

visit, for the following sketch of a council, held under the direction of the Secretary at War, Mr. Poinsett, for the laudable purpose of reconciling the long-cherished feeling of hostility between the Sacs and Foxes, and the Sioux—a deputation of chiefs from this latter nation being also at the seat of government. The council was held in a church. The Indians were seated on a platform erected for the purpose, the spectators occupying the pews. The secretary, representing the president, was seated on the centre of the platform, facing the audience—the Sioux on his right hand and the Sacs and Foxes on his left, forming a semi-circle. “These hostile tribes presented in their appearance a remarkable contrast. The Sioux tricked out in blue coats, epaulettes, fur hats and various articles of finery, which had been presented to them, and which were now incongruously worn in conjunction with portions of their own proper costume; while the Saukies and Foxes, with a commendable pride and good taste, wore their national dress, without any mixture, and were studiously painted according to their own notions of propriety. But the most striking object was Keokuk, who sat at the head of his delegation, on the extreme left, facing his mortal enemies, the Sioux, who occupied the opposite side of the stage; having the audience upon his left side, and his own people on his right, and beyond them the Secretary at War. He sat grasping in his right hand the war banner, the symbol of his nation as ruling chief. His person was erect and his eye fixed calmly but steadily upon the enemies of his people. On the floor, and kneeling upon the knee of the chief, sat his son, a boy nine or ten years old, whose fragile figure and innocent countenance afforded a beautiful contrast with the athletic and warlike form, and the intellectual, though weather-beaten features of his father. The effect was in the highest degree picturesque and imposing. The council was opened by smoking the pipe, which was passed from mouth to mouth. The secretary then briefly addressed both parties, in a conciliating strain, urging them, in the name of their great father, the President, to abandon those sanguinary wars, by means of which their race was becoming extinct, and to cultivate the arts, the thrift and industry of the white men. The Sioux spoke next. The orator, on rising, first stepped forward and shook hands with the secretary, and then delivered his harangue in his own tongue, stopping at the end of each sentence, until it was rendered into English by the interpreter, who stood by his side, and into the Saukies language by the interpreter of that tribe. Another and another followed, all speaking vehemently, and with much acrimony. The burden of their harangue was, the folly of addressing pacific language to the Sacs and Foxes, who were faithless, and in whom no confidence could be placed. ‘My father,’ said one of them, ‘you cannot make these people hear any good words unless you bore their ears with sticks.’ ‘We have often made peace with them,’ said another speaker, an old man, who endeavoured to be witty, ‘but they would never observe any treaty. I would as soon think of making a treaty with that child,’ pointing to Keokuk’s little boy, ‘as with a Saukie or Musquaquee.’ The Sioux were evidently gratified and excited by the sarcasms of their orators, while their opponents sat motionless, their dark eyes flashing, but their features as composed and stolid as if they did not understand the disparaging language that was used. We remarked a decided want of gracefulness in all these speakers. Each of them having shaken hands with the secretary, who sat facing the audience, stood immediately before and near him, with the interpreter at his elbow, both having their backs to the spectators; and in this awkward position, speaking low and rapidly—but little of what they said could be heard, except by the persons near them. Not so Keokuk. When it came to his turn to speak, he rose deliberately, advanced to the secretary, and having saluted him, returned to his place, which being at the foot of the stage, and on one side of it, his face was not concealed from any of the several parties present. His interpreter stood beside him. The whole arrangement was judicious, and though apparently unstudied, show the tact of an orator. He stood erect, in an easy but martial posture, with his robe thrown over his left shoulder and arm, leaving the right arm bare, to be used in action. His voice was firm, his enunciation remarkably clear, distinct, and rapid. Those who have had the gratification of hearing a distinguished senator from South Carolina, now in Congress, whose rapidity of utterance, concentration of thought and conciseness of language are alike peculiar to himself, may form some idea of the style of Keokuk, the latter adding, however, an attention to the graces of attitude and action, to which the former makes no pretension. He spoke with dignity but great animation, and some of his retorts were excellent. ‘They tell you,’ said he, ‘that our ears must be bored with sticks, but, my father, you could not penetrate their thick skulls in that way—it would require hot iron.’ ‘They say they would soon make peace with a child, as with us—they know better, for when they made war upon us they found us men.’ ‘They tell you that peace has often been made, and that we have broken it. How happens it, then, that so many of their braves have been slain in our country? I will tell you—they invaded us; we never invaded them; none of my braves have been killed in their land. We have their scalps, and can tell where we took them.’

