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early civilization and commerce, in letters and in art, she rose by the same bright career of independence and energy, and fell by the same luxurious corruption of private virtue, the same vicious quarrels of implacable factions. Her annals are deeply fraught with instruction and interest; and yet it is singular that, with the exception of the luminous, but rapid and therefore insufficient view which Mr. Hallam has taken of her condition in the Middle Ages, the English reader has no direct means of acquaintance with one of the most delightful and important divisions of modern history.

ART. V.—1. *Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America, from Childhood to the Age of Nineteen; with Anecdotes descriptive of their Manners and Customs, &c.* By John D. Hunter. 8vo. 1824.

2. *Sketches of the History, Manners, and Customs of the North American Indians.* By James Buchanan, Esq. His Majesty's Consul for the State of New York. 8vo. 1824.

THE present condition and character of the North American Indians may afford one of the most curious chapters in the history of man. The peculiar qualities of this ill-fated race strikingly distinguish them from other savage tribes: they have long been in collision, but never blended with the materials of organized society; and their precarious, and wandering existence at this hour serves only to place the modern civilization of their country in strong contrast with the impenetrable obscurity of past ages. In the vast wilds of the North American continent, no ruins commemorative of human thought and human action strike the eye; it is nature only which addresses us: the mighty forest unites the past and the present, and its awful silence is emblematical of the gloom which hangs over the moral antiquity of the people. One monument of remote ages indeed exists, and that monument is a living ruin; for the remains of the Indian tribes are become to America what the shattered column, the broken arch, and the falling cloister are to Europe. The iron hand of time has not made deeper ravages on these, than the relentless cruelty of civilized men has inflicted upon the wretched remains of the aboriginal children of the lake and forest. For above two hundred years, the Indian nations of North America have maintained an unceasing struggle against the oppression and encroachment of the whites:—but the devotion, courage, and fortitude of their warlike tribes have been exerted in vain. Driven successively from every possession by the superior knowledge and power of the merciless usurper, they have been chased to the remotest forests; systematically debased in character, and thinned in numbers

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bers and physical strength by the insidious supply of ardent spirits; they have dwindled to a miserable remnant, which, in the course of a few generations, will utterly disappear from the face of the earth. It has therefore become an object of desirable inquiry, and of great attraction in many respects, to collect as much information as possible on this singular people, before the extinction which we confidently anticipate, and which few, we believe, who have had opportunities of observing the events of late years in North America, will incline to doubt. Every memorial which can be preserved of their character, and customs, and opinions, must acquire increased value; and we cannot on this subject—to us a melancholy one—put together the few remarks and facts for which we have leisure, without feeling that we may be affording not only some gratification to our present readers, but rendering an acceptable service to the curious inquirer hereafter. The absurd exaggerations and errors on the moral and physical character of the Indians, into which Raynal and other writers of the last century have fallen; the yet more preposterous theories on the origin and history of these tribes, which it has lately been attempted to raise or to revive, it would be a vain labour to notice. Merely observing, by the way, that America bids fair to produce a very sapient order of antiquaries, we shall not stop to dispute the old opinion adopted by Adair and Dr. Boudinot, that the Indians are the descendants of the long lost ten tribes of Israel; neither shall we examine what Mr. Buchanan, the compiler of one of the volumes before us, is facetiously pleased to call ‘the sublime hypothesis’ of Governor De Witt Clinton of New York, who contends that ‘their derivation is to be sought among the Tartars, who in ages past over-ran and exterminated nations who then inhabited great part of North America, and had made considerable progress in the arts of civilized life.’

Our acquaintance with the peculiarities of Indian customs and character has unfortunately in general been derived from the reports of traders—usually the most ignorant, and depraved, and dishonest part of the transatlantic white population; or of persons totally uneducated, who have lived in captivity or from choice among them; or of well-meaning but illiterate and simple missionaries. Until of late years we could scarcely expect to possess any other instruments of communication with the Indian tribes than these; for educated Englishmen could very rarely be thrown into contact with them; but the last war in the Canadas brought our troops, on the western frontier at least of those provinces, into constant association with the most warlike and the least corrupted of their bands. Many circumstances of deep and romantic interest are attached to the events of our alliance with them.

them. The heroic and desperate spirit which animated them against their American oppressors; their mysterious and appalling mode of warfare; the native talents, the wild energy and eloquence, and the touching fate of the extraordinary man who started up as a leader among them; all these were points of new and uncommon excitement for the imagination, and gave to the nature of the service on which our troops were engaged with them, something original, and strange, and totally distinct from the ordinary operations of warfare. Opportunities were thus afforded for gaining an insight into the Indian character under some of its most striking forms; where it was thrown into fearful action, and wrought to the utmost intensity of enthusiasm and frenzy.

There certainly had not for many years, if ever, been an example of so numerous an assemblage of various Indian tribes, as were collected on our western Canadian frontier during the campaigns of 1812 and 1813. From the shores of Lakes Superior, and Huron, and Michigan; from the heads of the Mississippi and its tributary streams; from the immense forests and prairies spread over that part of the continent, and bordering on those waters, Indian nations descended to the country about Detroit, to join their hands in the same cause, and to take up the hatchet with their British Father, against the Long Knives, as they termed the Americans. The number of Indian warriors who were assembled in the summer of 1813 about the head-quarters of the right division of the Canadian army exceeded three thousand; and as they brought their squaws and children with them into the Michigan country, (of which it was intended to give them lasting possession, and thus to form a point of support for the western flank of our frontier,) the total number of their people could not be less than twelve thousand.* The encampment of this large body of warriors, with their women and children, presented a singularly wild and imposing spectacle. The effect was strongest by night, when the blazing watch-fire threw its red glare upon the swarthy figures which danced or grouped in indolence around it; and the sound of the war-song, the shout, the yell, were strangely varied at intervals by the plaintive cadence of the Indian flute, or the hollow tone of the Indian drum; while the dark foliage of the forest slumbering in the calm brilliance of a Canadian night, was half hidden, half revealed, as the light of the fires shot up to heaven, or sunk into gloomy embers.

If any one not occupied by the busy details of that period of

* Indeed, we know that above 12,000 rations per diem were, for a considerable time, issued to them, and that this number of their people was actually provisioned.

