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LITTLE OSAGE CAPTIVE.

AN

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

By E. CORNELIUS.

REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

Fourth Edition.

BOSTON:

MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Depository, No. 13 Cornhill.

1841.

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P R E F A C E

T O T H E F I R S T E D I T I O N .

IN the year 1817, the writer of the following narrative was employed by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to visit several tribes of Indians residing in the south-western parts of the United States. The object of the mission was, to converse with the natives, and obtain their consent to have schools and other institutions established among them, for the purpose of instructing them in Christianity, and the most useful arts of civilized life.

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

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

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

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

It is impossible, therefore, to say, how much is depending upon the direction which is now given, on this subject, to the minds of children and youth. The views and prepossessions of early life are not easily lost. Should these, for time to come, be in favor of missionary exertions, the result would be auspicious, beyond the power of present calculation. Let it every where be deeply impressed upon the

minds of children and youth, that the wants of the heathen are pressing and great; and that it is the duty of all, who have the means, to send them the gospel: let them, from the commencement of their rational existence, be taught to think much of the condition of the heathen, to commiserate their wretchedness, and to make frequent sacrifices for their benefit; and who can tell what revolutions may be effected in the moral state of mankind, within the course of another generation?

It becomes parents and teachers, and all, who have the management of youth, to ponder deeply the responsibility of their station, as it respects the interests of this great cause. It becomes every *mother* to consider it; and as she moulds the pliant mind of her infant child, to be careful to impress it with a conviction of its superior excellence, and the strength of its claims to the support of every humane and benevolent person. Who knows, but upon her fidelity, may be pending the character and state of future millions, both for this world and the next? Could the mother of the illustrious Washington have known, that the future instrument of her country's independence was entrusted to her care, how would she have felt the motives to faithfulness increased? And shall not every pious mother now, be stimulated to unwearied diligence by the reflection, that the infant son whom she holds in her arms, may yet be enrolled with a Brainerd, or a Swartz; a Buchanan, or a Martyn?

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

Salem, Mass., February, 1822.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

It was the intention of the author of the Osage Captive, to have prepared a new edition three or four years since. He was, however, prevented by the numerous and arduous duties of his public office; and by his request, it was in part, re-written by another hand before his death.

At the time it was first published, so little was known of the missionary station where the little girl was to have been educated, that it was thought necessary to insert a chapter describing it. But those who would be likely to read this little book, have now so familiar a knowledge of Brainerd, that it is deemed best to omit all particular description of it. Owing to the remoteness of the country where the little Osage died, and the infrequency of communications from there, some of the statements

respecting her last journey were not perfectly accurate. That part of the story is now collected, as will be seen, from letters written by persons residing there, to the author, since the publication of the first edition, and no doubt is entirely correct. Many of the circumstances of her last sickness and death are now published for the first time.

THE
LITTLE OSAGE CAPTIVE.

THE little Indian girl who is the subject of this narrative, was brought to notice by a remarkable interposition of Providence.

In the autumn of 1817, I was traveling from Brainerd, a missionary station among the Cherokee Indians, to New Orleans.

Early on Saturday morning, November 15th, as I was journeying on horseback, in company with three or four other persons, we came to a small stream, called Caney creek, a few miles south of Tennessee river, and two hundred miles west of Brainerd.

There are few bridges in that country, and when the streams are too deep to ford,

travelers are obliged to drive in their horses, and make them swim across, while they contrive to get over upon logs, or in some other way.

When we reached Caney creek, we found it very much swollen by a heavy rain which had fallen the day and night before. The banks were overflowed, and every hole and pit in the low ground was filled with water. It was necessary that we should go on, if possible, for the Sabbath was approaching, and there were no accommodations for us or our horses, where we were. We therefore tried every way we could think of to cross the creek. But after toiling in vain for several hours, we were obliged to stay where we were until the waters should subside.

We were very much disappointed; but Providence had wise and good ends to accomplish by our delay. Towards evening a party of Indians arrived from the west, and being more skilful than we, in the use of their horses, succeeded in crossing the creek. They proved to be a party of Cherokees, returning from the country

which they had lately received from the government of the United States, in exchange for lands belonging to their tribe, on the east side of the Mississippi. The country which had thus been ceded, is on the north side of the Arkansas river, about 400 miles from its mouth; and the Cherokees who go there to live, are called Arkansas Cherokees. These Indians were just returning from their lands upon the Arkansas, for the purpose of carrying back their families in the spring.

As the principal object of my mission was to confer with the Indians about the establishment of schools, and other means of instruction among them, I thought this a good opportunity to find out the feelings of the Arkansas Cherokees upon the subject; and accordingly went to the place where these Indians had encamped for the night. There were ten or twelve of them, and one of them could speak a little English. They were gathered round a fire which they had kindled under a tall tree, upon a gentle rise of ground, about half a mile from the creek. Their sacks of corn, skins of wild beasts

(upon which they slept at night), guns, tomahawks and bunches of arrows, were lying scattered upon the ground, and altogether presented a truly savage scene. The bows and arrows with some other things, I learned had been taken from the Osage Indians, with whom they had been at war. Some of them were stained with blood, having been taken from the bodies of the killed or wounded.

But the object which most interested me in this Indian group, was a little girl, apparently not more than five years old. She was the only child in the company. Thinking it strange that so young a female should be traveling with a party of Indian warriors, I asked whose child she was? They replied that she was a captive whom they had taken in some of their late battles with the Osages. I inquired, what had become of her parents? upon which one of them went to his sack and took out TWO SCALPS! "Here they are," said he, holding them up before me.* The poor child gazed at them

* The following passage is extracted from a letter of Rev. Mr. Washburn, missionary at Dwight, in the

with an expression of mingled wonder and sorrow. I felt the deepest pity for this unoffending little prisoner. To the persons

Arkansas territory, to Mr. Cornelius. It is dated January 2, 1832.

