wouldn't have spoken truly. And now, sir, can you tell us why it is that wicked men dislike the Bible so; and only the Bible? Why do they not make war upon other books?" To this he made no reply, but after studying a minute he asked, "Well then, are there two Gods, or are there different Bibles?" "No, but one God, and but one Bible," we replied. "Then how is it," he inquired; "how is it that there are so many different kinds of Christians, such as Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians? Why do you differ, why are you not just alike, if you have but the one book to go by?" "We answered him, that all the Christian sects that we regard as the Church of Christ, hold the main doctrines of the Bible in the same way; they disagree in

whom we had the discussion in the morning. It stood alone amidst the rank grass and scattered trees of the oak openings. No fields were near, nor even a cow pen. A pony was tied to a tree, saddled and bridled rather gaily ; and his master stood by his cabin door, dressed in pants and calico shirt, ditto hunting shirt which had a broad collar or cape, and fringed all around with red ; a patent leather belt with brass buckle ; a palm leaf hat over his shining black locks, which had just been wet and combed, hung about his shoulders ; and spurs, with long gaffs, strapped to his heels.

Seeing him ready to start for some gathering over the river, as he said, we did not alight, but after the usual salutation told him what was the especial business we were out upon that day ; and that we were unwilling to pass by any one without at least one word, and we hoped he would not take it unkindly, nor think us meddling with what was not our business, if we inquired what were his religious sentiments.

He understood who we were, and wishing to dismiss at once an unpleasant subject, with a tone of impatience and a countenance charged with somewhat of bitterness, he answered, "When we left the old country it was with the assurance that if we would come to the new reservation, we should never be interfered with in any way, but that we should have our laws, and our ancient customs."

When he had proceeded thus far, we informed him that we had been over the whole of that ground in the morning with his father-in-law, and neither of us seemed to have time to discuss the subject thoroughly that day, and we would not hinder him if he was anxious to be upon the road, further than to ask if he thought that he was also travelling the road which leads to heaven. To this he promptly replied, "You teach that in order to get to heaven a person must leave off every sin." "Yes," we said, "we are commanded to forsake all unrighteousness. God is displeased with any neglect of his

commandments, and his commandments are all good, and his law forbids even sinful thoughts, and evil desires; and that person who is unwilling to give up his sins, even all of them, does not please God; he shows that he loves his sins more than he loves God, and of course he cannot go to heaven; for God will not permit to dwell with him for ever, any that he is not pleased with; and no person that still loves sin would feel comfortable in heaven, for there can be no sin there.

"Then," he replied, "I can't keep any sin, you say, not the little ones? I must turn short about, and reform in every respect, must I?" "Yes," we said, "the terms of the Scriptures are, Repent or perish, Turn or die. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" "Well," he continued, "according to your reasoning, and according to what I have heard from other preachers, the little sins seem to be as much in the way of a person's getting to heaven as the big ones; and one sin will send him to hell as surely

as a hundred could. As for myself, there are some customs which your kind of people say are wrong, but which I like, and I don't intend to give them up ; and if I must be sent to hell for even a few sins, why then, for ought I see, I might as well take a full swing in all of them and enjoy myself as much as possible ; for with one sin I would be sent to hell, and with ten thousand sins I couldn't any more than go there." "Not quite right," we answered ; "for a man may be treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath : the greater the guilt, the greater the condemnation : at the judgment every one shall receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done : the servant that knew not his lord's will, yet committed things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few ; while he that knew, and did not, shall be beaten with many stripes. You seem to know what you ought to do, but are determined not to do it. You say you like sin ; and certain sinful courses you say you are resolved to continue in. You doubt-

less suppose that there is no enjoyment in religion, but we can assure you that if you were to become a Christian you would then hate sin as much as you now love it, and you would find more pleasure in religious exercises than you have ever found in the pleasures of the world." He responded, "There are some practices which to me do not seem very bad, but which you say must be abandoned if one would get to heaven; but I like them, and I intend to continue in them; and as I must go to hell any way, unless I leave off every thing that is bad, why I may just as well enjoy myself the best I can." "Well," we said, "if you have deliberately made up your mind to continue in your present manner of life, which in some respects you yourself have acknowledged to be wrong, then so it must be. We have only to tell you what God's law requires, and how men may escape the wrath of God which is due to us for sin, and entreat men to be reconciled to God. It is for us only to say, Choose ye whom ye will

serve, and it is left for them to do the choosing. We do not compel you, and God does not compel any person to become a Christian against his will. We have only to say: This is the strait and narrow path which leads to life, and that is the broad road which leads to death. You, as you say, have chosen the broad road; and you know whither it leads, and you have your eyes open. Go on, then: you will soon come to the end of your earthly journey, and will find yourself where he that hath served the devil will receive his wages—the wages of sin is death. ‘Wo unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hands shall be given him.’ Perhaps you have heard what the Bible says about a certain rich man who in his lifetime received all his good things, and in hell lifted up his eyes, being in torment. Good bye.”

Before we had finished this short conversation he was beginning to look very serious; his eyes were riveted on the ground,

and in that posture he was standing, still leaning against the door-post until we were out of sight. I never saw him afterwards.

RETURNING HOME.

We were moving homewards; and when we had passed the boundaries of this neighbourhood, the interpreter, who had not felt really comfortable during all the day, now began to breathe more freely, and to sit easier in his saddle. He had been running the gauntlet, almost, as he seemed to think, and now was feeling comparatively safe when he found himself beyond the enemies' border. Turning to him, I said, "So, this will have to do for this time." "For this time!" says he. "And what shall we have to do for the next time?" "Why," we answered, "we will have to go over the ground again, of course. You do not get a crop of corn by travelling over the ground just once, do you? You grub it, then break it, then plough and plant it; and how many times do you have to harrow and plough the field

again while the corn is growing. And still again, if you are a good farmer, you go through the field, pulling up every cockle, burr, and every other weed ; and you wouldn't expect a spiritual harvest without labour in some measure corresponding with this, would you ?

“ Well, I warn you, sir,” he said, “ I warn you that we will have these peoples all down upon us. These peoples about here are mighty rough when you *get them up* once ; and they be amazing prejudiced against religion, for they say it will put a stop to all their frolics as soon as a majority of them becomes religious. I will tell you, sir, how they were mighty nigh to finishing Mr. —— who was here before you came ; and he went on to describe

THE ASSAULT ;

And became quite eloquent, as the remembrance of the event, our present proximity to the place of the action, and the occurrences of this day all tended to revive in him that

former feeling of alarm, and caused him to reflect how narrowly he then escaped.

Said he, " We were riding home on a Sabbath afternoon, for we had been to preaching away up the country ; and as we were passing the square back yonder at the Busk-house, a parcel of fellows who were gathered there, and pretty smartly drunk, began yelling at and scolding us as soon as we came in sight, and while we were going by. They said, ' What business you to come to Indians' country to preach your notions? What business you to meddle with our sports? What is it your concern how much whiskey we drink, or what games we have, or how we spend the Sunday? We'll teach you—we'll run you out of the country. Go and preach to white men ; teach them to stop cheating, and drinking, and card playing, before you come to reform the Indians.' And when we had got well on past them, one of the crowd picked up a club and raced after us on his pony, yelling and cursing, and rushed up to Mr.—, and caught his bridle

rein, and began to strike at him. Then I rode around and caught his pony by the bit, and Mr. —— improved his chance, and put the whip to his horse, and I saw no more of him till I got home. But then the fellow made at me, as though he would knock my brains out; but somehow I knocked the club out of his hand, and while he was getting off to pick it up, I got away, and run for my life. And, sir, I don't like that sort of sport. I'm afraid of these peoples, sir. They know how to be mighty unpleasant if once they take a dislike to a man; they can make his life very uncomfortable if they set out for it." "But," we replied, "don't you think the gospel can soften them? At any rate, hadn't we better give the field a thorough trial before we abandon it? There are none here so terrible as was Africaner, of whom we told you the other night at the monthly concert." "Ah sir," said he, "but it seems to me we have done our duty when we have once offered to them the waters of life, and they so positively turn to their bro-

ken cisterns that can hold no water; and besides, this is not the first time they have been asked to the gospel feast, and it seems to me that after treating Mr. —— as they did, and after answering us as they did to-day, it is time to shake off the dust of our feet against them."

WHERE OTHER INDIANS GO.

With some of the Indians there appears to be a belief that the red men and the whites will have separate places assigned them after death; therefore not unfrequently when we ask a person where he expects to go when he dies, he will answer, quite unconcernedly, "Oh, where other Indians go, I suppose."

We one day received this answer at two or three houses in succession. At one there was a mother with several children around her. She appeared as unconcerned for herself, or for the spiritual interests of her children as it was possible for a person to be.

She reckoned they would be about as well

off in the next world as most Indians; they would be found in the biggest crowd at any rate. Two neighbouring women that were present exhibited the same ignorance on religious subjects, and utter indifference about the soul and its concerns.

At another house was a tall gray-headed Indian—an old warrior. We said to him, "You have seen a good many summers; about how many do you think?" "I don't know;" he answered. "What! don't know how old you are?" "No." "Well, you must be pretty near the end of your journey, according to the common age of man; and have you made all ready for leaving this world, and going to the other?" "That's not a matter that troubles me at all," he answered. "But you have some ideas about another state of being, haven't you? Where do you expect to go? or what do you suppose becomes of the spirit after death?"

"Oh," he said, "I'll go where other Indians do, I guess."