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activity and anxious warfare, and with a mind not harassed by professional duties, could have mingled unrestrained with the various tribes of our 'red brethren,' at a time when their hearts were opened towards us in attachment and confidence, there can be no doubt that the most perfect acquaintance might have been formed with all their modes of life:—for their encampment of wigwams (or huts,) and of tents of the prepared deerskin, differed in no respect from their villages or ordinary habitations; indeed they had made their settlements as permanent as could ever suit their roving nature. Their warriors plunged into the forest to hunt as usual, in the intervals between the business of hostility; and the desultory expeditions on which they accompanied our troops, perfectly resembled their usual warfare, except in the scale of superior numbers. The map of Indian life was spread before us; and the vivid recollection of these scenes has always been mingled with some regret, that particular and exclusive avocations permitted them to be viewed only with reference to the one great object of the hour. The publication of the first of the volumes before us, has however tended to repair the loss of personal opportunities for the indulgence of curiosity on many points of general interest in the character of the Indians. The perusal of Mr. Hunter's narrative has left a strong conviction on our minds, that it is the authentic production of an individual who has actually passed many years of his life among the Indians. As this belief has been formed rather from attentive examination of the general tenor of his work, than from any specific evidence which it offers on particular facts, it is not easy, nor is it of any importance, perhaps, to explain why we are disposed to yield him implicit credit. But we may just notice one satisfactory coincidence in his narrative with our own knowledge.

Describing himself as resident with a tribe of the Osages, who are scattered through the country on the left bank of the Arkansas river, he mentions the arrival among them of the famous Tecumthé, with his brother, the Shawanee prophet. The object of the two chiefs in this visit, which was without success, was to induce the Osages to join the confederation of the northern Indians, in concert with the British, against the Americans. The general outline, which Hunter gives from memory, of the harangue of Tecumthé, fully agrees with the strain of passionate appeal and natural imagery which characterized his oratory upon other occasions. His vehement exposition of the wrongs inflicted by the Americans upon the Indians, produced upon his auditory the powerful effect which usually followed his addresses; and the motives are not explained which determined the Osages, after long deliberation, to resist his exhortations. The visit of Tecumthé

cumthé must be understood from Hunter's book to have taken place in the autumn of 1812, for in previously mentioning an earthquake which he remembers in the year before, he concludes, from what he has since learnt, in the absence of any other mode of computing time, that this visitation must have occurred in 1811—a period which, he says, accords with the subsequent events of his life. Now we happen to know that Tecumthé did certainly, after the capture of Detroit by our forces in August, 1812, quit our head-quarters there; that, proceeding down the Mississippi, he traversed an immense extent of Indian country, and employed himself, with various success, in animating his brethren by his eloquence to unite against the Americans; and that he did not return to the Michigan territory until the following January. We do not think it probable that Hunter, whose tribe was seated many hundred miles to the south and west of the nations in our alliance, could have been acquainted with this singular journey of Tecumthé, unless he had really seen him as he relates. The story may serve, therefore, both to prove his own veracity, and the remarkable energy and intelligence with which Tecumthé pursued his scheme of rousing his brethren against their enemy, along a frontier of above a thousand miles.

We shall only remark farther of Hunter's book, that in general his descriptions of Indian manners and customs are minutely accurate, as far as we have been able to compare them with our own recollection and that of others; and after giving a brief outline of his curious history, we think we may confidently refer the reader to the work itself, as offering incomparably the best account which we have ever seen of the Indian tribes. With respect to the other volume before us, that of Mr. Buchanan, we shall dismiss it with very few words. The author is himself absolutely without any qualifications whatever for the task which he has undertaken. His acquaintance with the Indians, as far as we can gather from his own account, has been confined to a casual meeting with some stragglers from the debased and degraded remnants of tribes who dwell in the cultivated country; and he has travelled over parts of Canada and the United States, merely as a thousand other common-place people have done before him. The literary composition of his volume is below criticism, and, altogether, its only value consists in the copious extracts which it offers from an interesting account of the Indian nations by John Heckewelder, a Moravian missionary, who has passed the greater portion of a long life among them. The work of Heckewelder, which was written by the desire of the Historical Society of Philadelphia, exists only in the Transactions of that body, and is therefore new to the British public. Mr. Buchanan has unceremoniously trans-

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planted whole chapters of the good old missionary's labours into his own volume, and this is our only reason for noticing it. The compiler's other assistants are a Doctor Jarvis, of New York, who has furnished him with a paper, half essay, half sermon, both bad of their kind, on the religion of the Indians; and a Mr. Peter Duponceau, of Philadelphia, who has added a dissertation on the languages of the tribes, so profound and abstruse, that we are reduced to confess our utter inability to comprehend any part of it.

The personal narrative of Hunter extends from his earliest recollections to his assumption of the habits of civilized life—a period of sixteen or seventeen years; for he conjectures that when he left the Indians, in 1816, he must have been about twenty years of age. His story is of course given wholly from memory, a circumstance of which he is careful to remind the reader; and he acknowledges that, as his acquaintance with the English language is yet imperfect, he has been assisted by a friend 'with interrogations respecting some of the subject matter, and the revision and arrangement of the manuscript.' There is, however, nothing suspicious in the composition of the narrative, and it wears no appearance of having passed through the hands of a professed book-maker. The style is that of a man unaccustomed to write: not altogether free from embarrassments and vulgarisms; but it is simple and precise, and in the story of his own adventures, warm, animated, and natural.

The first gleams of imperfect recollections of this child of white parentage, who was destined to become thoroughly naturalized among the Indians, are associated with his capture in infancy by a party of Kickapoos. Of this event he can give no definite account; but from frequently reflecting on the subject with intense interest, he declares that he has at times nearly established 'a conviction in his mind, of perfect remembrance.'

'There are moments,' he says, 'when I see the rush of the Indians, hear their war-whoops and terrific yells, and witness the massacre of my parents and connections, the pillage of their property, and the incendiary destruction of their dwellings. But the first incident that made an actual and prominent impression on me, happened while the party were somewhere encamped, no doubt shortly after my capture; it was as follows:—The little girl whom I before mentioned, beginning to cry, was immediately dispatched with the blow of a tomahawk from one of the warriors: the circumstance terrified me very much, more particularly as it was followed with very menacing motions of the same instrument, directed to me, and then pointed to the slaughtered infant, by the same warrior, which I then interpreted to signify, that if I cried he would serve me in the same manner. From this period till the apprehension of personal danger had subsided, I recollect many of the occurrences which took place.'

Hunter's

Hunter's parents were probably among those out-settlers on the western frontiers of the United States, usually men of dissolute lives, who begin by encroaching on the country of the Indians, provoke their dangerous neighbours by aggressions and frauds, and end by falling victims to their capricious and merciless vengeance.