“You will never forget Caney creek, nor the interview you once had there. Your mind must have an indelible impression of the warrior group there met, and of the ‘horrid memorials’ of their success—the ‘Little Osage Captive,’ and the scalps of her murdered parents. Two of that party have, we trust, become followers of peace with all men—a lesson they have learned of the meek and holy Prince of peace. They are fruits of the revival we have enjoyed, and are now members of our church. One of them is the individual who ‘could speak a little English,’ who acted as your interpreter. The other is the leader of the band, and the very person who went to his bag, and held up two scalps, saying, in answer to the question, ‘Where are her parents?’ ‘Here they are!’ I have often conversed with him respecting the affair at Caney creek. He regretted the untimely death of little Lydia; and would now, if qualified, go as a herald of salvation to the poor, benighted Osages. He is a man of much enterprise and activity, and his influence in the nation is considerable. We hope, by the divine blessing, he will do much good among his people. His wife is also a member of our church, and one, if not two, of their children are hopefully pious.”

and language of those about her, she was an utter stranger; her parents were dead, and such were the horrid memorials by which the thought was to be kept alive in her mind. She had traveled with her new owners, more than five hundred miles, through a dreary wilderness, and knew not how much farther she might have to go. The season was cold and rainy, and she had been exposed to all its inclemencies, without a shelter, for nearly a month.

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

How much I wished she could know the feelings of my heart towards her! but she understood not my language, and there was no one who could speak to her in her own. I tried to gain her confidence and make her understand that I was her friend, by treating her kindly, and using the most affectionate tones when I spoke to her. I

gave her some cake, and a bright little cup which I happened to have with me. The cup pleased her very much, but she seemed not to know what to do with the cake.

In her appearance, the little Osage was prettier than most children. She had, it is true, the copper color, which belongs to all the American Indians; but her features were regular, and there was great mildness and simplicity in her eye. Her dress was poor, but better than the children of uncivilized Indians are accustomed to wear. She had something like a bonnet on her head, and a woollen cloth wrapped around her, to shield her from the weather.

I now thought of nothing so much, as how I might rescue her from captivity. Understanding that one of the Indians had bought her of the one who first took her captive, by giving a horse for her, I tried to get his consent to have her sent to the mission school at Brainerd. I assured him that she should be fed, clothed and instructed, without expense to him; and intimated that if he were willing, the missionaries would bring her up as their own child, and pay

him a reasonable price for her redemption.

Observing that he had an affection for the child, I appealed to his kind feelings, representing on the one hand the greatness of the calamity she had suffered in losing her parents; and on the other, how well the loss would be made up by her living with the missionaries, who would be the kindest of parents to her, and give her an education which might make her happy in this world, and in the world to come.

He appeared to feel what I said, and promised to send her to the school soon after he reached home.

I wrote by him to the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, then the superintendent of the mission at Brainerd, desiring him to receive the orphan, and, if possible, to redeem her. The price which her owner demanded, was one hundred dollars. I knew it would be difficult for Mr. Kingsbury to advance so large a sum; but I had no doubt the money would be refunded, as soon as the circumstances were extensively known.

I took my leave of the Indians, and the little Osage, and returned to the place where

I had stopped for the night, admiring the wisdom and goodness of Providence, which seemed to have kept me here, that I might meet this company of Indians, and save, as I hoped, an unfortunate heathen child from captivity. The delay was contrary to my intentions, and at first was a severe disappointment. But I now felt sincerely thankful for it.

The next day, the waters of the creek had fallen, and I and my companions proceeded on our journey at an early hour. We had not gone far before we met several other parties of Cherokees, more numerous than the first, returning from the Arkansas country; among whom, we afterwards learnt, there were other prisoners. In a little time, we were at the place which we had labored so hard to reach the day before; and finding the necessary accommodations, we observed the remainder of the day as a season of rest.

My readers will easily believe, that the occurrences which I have related, left a deep impression upon my mind. As I pursued my journey, I felt more and more anxious to know what would be the result of the

interview at Caney creek. After my arrival at Natchez, I often related the history of the little Indian captive. It happened that on one of these occasions, Mrs. Lydia Carter,* a benevolent lady who lived near Natchez, was present. Her heart was touched with pity, and a few days afterwards, she informed me, that if one hundred and fifty dollars would ransom the child, she would give that sum for the purpose.

This unexpected generosity encouraged me to hope that she would soon be released, and placed in the mission family at Brainerd. But in this I was disappointed.

After my arrival at New Orleans, and more than two months after I saw the little girl and the Indians at Caney creek, I received a letter from Mr. Kingsbury, telling me that the Indian who claimed the child had called, but without bringing her. It was mentioned also in the letter, that he refused to give her up at all, unless a negro girl of her size were given him in exchange for her. As the missionaries would never do this, it

* Afterwards Mrs. Williams, of Brimfield, Mass. Since deceased.

was impossible to say how long she might remain in her present situation; besides, the disposition which the Indian now showed to make a slave of her, made it very uncertain whether she ever could be rescued.

But it did not become me to despond, after the remarkable interpositions of Providence, in her behalf, which I had seen. I resolved on my journey homeward through the Cherokee country, to visit the Indian with whom she lived, and try again to persuade him to release her.

On my return, therefore, in the spring of 1818, I called at the place where she lived. It was a lonely hut in the woods, far from the dwellings of civilized people, and about sixty miles from Brainerd. The man was not at home; but I saw his family, and among them, the little girl for whom so much solicitude was felt. She appeared to recollect me, the moment she saw me, and came running up with as much confidence as if I had been her father. She seemed quite happy in her new situation, having found a number of playmates in the Indian's family. As I had no interpreter, I could

not communicate my wishes to her, and was obliged again to leave her, without speaking to her in any more intelligible language than that of looks and gestures, and kind tones of voice.

I reached Brainerd about the middle of May, and found there that distinguished friend and servant of the missionary cause, JEREMIAH EVARTS, Esq., since Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.* He was traveling for

* Mr. EVARTS was born in the town of Sunderland, Vermont, on the third of February, 1781. In January, 1798, he repaired to East Guilford, Connecticut, and pursued the study of the languages, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Elliot. In October of the same year, he entered Yale College. In his senior year, he made a public profession of religion. He graduated, with a high reputation as a scholar, in 1802. He soon after commenced the study of law in New Haven, in the office of Judge Chauncy. In May, 1810, he removed to Charlestown, near Boston, for the purpose of pursuing his professional duties, and also to take charge of the Panoplist, a religious and literary monthly publication. In 1814, his published pieces amounted to 229, most of which were inserted in the Panoplist. In 1812, Mr. Evarts was elected Treasurer of the

his health, and had arrived a few days before me.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In 1821, he was chosen Corresponding Secretary, in the place of Dr. Worcester, deceased. This office he sustained till his death. This event took place on the 10th of May, 1831, at Charleston, South Carolina. Hardly any man has lived in this country, who has exerted so wide and beneficial an influence as Mr. Evarts. His mind, originally good, was highly disciplined, and stored with various and well-arranged knowledge. His religious character was eminently conformed to the spirit of the gospel. He wrote ten reports of the Board, which are able and interesting documents. He took a deep and effective interest in all questions relating to the welfare of his country, and the good of mankind.