There were in the Kowetah school two

little Indian boys, brothers, very nearly of a size. They kept by themselves a good deal; their progress in learning to speak English was slow; their Bible and Catechism lessons were not learned very thoroughly. The duty of secret prayer was enjoined on all the children; and some of the pupils, we have reason to believe, practised it; and a few there were that loved to pray in secret to our Father in heaven. But those two boys would never do it; and once they gave their reasons to one of the other boys for not praying as the teachers instructed them. They said that their parents had strictly charged them not to worship the white man's God, for none of their relatives had gone to the white man's heaven; and unless they wished to be separated from their parents and kindred after death they should not learn the white man's religion, nor pray to the white man's God.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF CIVILIZATION.

You have doubtless remarked that there must be a great variety of character to be met with in that tribe of Indians, and a wide difference between individuals as to the degree of civilization to which they have advanced.

THE GENTLEMAN.

Here, for example, was a man very gentlemanly in his appearance every way, in dress and in manners ; a man of education and intelligence. He has often been to Washington on business for his nation. You may see him, a portly figure, on his stately horse, moving along majestically slow ; never in that break-neck gallop of the wild Indians. He is the friend of Missions, attends religious meetings, is the patron of the schools, and always present at the examinations, and meetings of the Board of Trustees. (There is considerable Scotch blood running in his veins, they say.) His early education was

attended to, his father having employed for him and for his brother, a private tutor; and thus he did for him, and for the Creek nation through him, an invaluable service—just what you who support the Mission schools amongst the Indians are now doing. That father prepared one man for usefulness; and see what he has done, and is still doing for the benefit of his people, in encouraging religion, education, good morals, and general improvement; but you are raising up scores of such who year after year are taking their places in several tribes; and being scattered about here and there, their influence, like leaven, will in time leaven the whole lump.

ONE OF A CLASS OPPOSED TO CIVILIZATION.

We have given an example of one class; let us bring forward one of another kind, that tall, broad shouldered, heavy limbed Indian; he is all Indian. In summer his dress is a shirt—a shirt, and nothing more; except a hat sometimes. In winter he adds the buck-skin leggins, fitting tight—as tight

as the skin; with buck-skin moccasins, and a hunting shirt of some sort; and, when it is very cold, a red blanket, which serves both for hood and shawl.

He owns a little cabin, and one pony. He cannot talk English, and wouldn't learn it if he could. He communicates by signs; as, for example, he wishes to take a ride: but his pony, not being conscious of his master's plans, is out somewhere on the unfenced prairie, or somewhere in the thicket. Our Indian is in a hurry this time, or he wouldn't condescend to ask a pale face if he had seen his horse. And how does he ask? Why, with one hand he holds up and shakes a bridle; this signifies he wants a horse's head to put in it. Next he wishes you to understand that the horse wore a bell about his neck; so he puts his clenched fist under his own chin, and moving it quickly to and fro says, "ting-a-ling." If we have seen such a horse we throw out the arm in the direction towards which his head was turned when we saw him; if not, then we simply shake the head.

THE BLOWERS.

This Indian's wife was taken sick, but he would not call the white physician, nor send to the Mission for medicines. He calls a "blower," that is, a native doctor; or perhaps a conjuror. A large kettle of roots and herbs is selected according to prescription, and boiled together; but it has no efficacy till the breath of the blower has been infused into it.

Perhaps he is called to the house, or perhaps the liquid is prepared and taken away to the blower, and it may be ten or fifteen miles distant. He takes a reed two or three feet long, and blows through it into the medicine, and perhaps performs some other conjuration over it. Then the vessel is covered over tightly, lest the virtue should escape on the way home. This is given to the patient in large doses; she dies nevertheless. The corpse is kept till it can be kept no longer. Then it is put in the grave, and with it are buried the clothes, and a few ar-

ticles of common use to serve her in the spirit land, or on the way thither. Over the grave he erects a hut. By the side of this very little hut he keeps a fire burning constantly for a number of days, lest the spirit of the deceased might suffer from cold during the time it is still lingering here, or fluttering between these hunting grounds, and those far away where the Great Spirit dwells; and lest she should suffer with hunger, food is placed beside the grave.

DIFFERENT MODES OF BURIAL.

Many bury as we do, with a coffin, and a head stone, or board for want of a stone tablet. Some, more wealthy, erect a tomb of masonry over the grave. Many form a low roof of boards over the grave. Some place the body in a hollow tree in a standing posture, and close the aperture: and some lay the body on a platform elevated on poles. There are some of the old class of Indians who bury the dead, if it be one of the heads of the family, in the ground within

their own cabin ; then go away and construct a new dwelling for themselves, and shut up the old one. This will account for the deserted cabins that you now and then observe, and which are going to decay, the weeds and bushes covering and almost concealing them, and the paths which led to them no more trodden. To others a new grave and a new house is given. In the absence of a coffin the corpse is wrapped in a blanket. Ornaments and implements of war were formerly buried with the warrior ; and the same custom still prevails with some. Some have told us of funerals which they remember, at which a favourite horse, and a favourite slave were killed, and sent along with their master on his journey to the country to which Indians were supposed to go.

There are many isolated graves, and some congregations of the dead ; and these are places possessing some scenic beauty, but are especially remarkable for their solitude.

DIFFUSIVE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION AND
KNOWLEDGE.

We have compared two men of a particular nation to show you what education and religion have done for those who were disposed to avail themselves of its elevating and refining influences. But we ought still further to say that there is not a person in the nation that has not to some extent been wrought upon by the influence exerted by christianity and the schools, however much he may hate and talk against them. He has been greatly improved. This you observe in his habitation, dress, food; in his settled habits instead of being a rover without a home, and you see it in the laws of the nation. To be aware of the change noiselessly and imperceptibly going on in a tribe where missionaries and teachers have been for some time at work, compare them with those that never had missionaries amongst them. Select the least cultivated specimen of the Creek nation, and put him beside one

of those bands of savages that now and then come on begging excursions amongst their brethren. The Creeks would be at no loss to find *their* man though he should become mixed up with the savages, and he himself would be ashamed of them. He has clothing more nearly approximating to what the whites wear than they ; he has more property than they ; he has some kind of a home, they have only camping grounds ; he can tell them a great deal that they had no conception of, and all at once he finds himself growing proud, and boasting of the knowledge which has been learned from the people that possess the books. We look at him amongst the savages and we fancy (and it's not all fancy) that he looks better, that his appearance, the expression of his eye and of his lip, indicate some culture of the intellect more than any of the savages exhibit. But this is a man who has lived on the outskirts of his tribe, and has kept himself as much as possible aloof from churches

and schools; and yet you see that their influence has reached him.

A pebble cast into a lake produces a commotion in the entire body of water. One drop influences its neighbour. One particle set in motion disturbs the particles lying next it. First there is a ripple, then another, then another; each circle taking a greater width and circumference.

So whenever you cast a pebble of knowledge into the minds of any nation, the waves of its influence will multiply and enlarge till every individual, in some measure, feels its force.

MINGLED RACES.

The character presented awhile ago, as an example of the better class of the men of this tribe, we intimated, had the blood of the whites in his veins. From this we would not have you infer that those with this mixture were sure to be more friendly to improvement, or that they were themselves more susceptible of improvement than the

pure red man. Good and bad, intelligent and stupid, moral and vicious white men have intermarried with the Indian, and according to their character so has been the impression that they have made upon their neighbourhood; and in their children have been repeated the parents' character and habits.

The Indians that have lived in the southern states have become more or less mixed with the negro race; and those who form this element, are fully equal in sprightliness, enterprise, and energy to any of the pure race.

That you may make your own observations on this and other matters, suppose you come with us while we travel a little about the country.

A request has been sent to the Mission from a white man, begging us to visit him, for he is sick, and he wishes us to come *soon*.

As we ride along you inquire, How happens it that white men get mixed up with

the Indians? And we answer, They have found their way here from different causes. Some of them are discharged soldiers, whose ties to kindred and home have been much worn, if not entirely broken off; and they would about as lief marry an Indian woman and settle in the country, as to go back to the States where the people and the customs of the people are more strange to them than those of the Indian; and moreover, they fancy that they would much prefer the *larger liberty* of the Territories, to the more exacting rules of society in the States. Some came here as traders, took an Indian woman, *possibly* intending to cast her off when they should get rich enough to retire. But either they have not yet become sufficiently rich, or else they have come to like the Indian country and the Indian customs; and, more than that a swarm of black eyed boys and girls has sprung up around them; and they have farms and herds, which also are yearly increasing; and furthermore the people begin to look up to them; they are acquiring

an influence, and have gained a position which they would not have anywhere else; and if they leave the country they must also leave wife and children, lands and cattle. Some came to the country as mechanics under the auspices of the United States government, and they too have concluded to become citizens of the nation; so they marry, or "take up with a woman," and this act effects their naturalization.

But we have arrived at the place which we were requested to visit, and we find a man greatly

ALARMED AT THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

You will notice, though you do not speak of it, that he has a large corn field, but that he would have had more corn had he been less indulgent towards the weeds. There is something wrong in the management of this establishment, you say to yourself, for the house is old but not a shade tree, nor an ornamental tree or shrub is about the premises: sad evidence of want of taste in her who pre-

sides within, and lack of ambition and industry in him who manages without.

The house is what is termed a double log cabin; that is, two square cabins with a space between, and one roof extending over all; the space between serving many purposes. It is cool and airy in the summer; a place in which to sit during the day, or to sleep at night.

Each cabin has one room, and that room, in this instance, is very small; and the fowls and little pigs dispute the right of the family to these quarters. Doves (quite too much domesticated) are flying, and hopping, and walking about everywhere within the house, and resting on the sticks overhead.