While Hunter was yet in infancy, his fate underwent two changes, which may afford a fearful illustration of the frail tenure of existence among the restless and wandering tribes of the interior. The Kickapoo horde who had destroyed his parents were themselves surprised by a numerous party of roving Pawnees, who massacred and scalped nearly all their warriors, and took the remainder, including men, women, and children, prisoners. The victorious Pawnees, pursuing their excursions for game into the hunting grounds of the Kansas, came in contact with that more powerful tribe, and paid for their intrusion with their lives. After several skirmishes they were overpowered in their camp; their warriors were destroyed with few exceptions, and Hunter thus fell into the hands of the Kansas. These Indians took him, after a long march, to their towns, situated on the Kansas river, several hundred miles above its confluence with the Missouri, which is 350 miles above the entrance of the latter river into the Mississippi. It was among this tribe, whom he describes as very superior in general character to the Kickapoos and Pawnees, that the young captive became naturalized, and passed many happy years of his youth. He was adopted into the family of a warrior by his squaw, who had lost a son in one of the recent engagements with the Pawnees, and was treated, not only by her, but by the whole tribe, with regard and tenderness. This conduct in respect to himself was not singular, for all the women and children were treated in the same manner; while the warriors who were so unfortunate as not to fall in battle were nearly all tortured to death: a few of them, however, were respected for their distinguished bravery, and permitted to live amongst their conquerors. It is shortly after relating his adoption into the Kansas tribe that Hunter introduces the following picture, which is altogether characteristic. We have no doubt of its fidelity; it abounds with beautiful and natural touches, and thoroughly illustrates the code of Indian morality.

'In the ensuing fall, the traders came among us, and here, for the first time, to the best of my recollection, I saw a white man. My surprise, as may be naturally supposed, was great; but in a short time my curiosity became satiated, and their conduct, demeanour, and employment, regarded under the prejudices I had imbibed from the Indians, left no very favourable opinion of them on my mind. It was in the fall season when I arrived at the Kansas towns: the Indians were numerous, and well provided with venison, buffalo meat, corn, nuts, &c.; and

and judging from the knowledge I have since acquired, had made greater advances towards civilized life, than any of the neighbouring tribes. They had a large number of horses; and while with them I first learned to ride that animal. Here, after I had become acquainted with their language, I was accustomed, in company with the Indian boys, to listen with indescribable satisfaction to the sage counsels, inspiring narratives, and traditionary talès of Tshut-che-nau. This venerable worn-out warrior would often admonish us for our faults, and exhort us never to tell a lie. "Never steal, except it be from an enemy, whom it is just that we should injure in every possible way. When you become men, be brave and cunning in war, and defend your hunting grounds against all encroachments. Never suffer your squaws or little ones to want. Protect the squaws and strangers from insult. On no account betray your friend. Resent insults—revenge yourselves on your enemies. Drink not the poisonous strong water of the white people; it is sent by the Bad Spirit to destroy the Indians. Fear not death; none but cowards fear to die. Obey and venerate the old people, particularly your parents. Fear and propitiate the Bad Spirit, that he may do you no harm;—love and adore the Good Spirit, who made us all, who supplies our hunting grounds, and keeps us alive." He would then point to the scars that disfigured his body, and say, "Often have I been engaged in deadly combat with the enemies of our nation, and almost as often come off victorious. I have made long walks over snow and ice, and through swamps and prairies, without food, in search of my country's foes: I have taken this and that prisoner, and the scalps of such and such warriors." Now looking round on his auditors, with an indescribable expression of feeling in his countenance, and pointing to the green fields of corn, and to the stores collected from the hunting grounds, he would continue, "For the peaceful enjoyment of all these, you are indebted to myself, and to my brave warriors. But now they are all gone, and I only remain. Like a decayed prairie tree, I stand alone: the companions of my youth, the partakers of my sports, my toils, and my dangers, recline their heads on the bosom of our mother. My sun is fast descending behind the western hills, and I feel it will soon be night with me."—pp. 20—22.

Dancing, running races, wrestling, jumping, swimming, throwing the tomahawk, and fighting sham battles, form the amusements of all Indian boys; and their employments consist in aiding the squaws in their agricultural and domestic duties, and in taking fish and some kinds of game. As Hunter grew older, he became a sharer in more manly pursuits; he was armed with the bow, and taken by the Indians on several long hunting excursions, in quest of furs, and the larger prey of buffaloes, elks and bears. In one of these distant expeditions, the hunting party found their return cut off by a furious war, which had broken out in their absence between their people and some of the neighbouring nations; and they had no alternative but to commit themselves to the mercy of a tribe of the Osages, who, though they had declared against

the Kansas, were less inveterate in their hostility than their other enemies. It is a curious and generous trait in the Indian character, that the suppliants were received with hospitality by the Osages, and incorporated with their society. This was the last change of condition which Hunter underwent during his sojourning among the Indians. When the incorporation of the Kansas party with their protectors took place, he had nearly approached manhood; and he soon became so expert in the chase, that the Indians gave him the name (by which he has since called himself) of *the Hunter*. On the first occasion on which his new tribe could barter their furs with the white traders, he was supplied with a rifle instead of his bow and arrows; and now regularly assumed the character of the Indian warrior. He was present in several actions with other tribes, and, on one occasion, killed his man and took a scalp. 'It was,' says he, 'my first and last essay of the kind. I name this with great repugnance to my present feelings; but as I have set out to give a correct history of my life, I cannot in justice to the subject omit this circumstance.' In another engagement, in which his tribe, who had two hundred warriors in the field, were victorious over the Pawnees, he had himself the misfortune to receive a ball just below the knee-joint. His wound was severe and painful, and he was confined from its effects for several weeks.

The only remaining circumstance which we shall briefly notice in Hunter's narrative, before his separation from the Indians, is extremely interesting. This is his account of a hunting and exploring expedition, in which, with thirty-six others, Kansas and Osages, he traversed the whole breadth of the immense continent of North America, from the lower parts of the Arkansas river to the Pacific Ocean—a distance of full two thousand miles. In this surprising journey, the party set out merely with the intention of ascending the Arkansas on the usual business of the chase; but after proceeding up the main branch of that river for some hundred miles, they quitted its banks, crossed over in a northerly direction to the La Platte, and traced their route up its stream nearly to its sources, among the great chain of the Rocky Mountains. Here they were impelled by curiosity, and the thirst of adventure and fame, to proceed onwards to those 'Great Western Hills,' and even beyond them; for it appears that the party generally thought the accomplishment of this journey would entitle them on their return to as much applause from their people, as if they had gained a signal victory over their enemies. The whole account of the journey of these wanderers is filled, as might naturally be expected, with incident and adventure; but we cannot stop to notice any part of it, until, after crossing the great range of mountains, the party finally reached the Pacific Ocean, on the south side

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of the Chock-a-li-lum, or Columbia river. The effect which the first view of the mighty expanse of waters produced upon the minds of these untutored children of nature, is described with great simplicity and beauty.