Mr. CORNELIUS was born at Somers, a town in Westchester County, forty miles from the city of New York, on the 31st of July, 1794. His father was a very respectable physician of that place. Mr. Cornelius prepared for College, partly under the instruction of the Rev. Herman Daggett, of Cornwall, Ct. He entered Yale College in the beginning of the second year of the college course, in September, 1810. In 1813, he became hopefully pious, during a revival of religion. After leaving college, he studied divinity between two and three years with President Dwight, and with the Rev. Dr. Beecher,

The best measures which could be devised by Mr. Evarts and the missionaries,

of Litchfield, Ct. He was licensed to preach the gospel in June, 1816. He immediately entered into the service of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He continued in this service about two years and a half, and performed several very important agencies. A few months in the beginning of 1819, he spent at the Theological Seminary, at Andover. In July, 1819, he was installed as colleague pastor with the Rev. Dr. Worcester, of Salem, Mass. Here he remained till August, 1826, when he accepted the appointment of Secretary of the American Education Society. His connection with this institution continued till January, 1832, when he became Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He died of an affection of the brain, at the house of the Rev. Dr. Hawes, in Hartford, Ct., on Sabbath morning, February 12, 1832, at 8 o'clock. He was interred at Hartford, near the graves of the Rev. Dr. Strong, and of the Rev. Carlos Wilcox, on the following Wednesday. Rev. Dr. Hawes preached a funeral sermon, which has been published.

Mr. Cornelius was in the service of the church of Christ about sixteen years, seven of which he was a stated minister. During this period, he delivered sermons as a pastor, and as an agent for different philanthropic purposes, between three and four

were now taken to procure the release of the child. But new and unexpected difficulties arose. There was a report among the Cherokees, that the President of the United States had requested that all captives taken in the Osage war should be given up. For some reasons, it seemed likely that this report was true. But even supposing the request had been made, we were ready to hope that it would not be necessary that *this* child should be sent back to her nation. She was so young, and entirely unable to endure the hardships

thousand times. Through the instrumentality of his preaching, between 300 and 400 individuals were supposed to have become truly pious. The amount of funds which he raised for various benevolent purposes, exceeded \$200,000. During his connection with the Education Society, of five years and a half, 700 individuals were received upon its funds,—a greater number by nearly 200 than were patronized during the preceding ten years of the Society's existence. At least 100 young men were induced by him to study for the ministry, who would not otherwise have commenced the undertaking. And yet he died before he was thirty-eight years of age. His sun went down before it was noon. E.

of another long journey through the wilderness; both her parents, too, were dead, and if she returned, there was neither kindred nor home to receive her. Why, then, might she not be left at Brainerd, where her present and future happiness would be promoted? We thought that the Osages themselves would be willing to have her left there, if they were properly informed of the wishes of the missionaries.

While in this state of doubt, we were informed that a number of the Osage Indians were soon to meet at St. Louis, to hold a council with the Governor of Missouri. We resolved to improve this opportunity for trying to obtain their consent to have the child left at Brainerd. For this purpose, Mr. Evarts wrote to Gov. Clarke, acquainting him with the story, and asking his friendly aid in accomplishing our wishes.

Soon after this, Mr. Evarts and myself took our leave of our friends at Brainerd, leaving with them the ransom money which had been given by Mrs. Carter, in the hope that it might yet be called for.

While at Washington, on our return to

New England, we had an interview with the Secretary of War, and learned from him that the President had not requested the captives to be given up. He kindly promised to mention the case of the child for whom we were so much interested, and inform us of the result. We were soon told that the President approved of our plan for placing the child under the care of the missionaries, and would take measures to carry it into effect. By his order, a letter was immediately written by the Secretary of War to Col. Meigs, the United States' Agent for the Cherokees, directing him to obtain the child, and place her in the school at Brainerd.

On the 28th of September, the missionaries received the joyful intelligence that the Osage Captive was within four miles, and would be sent to them by the first opportunity.

As they were unwilling that her arrival should be delayed another day, the Rev. Ard Hoyt, who had succeeded Mr. Kingsbury in the care of the mission, went immediately, and brought her to Brainerd.

The journal of the missionaries thus describes her introduction to Mr. Hoyt, and afterwards to the mission family :

“On seeing the dear orphan, who appears to be four or five years old, Mr. Hoyt directed her to be told in Cherokee (for she could not understand English) that he would be her father. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon him, about half a minute, and then with a smile reached him her bonnet, as a token that she accepted the offer, and would go with him. As he took her on the horse before him, she gave him some nuts which she had in her hand, and leaned her head on his bosom, as if she had already found a father. She was very playful and talkative for a while, and then fell asleep, and slept most of the way to the mission house.

When first introduced to the family, she seemed a little surprised on seeing so many gather around her ; but the children beginning to talk in a language which she understood, her cheerfulness returned, and she was soon quite at home. It is said that she speaks the Cherokee language

well, for one of her age, though it is but a little more than a year since she came from the Osage country.”

She was from this time called Lydia Carter, in remembrance of the lady who so generously gave the money to redeem her.

We have now traced the history of the Osage Captive, from the time she was seen at Caney creek, to the period of her arrival at Brainerd. Her case had been in suspense for ten months. But it was a rich reward for all the pains that had been taken, that so good a home was provided for her at last. Here we hoped she would long remain, under the protection of friends who would love her, and pray for her, and instruct her in the knowledge of her God and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

She was regarded by all the mission family with great affection; but the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain and his wife adopted her as their own child, and took upon themselves the care of her education. She was taught to call them father and mother, and their little girl, sister; and the affection which they cherished for her could hardly

have been more tender, had she really been their daughter.

Not long after Lydia came to Brainerd, a letter was received from the Governor of the Missouri territory, which gave the missionaries some uneasiness. It was addressed to Mr. Evarts, and was in answer to the one which he had written while at Brainerd. It is as follows:

“SIR,—In compliance with the generous and humane wishes expressed in your letter of the 31st of June last, I have made several applications to the Osages. A few days since, in a general council at this place, a formal application was made directly to the father of the child (who was not killed in the battle, as the Cherokees supposed). He seemed much flattered at the interest his child had excited, but would not part with her to be taken so far off. Indeed, the whole nation appear to feel great repugnance at the idea of trusting their offspring in the hands of strangers, at a distance from them. They all feel the force of parental affection, but know very little of social confidence.