The man lies on a straw bed (the linen not so white as the snow flakes) on the floor in the corner. He is indeed very sick; but he seems to be suffering in mind as much as in body. He turns from side to side and groans. Oh! O-o-o-h! He trembles, and groans. Conscience is busy with him. We endeavour to ascertain the precise state of

his mind, the specific cause of his alarm ; but he will not let us into his bosom ; he merely says, *in general*, that he has been a very great sinner ; and only wishes, as you perceive, some *general* applications. He shrinks from close questioning ; there is evidently something in his heart which he intends you shall not see ; he merely wishes you to read the Scriptures and pray. You comply with his request, and with that he is satisfied for this time ; but he is afraid he may die, therefore he asks you to come again to-morrow. And to-morrow you come as he requested, but the patient is easier—easier every way ; he doesn't groan as he did yesterday ; and is still more averse to an examination of his case, and answers questions very reluctantly. Your conversation seems less grateful to him than it did yesterday. He begins to think that he will not die this time, therefore he will not need your services on the following day ; nor does he offer any thanks for your trouble and suffering in riding so far in the sun.

As you are curious, you cast your eyes around to see what comforts the sick man has. On the floor by the side of the bed is a rusty tin cup half full of water. There are bits of cold corn cake on the shelf, and "strong" pork fried in its own fat. The sick man has no desire for these; but there is a pot of *sofky*, and though the odor of it is any thing but pleasant to you, the sick man sips it, for it is sour and grateful to his fever-coated tongue.

You sum up your observations, and conclude, that though those who are used to such a mode of living, and to such kind of nursing may like it well enough, yet for yourself you will not become a citizen of the country on these terms.

SOFKY.

We stated that the patient relished his *sofky*. It is a national dish with these Indians, as much as hommony and succotash have been with other tribes. It is made of corn which has been bruised in a large wood-

en mortar with a wooden pestle, its hull loosened and blown away in a fan. It is boiled in weak lye, then set aside till it becomes fermented and sour, and then is eaten with a spoon.

That person is no favourite with the Indians that doesn't relish sofky. Perhaps they fancy he is proud if he can't eat such things as they do. They don't hesitate to predict respecting the person that can't eat sofky, that he will not remain long in the country.

Their *large hommony*—hulled corn boiled soft—you would probably like at once.

Other houses we could take you to, where you would find things quite different from what they were in the house last visited. The husband is a white man, the wife an Indian. They all use the English language. Here you find many comforts and conveniences in and about the house, and all is clean; the children comfortably dressed and clean, with well combed hair; yet with rings and orna-

ments more profuse than seem to be required.

And we might take you on to another house where a native lady presides, where there is an approach to elegance.

There are cases in which white women have become the wives of Indian men ; but such cases are not common.

We will speak of one such

WHITE WIFE.

Her husband is a prophet, we believe. She, if we remember, is of the Hibernian race. We will be able to tell you how she appears when at home, and when she takes her walks abroad, as we have seen her in both conditions. When seen abroad it was her fashion not to wear any head-dress, except that which nature gave ; and even that a good deal crisped by the sun, and faded from its bright original red. For dress she wore a faded and tattered gown. One child at the breast, and one or two crying at her heels ; and as poorly clad as their mother.

We never saw her at home but once. It was on a Sabbath morning, and along towards the middle of the forenoon. I was riding to my appointment. It had been a warm night, and none of the human inhabitants of that house had yet risen from their slumbers. Their beds were outside and before the cabin, on the ground in the dry dust, which the hogs, that had been up a long time, were rooting about and blowing over them. For bedding the lord had the remnants of an old buffalo robe, the lady had a ragged blanket.

It might seem a pity to disturb the happy pair; but I had missed my way, and they were able to put me right.

Sleeping out of doors is not an uncommon practice in the summer, but it is usually in a more genteel manner than as above described; not with the pigs in the dirt, but on a staging elevated above the ground to keep the sleeper above the reach of snakes and other vermin. It is not uncommon to see about an Indian dwelling several such

stagings under the trees; they are two or three feet from the ground, and long and broad enough for a man to stretch himself on comfortably. Here they nap at noon, and sleep at night; while the tree defends them from the sun by day, and from the dew by night.

DRUNKARDS OF EPHRAIM.

In preceding pages we have alluded to the mischief which whiskey caused in the nation. The Indians generally, we believe, are rather proverbial for their love of strong drink. A writer long ago laboured hard in trying to prove that the aboriginal tribes of North America were descendants of the lost Ten Tribes of Israel; and one of the arguments which he used was that the Indian seems to have an innate love for intoxicating drink. This, he argues, is a reason for supposing that they may be descendants of Ephraim—the drunkards of Ephraim.

PROHIBITORY LAWS.

The Creeks have at different times exerted themselves laudably to save their nation from the ravages of this scourge, which is amongst the worst enemies of the red man, and which is one of the evils introduced by the white man.

The council enacted laws forbidding all trade in intoxicating drinks, and providing for the unconditional destruction of all that should at any time be found anywhere within the boundaries of their Territory.

That which aroused the chiefs to action in this matter was the murder of a daughter of the principal chief by a drunken Indian ; who, without any provocation, as he was riding past the chief's house in broad daylight, drew up his rifle and deliberately shot the young woman as she was standing in the door.

By order of the council a company of police was formed, called the Light Horse ; whose duty it was to ride throughout the country,

hunting up and spilling all the liquor that could be found; and to collect fines from those who were in any way engaged in the business of buying, or selling, or carrying it.

For a time the law was rigidly enforced; but by degrees the chiefs became less watchful, the police became less active, and then the contraband dealers grew more bold, and drunkenness again became common.

SMUGGLERS.

There were wicked white men who would smuggle whiskey into the country, or would aid the Indians in doing it. It was brought in with other lading of steamboats, landed in the night, and carried away and hid in the bushes. The boats trading up and down the rivers, and ascending far up those rivers, often dealt out the fire water. Also on the borders of the Indian Territory, in the States of Arkansas and Missouri, there were men always lurking, who had fire water for the Indian; for which they took in exchange

his money, or whatever article of value he would part with. When a barrel or smaller quantity of this contraband article had been purchased, it was hurried into the woods and cunningly secreted; and the fact was immediately communicated to those who were known to love the article, and who would not divulge the secret.

Others would travel over the country to the borders of the States, and having purchased a couple of kegs, or large jugs, filled with this their darling beverage, they slung them over the back of the pony, and then they journeyed homewards. We once encountered on the prairie a small caravan of such traders. They had been met by a company of their drinking friends, and a pair of quarter barrels had been taken down and broached; and they seemed to be having what they would call "a good time" over them.

When a jug of whiskey has been brought clandestinely into a neighbourhood, certain of the whiskey-loving people soon gather

around it, and stay by it till the jug is empty ; and on such occasions they are apt to have a pretty crazy time.

MORNING AFTER A DEBAUCH.

Wishing as far as possible to become acquainted with the people, and to visit every house, at least every house that was within a half day's ride of the Mission ; one morning, as soon as we could be spared, we started out, but without an interpreter. Striking off into an unfrequented road which led along through the skirts of the forest, where the prairie and timber land meet and mingle, we came upon a cornfield, but there was no habitation in sight. Following the fence around, we found a place where was the "gap," and a path leading towards the middle of the field. Through this gap, and up the road we travelled, conjecturing how many wolfish dogs the man might keep, and how they would be likely to receive a stranger.

In the centre of the field we found the

cabin with a melon patch and vegetable garden near it. Several dogs sprang up and rushed forward to challenge us. A number of hungry looking ponies were tied to stakes and trees about the premises. We knocked at the door, but had to repeat the ceremony several times before we were invited in. Upon entering we found eight or ten Indians; some stretched at full length upon the floor, and paying very little attention to the intruder: some were sitting on the floor. Some looked ashamed, some indifferent, and some appeared as though they were angry at being disturbed. Two earthen jugs without corks were rolling about the floor. There was one woman in the cabin, a poor forlorn creature, skulking from corner to corner, having that quick sneaking motion of the eye, and that dodging habit of the head, which are acquired by those who are accustomed to be unexpectedly assailed by sharp words, and by cuffs and cudgelling.

THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS HARD.

Dealers in whiskey by and by became more bare-faced, outraging the feelings of all decent people : one such case we will mention. An old worn out and condemned steamboat had been purchased by some of that class of persons who, by their abominable deeds, make us ashamed of our white skin, and cause us to blush for our human nature. At some point below they had loaded with whiskey, nothing but whiskey ; and steamed on away up towards the head of navigation. How much mischief they had done before they reached us we do not know ; but with many barrels still on board, they came up the silent Verdigris, determined to remain till their cargo should be disposed off. They tied up their boat, and put out their fires--the fires of the furnaces they put out, but other fires they kindled, such as are set on fire of hell. They sold by the barrel, and by the jug and the bottle full ; and they sold by the single drink. The poor Indians

might be seen lying about on the banks of the river, and on the decks of the vessel *dead drunk*.

But, by some means, an account of all this found its way to Van Buren, where the Superintendent of Indian affairs resides; and a party of men was dispatched to see to the business. The boat was seized, the whiskey barrels broken and their contents poured into the river, and all the men marched on foot from the mouth of the Verdigris to Van Buren; in which journey they had an opportunity of learning that transgressors do sometimes have a hard road to travel.

Recently the Creek council has reaffirmed the prohibitory laws. In recent letters from a former pupil of the Kowetah school, now the head of a family and engaged in farming and in merchandising in a small way, we have these statements, which we give in his own words.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I suppose you would be very glad to hear our law prohibiting the introduction of ardent spirits into the nation is still enforced, and it is executed by the Light Horse company appointed by the nation, whose duty it is to search, find, and spill all the spirituous liquors that may be found in their respective limits, and to collect a fine at the hands of the venders at the rate of four dollars per gallon for all liquors so spilled."