“As we have given the palm to Keokuk, at this meeting, we

must, in justice to the Sioux, mention an eloquent reply, made by one of the same party, on a different day. The Secretary at War met the Sioux delegation in counsel, to treat for the purpose of some of their territory. A certain sum of money being offered them for the land, they demanded a greater price. They were then told that the Americans were a great people, who would not traffic with them like a trader—that the president had satisfied himself as to the value of the territory, and offered them the full price. Big Thunder, a son of the Little Crow, replied that the Sioux were a great nation, and could not, like a trader, ask a price and then take less; and then to illustrate the equality of dignity between the high contracting parties, he used a figure which struck us as eminently beautiful.—‘The children of our white parent are very many; they possess all the country from the rising of the sun to noon-day:—the Sioux are very many; the land is all theirs from the noon-day to the setting sun.’”

In person, Keokuk is stout, graceful and commanding, with fine features and an intelligent countenance. His broad expanded chest and muscular limbs denote activity and physical power; and he is known to excel in dancing, horsemanship, and all athletic exercises. He has acquired considerable property, and lives in princely style. He is fond of travelling, and makes frequent visits of state to the Osages, the Ottawas, the Omahas and the Winnebagoes. On these occasions he is uniformly mounted on a fine horse, clad in a showy robe wrought by his six wives, equipped with his rifle, pipe, tomahawk and war-club. He is usually attended in these excursions by forty or fifty of his young men, well mounted and handsomely dressed. A man precedes the party, to announce his approach to the tribe he is about to honour with a visit; and such is his popularity, that his reception is generally in a style corresponding with the state in which he moves. These visits are most frequently made in autumn, and are enlivened by hunting, feasting, dancing, horse-racing, and various athletic games, in all of which Keokuk takes an active part. He moves, it is supposed, in more savage magnificence than any other Indian chief upon the continent.

In point of intellect, integrity of character, and the capacity for governing others, he is supposed to have no superior among the Indians. Bold, courageous, and skilful in war—mild, firm, and politic in peace. He has great enterprise and active impulses, with a freshness and enthusiasm of feeling which might readily lead him astray, but for his quick perception of human character, his uncommon prudence and his calm, sound judgment. At an early period of his life he became the chief warrior of his tribe, and by his superior talents, eloquence, and intelligence, really directed the civil affairs of his nation for many years, while they were nominally conducted in the name of the hereditary peace chief. Such is Keokuk, the Watchful Fox, who prides himself upon being the friend of the white man.—*Western Monthly Mag.*

MARTYRDOM.*

An event of a deeply tragical nature occurred at Smyrna about the time I was there, which will ever remain an indelible stain on the character of Mussulmen, and cannot fail to be as interesting, as it must be revolting, to the feelings of Christians. Truly has it been said, “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.”

A Turk had prevailed, by artifice, on a Greek Christian, 24 years of age, to enter his service, abandon his faith, and embrace the tenets of the lawgiver of the Arabians; when he assumed the costume of the Mussulmans. On the expiration of his engagement, the Greek departed for Mount Athos, situated in Macedonia, and called by the Greeks “the Holy Mountain,” from there being many of their convents upon it, and from its ancient fame in the Eastern Church, as the asylum of sanctity and learning. He was absent about twelve months, when he returned to Smyrna; but his conscience having reproached him for the act of apostasy of which he had been guilty, he proceeded to the Turkish judge, threw down his turban, declared he had been deceived, and that as he was originally born, so would he still live and die a Christian. On this occasion every effort was made to prevail on him to continue in the principles of Mahomedism, by offering him great rewards if he did, and by threatening him with the severest penalties if he did not.

The Greek having rejected every bribe, and as waters could not quench, nor floods drown that love he had to Christ, he was thrust into a dungeon, where tortures were inflicted upon him, which he most heroically braved, as if he had said, “The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do.” In truth he was in nowise terrified by his adversaries, determined not to know any thing but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and assured that if he suffered with Christ, he should also be glorified with him. After this he was led forth in public to be beheaded, with his hands tied behind his back. The place of execution was a platform opposite to one of the principal mosques, where a blacksmith, armed with a scimeter, stood ready to perform the dreadful operation. To the astonishment of the surrounding multitude, this did not shake his fortitude; and although he was told that it

would be quite sufficient if he merely declared he was *not* a Christian. Rather, however, than do so he chose to die.