(Signed,) WILLIAM CLARKE.”

The fact that the father of the child was supposed to be alive, though it greatly surprised us, after all that the Cherokees had said of the death of *both* her parents, was a sufficient reason why the application had failed ; for, as the Governor says, there are no people more fond of their children than the Indians.

There were some reasons for believing that the Indian mentioned by Gov. Clarke could not be the father of Lydia Carter ; but the fact that the Osages considered him as such, was sufficient to make her continuance at Brainerd very doubtful. But as the missionaries had received her into their school by the direction of the President of the United States, they were not at liberty to part with her, except by his order. They therefore resolved to go on instructing her, and training her up as their own child, trusting in God that he would bless their endeavors to guide her in the way of eternal life. With these views, her adopted parents dedicated her to God in baptism on the 10th of January, 1819.

We now relate another interposition of

Providence, almost as remarkable as that which occurred in the deliverance of Lydia.

Early in December, and but a little more than two months after Lydia came to Brainerd, Col. Meigs, the venerable gentleman before mentioned, informed the missionaries that a Cherokee, who lived in a distant part of the tribe, had an Osage boy in his possession, who was taken at the same time with Lydia Carter; and that, as he was soon going back to the Arkansas country, he would leave the boy with them, if they would go after him. The same Indian had also in his family a girl, who was said to be Lydia's sister.

Upon receiving this intelligence, Mr. Hoyt and one of his sons set out in pursuit of the children, hoping to obtain them both. They were gone nine days, and traveled between two and three hundred miles, and were obliged to sleep in the woods several nights. They saw both the children, but could not obtain either. The girl was indeed Lydia's sister, and appeared to be about fifteen years of age. The boy was not more than four or five years old. Mr.

Hoyt did all he could to procure their release, but the Indian refused to give them up.

Nothing more was heard about these children for several months, and the missionaries supposed that they had gone with their owner to the Arkansas country, far away from the light of civilization and Christianity. But in August of the next year, they heard that the Indian had not removed to Arkansas, and probably would not. They also heard that he had sold the boy to a white man who had removed into the tribe.

Not long after this, Mr. Chamberlain had occasion to travel near the place where this man lived. He did not see the boy, but learned that he was sold for twenty dollars. In a few weeks afterwards, information was received that he had been sold again to another white man, for one hundred and fifty dollars.

It was now evident that a plan was laid to enslave the defenceless child; and no time was to be lost, in preventing the cruel design. The missionaries asked the advice

of the Christian Indians; and Mr. John Ross, a respectable young man of the tribe, offered to go and endeavor to rescue the boy. That he might be more certain of getting him, Mr. Ross obtained an order from Col. Meigs, to take and bring him to Brainerd.

He began his journey, with two others to assist him, without knowing certainly where the child was; but at length found him, two hundred and fifty miles from Brainerd.

On coming near the place, Mr. Ross took the precaution to leave his horses behind him, and approach silently on foot. He found the boy entirely naked, in the yard before the house, and took him in his arms, before he made his business known to the family.

The man would not acknowledge that he intended to keep the boy in slavery, and wished Mr. Ross to leave him until they could prepare him some clothes. But he refused to leave him a moment, or suffer him to sleep from him a night.

The neighbors told Mr. Ross that the

man said the boy was a mulatto, born in slavery; and that he intended in a few days to take him to market and sell him.

Thus another captive was saved from hopeless bondage.

After an absence of thirteen days, during which he had traveled six hundred miles, Mr. Ross reached Brainerd, and committed the boy to the faithful guardianship of the missionary family.

He had forgotten his native language; but, as he had been much with white people, he could speak English. Although he was very young, being much smaller than Lydia, he discovered a sprightly, active mind. When some one told him that he would find a father and mother at Brainerd, he answered, with quickness and animation, "Yes, and bread too." The missionaries named him John Osage Ross, in honor of his kind deliverer. He was adopted by Mr. Hoyt, and given to God in baptism on the 12th of December.

We now return to the history of Lydia Carter. It is probable that she was taken by the Cherokees about two months before

I saw her at Caney creek; and it was not till ten months afterwards that she came to Brainerd. The missionaries supposed she was then about five years old. So that, at the time she fell into the hands of the Cherokees, she could not have been more than four years old.

This was a tender age for the performance of a journey of eight hundred miles, through a wilderness; and that, too, during a very rainy season of the year. Her health was injured by the hardships she had endured, and a foundation laid for the disease of which she died. Although her health was so poor, she made good progress in learning. She acquired the English language so rapidly, that in less than a year after she came to Brainerd, she was able to speak it as well as children commonly do who have learnt no other language. Mr. Chamberlain says, "She discovered a very strong mind, for one of her age. She was apt to learn; but owing to hardships which she suffered before she arrived here, she was sick most of the time while with us, which retarded her considerably in her

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

Her mind was early instructed in the things of religion; and although she gave no decisive evidence of a change of heart, her feelings were so serious and tender, that it seemed as if the divine Spirit had begun to operate on her mind. Mr. C. says, "When Lydia first began to speak our language, and hear about God, she would sometimes be almost lost in thought; and would frequently show the depth of her mind by her pertinent questions. When her mother told her that God made her, she mentioned several other things, and asked if God made them also. Being told yes, she wanted to know what God was, where he lived, and who made him. She never appeared satisfied until she understood what was told her. She often asked about things of another world, and what would become of people when they die. She was particular to say her prayers morning and

evening. I think I never saw a child more fond of its parents, than she was of hers. She was unwilling to stay from us even for a night, and nothing could be more painful to her, than the idea that she might one day have to leave us and return to her own tribe."

She was respectful and obedient, as well as affectionate to her parents and superiors. She sometimes did things which were wrong, but it was not with a wilful temper; and when she had acted improperly, she was ready to confess her faults, and appeared to be sorry for them.