"All fines so collected are used for the benefit of the Light Horse company." "I am rejoiced to say that our people are trying to do some good." "Christianity is still making progress. The word of God is spreading wider every year. We beg your prayers for assistance." "The people are generally very sober for the last three years, with a few exceptions." "There has been a great deal of sickness this fall, though not many deaths."

These extracts are given, partly that you may see what kind of scholars are made at those Mission schools, and what kind of citizens they are training for the nation. We wish we could spread one of the letters before you, that you might observe in what a clerkly manner it is written.

BIG MEETINGS.

Indians seem to be fond of great gatherings. It used to appear that they felt more comfortable while sitting on a hewed log, or even on the bare ground under the trees, or under the booths made of green boughs which were supported on forked sticks, than on benches or chairs within walls which had doors and windows; and some seemed to enjoy a meal more if they could take it while seated on the grass, and could drink water which was dipped with a gourd from a spring, instead of that which was drawn with a bucket from a cold well. They were fond of camp meetings; and if there was to be a barbacue and free dinners,

a great crowd might be expected. Missionaries of other denominations in the country had a great many such meetings. Some of the Indians attending them spread for their families a canvas tent, others cut down branches of trees and constructed a booth, and others spread their blankets on the earth with only the sky for a covering.

Doubtless many were brought within the sound of the gospel by these meetings, who would not come to more quiet places; but "camping out" in all weather could not be favourable to the health of the missionaries, and in such crowds there were liable to be lewd fellows of the baser sort, who felt no responsibility to behave gravely; and the grounds around the camp sometimes, we were told, witnessed conduct not becoming the precincts of a place of worship.

UNLETTERED PREACHERS.

During the time in which missionary labours were suppressed throughout the nation,

there were still a few Indians, and a few black men who attempted to preach; and from traditions respecting them it is to be feared that they did not perfectly elucidate every subject which they undertook to handle. For example, in a cabin where our pioneer missionary once stopped to beg the privilege of spreading his blanket on the floor for the night, when it became known that he was a preacher the old woman seemed rejoiced; for she said she had a very important question which she had been waiting a long time to have solved, but nobody in the country had learning enough to do it. And she proceeded: "My man here says that it was a *plum* which *the woman* took and gave to *the man*; but I tell him that it was a *grape* which *the man* took and gave to *the woman*. Now, sir, who is right?" The missionary said, "It was the woman that first took of the *forbidden fruit* and gave it to the man. We do not positively know what sort of fruit it was, but it was not more likely to have been a plum or a grape than an apple."

"There it is," she says; "our own country preachers, without learning, do misguide us so. But when you that have learning come, and bring that big book itself along with you, then we may know that what we hear is true, and we may believe and not doubt."

Some missionaries of other denominations still employ that same class of uneducated preachers, who are capable of being very useful, if set to work in their proper sphere, but when put to expounding the law they are altogether out of their place. One of this class was trying to preach one night at a camp ground not far from the Mission, and a white man, long resident in the country, was there. He understood both English and Indian, and also remembered enough of Scripture to see when the preacher was going astray. He gave a brief account of the sermon, a part of which we still recollect. The preacher undertook to give the substance of the first portion of the first chapter of John's gospel, and then went on to state

that John, the writer of that gospel, was John the Baptist; yes, John the Baptist, the very founder of their Church, and the same that used to go up and down the Jordan hunting the deep places to baptize people in.

Our reporter remarked, that undoubtedly native preachers would be a good thing; but then he thought it would be "mighty convenient like" for them to have a little learning; at least enough so that they might be able to read a few chapters in the Testament for themselves. He thought that the nation could afford to have fewer preachers, if those few were well furnished for their work.

More haste makes less speed sometimes. Unqualified teachers, and preachers who have run before they were sent, do a great deal of "bad work," which costs their successors much trouble and patience to undo.

The communion seasons of the Mission churches were always deeply interesting and solemn. Members of the church, whose homes were far off in different parts of the country, would gather into these services,

often bringing friends with them, who were entertained at the Mission, or at the houses of their Christian brethren in the vicinity while the meetings continued.

EXAMINATION DAY.

The stated examinations of the schools were a sort of gala day for the pupils, when their parents and friends assembled at the Mission to see what prodigies their own children had become, (able to read the books equal to white people!) to hear their recitations, and witness their performances on the black board.

It was a pleasure on those occasions to have the parents seated with their children at table; old and young enjoying themselves together.

Our faithful coloured man was in his element at such times; for he would be sorry to let the event pass off without a barbacue; and he "calculated" that few could excel him in that particular branch of cooking. On the previous day he dug a pit two or

three feet deep, in which he started a fire and kept it up all night, rolling in more and heavier logs, until by morning the pit was apparently half full of live coals.

Over this a staging of poles was built, and on it the ox was laid, having first been cut into convenient pieces; and these had frequently to be turned, till at the appointed time it was ready to be served up, with some other things which the country afforded.

Next comes the parting, and the dispersing to their own homes. Indians, however, are not much given to complimenting, nor do they usually make so much ado at meeting and parting as some other people; and so some of the children may be on the road, before we are aware that they have left the house. It is surprising to see how heavy a load a horse can travel under. A man or woman mounts a pony, and then the boys and girls get on before and behind as long as there is a place for them to sit. In some families there is a horse and trappings for

each member of the household. One such family we particularly remember. They lived far up the country, were people of some means, and able to appear in pretty good style, for that part of the world, when they went abroad. The father, a portly man, rode a large horse; the mother, carrying an infant, followed on another large horse. Then came the children, quite a company, following in order according to their age and size, each having a horse or pony which seemed to have been selected with reference to size so as to suit that of its intended rider; so that the last of this little cavalcade was a very little boy, mounted on the smallest and prettiest pony that we ever saw in the Indian country.

THE COLD PLAGUE.

Allusion has been made to the sudden deaths which occurred amongst the Indians, and also amongst any whites who, in the same climate, were not careful to provide against the changes of the weather. It was

a common expression, "Heaps of people die here every winter." The pleurisy, pneumonia, and fevers of different types took off their victims suddenly. As sometimes occurred, you might meet a person one day in health, and three or four days afterwards in passing the house where he had lived, you might find his neighbours assembled to bury him.

There was a fine lad in the Tallahassee school, a modest and obedient boy he was, always diligent in his task, whether it was study or work; and when it was the time for play he was ready for it. Monday had been a warm sunny day, but towards night the wind blew down quite cold and searching from the north. This boy we observed a while before dark, at his appointed labour at the wood pile, making the chips fly fast. While resting now and then, as he leaned on his axe-helve the cold wind struck him, and there perhaps he took the cold which proved fatal. The next morning at the breakfast table we observed that he sat there without

eating, and appeared to be "chilling a little," as we say of those who have slight attacks of chill and fever; that, however, was not an uncommon occurrence, and did not create alarm. During the day he kept his bed, though he complained but little, and but a few simple medicines were administered. In the night, however, his case excited more interest, and early in the morning the physician was called; but as soon as he saw him he shook his head, and said it was too late, he feared. Every effort was made, and every expedient tried to arrest the disease, but in vain. He lived only to the middle of that afternoon.

From the moment that his case became alarming, the Superintendent hardly left his bedside, and at every favourable moment he was giving useful instruction, but with what results will not be known in this world. Before his sickness he had always been serious and attentive in the place of religious worship, and he had received much instruction and private admonition from the pastor,

and from all the teachers; but concerning him we have no knowledge that he was prepared to die.

God waits upon us a long time, and gives abundant opportunity to prepare for death: and lest we might be tempted to procrastinate, he has told us that the Son of man may come as a thief in the night; therefore he has charged us to watch, saying, "Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord may come."

The Indians suffered from such attacks as this, partly because of their want of carefulness to dress according to the changes of the weather, and by their exposure at night. They would leave home with only their ordinary clothing, and that very slight; a cotton shirt, and a thin hunting jacket; with perhaps a blanket, or perhaps not. Some procured for the winter a "blanket coat."

When away on the road they might sleep in a house, or out of doors; with, or without a fire. When riding in the morning we

sometimes passed the yet smoking brands of camp fires by the wayside.

ECONOMICAL LODGINGS.

One frosty morning—Thermometer at 15° (it often went lower. Feb. 6th it was 2°) we saw at a distance of half a mile or more, a smoke curling upwards into the skies, and we walked out to see who was there. We found one lone Indian in the act of “getting up;” and he was rising like a man refreshed, as bright and cheerful as if he had slept on the softest bed.

When he encamped he kindled a fire, and slept at right angles to it, with his feet pretty close to the coals. He chose the leeward side, so that the wind carrying the smoke over him, it would serve as a canopy, and the chilly night vapours would thus be prevented from falling on him.

As is the custom, he had wrapped himself entirely in his blanket, not excepting the head; for by keeping the warm breath inside the blanket, it thus helps to keep the

body warm, they say. The stranger was clad in buckskin leggins which terminated in a moccason, a hunting shirt, and one blanket. A tin cup sat near him, out of which he drank quite frequently. A rough coated horse was tied to a fallen tree top, and was contentedly nibbling at the limbs, as though he had been accustomed to such breakfasts.

Through the language of signs we ascertained that he had come from the south-eastern extremity of the Territory, and was going on to the old chief's residence.

CHANGE OF WEATHER.

We have alluded to the sudden changes of weather; every country is subject to the same, yet not all to the same extent.