‘ Here the surprise and astonishment of our whole party was indescribably great. The unbounded view of waters, the incessant and tremendous dashing of the waves along the shore, accompanied with a noise resembling the roar of loud and distant thunder, filled our minds with the most sublime and awful sensations, and fixed on them, as immutable truths, the tradition we had received from our old men, that the great waters divide the residence of the Great Spirit from the temporary abodes of his red children. We here contemplated in silent dread the immense difficulties over which we should be obliged to triumph after death, before we could arrive at those delightful hunting grounds, which are unalterably destined for such only as do good, and love the Great Spirit. We looked in vain for the stranded and shattered canoes of those who had done wickedly. We could see none, and were led to hope that they were few in number. We offered up our devotions, or I might rather say our minds were serious, and our devotions continued all the time we were in this country, for we had ever been taught to believe that the Great Spirit resided on the western side of the Rocky Mountains; and this idea continued throughout the journey, notwithstanding the more specific boundary assigned to him by our traditionary dogmas.—p. 69.

The trees had just begun to show their foliage when the party commenced their journey up the Arkansas; and sixteen moons had passed, and they had undergone acute sufferings on their route during the winter, before they effected their return, which was greeted by the tribe with extravagant rejoicings. The period of Hunter's separation from his Indian brethren was now approaching. He was induced, in company with some of them, to enter into engagements with the white traders and hunters, who frequented the Osage settlements for traffic and game, and to accompany them in several hunting expeditions; in one of which he ascended the Missouri, above a thousand miles, as far as the Great Falls near its source. Upon this, and other occasions, he saw sufficient proofs of the habitual bad faith and fraud with which the traders conduct themselves towards the Indians; but the circumstance which led to his abandoning savage life was an act of diabolical treachery, meditated not by the whites, but by the Indians against them. A party of traders had fixed their camp on the Arkansas, in the hunting grounds of the Osages, with whom they were in the habit of trafficking. The principal among these itinerant adventurers was a person whom Hunter calls Colonel Watkins:—for, in the American republic, military titles are *as plenty as blackberries*. This man had, by his kindness, excited the grateful attachment of Hunter; but he imprudently suffered

his tribe to barter for too great a quantity of whiskey. They had previously met with but indifferent success, and their failure, as it generally is on such occasions, was ascribed to the white hunters, who had, in fact, just returned from scouring the smaller streams and hills for game. They were still brooding over this disappointment, when they were rendered furious by the liquor; and they determined in their demoniac frenzy to murder all the white intruders. The sequel, which is very honourable to Hunter, is related with modesty, and, we doubt not, with perfect truth.

'The skin* with its potent contents went frequently round, and in a short time nothing was to be seen or heard but the war-dance, the war-song, and the most bitter imprecations against all those who had trespassed on their rights, and robbed them of their game. They next mentioned the great quantity of furs that Watkins had collected, which, if suffered to be taken away, would only serve as an inducement for other and more numerous parties to frequent their hunting grounds. "In a short time," said they, "our lands, now our pride and glory, will become as desolate as the Rocky Mountains, whither, perhaps, we shall be obliged to fly for support and protection." These addresses produced the intended effect on the now pliant and over-heated minds of their audience: and it was immediately determined to cut off and spoil the whole of Watkins's party. These proceedings produced, in my bosom, the most acute and indescribably painful sensations. I was obliged, nevertheless, to suppress them, in order to avoid suspicion; for, should they have entertained the least, either against me or any one of the party, the consequence, at this time, would have been instant death to the person suspected, and that, too, without any ceremony. Therefore, with an apparent cordiality, I lent my consent, and joined among the most vociferous in approving the measure, and upbraiding the conduct of the traders. This deceptive conduct was also another source of painful reflection; because on no former occasion had I been so situated, but that the opinion I expressed, or the part I took, was in perfect concordance with my feelings, and the maxims I had been taught. From the first proposition that was made to cut off this party, I never hesitated, in my own mind, as to the course of conduct I ought to pursue. After I had matured my plan to my own satisfaction, I dissembled, very much to my surprise, with as plausible assurance as I have since sometimes seen practised in civilized life. In fact, I not only acted my part so well as to avoid suspicion, but maintained so high a place in their confidence, as to be intrusted, at my own solicitation, to guard our encampment. This office is of great importance among the Indians; but it seldom exists, except when a measure of consequence has been fixed on, for the successful termination of which, secrecy and dispatch become necessary. The whiskey being exhausted, and the Indians retired to rest, under its stupefactive influence, I silently and cautiously removed all the flints from the guns, emptied the primings from the pans, took my own rifle,

* The Indians generally make use of small skins instead of bottles, &c. to contain their liquor.

and other equipments, and mounting the best horse that had been stolen on the preceding day, made my escape, and gave the alarm to Watkins and his party.—pp. 102—104.

After having thus sacrificed his attachment to his tribe to better feelings, Hunter dared not to return to the Osages. But his attachment to Indians and Indian life was ardent and enthusiastic; and his prejudices against the whites, with which his red brethren had always inspired him, were as great as they had ever been. He felt as if he had been guilty of a culpable treachery towards his tribe, and in the tumult of opposite feelings which agitated him, he separated from Watkins's party, and roving in solitude in the forests, lived without communion with any human being for several moons, during which he supported himself by the game that he shot or took. At last he fell in with, and was persuaded to join, a party of white hunters, learned to share their profits, which were usually considerable, and, mingling with the outposts of civilization in Kentucky and the other western states, became thus gradually reconciled to the modes of artificial society. But, to judge from the curious picture which he has given of his own mind, the change of habits was not effected without reluctance and some violence to his feelings and attachments; and we suspect it may yet prove any thing but permanent. We have known several instances of Europeans (and one in particular of a British officer of considerable mental acquirements) who have been allured by the strange fascination which an Indian life seems to possess, to quit altogether the bosom of civilized society; but we never yet heard of any case, like that of Hunter, where an individual of white or mixed parentage, after being bred up among the tribes, was really and finally weaned from the enchantment of that life of wild excitement and adventure.

The singularity of Hunter's history, and the interest caused by his strange situation, ultimately procured him, among the whites, some judicious and competent friends and instructors; and it is much to his credit that he appears by his personal qualities to have won the regard of many of the more respectable inhabitants in the western states. Among others, a Mr. John Dunn, of Cape Girardeau, in the state of Missouri, treated him, he says, in every respect, like a father or brother; and gratefully calling himself after that individual, and adding his own Indian appellation, he assumed the name, which he has ever since borne, of John Dunn Hunter. By another worthy person, a Mr. Wyatt, he was instructed in the unadulterated truths of Christianity; and he successively employed the intervals between his hunting expeditions in attending different schools, at which he acquired whatever information he possesses. The whole period of his desultory studies

dies amounted only to about two years and a half; and he acknowledges, with praiseworthy candour, that his preceptors at first found him very intractable, although he hopes that he subsequently gained their esteem. His account of the first effects of his acquaintance with books is curious and natural.