In one respect, Lydia was an excellent example to children, who have had, from their infancy, a thousand comforts and privileges which she had not enjoyed. She was a *very grateful little girl*. There are very many children who do not remember the kindnesses which they receive, nor feel thankful for them. How many children never do kind and obliging things for their parents, because their parents have been so kind and affectionate to them. Lydia showed a very grateful disposition towards

her adopted parents; and often spoke most affectionately of those who had procured her release from captivity. A year after she came to Brainerd, Mr. Chamberlain wrote: "Lydia Carter seems to be a promising child. She often speaks of you, and considers you as her deliverer. She was very much disappointed a few days ago. She was out in the yard, and saw a person ride up, whom she fancied to be Mr. Cornelius. She ran in with great haste, and cried out, 'Mother, mother, Mr. Cornelius has come.' But the poor child was soon undeceived, and hung her head."

Though surrounded with so many other friends, she still remembered her Osage parents, and sometimes spoke of the calamity which separated her from them. Of the fate of her father, nothing was certainly known. But the death of her mother had made an impression upon her mind, too deep ever to be effaced. At one time, she related to Mr. Chamberlain the circumstances of her mother's death. She said, "As they were sitting in the bushes, some men came and shot her mother in the breast, and the blood

ran along upon the ground. They then came and took her, and put her on a horse, and she fell off." She said, also, that one time, on her way to the Cherokee country, she rode alone through a creek, and the water came up all around her.

Great hopes were entertained that this interesting child, and the little boy who was taken with her, would be allowed to stay at Brainerd, under the care of those excellent friends who had adopted them. But God, who sees not as man sees, had otherwise determined.

Ever since the arrival of Lydia, and especially after Gov. Clarke's letter was received, the missionaries had been afraid that the Osages would demand her in a formal manner; and that the President of the United States would feel obliged to give her up. Two years had passed away, when news came that the demand had been made, and that she must soon be taken away.

The sorrow that this intelligence gave, both to the parents and child, may be learned from an extract of a letter from Mr. Chamberlain, dated August 4th, 1820.

“My wife and myself are in trouble at present, and wish your prayers. We expect every day to lose our dear Osage daughter. There has a man come from the Arkansas country for her and the other captives. Brother Hicks* thinks they will be obliged to go. I know they cannot take Lydia without orders from the President; but the man is waiting at the agency, probably for orders. We have not dared to tell her what the prospects are, though she got some hint of it among the children the other day. She ran to her mother in great surprise, and said, ‘Mother, they say some people have come after me; but mother wont let me go, will she?’ Her mother could not answer her, and it passed off. It will, no doubt, be as hard for her to leave us, as for any other child of her age to leave its parents. And I think it will be as hard for us to part with her, as if she were our own. But the Lord will direct.”

* Mr. Hicks is the second beloved man, or Chief of the tribe, and a member of the Moravian church at Spring Place.

Between two and three weeks after this, a person arrived at Brainerd, with orders to take Lydia Carter and John Osage Ross.

A new war had begun between the Arkansas Cherokees and the Osages, and the governor of the Arkansas territory had persuaded them to give it up on condition that the Cherokees should return the captives that they had taken, and that the Osages should give up some men who had murdered three Cherokees. As these conditions were solemnly agreed to on both sides, the Governor was obliged to require the return of these children with the other captives.

In Gov. Miller's letter to Col. Meigs, he promised to use his influence to have the children returned again, and adds: "I am sensible it must be painful to you to part with them, but it seems the only measure to be adopted, to prevent the shedding of much blood. Mr. John Rogers, a kind, humane man, will take the best possible care of them. I request that the children may be comfortably furnished with every thing necessary and proper for their journey, and I will pay your bills for the same."

This message was inexpressibly distressing to all the mission family, but specially to those who had adopted Lydia as their own child. Its effect on the children, is thus described in the journal of the mission :

“John Osage Ross, being younger, and not having been so long with us, was not so much affected. But Lydia Carter had become strongly attached to us all, specially to brother and sister Chamberlain. She knew no other parents; consequently, the thought of separation was peculiarly distressing to her, as well as to them. When she heard that Mr. Rogers had come for her, which was early in the morning, she, in company with another little girl, escaped to the woods. All the persons about the house, including the children of the school, went in pursuit of her, but without success. A little after noon, one of our neighbors came, and said that he had seen them about three miles off, on their way to the little girl's father's. Milo Hoyt was immediately sent to fetch Lydia.

“When he came to the house, he found that she had been there, but being afraid

that some one would know where she was, and come for her, she could not rest contented till she went two miles farther; making in all, five miles which she had traveled through the woods to avoid being taken.

“When she first saw Milo, she appeared somewhat frightened, and began to cry; but he soon consoled her, by telling her some pleasing things about the man who had come for her, and what she would see on the way. When she came back, she appeared cheerful, and as we thought it best for her to go, she said she was willing. This relieved our feelings very much, as we could never before make her consent to go away on any terms; and we feared she would have been forced from us. She remained very cheerful, and sung in our family worship with her usual animation.

“The next morning was the time fixed for her departure. Having a trunk and some other things which it was inconvenient to carry, she asked her mother to keep them, and if she should never come back, to give them to her sister Catharine, adding, ‘Here is a little handkerchief, too small for me; I

wish you to give this to Catharine, whether I come back or not.'

"She remained composed till just before they started, and then seemed to be in deep thought. She looked around on those she loved for the last time, and then dropped her head, and the tears flowed profusely. She walked out to the horse without being bidden; and notwithstanding her evident grief, she was not heard to sob aloud, except when taking leave of her sister Catharine. Her whole behaviour through this trying scene, was like that of a person of mature age, in like circumstances. It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.

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

Mr. Chamberlain wrote by Mr. Rogers to Mr. Chapman, one of the missionaries at Union, begging him, if possible, to obtain Lydia, after her arrival in the Osage country, and take her into the school there.

This is a copy of the letter.

“ August 22, 1820.

“ REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—In great distress I sit down to write a few words to you. You no doubt recollect our oldest, our darling child, Lydia Carter. She has become as much attached to me and my dear companion, as any child of her age is to its natural parents; and our attachment to her is the same as though she were our own child. Judge, then, what are our feelings, when she is about to be torn from our arms, and carried far into the wilderness. We know not where, or what, is to be her future destiny; and we have no expectation of ever seeing her again, on this side of eternity.