Once in the fall of the year we had to return to our station from the Tallahassa Mission. The forenoon had been unseasonably warm; what breeze there was came from the south. After dinner, when we started, it was sultry, and we feared to move the

horses out of a walk. Both our coat and overcoat lay across the saddle. After travelling a quarter of the distance, it became comfortably cool and our horses felt brisker. By and by we were inclined to button the vest; there was no wind, but away in the north-west it was growing darkish. Now we needed a coat; the horses struck into a trot: clouds began to form away to the north, and to roll slowly towards the south. Our coats were now buttoned, and our horses moving faster; the clouds were growing larger, and approaching nearer; the storm was close upon us. Now overcoat and mittens were needed; but soon it became so cold that we had to put our horses into a gallop to get exercise enough to keep from suffering. A lady in the company, who had not so good a supply of shawls as we had of coats, suffered more than we.

In the winter in that country, however pleasant the morning might be, careful men would not venture far from home without an overcoat or blanket across their saddle.

RECKLESS RIDING.

The Indians are bold riders, but they sometimes meet with accidents. Of this there was a distressing instance once at Tallahassa. At that time there were several horses at the stable that needed to be watered, and a few of the larger boys leaped upon their backs. Some had bridles, and some only halters. Returning from the watering place, the horses began racing; as is liable to be the case where several are together, and boys are their riders. Those without bits in their mouths could not be readily managed, and one of the young men, by the unexpected wheeling of his horse, had his head violently dashed against a tree which caused his death in a short time. So melancholy a termination of what was usually a safe and pleasant exercise, cast a deep gloom over the school, and was the occasion of turning the thoughts of the pupils to the subject of death, and the necessity of being always in preparation for it.



One of the young men, by the unexpected wheeling of his horse, had his head violently dashed against a tree.—*Page 232,*

At Kowetah once, when we were at supper—it was after dark—a black man hurried in, and in great haste inquired if either of us could do anything for broken bones, for “Peter,” said he, “has broke his thigh *plump off*.” “How was that?” we asked. “Why,” he answered, “we had finished thrashing up thar, and were for starting home, and Pete jumped on that wild colt of his’n, and he run like mad, and slung him across a big oak stump in the road up thar, and it broke his thigh plump off, sir; and he’s in awful misery.” “Where is he now?” we inquired. “Just out yer in the wagon,” he said. We assured him that none of us dared undertake such a case as that, and he had better have the doctor, who lived at the other Mission, sent for immediately; and meantime the man might be brought into the house, and we would nurse him as well as we were able. But no, they both thought they would go right along to the mistress, and see what she thought best about it; and if she said, Send for the white doctor, then they would do so.

They only called, they said, to see if perhaps we might have some medicine to *stop the misery*. So they carried him four miles further in a rough wagon and over a rougher road. The mistress, we learned, did not favour sending for a white doctor; for being of that class of the Indians that are prejudiced against innovations, she believed the Indian's system of treatment better than the white man's. How he was treated we did not learn; we would have visited him, but were informed that admittance would be denied us. We presume, however, that the limb was bandaged, and copiously bathed in liquids over which incantations had been performed.

Many have been crippled or killed in the races of drunken Indians over uneven ground, as well as in the pursuit of game.

INDIAN DOCTORS.

Amongst civilized people we sometimes hear of a great stir being made about some person that pretends to be an Indian doctor,

or that pretends to have Indian medicines. But the Indians themselves know very little indeed about medicines, or the nature of diseases. They have a few simple remedies, but are altogether incompetent to treat a difficult case. Where a cure has been effected, nature is generally the healer, and conjuration receives the credit of it.

They know of a root which is good for a snake bite, and they have the pleurisy root, and others which are good for other diseases. But their principal dependence is upon the Blowers. Roots and herbs are gathered and boiled down to make a "black drink;" but it has no efficacy till the doctor has given it a healing power by his own breath blown into it through a long tube, together with certain mummeries performed over it.

In one of our visiting excursions we came upon a cabin in the woods, at a short distance from which we encountered a curious structure: it might be taken to be a receptacle for a dead body; but we were told that it was a medicine house, to store medicines

for gun-shot wounds, and that the owner of the cabin was a gun-shot doctor. It was a little log house about three feet by five, with a round roof made of bark: a post under each corner supported it so that the floor was three or four feet above the ground.

The doctor was a tall gray haired man. We inquired of him respecting his profession. He said there was very little for him to do now a-days--very little call for his medicine; but back in the old country, and in war time he had plenty to do. "Then you have been in the wars, have you?" we asked. "Yes, much wars," he said. "How old are you?" we inquired. "Can't tell that," said he, "only I know that I was in the Old Red Stick War, and just then began to be old enough to carry a gun.

The Old Red Stick War, as we understood it, was the war of 1812, in which a part of the Creeks fought against our country, and part of them for it, being led by Gen. Jackson. That war is so designated because the

warriors were assembled by means of the bundle of red sticks which the runners left in each house: one of those sticks was to be thrown away each day, and that day in which they had but one stick left, every man was to go to the appointed rendezvous.

Indians believe in *Possessions*, that people may be possessed with the devil. There is amongst them what they term the *Spirit sickness*, when a person is possessed with some spirit; and of course, incantation is needed to cast out the spirit; and until that is done, they believe the person cannot be restored.

They talk of the horse sickness, the cow sickness, &c., in which the patient, as they suppose, is influenced in some way by these animals. The doctors are expected to tell them what the sickness is, and to prescribe the remedies. Sometimes certain portions of the animals may be eaten, or certain portions must be abstained from. For example, a person with the headache must not eat hog's head.

They believe in witchcraft. One person may bewitch another: also animals may become bewitched, and then they will be troublesome to manage. There was much talk about a certain witch bear, against which heavy charges were brought. He was said to come amongst the cattle and swine at night, and those which he chose to bring under his influence would rave about at a furious rate, and might never be docile afterwards.

Sometimes an application is made to one of the prophets in behalf of persons that are sick, to learn what doctor to employ, or what medicines to use.

They never apply to their doctors or prophets without taking a present in their hands; and those presents are liberal, and useful.

PROPHETS.

The Indians have their prophets, and schools of the prophets; for it is a profession which has to be studied. The old

prophets have young lads living with them as apprentices: these are generally their own nephews. These men have much influence: they are applied to sometimes in cases of sickness: information in regard to lost or stolen property is sought from them; and they are consulted in relation to many matters, both secular and religious. They give out their responses with much assurance, as though there was not the least doubt in their own minds; but they are not always right.

One of these prophets, an old man, and very corpulent, came riding by one morning: it was a dark morning with no clear sky. We had a short journey to perform, but it was not so urgent that we need expose ourselves to a wetting; and we were out taking our observations of the weather as the prophet was passing.

We saluted him with "Good morning," and asked, "Will it rain to day?" He stopped; looked very wise; turned his eyes upwards, then downwards; gazed away into

the east, then into the west; then looked north and then south; then with downcast eyes he sat a moment "working up" his observations, and then announced the result and thus it was, "Yes, it will rain to day." "Well, and just about what time will it begin to rain?" we asked. This required further observation, and was in fact rather a hard question; but he must answer in some way, and so he said, "Just about eleven o'clock it will begin." We didn't quite agree with the old man, however, and were going on to get the horse, when we met another Indian, a young man, and said to him, "And what do *you* think about the weather—will it rain to day, or not?"

He too took a good look at the clouds, and noticed the wind, and said, "Well, I don't know much about it, but *I guess* it will clear up in about an hour or so." The young man's *guess* was nearer right than the prophet's *decision*.

Prophets are the professional keepers of the traditions, and the teachers in respect

to the ancient customs. Persons desirous of becoming doctors, or sorcerers, as well as those expecting to be chiefs, gather up as much as possible of their traditional history and unwritten tales and romances. The orators, we are told, weave into their speeches a great variety of traditional and legendary matter.

THE BUSK.

This is an annual feast, to which allusion has already been made. We do not claim to understand all about it, nor if we did would we have time to relate it, and you, we fear, might not have patience to hear it all. This yearly festival was observed by nearly all the clans at their respective "squares," or head quarters. Like as it was amongst the Jews, every person living in the Territory must have his name enrolled somewhere; and this register was according to the house and lineage to which they belonged; and at certain seasons they went "every one into his own city."

We were told that anciently these, now small clans, were separate and powerful tribes; but the various casualties of war, famine, disease, and frequent removals had wasted them, till at length they had become confederate under common chiefs, and formed but one nation; though each clan had still its subordinate chief, and certain internal regulations peculiarly its own.

The Busk has in it a variety of usages, in which those who are curious on this subject may find something that will correspond to what was found in one or the other of the Jewish feasts. In cutting down branches of trees, and making them into booths, and dwelling in them during the festival, it corresponds to the feast of Tabernacles. In its being the occasion on which an offering of the ears of green corn is made to the Great Spirit, and this too before any of the people may eat of it at home, it may have something parallel to the Pentecost. It continued the same number of days as the Passover. They say it is kept in commemoration of the giv-

ing of the law to them by the Great Spirit; and in this also it reminds us of the Pentecost.

On this occasion they renew their fire by rubbing pieces of wood together, and from this they light all the fires used during the feast, and each family is expected to carry home some of it with which to begin another ecclesiastical year; and this too is considered necessary in order to keep disease and every bad influence from the house. Water is drawn from the spring into which the conjurer blows a blessing through his reed, and the people all drink of it, supposing they are imbibing health-insuring draughts. The Jews, we are told, at their feast of Tabernacles had a custom of drawing water from the fountain of Siloah, and pouring it with great pomp and hilarity upon the altar.