'For some time after I entered school, I experienced great difficulty in learning the pronunciation and meaning of words; this, however, being once partially surmounted, my progress was easy, till I could read, so as to understand all the common school-books that were placed in my hands. During the recess of my school employments, I seldom went any where without a book. I had access to some respectable libraries, and became literally infatuated with reading. My judgment was so much confused by the multiplicity of new ideas that crowded upon my undisciplined mind, that I hardly knew how to discriminate between truth and fable. This difficulty, however, wore off with the novelty, and I gradually recovered, with the explanatory assistance of my associates, the proper condition of mind to pursue my studies, which were again renewed and continued, as above noticed, with great interest and solicitude.'—p. 129.

After he had become tolerably familiarized with the usages of civilized society, many of his friends in the western states strongly advised him 'to journey eastwardly as far as Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York, with a view to publish the history of his life, and such information as he possessed respecting the Indian nations settled west of the Mississippi.' Besides the inducements thus held out to him, he had for some time formed an ardent desire to become acquainted with a liberal profession. Filled with these views he, in the autumn of 1821, crossed the Alleghany mountains, and, as it were, commenced a new existence. At this point his narrative breaks off; but we find him, by a letter to his publishers, which he has printed in the latest edition of his volume, resident in this country during the last year. We understand that he has since re-crossed the Atlantic.*

Such

* Since the first part of this Article was printed off, we have been favoured with a letter from Dr. T——, of Liverpool, a gentleman to whom the scientific world has been long and much indebted. It appeared to us so interesting in itself, and so strongly corroborative of the credit which we felt disposed to attach to Hunter's narrative, that we could not resist the temptation of laying a part of it before our readers. It should be added that Hunter, while in this country, occasionally resided with Dr. T., so that his opinions are the result of personal observation.

† Hunter appeared modest; rather taciturn, seldom mentioned his own adventures, but willingly answered questions, with perspicuity. In speaking of his Indian friends he was rational, neither magnifying their virtues, nor exaggerating their vices. He regarded them as a people placed in very unfortunate circumstances, and possessed of so many good qualities, that their future welfare demanded the sympathy and consideration of their white brethren. He conceived that, unless some considerable portion of them can be induced to exchange the state of hunters for that of pastoral people with fixed habitations, or agriculturists, the Indian race will be exterminated by the circum-

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Such is the abstract of Hunter's narrative; and we think our readers will agree with us that we have not devoted greater space to it than the story of his extraordinary fortunes may seem to deserve. The tale itself does not form above one third of his volume, but to our taste it is by far the most interesting part of it; for, besides the attractions inseparable from the relation of such a course of adventure, the information which it gives of the character and condition of the Indians, is thus conveyed in a much more easy and pleasing manner than it can be in formal and elaborate dissertations. We make this remark, however, more with reference to the mode in which the volume is composed, than to the relative worth of its contents. The largest portion of it, which he has devoted to an account of the manners and customs of the Indians under several heads, is extremely valuable for its curious, and, to all appearance, authentic details. From his report, assisted by personal recollections, and viewed in comparison with the testimony of Heckewelder, we shall throw together the few notices and illustrations of Indian opinions and life for which we can find space.

Assuredly the most interesting feature in the character of the North American Indians, is the superior purity of their religious belief over that of all other savage nations; and we may add, over even the boasted elegance of poetical mythology, with which the polished people of antiquity thinly veiled the grossness of their superstitions. From the invariable reports of those individuals who, in every age since the recovery of America, have enjoyed opportunities of mingling with the Indian tribes, there is nothing more certain than that these unenlightened savages firmly believe in the existence, the omnipotence, and the unity of God, and in a future state of reward and punishment. To the Great Spirit, the giver of life, whom they worship, they attribute both the creation

and the destruction of their hunting grounds, by the advance of the Americans of European extraction, and the baneful effects of the unlimited introduction of spirituous liquors. He spoke of them as a people that had little chance of escaping either extinction, or the utmost degradation, by imbibing the vices without the refinements of civilization. His object in going to America is not strictly speaking to return to savage life—but rather to endeavour to collect Indians of the scattered smaller tribes on some of the great rivers falling into the Missouri, and by his example to teach them the advantages of fixed houses and permanent property. He conceives that the Indians will be much more ready to follow the example of one, who, with a thorough knowledge of all the arts on which they pride themselves, is able to instruct them in many of the arts of civilized life. He says that he will dedicate his life to this object, not from any superior relish for the life of a savage, but because he can thus, he conceives, be an instrument in the hands of "the Great Spirit," to prevent the extinction of the red race. There was, undoubtedly, in his mind a keen relish for hunting as an occupation, and he spoke of his rambles in the woods and savannas with much animation; but he freely admitted that these *advantages* had too many drawbacks not to make him look with regret on the prospect of quitting the haunts of civilized life.

and

and the government of all things, with infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness. Of the origin of their religion, Hunter says that they are altogether ignorant. They believe in general that, after the Great Spirit had formed the hunting grounds and supplied them with game, he created the first red man and woman, who were very large of stature, and lived to an exceedingly old age; that he often held councils, and smoked with them, gave them laws to be observed, and taught them how to take game and cultivate corn; but that, in consequence of their disobedience, he withdrew, and abandoned them to the vexations of the bad spirit, who has since been instrumental in all their degeneracy and sufferings. They believe the Creator of too exalted a character to be directly the author of evil, and that, notwithstanding the offences of his red children, he continues to shower down on them all the blessings which they enjoy. In consequence of this parental regard for them, they are truly filial and sincere in their devotions, and pray to him for such things as they need, and return thanks for such good things as they receive.

The belief of the Indian in a future state can scarcely be construed into any defined idea of the immortality of the soul; for where, except in Christianity, has that awful and glorious truth been brought to light? The Indian can only fancy a prolongation of present enjoyment. His heaven is a delightful country, situated at a vast distance beyond the great western waters, where his employments will be divested of pains and trouble, not changed in their nature; where the sky will be cloudless and serene, the game abundant, and the spring eternal. There, in the perpetual fruition of ease and happiness, he hopes to be again restored to the favour, and to enjoy the immediate presence, counsel and protection of the Great Spirit. But he has the enduring conviction, that the cultivation and observance of good and virtuous actions in this life can alone secure to him a blissful futurity; and he is equally sure that the pursuit of an opposite course will entail on him endless afflictions, wants, and wretchedness; barren, parched, and desolate hunting grounds, the inheritance and residence of wicked spirits, whose pleasure and province it is to render the unhappy still more miserable. It is also a point of almost universal belief, that the pleasure or displeasure of the Great Spirit is manifested in the passage, or attempted passage, of the good and bad, from this to another world. On this eventful occasion, all are supplied with canoes; which, if they have been warriors, and otherwise virtuous and commendable, the Great Spirit, either directly or indirectly, guides across the deep to the haven of unceasing happiness and peace. On the other hand, if they have been cowardly, vicious, and negligent in the performance of their duties, they are abandoned

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doned to the malignity of evil spirits, who either sink their canoes, and leave them to struggle amidst contending floods; or feed their hopes with delusive prospects, and bewilder them in inextricable errors; or strand them on a barren shore, and there transform them into some beast, reptile, or insect, according to the enormity of their guilt.

