



and what were they there for?" I hear you ask. I will tell you something about the affair, a sad affair it was too. The Cherokee nation, Indians you know, used to live in Georgia. As the white people came in and began to crowd them out, the United States granted them a certain portion of land to call their own, and to govern over as they chose; it was to be theirs as long as they wanted it. They forsook their wild, wandering habits, and settled down on farms, and began to cultivate the land very successfully; they had workshops, and good houses; missionaries went among them, and established schools, and taught them to read, and founded churches; indeed it was quite wonderful, how improved these Indians became. They seemed very happy and industrious, they tried to do as well as they could. But the people of Georgia at last said. "We want more land! we want the Cherokee land! Let us try and get rid of these Indians!" It was a very unjust thing, but they did not mind that. To accomplish this, the first thing to do was to send away the missionaries, for they knew the missionaries were friends to the Indians. A law was then made, declaring that no body should live in Georgia, unless they swore allegiance to the State, and got permission from the governor to live there. This was a very new and strange proceeding: you know that people can go from one State to another, without asking the governor! It was considered an *unconstitutional* law, something they had no right to make; because it is contrary to that freedom, which the Constitution or written laws of our country have allowed us; and the missionaries were resolved not to obey it; they lived in the Cherokee country, and felt they had no right to be bound by such a law; they continued their labors as usual. A large body of men called the "Georgia guard," was organised, which hovered about the Cherokee lands, giving the poor Indians all the trouble they could. Colonel Nelson, with a party of armed men, were determined to seize the missionaries. They went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Worcester, and made him prisoner, with two or three Methodist clergymen. They were marched 22 miles through mire and water, abused by one Serjeant Brooks, who made it his business to torment them, using the most profane and wicked language. At night they were chained together by the ankle in pairs. As they went along, they met more armed men, with Dr. Butler, another missionary, who was arrested the day before. Poor Dr. Butler had a chain fastened around his neck, and the other end at the neck of his horse, by whose side he was compelled to walk. At night he was liable at every step to stumble, and be strangled by his chain. The forest roads were very bad at this season of the year; it was the spring of 1831. A soldier