Still entertaining a hope that this young man might retract, especially when the instrument of death was exhibited, these offers were again and again pressed upon him. This, however, being done with no better success than before, the executioner was ordered to peel off, with his sword, part of the skin of his neck. Excruciating as this was, it was endured by him after the example of those of whom an honourable record is preserved in the volume of inspiration, that “they were tortured, not accepting of deliverance; and neither sword, peril, nor distress could separate them” from their affection to their Great Master. The fortitude and strong faith of this Christian, who expressed the most perfect willingness to suffer, enabled him to reach that highest elevation of apostolic triumph evinced by rejoicing in tribulation, when, steadfastly looking up to heaven, like the martyr Stephen, he loudly exclaimed, “I was born with Jesus, and shall die with Jesus;” bringing to recollection the exclamation of that illustrious martyr in the cause of Jesus, St. Polycarp, in this very place, “I have served Christ, and how can I revile the king who has kept me?” On pronouncing the above words, his head was struck off at one blow, in the presence of crowds of Greeks, who, considering their countryman to have suffered in the cause of Christianity, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, as memorials of so extraordinary an event. The head was then placed under the left arm, and, with the body, remained on the scaffold three days exposed to public view, after which the Greeks were permitted to bury it.

Such was the magnanimity of this youth, who shed his blood for the testimony of Jesus Christ. This was the third instance of the kind which occurred within the last twenty years; and most devoutly is it to be wished that it may be the last.

This and similar examples of inviolable fidelity exhibited by the disciples and primitive Christians, who rejoiced in the consideration, that they were accounted worthy to suffer for Christ’s sake, most impressively teach us, who are called to seal our testimony, not by our death, but in our lives, to be firm, and not to “marvel if the world hate us,” to be zealous in our religious principles and courageous in their defence, not fearing the face of man, or those whose power reaches only to the body; but recollecting that an eternal blessing is promised to those who “are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;” and that our Lord has, in the strongest language, proclaimed, “that he who loseth his life for my sake shall find it.”

THE HUMAN EYE.—“But, of all the tracts of conveyance which God has been pleased to open up between the mind of man and the theatre by which he is surrounded, there is none by which he so multiplies his acquaintance with the rich and varied creation on every side of him, as by the organ of the eye. It is this which gives to him his loftiest command over the scenery of nature. It is this by which so broad a range of observation is submitted to him. It is this which enables him, by the act of a single moment, to send an exploring look over the surface of an ample territory, to crowd his mind with the whole assembly of its objects, and to fill his vision with those countless hues which diversify and adorn it. It is this which carries him abroad, over all that is sublime in the immensity of distance; which sets him, as it were, on an elevated platform, from whence he may cast a surveying glance over the arena of innumerable worlds; which spreads before him so mighty a province of contemplation, that the earth he inhabits only appears to furnish him with the pedestal on which he may stand, and from which he may descry the wonders of all that magnificence which the Divinity has poured so abundantly around him. It is by the narrow outlet of the eye, that the mind of man takes its excursive flight over those golden tracks, where, in all the exhaustlessness of creative wealth, lie scattered the suns and the systems of astronomy. But, oh! how good a thing it is, and how becoming well for the philosopher to be humble amid the proudest march of human discovery and the sublimest triumphs of the human understanding, when he thinks of that unscaled barrier, beyond which no power, either of the eye or of the telescope, shall ever carry him; when he thinks that, on the other side of it, there is a height, and a depth, and a length, and a breadth, to which the whole of this concave and visible firmament dwindles into the insignificance of an atom—and, above all, how ready should he be to cast his every lofty imagination away from him, when he thinks of the God, who, on the simple foundation of his word, has reared the whole of this stately architecture, and, by the force of his preserving mind, continues to uphold it; ay, and should the word again come out from him, that this earth shall pass away, and a portion of the heavens which are around it shall again fall back into the annihilation from which he at first summoned them, what an impressive rebuke does it bring on the swelling vanity of science, to think that the whole field of its most ambitious enterprises may be swept away altogether, and there remain before the eye of him who sitteth on the throne, an untravelled immensity, which he hath filled with innumerable splendours, and over the whole face of which he hath inscribed the evidence of his high attributes, in all their might and in all their manifestation.”—*Chalmers.*

* From Mr. Rae Wilson’s Travels in the Holy Land, Egypt, etc. etc.