The Indians in general believe in the existence of an Evil Spirit, though, we learn from Hunter, that there are some among them who entertain doubts of his agency: but the majority certainly do occasionally pray to him, in the belief that it will appease his wrath, or induce him to mitigate his chastisements. They doubt not his inferiority to the Great Spirit, of whose character he is directly the reverse; but believe that he nevertheless has sufficient power committed to him to torment and punish the human race, and that he delights in its exercise. The interference of subordinate spirits is also credited among them to a great extent; their ideas on this head are however exceedingly various. Some believe that they invisibly hover around and influence all their conduct, and are on ordinary occasions the immediate instruments of reward and punishment; others that they perform only the offices of exciting to do good and bad actions; and others again that they only officiate on great and important occasions. The account of Heckewelder seems to agree very closely with that of Hunter on this point.

It is part of their religious belief, that there are inferior *manittos*, to whom the great and good Being has given the rule and command over the elements; that being so great, he, like their chiefs, must have his attendants to execute his supreme behests; these subordinate spirits (something in their nature between God and man) see and report to him what is doing upon earth; they look down particularly upon the Indians, to see whether they are in need of assistance, and are ready at their call to assist and protect them against danger. Thus I have frequently witnessed Indians, on the approach of a storm or thunder-gust, address the manitto of the air to avert all danger from them; I have also seen the Chippeways, on the lakes of Canada, pray to the manitto of the waters, that he might prevent the swells from rising too high, while they were passing over them. In both these instances, they expressed their acknowledgment, or showed their willingness to be grateful, by throwing tobacco in the air, or strewing it on the waters. But amidst all these superstitious actions, the Supreme Manitto, the creator and preserver of heaven and earth, is the great object of their adoration. On him they rest their hopes—to him they address their prayers, and make their solemn sacrifices.—*Heckewelder*, p. 205.

The worship of the Indians is little regulated either by ceremonies or stated periods for devotional exercises, though in private it is frequent. But there are great occasions on which the

whole

whole tribe assemble for the purpose; such as on declarations of war—when they offer up their prayers to the Great Spirit for success against their enemies; on the restoration of peace—when they return thanksgivings; and further,—on extraordinary natural visitations, such as storms, earthquakes, &c. The departure from an encampment also is attended with something similar.

‘At the breaking up of the winter,’ says Hunter, ‘having supplied ourselves with such things as were necessary and the situation afforded, all our party visited the spring from which we had procured our supplies of water, and there offered up our orisons to the Great Spirit, for having preserved us in health and safety, and for having supplied all our wants. This is the constant practice of the Osages, Kansas, and many other nations of Indians located west of the Mississippi, on breaking up their encampments, and is by no means an unimportant ceremony.’

The habitual piety of the Indian mind is remarked by Heckewelder, and strongly insisted upon by Hunter; and it is satisfactorily proved, we think, by the whole tenor of his descriptions, where he throws himself back, as it were, into the feelings peculiar to his Indian life. And, indeed, after hearing, at a council, the broken fragments of an Indian harangue, however imperfectly rendered by an ignorant interpreter, or reading the few specimens of Indian oratory which have been preserved by translation, no one can fail to remark a perpetual and earnest reference to the goodness and power of the Deity. ‘Brothers! we all belong to one family—we are all children of the Great Spirit,’ was the commencement of Tecumthé’s harangue to the Osages; and he afterwards tells them: ‘When the white men first set foot on our grounds they were hungry: they had no places on which to spread their blankets or to kindle their fires. They were feeble; they could do nothing for themselves. Our fathers commiserated their distress, and shared freely with them whatever the Great Spirit had given to his red children.’ Again, when, on the remarkable occasion on which our forces were compelled, in 1813, to evacuate the Michigan territory, Tecumthé refused, in the name of his nation, to consent to retreat, he closed his denial with these words: ‘Our lives are in the hand of the Great Spirit: he gave the lands which we possess to our fathers; if it be his will, our bones shall whiten on them, but we will never quit them.’ The whole of this speech, of which we have the authenticated copy before us, is too long for insertion in this place: it is one torrent of vehement and pathetic appeal, and has all the energy and bitterness of rude sarcasm—all the simplicity, and the occasional elevation of thought, for which the wild oratory of the tribes is so remarkable. An old Oneida chief, who was blind from years, observed to Heckewelder. ‘I am an aged hemlock: the winds

of one hundred years have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top. Why I yet live the great good Spirit only knows! This venerable father of the forest was converted to Christianity.

Hunter and others agree in asserting that the Indians have no regular priesthood; nor, indeed, did there appear, among all the nations who were assembled in the British alliance during the late war, any signs of the existence of such an order. But their prophets are very numerous and of various characters; that is, there are in every tribe, individuals who, from their superior wisdom and experience, and from their careful observation of their dreams, are believed to possess the power of foretelling events. The Indians have great faith in dreams, which they imagine to be inspired by invisible agents; and hence, probably, their confidence in the predictions with which such spirits may indulge the wise and good. But pretenders of a worse description are more common, and are frequently, by the wariness of their predictions and the cunning with which they support their impostures, very successful in practising upon the credulity of their simple brethren. Hunter seems to admit that something like witchcraft prevails among them, and the blackwelder more distinctly enumerates instances of the arts of their sorcerers. 'It is incredible,' he says, 'to what a degree the superstitious belief in witchcraft operates on the mind of the Indian. The moment his imagination is struck with the idea that he is bewitched, he is no longer himself. Of this extraordinary power of their conjurers, of the causes which produce it, and the manner in which it is acquired, they have not a very definite idea. The sorcerer, they think, makes use of some deadening substance, which he conveys to the person he means to 'strike,' in a manner which they can neither understand nor describe. The person thus stricken, is immediately seized with an unaccountable terror. His spirits sink—his appetite fails—he is disturbed in his sleep—the pines and wastes away, or a fit of sickness seizes him, and he dies at last, a miserable victim to the workings of his own imagination.'