The manner in which the people were assembled to this feast was by means of heralds dispatched by the Mekko, each with many little bundles of sticks; one of which is left in each house, with the direction to

throw one stick away every morning, and that morning on which but one stick remains they are to repair to the Busk ground.

The interval between giving the notice and the commencement of the feast, is termed *The broken days*, from the circumstance of the broken sticks which register the time. Certain of the men are detailed to make the public grounds all clean, and to repair the public booths. Each family was expected to go forth and fetch branches of thick trees and make booths for themselves. A number of the women were selected to do the cooking for the occasion, from the provisions which were contributed for that purpose, and which every man brought willingly, according to the number of their household.

Not to attend this feast, and not to be present on all the days of it, was regarded as a misdemeanor, for which a fine was levied, and if not paid willingly, the Light Horse were dispatched to seize and sell property, whatever they might find. Christians, and enlightened Indians, whose consciences for-

bade their attending these festivals because of the folly, lasciviousness, and wickedness which is mixed up in them, are therefore, you see, subjected to persecutions and losses for conscience sake.

One of the days in which they are together is the season of a general fast. It is a day of mourning and of *drinking* bitter herbs. Sitting on the ground, in a great melancholy circle, at a given hour of the day huge vessels of the "black drink" are passed around. It is made of roots and herbs boiled together, and designed to operate as an emetic. A large feather accompanies the vessel, which is used by those who prefer to have their sickness soon over. White men who have become citizens of the country cannot be excused from this ordeal. Chiefs and people, old and young, sit on the ground together; and are all sick together; and doubtless it is a sickening spectacle. The day of fasting prepares the way for the days of feasting which follow.

The public booths are arranged around

the sides of a square, and facing inwards. In the centre of the square a pole is erected ; around the foot of the pole a mound of earth is thrown up ; and around this mound is the dancing ground.

There are a great variety of dances, each having its peculiar step or "hop," and grimace, and its own music. The old Indians contend that the Great Spirit gave them all these ; and therefore they are bound with religious care to observe them, and to teach them to their children ; and these again to their children : and this, they say, is one of the reasons why it grieves them to see so many of their young people forsaking the customs of their fathers ; they fear lest the displeasure of the Great Spirit may be visited on them on account of their irreligion.

Some of the dances, they say, were learned from the bears ; others were communicated to them from heaven, for it would be impossible, they say, for man ever to invent anything so intricate and so ingenious, with the music and step agreeing so exactly.

These scenes are schools of immorality. It is "promiscuous dancing," and in some of them the dancers are nearly nude; the men rally the women in a coarse and vulgar manner, and the women retort in a similar style.

At the Kowetah Busk house are a number of large sea shells which were brought on from Georgia in the exodus of the tribe, when they came to find a home in the West. They are used to divine by; and in one of the dances they are placed on the ground, and the dancers move around them. They are considered sacred, and may not be touched by any but the appointed officers.

All their amusements are kept up, day and night, and over a Sabbath day. The dances are mostly by night, and by the lurid light of torches and camp fires. The days are passed off in sleeping, and in telling stories.

It is a time for teaching the children, and for refreshing the minds of the older ones with all the facts and fancies touching them-

selves and their ancestors ; the marvellous deeds of their braves, and the sufferings and wrongs endured by themselves and by their fathers, with a special emphasis on the wrongs. They relate the things, some of which they saw, and a part of which they were. If they begin with

TRADITIONS,

They can commence as far back as when the first stock of their race emerged from a hole in the ground far away in the west : and that earth out of which they came was red ; consequently the people were red, and therefore their name Red men. Here again the curious may discover a remnant of the true tradition ; that man was made of the dust of the earth, and called Adam ; which word is derived from a root meaning *red earth*. Then comes the history of their countless removals eastward in which they were pretty constantly fighting ; dispossessing a tribe and appropriating their fields and dwellings, or in building forts where to make a stand

for a while against a tribe or tribes more powerful than they. Thus for a long series of years they continued their migrations and freebootings, until they reached the hunting grounds where the early white settlers of our country found them.

With this scrap of their own unwritten history their own mouths have sometimes been stopped when, as was their wont, they would begin to complain bitterly of their "forcible" removal to the west. "What!" we would exclaim, "was that country yours? Haven't we heard you tell how your brave ancestors drove other tribes before them and seized their possessions? and do you complain of being compelled to relinquish what was obtained in that way?"

At those public gatherings the old Indians endeavoured to impress the younger ones with the importance of preserving all their ancient practices: some of which would be rehearsed, such as the rules relating to *unclean things*; for they regard certain creatures

as unclean, such as the horse, the crow, the buzzard ; these may not be eaten.

But to give a more extended account of these matters might prove too tedious.

As before intimated, these old customs and superstitions are becoming more unpopular, as the Christian party gradually grows stronger, and the heathen party weaker. So let the missionaries continue to labour, and to labour in hope ; and let the church continue to give, and to pray, and to pray in faith.

MARRIAGE AND COURTSHIP.

Amongst the Indians that have not come under Christian influence, the customs in regard to the matter of taking a wife vary from the regulations in civilized countries, and from what the Bible requires. Sometimes matches are made by the parents of the young people, and they are given to each other, with the desire and the charge to be faithful to one another. But in many cases the man chooses a woman, and if she

is willing to be his wife, he takes her home and lives with her as long as he sees best ; and then if he becomes tired of her, or finds another that he prefers, he abandons her. The law, however, requires that he leave the homestead to the wife thus deserted. But to evade this, wicked men sometimes so torment and vex the woman, that she is forced to go out without property or provision of any kind.

There are instances, in which men have more wives than one. When this is the case the different wives are put into separate houses, and those houses are sometimes several miles apart : the husband visits them in rotation, spending a few days or weeks with one, then passing on to the other.

We do not, however, assert that such a state of things as above described is the prevailing condition of society amongst that tribe of Indians of whom we are speaking ; we would hope that faithfulness and constancy to one wife are the rule, and that bigamy and inconstancy are the exceptions ;

and furthermore we hope that an enlightened and Christian sentiment on this subject will before long become so prevalent that the Council will be moved to enact laws in regard to this matter agreeable to the laws of God.

SOME INCIDENTS OF A DAY'S RIDE.

We take a south-west course; the country is broken and well wooded, with many brooks for us to cross. The habitations are scattered, from half a mile to three miles apart. In a lonely place in the woods we come upon a burying ground. The graves are formed very much as we would make them. Few Indians pass this way by day, much less will they do so by night, because of their fear of ghosts.

We travel on till we come to a large farm, to visit which, and the people upon it, was the principal object of this day's excursion. We find the owner at home, and more sociable than we expected from what we had been told concerning him; but he was not

friendly to the Christian religion. He spoke English very well, and we conversed at considerable length. He had about fifty negroes, and we desired permission to preach to them; either to have them assembled at noon, or to go from house to house on the plantation. But he seemed to think that their religious interests were abundantly provided for, since there was a preacher amongst them, who gave them a sermon every Sabbath day.

We heard good accounts of this coloured preacher, as to his piety and good example, and that some of the negroes were hopefully pious.

On our return we called at the cabins of two free coloured men, who had obtained citizenship in the nation. They were doing tolerably well as farmers. The heads of these families, together with some of their children, appeared to be devoted Christians, and to be hungering and thirsting after righteousness. None of them were able to read, and when we read and explained the Scriptures to them, they listened with ardent interest.

They were ready to overwhelm us with thanks, and begged us to visit them again ; for it was only once in a while that they could get even a few crumbs of the word of God. Oh, how they wished that some members of their families were able to read !

We have often wished that those people who have the Bible but neglect to read it, might have witnessed with what eagerness these poor people received the few paragraphs we were able to read to them.

Riding homewards, we come unexpectedly upon a little cabin in the woods almost entirely covered with trees. A middle aged man was sitting on a log before the door, and with a knife was shaping a large wooden spoon. This seemed to be his trade ; for a few wooden bowls, and spoons, and other articles of wooden ware were to be seen finished, and ready for market. The picture was rather pleasing ; the man seemed contented and happy ; several children are sporting around him.

The interpreter tells us this is a meeting-

going man, and he thinks a Christian. We stop and have a few words of conversation with him. In answer to our salutation he raises his eyes from his work, with a fling of the head tosses back the long locks which were hanging about his face, and greets us with a smile. Without reserve, but with modesty, he engages in a conversation on the subject of religion. He tells us that he is happy ; that he loves to attend religious services, and to meet with people that love Jesus, and when alone at his work he can think over some of the good things he has heard. He has no more any desire to engage in the sports and games which once were so pleasing to him. His knowledge is very limited, for all that he has learned of Scripture truth, he has picked up here and there, from the different preachers, and in conversation with Christian people ; but he appears to have well improved the little instruction he has received. He is faithful in his few things.

We leave him to finish his spoon, and we proceed on our way with some very pleasant

reflections. That then, we say, is a brother; one of the household of faith; and glad are we to own him as such. His skin is not like ours, nor his dress, nor mode of living; he has scarcely any cultivation when compared with the brethren and sisters with whom we have been accustomed to associate; but when we come to speak of Christ, of the hopes of the righteous, of temptations, of this wicked heart, bad thoughts, and efforts to overcome every evil desire; and when we speak of doubts and fears, then of encouraging hope, then of sorrows, and then of joys, we find we are just alike. He loves Jesus, and so do we, as we trust; and Jesus loves him. He is a child of God, for he evidently has the Spirit of adoption, whereby he is taught to call God, Father. We shall by and by meet again, we hope. And this is some of the fruit of missionary labour, we say. Somebody cast bread upon the waters a long time ago; and now, after many days, we have found it.