“ I have one gleam of hope left, and that is, dear brother, that you will search her out when she comes to that nation, and prevail on her people to let you take her, and bring her up in your family. If you should ever be so happy as to have her under your care, you will remember she is a baptized child, and will not fail to instruct her in our most holy religion. Whatever kindness you show towards her, you will remember it is done to

us. If you ever get her into your family, I hope you will not fail to write to us and tell us all about her. O, could I get word to you now, I would entreat you and all the mission family at Union, to pray for us, that we may be strengthened to bear this sore trial! The dear girl, when she heard that the man was come for her, ran into the woods, accompanied by another little girl. We have been looking for her without success, but have just heard of her about three miles from this place. They will soon bring her back, and then we must go through the heart-rending scene. I pray that the God of Jacob will be with us, and strengthen us."

It was on the 23d of August, 1820, that the little Osage children left Brainerd. The weather was very warm, and a long journey was before them. After traveling a hundred miles, they came to a settlement in the western part of the nation, called Creek Path. It stands on the south side of the Tennessee river, thirty miles from Huntsville, in Alabama. Here lived the parents and some other relatives of Catharine Brown, who was one of the first converts

in the school at Brainerd. Catharine was at home when Lydia arrived, and was instructing a school of Indian girls. Some of her other friends from Brainerd were there, preparing to make a new missionary establishment.

One of Mr. Hoyt's daughters was there. She soon after returned to Brainerd, and informed the missionaries that she had seen Lydia, on her way to the Osage country. Lydia said that she wished she could write to her father and mother. When Miss Hoyt told her she would write for her, if she would tell her what to say, she appeared much pleased, and began to tell her; but was able to say only a few words, before she was so much affected that she could not say any thing more. She said she wanted her father and mother to come to the Osage country and take her.

From Creek Path, the captives took their journey under the care of Mr. Rogers, and another Indian, whose name was Whirlwind. They arrived among the Cherokees, on the Arkansas river, about the 20th of September.

Here they were seen at the house of an Indian, named Walter Webber, by Mr. Washburn, a missionary from the station called Dwight. He had seen her before at Brainerd. She was now lying on the floor, sick with the fever and ague.

When he spoke to her, she raised her head, and after looking him in the face a moment, dropped it again, and covered it with her blanket. In a few moments she rose up again, and laid her head upon his knee, sobbing for several minutes without speaking. She however soon dried her tears, and looked up with a placid countenance, and said, "Where is 'Ta-hau-to-laugh?" This was Mr. Washburn's little boy, who was an infant when she saw him at Brainerd, and was called by the children there, by this name.

From here, the captives went about sixty miles farther, to the house of Mr. Rogers. The Osages having committed fresh acts of violence, and refusing to give up the murderers, as they had promised, it was thought best that the children should go no farther. Thus the object for which poor

Lydia had been separated from her friends, and for which she had borne the fatigue of this long journey, was entirely lost. The captives must have traveled before they reached Mr. Rogers's house, eight or nine hundred miles. What parents can even think of such exposure of their own children at that tender age, without pain? And what little girl that reads this history would not feel sad, if she were obliged to go one hundred miles, on horseback, without her mother, or any female friend? But this little Indian *twice* traveled this journey of many hundred miles, with none to take care of her but strangers.

In a letter, written long after Lydia's sorrows were over, Gov. Miller says, "Here, (at the Cherokee village), for the first time, I saw the young captives, John and Lydia, then under the care of John Rogers, who brought them from Tennessee. This interview was about the 20th of February, 1821. Not considering the children altogether safe at his house, he begged I would take them away with me, which I did. The girl was in ill health, and had been so some time.

She was apparently seven years of age, and possessed an amiable disposition, quick sensibility and a remarkable sense of gratitude.

“She was placed by me at Mrs. Lovely’s, widow of Maj. Lovely, late Cherokee Agent, with directions to have her sent to the Dwight mission school, when it went into operation, and her health should be sufficiently restored. My intention was to have returned her at a convenient season to the lady, in whose care she had been at Brainerd.” All that remains of the history of Lydia Carter, is contained in a letter written after her death, by Mrs. Lovely.

“Arkansas, August 1, 1822.

“Lydia Carter was brought to my house in February, 1821, by Gov. Miller. He took her under his care at the mouth of Mulbury creek, on his return from the garrison, where he had been endeavoring to settle the difference then existing between the Cherokees and Osages. Lydia was not able to travel, and the Governor left her with me, with directions to keep her, or send her to Dwight, if that school should be

in operation before his return. Whether there or with me, she was to be at his control, as he said he intended to send her to Mrs. Chamberlain, if she should live, and be able to bear the journey.

“ When she came to my house, she was laboring under a dreadful fever, and other distressing complaints, and said she had been sick all the time she had been in this country; that she took the fever on the road to Arkansas, and had never been well since. She needed attention, and she had it while with me. She possessed a powerful mind, and reflection beyond her years. She grew weak daily, and seemed to think she should not recover. She frequently spoke of her parents, meaning Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain. She expressed a wish to see them once more. I asked her if she could say her prayers? She said she could, and repeated the Lord’s prayer. A few days before she died, she had frequent turns of insanity. At such times, no eye could see her sufferings without the deepest sympathy. When in her senses, she was grateful for every thing done for her. When we had been up

late with her, she would tell me, 'Do lie down, if you don't, you will be sick, and Maria cannot take care of us both.' This is a servant girl, of whom she was very fond. We held her in our arms most of the last week of her life. She could lie down but a moment at a time. When I took her, she frequently expressed thanks for what she called being good, like her mother, meaning Mrs. Chamberlain. When Maria came in, she would say, 'Maria, what a good girl you are; you are so good to me—I am a poor little girl. I have no parents here, and you are *so* good to me. I hope somebody will be good to you, if you should ever be sick.' Her affectionate manner—her pale, feeble looks—her situation—all combined to make the scene too affecting. The servant girl was frequently compelled by her feelings to leave the room.

“When Lydia was first left with me, she was alarmed if any one came to the house, for fear they would take her away, before the good man, meaning Gov. Miller, came to take her to her mother. This fear seemed to affect her, even in her sleep. I at length

told her that I was the Cherokee mother, and they would mind what I said; and that no person, white or red, should take her, until the Governor came. This seemed to satisfy her mind.

“She was worn out with the fatigue of traveling, anxiety, fever, and want of attention and medicine. I saw no alteration in her, only she grew weaker every day.