We now come to the morality of the Indians. Justice and liberality, and sincerity in their dealings—good faith in their engagements—hospitality to strangers—a grave and sedate deportment—and general habits of kindness and courtesy, are certainly inculcated in the education of their youth, and practised among them in a remarkable degree. Every one who has had opportunities of mingling with the more remote tribes, must have observed many of these qualities in their deportment. Courage and fidelity to their nation and allies are, however, the virtues most highly valued by them. Considering them in their natural state, or where their

their character has been least affected by intercourse with the whites, the atrocious cruelties which they exercise towards their enemies is their damning—we had almost said, their only vice. Imagination sinks under the fearful detail of studied torments which they inflict upon those prisoners whom they do not spare and adopt, from policy, to recruit the force of their warriors. The frenzy, the thirst of revenge and appetite for blood, which they display upon these occasions are truly demoniac. With them while hostilities last, an enemy is placed utterly beyond the pale of commiseration and humanity. It is indeed on the subject of conduct to prisoners that the imperfection of the religions formed by man appears in all its wretchedness: it is here too that Christianity displays her origin in the mercy-seat of Heaven.

To this stain in their nature must be added, where they have been contaminated by example, a gloomy catalogue of crimes and debasement. The effects of spirituous liquor upon them are such that many of them believe it to be prepared by the agency and inspiration of Evil. The cause of this opinion is easily understood by every one who has seen an intoxicated Indian. Drunkenness converts him at once into a demon. Under its influence he displays all the ferocity of which human nature is capable, when unrestrained by reflection; and there is no crime which he will not commit. The passion for liquor, which he usually finds unconquerable after he has once surrendered himself to it, induces him to sacrifice to its indulgence every principle of rectitude, and every wholesome prejudice which has previously governed his untutored mind. Like the German ancestors of modern Europe, he will part with his last possession, his lands, his squaw, his good faith, and almost his existence, to procure his bane. This demoralization extends to the women, and Hunter can only compare an encampment of a tribe during a drunken revel to a hell upon earth. When these unhappy victims to the corruption of the worse portion of civilized society are exposed to a daily intercourse with the white people the consequences must be obvious. The constant supply of ardent spirits which the Indians obtain from the cupidity of the traders, is the living fountain of their depravity; and the manners of the settlers of the western states have corrupted and destroyed them like a pestilence. We affirm, without fear of contradiction or of error, that there is not to be found on the face of the globe a race of men so utterly abandoned to vice and crime—so devoid of all fear of God and regard towards man, as the out-settlers of Kentucky, Ohio, and the other back states. Heckewelder, who has passed a long life in those lawless regions, is a stern witness of the guilt and enormities of his white countrymen, and the injuries and demoralization of the Indians: 'Our vices,' says the

old missionary, 'have destroyed them more than our swords.' To understand the primitive character of the Indians, it is necessary, as we have done, to carry our inquiries among the distant nations with whom Hunter dwelt, or among others who, in the Canadian war, appeared, for the first time, in contact with civilized life; and we should receive with suspicion and discredit the reports of travellers who have drawn their superficial observations from the degenerate tribes in the United States, or the prejudices of their corrupters.

In an Indian community, all the men enjoy a perfect equality of rights. In their councils, every warrior has his voice and may take his part; though the proceedings of a tribe are mainly directed by the advice of such individuals as are most respected for their age and experience, or distinguished for their achievements in war. The appointment of their chiefs is wholly elective; but though they are formally chosen, their authority seems to be regulated by no laws or even conventional forms. They govern, or rather influence their brother warriors, by the reputation of those qualities which have procured their election; by their eloquence and courage, their superior wisdom in council, and skilful enterprise in arms. The condition of woman—that great line of distinction which will usually illustrate the extremes and intermediate stages of refinement and barbarism—is low among the Indians. Our readers will easily believe that we are not afflicted with any Rousseau-like sentimentality for savage life, and may therefore credit us when we say, that the youthful squaw exhibits, in her ordinary appearance, a persuasive gentleness of demeanour, a winning delicacy and very often a beauty of figure and countenance joined to a softness of voice peculiarly pleasing; and that there is about her a quiet submissiveness which, betraying the habitual endurance of oppression, interests us in her fate. When the straggling Indian is met with his family upon a journey, he is sure to be found striding foremost, with his rifle on his shoulder, unincumbered by any part of the household burthen, and, if he expects to encounter strangers, dressed in his buffalo robe, and ornamented with feathers and tinsel in his gayest style. But behind him walks, or rather runs, his squaw, with difficulty keeping pace with him, and bending under the weight of the whole family stock of domestic utensils. Perhaps a nursing infant is wrapped in skins, and strapped on a thin flat board to her back; and at her side elder children are clinging to the skirts of her blanket.

The men, regarding themselves as the lords of the earth, look down upon their squaws as an inferior order of beings, especially given to them by the Great Spirit to rear up their families, to take charge of and to conduct the daily affairs of their households, and to perform, in short, every kind of domestic labour and menial drudgery.

drudgery. It is the duty of the squaws to go out into the woods for the game which the men have killed, to pack it and to bring it home; for these matters are beneath the dignity of the hunters. Assisted by the children of both sexes, the women plant, cultivate, and gather in the crops of corn and vegetables and tobacco; they collect wild rice, nuts, plums, grapes and other fruits which are found growing spontaneously in the woods; they carry wood and water, dress buffalo robes and other skins, manufacture pottery, leggins, and mocassins for the feet; and they pound the corn, make maple sugar, and prepare and cook the food. The men, nourishing their pride and their cruelty, will not share the burthen of the least of these offices with the weaker and all enduring sex. Yet Hunter says, that they are kind protectors; that, except when maddened by liquor, they are never known to strike a woman; and that the women cheerfully perform all the duties imposed upon them, and do not consider their lot more severe than that of the men. No state of society is in his opinion more generally exempt from strife and contention between husband and wife than that of the red people. Of the progress of Indian courtship we shall give his own account.

When a young Indian becomes attached to a female, he does not frequent the lodge of her parents, or visit her elsewhere, oftener, perhaps, than he would, provided no such attachment existed. Were he to pursue an opposite course before he had acquired either the reputation of a warrior or hunter, and suffer his attachments to be known or suspected by any personal attention, he would be sure to suffer the painful mortification of a rejection; he would become the derision of the warriors, and the contempt of the squaws. On meeting, however, she is the first, excepting the elderly people, who engages his respectful and kind inquiries; after which no conversation passes between them, except it be with the language of the eyes, which, even among savages, is eloquent, and appears to be well understood.