Then, brethren, labour on. As far as pos-

sible, preach the gospel to every creature; for the word shall prosper in the thing whereto God sends it. Many may come from the cabins and wigwams of the forest, to sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, of whose salvation you may not learn till that great day, when He for whose sake you labour shall point to them and say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE GLEANER.

An incident with an oriental cast about it would sometimes occur, such as this. On a hot summer's day when all was still about the Mission, for the fowls were panting in the shade, and even the birds were seeking to keep themselves cool amongst the thick branches, there came an Indian woman softly stepping along towards the house, coming by the back way. She was very shy, and stood by the fence outside the yard, watching till some of her own people might ap-

pear in sight; and when an Indian girl came to the door, she beckoned her to come to the place where she was standing. The girl went and returned with her message which was: This woman wishes to know if she would be perfectly welcome to go into the wheat field and gather what was left after the reapers. Full liberty was granted, and a rake was furnished her; with which she laboured diligently a couple of hours. Then with a stick she thrashed what she had gathered, tied the grain in a cloth, and bore it home. While she was engaged in these operations, we occasionally looked that way and thought of Ruth the Moabitess; and wondered whether or not this woman could be at all related to that people to whom the Lord gave the charge, saying, "When thou cuttest down thy harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thy hands."

A FUNERAL.

Soon after we arrived in the country of the Muskogees, the superintendent of one of the Missions invited us to take a horse and ride with him. He was going to visit a sick woman a few miles distant. We found her wasting with consumption. The cabin was small—one room; but it was clean. There were clean white curtains about the bed; the furniture was scanty, but what there was, was tastefully arranged and free from dirt and dust. This recommended the inmates. Where Christianity goes, improvements in many respects are sure to follow.

Another Indian woman was attending upon the sick one; but all was still. The missionary conversed with the sick woman; or we might say, he asked her some questions, which she answered very briefly; and then, *he talked to her*. By and by the husband came in. He was another silent person. He took a seat at a little distance, and listened attentively to what was said. What

a silent race these Indians are ! we thought. A hymn was sung, and a prayer offered ; and we departed.

A few days afterwards, and in a pouring rain, very early in the morning the husband came to request the missionary to attend the funeral of his wife. He then went to gathering up lumber, and himself helped in making the coffin. At the appointed time we were at the house of mourning, where we found quite a company of people. An ox wagon was waiting before the door, to serve as the hearse. The husband was busily, but silently, stirring about and making all the arrangements. When the coffin was brought out, he was one to help carry it. Then we moved towards the grave ; not in procession, but each one choosing his own road through the thicket till we came to a solitary place in the woods. The coffin was gently lowered into the grave, the husband still doing most of the work, and not a word had we yet heard spoken. When the dirt was returned into the grave, the husband was the

principal one in doing it ; and occasionally he would get in to tramp the earth down compactly. After it was finished, he made a roof over the grave to keep it dry. In all this the husband wished to testify his regard for the dead, and his solicitude to provide suitably for her last resting place on earth.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave, the solemn stillness was broken by the words, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;" and then again, when the burial was completed, by a short address from the minister and a funeral hymn.

A fitting burial for this inhabitant of the forest ! The stillness of mourning friends, (for scarcely did we hear the crackling of a dry limb, so soft was their tread,) the sombre solemn woods, the majestic oaks spreading out their strong arms over the humble tomb : under such circumstances these sweet words, "I am the resurrection and the life"—"Those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," came upon our ears almost like a voice from the clouds. And as we were retiring from

that spot, where the dust of a saint had been laid in its lowly bed, to rest in Jesus till the voice of the archangel sounds calling the dead to come forth, it needed but little fancy to enable us still to hear the echo of that Muskogee hymn still circling about the grave, and warbling amongst the tree-tops.

ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE.

“To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; and there is an unutterable beauty in such a fitness of things; and so we find that there is “a time to keep silence, and a time to speak.” There are times when stillness preaches more effectually than any audible sounds, and when even a sigh would seem to be out of place.

The sun, one cold December evening, had just sunk below the horizon, amid such a blaze of angry red clouds as betoken a boisterous morrow, when we noticed one of the little boys becoming especially interested in something down the road. We also

gazed in the same direction, and pretty soon an Indian appeared, with a blue shawl twisted like a turban about his head, a green blanket coat, and deer-skin leggins. Without speaking or changing a muscle of his face, the boy moved with measured steps towards the stile; the Indian dismounted and met him there, and they stood, one on either side of the fence.

The boy dropped his head on the topmost rail, and the man put one hand upon his shoulder, and the other around upon his back; and thus they remained for some minutes, not a word passing between them, nor even a lisp.

We inquired of the other boys what all that meant; had the man brought the lad some bad news? "O no," they said, "that is his father, that has come to see him; and the boy is so glad." "But," we said, "they have not spoken; and doesn't the boy seem to be weeping?" "O no," they answer, "they are just glad to see each other: Indians do that way."

A VISIT TO THE CHEROKEES.

All the missionaries labouring under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in the Cherokee Nation, were to meet at Park Hill at the same time that the Board was holding its annual meeting in an inland town of one of the eastern states; and the members of our Missions were invited to be present with them. It being the season of vacation in our schools, some of us could be spared for a few days. The distance was a good day's ride; but our saddles began to grow hard when the journey was but half performed; and as the declining sun lengthened our shadows, the miles seemed to lengthen also. An hour's ride brought us to the ford on the Verdigris, at a place where the river is wide, and the banks high and densely wooded. As we followed each other down the steep bank, we did not wonder at that sudden expression of terror from the lady in the company, who was unaccustomed to such

modes of travelling; for as we looked over into the dark waters rushing over the rapids, thick clouds obscured the sun, and the roar of the fall a little below burst upon our ears. On the opposite bank were some wild animals that had come to drink at the river; whether deer or wolves we couldn't determine; and they soon disappeared.

The river forded, another ride of an hour or more brought us to the Neosho: this forded, we ride into Fort Gibson. This is a pretty place. There is the fort itself with its block houses; the pallisades with their heavy wooden gates; the stables on a hill near by, the quarters of the dragoons in a former day and their look out; the campus outside the fort—a plot of ground elevated above the river, having on two sides the houses of the officers, the chapel and school house, the government store; and all newly whitewashed. Within this enclosure was a little burying ground carefully protected, and tastefully adorned with trees and shrubs. We pass out into the Cherokee country by

a large gate ; near which is a store, having one entrance from the fort, and another from the Indian country. Around this door a great number of horses were tied, while their riders were within ; some with articles to barter for goods, others endeavouring to purchase by giving a "lien" on the annuity which will come next year ; which annuity may be sold or gambled away to several other parties, all of whom will be at the council to claim it when at length it arrives.

We still have a very pleasant country to travel over as we journey eastward. We have no high hills, but a gently undulating surface, with many brooks, and some larger streams. We pass but few houses, but those that we see seem to be one or two degrees in advance of those in the Creek country.

At the house of the veteran missionary at Park Hill we receive an honest and hearty welcome. The evening passes pleasantly in company with the newly arrived and arriv-

ing missionaries coming in from their several fields of labour, to enjoy a short season of social and religious intercourse; and thus to drink of the brook in the way, and then to lift up the head, and press on with renewed energies.

Two days are spent in alternate business, and religious meetings; and an additional interest is imparted to the occasion by the reflection that all the missionaries of the same Board are at the same time similarly employed, and that the officers of the Board, and many of the friends of Missions are also offering their prayers to the God of Missions for a blessing on the whole work, and on all the labourers. At one time we assemble in the meeting-house, made of hewn logs, to listen to a sermon. At another time to hear statements concerning the work at the different stations, in which the brethren speak of their difficulties, and their encouragement; of whatever progress has been made during the past year, and the ground of hope for the future: and before we separate

the efforts of the church for the conversion of the whole world are briefly brought to view; also the lands where darkness yet broods are pointed to: and we bless the Lord for mercies past, and humbly hope for more. Again we assemble for the sacramental service. The missionaries with members of their families, with Cherokees who have learned to love the Lord, and some who are of the race of Ham, all sit down together in remembrance of one common Lord, and as members of one family.

At these seasons of refreshing we forget the trials of the way, and the days of sickness and peril. We forget the seasons of darkness and discouragement, and are occupied with thoughts of our Father's house above, and are filled with joy in thinking of the trophies of grace; some of whom are with us there, and others scattered over the Nation. The missionaries thank the Lord and take courage; and when by and by they separate, each to his allotted labour, it

is with a more earnest purpose, a stronger faith, and more animating hope.

A CHEROKEE PREACHER

was there. He could not speak a word of our language. The few little works which had been translated into his own language he carried with him; and was much occupied in studying them. His field of labour was far away in the north-west. He spoke of the people there as "wild Indians," who very much needed the gospel; and for himself he lamented his own small acquirements and feeble abilities, and expressed a wish that some person could be with him on whom he might lean, and to whom he could look for instruction.

The chief and his family attended all the public services. It was something strange, that shining coach, that would do for Broadway or Chestnut street, with driver and footman, glistening here and there as it passed the openings in the thicket, then rolling over the green sward up to the log meeting-house.

During our stay in the country we rode out to the residence of the chief—a neat cottage, likesome snug farmer's house in one of the eastern states. It was well furnished, and had pretty yards and flower gardens, which were indices of the refinement of those who presided in the household. The wife of the chief, and her sister—white ladies—were pleasant and entertaining in conversation; the chief was not so sociable, but none the less attentive to his guests.

We visited the Female Academy—a large, handsome, well finished brick building. One almost wonders what such a noble edifice is doing away out there. From the top of it we saw the Seminary for young men, two miles distant. Each had a boarding department, with three or four teachers. The buildings were erected, and the schools supported out of their school fund received from the United States government. In these were trained up teachers for their district schools; and much other good they did,

but respecting it all we cannot undertake to tell.