“The morning before she died, which was the ninth of March, she seemed to be in fear of something. She wished me to hold her, or sit by her while some other person held her. She said more people must come and help take care of her. I had a boarder in the house. He came in. Lydia said, ‘Yon will help take care of me, wont you?’ He replied, ‘Certainly, Lydia; every body loves you.’ In a few moments, she said, ‘Lay me down.’ I did so, and she expired without a single motion.

“I had a decent coffin made, and she was buried at my place, where white people and Cherokees are buried. Her remains were carried to the grave by Mr. Webber’s and my servants, who had dug the grave, fol-

lowed by a friend and neighbor, a boarder of mine, and my family. Two of the gentlemen of the mission family came, but arrived a moment after we returned from the grave.

“Thus have I attempted to give some account of the last days of this interesting little captive, whose death no one can regret more than I do. If any thing I have written, should be of the least use to the writer of her history, it will give me pleasure.

“With much respect,

“PERSIS LOVELY.”

JOHN, the brother of Lydia, remained with Gov. Miller, and was brought by him to New England, in the summer of 1821.

Lydia's sister was taken on by the Cherokees, when they went to meet the Osages, and was forcibly delivered to the latter, by the commandant of Fort Smith. After the Osages had obtained her, they stripped off all her clothes, tore them in pieces, and put upon her the flap and the blanket. Thus was she brought almost within reach of the light of the gospel, and then hurried back to the deep darkness of heathenism.

THOSE children who read the history of Lydia Carter's short life, will see that it was through the instrumentality of Christian missionaries, that she was ever instructed in the way of salvation. Had there been no missionaries to instruct her, she would have died without a knowledge of the Saviour, who, we may hope, cheered and supported her in the departing hour.

Millions of others in heathen lands, are still ignorant of the same Saviour. What numbers of them will die before the news of his salvation can reach them! Who would not labor to save them from their wretchedness, and cheerfully deny himself of the gratifications of this life, for the sake of sending them the gospel? Let all who enjoy its blessings, remember that God has made it their duty to communicate them to the destitute. Let children and youth consider that they are required to do something to send the gospel to the heathen. How many of them might give for this purpose, a penny a week, or a penny a month, by abstaining from some unnecessary indulgence! Were all the children in our

country to do this, they would raise several hundred thousand dollars every year ; and their donations alone, would be sufficient to send instruction to every Indian child in America. Should the children throughout Christian lands do it, it would go far toward educating all the heathen children in the world.

May the children and youth who read this narrative, be persuaded to embrace the gospel themselves, and do what they can to send it to others ; and may they live to see the time fully come, when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice ; and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE OSAGE CAPTIVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“ If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed.”—JOHN 8: 36.

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

Consoled by no enlightening word,
Bereft of counsellor and guide,
In sadness, like some prisoned bird,
The lonely Osage orphan sighed.

But Christian sympathy her woes
Beheld ; while zeal a tribute gave,
And pure benevolence arose,
Like him, who came the lost to save.

Borne kindly to a refuge blest,
Where no oppressive foes intrude,
The ransomed captive's joyous breast
Became the seat of gratitude.

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

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

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF REV. MR. CORNELIUS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“All ye that are about him, bemoan him, and all ye that know his name say: How is the strong staff broken! and the beautiful rod!”
JER. 48: 17.

It cannot be, it cannot be, that thou art on thy bier!—
But yesterday in all the prime of life's unspent career.
I've seen the forest's noble tree laid low when lightnings shine,
And the column in its majesty torn from the temple-shrine,
But little deemed that ice so soon would check thy vital stream,
Or the sun that soared without a cloud thus veil its noontide beam.

I've seen thee in thy glory stand while all around was hushed,
And seraph wisdom from thy lips, in tones of music gushed;
For thou with willing hand didst lay at joyous morning's hour,
Down at the feet of him who gave, thy beauty and thy power,—
Thou for the helpless sons of wo didst plead with words of flame,
And boldly strike the rocky heart, in thy Redeemer's name.

And lo! that withering race who fade as dew 'neath summer's ray,
Who like the rootless weed are tossed from their own earth away,
Who trusted to a nation's vow, but found that faith was vain,
And to their fathers' sepulchres return no more again,—
They need thy blended eloquence of lip, and eye, and brow,
They need the righteous as a shield,—*why art thou absent now?*

Long shall thine image freshly dwell beside their ancient streams,
 Or mid their wanderings far and wide shall gild their alien dreams;
 For heaven to their sequestered haunts thine early steps did guide,
 And the Cherokee hath blessed thy prayer his cabin-hearth beside;
 The Osage orphan meekly breathed her sorrows to thine ear,
 And the lofty warrior knelt him down with strange, repentant tear.

I see a consecrated throng of youthful watchmen rise,
 Stil girding on, for Zion's sake, their heaven-wrought panoplies;
 These in their solitudes obscure thy generous ardor sought,
 And gathering with a tireless hand up to the temple brought;
 These, when the altar of their God they serve with hallowed zeal,
 Shall wear thy memory on their heart, an everlasting seal.

I hear a voice of wailing, from the island of the sea,
 Salvation's distant heralds mourn on heathen shores for thee,—
 Thy constant love, like Gilead's balm, refreshed their weary mind,
 And with the holy EVANGELISTS' name, thine own was strongly twined;
 But thou from their astonished gaze hast like a vision fled,
 Just wrapt his mantle round thy breast, then joined him with the dead.

Farewell! we yield thee to the grave with many a bitter tear,
 Though 't was not meet a soul like thine should longer tarry here;
 Fond, clustering hopes have sunk with thee that earth can ne'er restore;
 Love casts a garland on thy turf that may not blossom more;
 But thou art where the dream of hope doth in fruition fade,
 And love, immortal and refined, glows on without a shade.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF AN INDIAN YOUTH.

THESE letters were written by a Cherokee youth in the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall, in reply to some inquiries addressed to him respecting Lydia Carter, whom he knew at Brainerd, and at whose capture by the Arkansas Cherokees, he was present. They will be read with interest on account of the testimony they bear to Lydia's character, and the history they give of the war in which she was taken. The writer is 18 or 20 years of age, and has been at school about three years. The first letter is dated January 4th, 1822.*

DEAR SIR,—My knowledge of the little Osage captive does not extend far, though I was one of the warriors that traversed the Osage nation in pursuit of blood, and was present at the Osage vanquishment, by the Cherokees, where Lydia Carter was taken.