Near the residence of the Missionary lives his Translator, who assists him in translating into the Cherokee language, books and tracts. The "Cherokee Almanac," which they yearly issue, is a very useful publication ; having alternate pages in English and Cherokee, with many Scripture lessons, and useful hints on Temperance, Agriculture, Political and Domestic Economy. The prairie flowers and the moon are the Almanac of the Indian. When such a flower shows itself, they think it the time to plant this seed ; when such another flower is in bloom, some other seed must be sown, and so on ; but even then it may not be done unless the moon is in the right quarter also. But again it may occur that when the moon suits, the weather may not, for in some seasons the rains fall earlier than in others ; and sometimes when the dry weather commences, it continues through the summer ; and the farmer who, because the moon or

other signs were not right, neglected to improve the early season which was favourable, may not have another opportunity to get his seed into the ground with a prospect of reaping a crop.

The Translator of whom we spoke has a mixture of white blood. He was for two years in Princeton Theological Seminary, and for some time has been a member of the Creek Presbytery. He employs his preaching talent for the benefit of his countrymen. His house resembled some parsonage in a quiet eastern village. The yard and flower beds, the orchard and garden, were refreshing to the eye; and you say to yourself, This man was not spoiled by education and a residence among the whites. With other learning a fine taste was cultivated. Nor was there in the house that painful contrast too often witnessed between the husband and wife, when the educated one returns and marries an ignorant, and it may be a heathen person. In this case the wife was a help-meet; and while sitting with them in their parlour, or

at their well arranged and comfortably provided table, you would scarcely think you were partaking of the hospitalities of Cherokees.

Going to and from the church we pass over the spot which was once wet with the blood of the murdered Elias Boudinot. That occurred when their civil wars were raging; and perhaps they can hardly yet be said to have ceased. The Nation was divided on that question : Shall we remove, or shall we not remove west beyond the river? And the old hatred and hot blood of the opposition party is stirred up against the other, whenever they think of that ancient feud ; especially do they cherish enmity towards those who were the principal agents in selling their homes, their fields, and their hunting grounds to the pale faces. It still leads to private quarrels, and to the shedding of blood. Human life by many of the Indians is estimated too cheaply ; and there are some so reckless and who have so little dread of a future retribution, and withal seem to have acquired

such a thirst for blood, that in some appalling instances a man is shot as ruthlessly as a wild beast would be. But as the influence of the gospel extends, this condition of things will disappear.

BLOOD REVENGE.

As before stated, we hear too frequently of cases of murder and manslaughter; and the number of these is larger because of the disposition of many to take the law into their own hands, and themselves avenge the death of a relative, rather than wait the law's delay. Indeed, blood revenge seems to be a part of their ancient code; and the blood of a murdered person calls from the ground to those of nearest kin to avenge his death; and those Indians who still hold to their ancient customs and belief, feel themselves religiously bound to pursue the murderer till they let the earth drink his blood also; like as Joab smote Abner for the blood of Asahel his brother.

We will speak of such a case. A man

who had relatives not far from us had in a quarrel slain a man, and for many months he had been hunted from one hiding place to another. There were no cities of refuge to which he might flee and be safe, till a hearing of the case might be had before the judges; therefore the avenger of blood was ever on his trail. Late one night he rushed into a house not far from the Mission, with blood streaming down his face, and craved a shelter and place of concealment. "Oh," says he, "this is too much to endure always; to be constantly hunted, and never able to feel secure. They are determined to have my blood, though they pursue me to the ends of the earth. I may as well face my enemy at once."

TESTIMONY OF A DROVER.

On the boat in which we were ascending the Arkansas river was a cattle buyer from Virginia. Having learned our profession and our destination, he told us his. For some years he had been employed in gather-

ing up droves to take to the eastern states ; sometimes it was a drove of mules, with a few Indian ponies ; at others a drove of those fine cattle raised by these Indians, with a few of the buffalo, it may be, to sell to gentlemen at the east to ornament their parks. We sometimes saw small herds of these, which the hunters had taken on the plains when they were calves ; an ugly looking creature, and still more so when seen taking a stampede, pitching along in a rolling, tumbling gait. The drover by years of experience had learned much about these partly civilized tribes, for he had become familiar with all classes, and had seen them under all circumstances. Formerly, he said, he was like a great many others, and was accustomed to regard the accounts sent home by the missionaries, and published through the churches, with a good deal of suspicion ; but now he had no more of that feeling. He had travelled in every direction over the country, had visited many of the missionary stations under the care of different denomina-

tions of Christians, had passed considerable time at some of them, and thus had an opportunity of learning how they worked and how they lived; often too he had to lodge in the houses of the Indians, and sometimes to encamp with them. He was always glad, he said, when he found himself amongst Christian Indians, or with those who had been educated at Mission-schools.

It seemed to him that Christian character was more marked than it was in the states; that when he found a genuine Christian Indian, he was more decidedly and actively so than was usual with professing Christians amongst the whites. He hoped in respect to himself that he was a follower of Christ, and he did certainly enjoy very much the pious conversation of Christian Indians, to whose houses a kind providence sometimes directed him.

He told of a solitary ride that he once had in the Choctaw Nation. He had been travelling all the day, and was weary and hungry; but the sun was rapidly declining

and no cabin was in sight, nor were there cattle paths which might lead him to human habitations. He was preparing his mind for a night on the plains by tethering his horse, and making his own bed in the grass rolled up in his blanket; when as he began descending a slope he saw, amongst the tall grass near a stream, an encampment of perhaps fifty Indians. He was uncertain as to their character, or whether he might fare well or ill among them; but he rode into the midst of them, and was received with kindness. It was not long till he ascertained that they were on their way to a sacramental meeting. There were men, women, and children in the company. Their riding animals were secured by long ropes, one end of the ropes being fastened to wooden pins driven into the ground. The stranger was invited to eat of their dried meat, and corn bread. They spake affectionately of their ministers, and seemed to be anticipating much enjoyment at the meeting. Before lying down to sleep they

had religious worship, consisting of singing and prayers ; and the same in the morning ; for they could no more do without their prayers than their provender.

The drover thought them as happy a little company of people as ever he met on earth. The night in the Indian encampment where he was commended to the care of that God who hath made of one blood all nations of men—though most of the prayers were in a language which he did not understand—was, he said, a season that he loved to think of: and if he should be so happy as to arrive at heaven, after all his journeyings were over, he should expect to meet most of that little party of Choctaws there.

IS IT A PAYING BUSINESS ?

Are the results of missionary operations such and sufficient to pay all the expense of money, labour, and sacrifice of health and life which they cost ?

It was Saturday evening, of a sultry July day, just at the going down of the sun, when

we reached the Mission burying-ground situated on a solitary knoll in the edge of the woods. We had followed the corpse, which was borne in a rough wagon, a mile or more through the forest, some of us on foot and some on horses.

We lowered the coffin into the grave, the missionary addressed a few words to the people and offered prayer. The grave was filled up, a rough stone was placed at the head and another at the foot, and the company dispersed. Then we said to the missionary, "This grave *shall open again*." "Yes," he answered, "and it shall open too I trust, before some of another class, for we trust that he will have part in the first resurrection."

I rode away from the burying-ground ; it was nearly dark. I mused as I went, and these were some of my thoughts :

To-morrow is the Sabbath. Yonder is the house in which we worship. Our brother, Thomas Jones, will not be there ; he was seldom absent when in health. He

will not join with us again in this earthly sanctuary, nor in the weekly meeting shall we hear his earnest, fluent prayers, which were some evidence that he was not a stranger at the throne of grace. But we have hope that his spirit has already been received into that assembly which shall never break up.

And who was this Thomas Jones? An Indian. He had once been a wicked Indian, given up apparently to all the superstitions and vices of his people, and he had been a great favourite with the Indians of his town, because of his skill in the ball-play and other sports; but for a few years past he had given evidence that he was washed, that he was sanctified; that he was justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

These things were alluded to in the funeral sermon, by the missionary, who knew him before conversion, and had witnessed his subsequent consistent walk as a professed follower of Christ.

I mused on these things still. I ran over in my mind the providences by which at length this man was brought to a knowledge of the truth. I thought of the officers of the Board of Missions, in their plans and first efforts for establishing missions amongst this people--the selection of a man for the station--the discouragements attending his efforts--then the gradual increase of the missionary force, and the aggregate labours of all these. I thought of the money which is annually needed to support these Missions. I thought of the health of missionaries ruined here. I thought of them as sick and worn with care, and still labouring. I thought of the graves of those missionaries, and of missionaries' children, in that burying-ground in which I had just seen another body deposited. On the one hand, I thought of all these things ; and on the other hand, I thought of Thomas Jones--just buried in confident hope that he should rise in the resurrection of the just. *One soul!* And suppose this were the only fruit of the efforts of the Presby-

terian Church for the Creek Indians ; *is this enough to pay what these Missions have cost ?* ONE SOUL ! ONE SOUL ! SAVED, as we trust, that but for the efforts of the Church at this place, would have died as heathen Indians die !

How did I wish that the whole Church could stand for a few moments by this grave, and let it preach to them ! It would speak to them of the power of the gospel to convert the Indian. It would encourage them in the work of sending missionaries, and praying for them. It would also, I have little doubt, awaken a desire in many to offer themselves as missionaries, that, like the pioneer in this field who had just committed to the dust, to await the resurrection, the first fruits of his labours, so they might go forth bearing precious seed, hoping also to gather sheaves.