* David Brown, brother of Catharine, who was extensively known as an intelligent man and an exemplary Christian, was the author of these letters. After completing his education in New England, he returned to his tribe, and was devoted to its civil and religious improvement, until consumption put a period to his labors on earth, September, 1829. E.

To particularize the circumstances from her first capture to the time of her reception at Brainerd, I presume is not essential, as you are much acquainted with them yourself. I could not but be interested in her case when I saw her at Brainerd. She spoke the Cherokee language with a good degree of fluency, considering her age. The Rev. Mr. Chamberlain kept her in his family, and I think loved her with paternal affection; therefore she called him *pa*, and Mrs. Chamberlain *ma*, and was truly a lovely daughter to them. The English language she acquired, in some degree, in a short time. Her devoted parents early led her tender mind to the subject of religion, and she was able to rehearse a few of the most important answers in the Catechism. Lydia considered little Catharine Chamberlain as her own sister, and was very fond of her.

The dear girl was promising, amiable, dutiful to her superiors; and the prospect of her future usefulness among her kindred, was truly flattering. I lamented much when I heard of her death, and remembered her poor, wandering people, that are yet

walking in the shades of midnight darkness. But the Lord will provide. I trust that the Board will not be discouraged in their grand enterprise of evangelizing the heathen, wherein they are so ardently engaged.

The missionary spirit, which is now so prevalent in this land, is, I trust, from above. I pray, that the benign auspices of Heaven, may still attend the American Board, and that the long-degraded Indians, whose minds have been held in bondage by the god of this world, may be brought into the fold of Christ.

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

The other letter was written January 17th, 1822, in answer to further inquiries on the same subject. It opens with an account of the origin of the war between the Osages and Cherokees.

Revenge, you know, is one of the characteristics of an Indian, and that was the principal cause of the war between the

Cherokees and Osages. This war had been carried on for many years, and its commencement, I think, was occasioned by a few hunters of both nations being on the same ground, and taking from each other peltry and fur, till they began to slay each other. I wish here to be understood correctly. The above hunters were not the leading men in each tribe, by any means; but wild and bloody men, that regarded not the interest of their countrymen; and so were the two nations obliged to unbury the tomahawk of war. The engagement took place thirty or forty miles west of the Osage village, and, I presume, two hundred from the Cadron, which is thirty miles from the Dardanelles.* There were 600 of the Cherokees and their allies, the Shawnees and Delawares. As to the number of combatant Osages, I do not know; perhaps they were not so numerous as their enemies; and they did not stand to fight, except a small company, who were immediately conquered. They fled from their encamp-

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

ments, men, women and children, to the mountains and vales. Sixty souls were the number taken, and killed, including women and children; and little Lydia was one of the prisoners that were taken. The Shawnees took some captives to their own country. I do not know what became of Lydia's parents; it is difficult to determine, as there was much bustle at the time, and I heard nothing on the subject afterwards. All the captives were taken at the same time. The expedition was in the year 1817, and, I think, in the month of October. General Ta-lon-tis-kee* was at the head of the Cherokee army. Every warrior (among Indians) is entitled to as many captives as he can take, and may dispose of them as he pleases, and it was thus with the man that took Lydia.

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

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

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF THE OSAGES.

THE religious opinions of the Osages, and especially their notions respecting God, may be learned from the following extracts of a letter from the Rev. Cephas Washburn, missionary among the Arkansas Cherokees, in which he gives an account of a tour made by himself, in connection with other missionaries, for the purpose of holding meetings, and preaching the gospel to them. After noticing their appearance, compared with that of the previous year, Mr. Washburn remarks :—

It is true we found no one convicted fully of sin, no one anxiously inquiring after the way of salvation, but we did find several that expressed a conviction that their system of idolatry and superstition was sinful, that it provoked God, and was the cause of their poverty and misery; that they never would be happy and prosperous till they embraced the true religion. This was very clearly expressed by some of the most

intelligent and influential men among them. I will give you a few instances.

Wau-soh-shy, the principal chief of one of the villages, is an instance. He was absent at the time of our arrival at his village, but we put up at his lodge. About an hour after our arrival, he came home. As soon as he got his supper, he told us that he was very glad to see us, and that he wished to have a great deal of talk with us about our religion. He immediately began, and in a most interesting manner. He held up six quills in his hand. One of these he placed alone. The other five he held up together. "These five," said he, "are the Osage gods, the sun, the moon, the earth, thunder, or the air, and the bird. Now you say these are no gods, but all of them the creatures of your God. I believe it. The Osages have worshiped these gods a long time, and they have never made us happy, they have never done us good. We have always been poor and miserable. I believe it is foolish and wicked to worship these things. I now cast away these gods."

And he flung away his five quills. He then held up the one quill, and said, "This is one God. This is your God. Now tell me *who he is.*" The perfections of God, as manifested in creation and providence, and as revealed in his word, were stated with particular minuteness, especially those attributes developed in the redemption of sinners by Jesus Christ. "All this," said he, "I understand, and it is all interesting. I believe it, but *who is your God?*" Another brother went over the same ground in another view, if possible to make it more plain and interesting. He also dwelt fully on the unity of God, and the great sin of idolatry. He explained the meaning of the various names of God. When he closed, the same question, with greater earnestness, was all the reply of the chief, "*Who is he?*" "*Has any one seen him?*" He was answered, "No man hath seen God. He is a spirit, invisible to mortal eyes. His existence and his perfections are manifested by their effects, and more clearly revealed in his word. That it was unreasonable to require

a sight of him before we would believe. That we all believed many things that were not obvious to our senses, that their effects fully satisfied us of their existence, and that they possessed the qualities indicated by the effects, which we beheld." To all this, his answer was as before, *Who is he? Has any one seen him?* To this it was answered, "Yes. He became flesh and dwelt among us." A history was then given of God manifest in the flesh. "Now," said he, "I am satisfied. God has been seen. When any one asks me if the true God has ever been seen, I will tell him, yes. He lived in the world, in the form of a man more than thirty years." His mind was now satisfied on the subject, which had given him the greatest perplexity. He was much interested in the preaching, and we felt some hope that he was beginning to experience the teachings of that Spirit of truth, who is sent to guide into all truth. And here I would remark, that it appears to me, the greatest obstacle in the way of the conversion of the Osages, is what I

would call materialism. Many would ask the same questions as this chief, relative to the existence, not only of the Divine Being, but of the soul after the death of the body. They have no idea of an immaterial spirit. They walk by sense and not by faith.

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