The next indication of serious intentions on the part of the young Indian is his assumption of more industrious habits. He rises by day break, and, with his gun or bow, visits the woods and prairies, in search of the most rare and esteemed game. He endeavours to acquire the character of an expert and industrious hunter, and, whenever success has crowned his efforts, never fails to send the parents of the object of his affections some of the choicest he has procured. His mother is generally the bearer, and she is sure to tell from what source it comes, and to dilate largely on the merits and excellencies of her son. The girl, on her part, exercises all her skill in preparing it for food, and, when it is cooked, frequently sends some of the most delicious pieces, accompanied by other small presents, such as nuts, mocassins, &c. to her lover. These negotiations are usually carried on by the mothers of the respective parties, who consider them confidential, and seldom divulge them even to the remaining parents, except one or both of the candidates should be

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the offspring of a chief, when a deviation from this practice is exacted, and generally observed. After an Indian has acquired the reputation of a warrior, expert hunter, or swift runner, he has little need of minor qualifications, or of much address or formality in forming his matrimonial views. The young squaws sometimes discover their attachment to those they love, by some act of tender regard; but more frequently through the kind offices of a confidant or friend. Such overtures generally succeed: but, should they fail, it is by no means considered disgraceful, or in the least disadvantageous to the female; on the contrary, should the object of her affections have distinguished himself, especially in battle, she is the more esteemed, on account of the judgment she displayed in her partiality for a respectable and brave warrior.—pp. 235—237.

Polygamy, that prevailing vice in every country which Christianity does not bless, exists among the Indian nations, and is tolerated to any extent commensurate with the means which a husband may possess for subsisting his family. These in the cases of ordinary warriors would appear, however, to restrain the practice; and even to render it uncommon. Where it is found, the different wives live in contiguous lodges, fulfil their matrimonial duties separately, occasionally visit each other, and generally maintain the most friendly terms. The chief or warrior takes up his residence with the one he most esteems, and only leaves her to reside with the next in favour, during the periods of her pregnancy and lactation. The one with whom the husband resides considers it her duty and interest, and is ambitious, to discharge all the offices pertaining to a wife, as far as affects his comfort and convenience; and any interference with her on the part of his other wives, except in cases of sickness or inability, is regarded as a just cause of offence.

The power of divorce is common to both sexes; but as the squaws consider celibacy or widowhood, a disgrace and misfortune, it is probable they seldom claim the right of separation. We think an Indian once accounted admirably to Heckewelder for the happiness of the matrimonial state among his people.

‘An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much of his time among the white people both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one day, about the year 1770, observed, that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a *good* one; “for,” (said he, in his broken English) “white man court,—court,—may be one whole year!—may be two years before he marry!—well! may be then got *very good* wife—but may be *not!* may be *very cross!*—well now, suppose cross! scold so soon as get awake in the morning! scold all day! scold until sleep!—all one; he must keep *him*! white people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be he ever so cross! must keep *him* always! Well! how does Indian do? Indian when he see industrious squaw, which he like, he go to *him*, place his two forefingers close aside each other, make two look like one—look

squaw

squaw in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one *he* says—*yes!* so he take *him* home—no danger if he be cross! no! no! squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* cross,—throw *him* away and take another! squaw love to eat meat! no husband! no meat! squaw do every thing to please husband! he do the same to please squaw! live happy!—p. 164.

Formerly, if what the Indians say may be relied upon, illegitimate births seldom occurred in any of their tribes, before the white people appeared among them. But however this may have been, the Indian women are certainly not over rigidly virtuous; for a female may become a mother out of wedlock without diminishing her chance of a subsequent matrimonial alliance, if her paramour be of respectable standing. But the custom of early marriages renders such instances unfrequent, and besides, abortives are used. Jealousy is little felt among the warriors, and they are occasionally known to commit their wives to the temporary possession of friends and guests: still however they claim the sole disposal of their persons, and regard a voluntary indulgence of incontinence on the part of a married squaw as an unpardonable offence, which is for the most part punished by repudiation. Mr. Hunter mentions one instance in which the outraged husband took the life of his frail partner. 'He was himself an eye-witness of her offence; he loved and never suspected; anger for the moment triumphed over reason; he directed his tomahawk, and the blow was unerring.'

However humanity may shudder at the numerous instances of ferocity in the warfare of the North American tribes, it is impossible not to admire the enthusiastic devotion to the cause of his nation, the unbending heroism and constancy under suffering, which characterize the Indian warrior. He knows that the preservation of his hunting grounds, the existence of his family, and the security of his nation against surrounding tribes, depend solely upon personal courage and martial skill. He is taught that his reputation here and his happiness hereafter will be measured by his achievements; he is respected by his brethren, and held in estimation by the women, only in proportion as he is brave and high-minded. To manifest any deficiency in firmness and endurance of pain, is to degrade himself to a squaw. The influence of such opinions pervades his whole nature, and is sometimes very curiously illustrated even in his bearing towards the brute creation. Hence his respect for the rattle-snake, which has been mistaken for a superstitious veneration:—an imputation repelled by Hunter with a warmth, which might create a smile at his zeal to remove the charge of idolatry from his red brethren. The Indians believe that the notice which the rattle gives of its approach is intended by the snake as a warning to its enemy. They construe this into a proof of magnanimity in the reptile, and, from

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their admiration of this imaginary quality, will seldom destroy it. Heckewelder relates two anecdotes which exemplify both a similar feeling and the opinion of the Indians, that the whole animal creation are gifted with understanding. We select one.

'The Indian includes all savage beasts within the number of his *enemies*. This is by no means a metaphorical or figurative expression, but is used in a literal sense, as will appear from what I am going to relate. A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear, and broke its back-bone. The animal fell, and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of the panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, came up close to him, and addressed him in these words:—"Hark ye! bear; you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that your's was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods stealing their hogs; perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me I would have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit there and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct." I was present at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had dispatched the bear, I asked him how he thought the poor animal could understand what he had said to it? "Oh!" said he, in answer, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?"—p. 182.

This instance, ludicrous as it is, develops a great deal of Indian character, for it shows exactly the sentiments which inspire the captive warrior to meet the agony of his death-scene, and the accumulation of protracted torments, with incredible resolution and composure. Hunter describes at length some of these sufferings. Prisoners who are condemned to death, he says—

endure with great magnanimity the most cruel tortures which revenge can invent. They are generally bound hand and foot, sometimes together, and at others to separate posts or trees, and burned with small pieces of touchwood, pierced with goads, and whipped with briars or spinous shrubs, at different intervals, so as to protract the periods of their tortures. These victims to a mistaken policy, during their sufferings, recount in an audible and manly voice, and generally with vehement eloquence, all their valorous deeds of former times, and particularly those which they have performed against their persecutors. They contrast the bravery of their own people with the squaw-like conduct of their enemies: they say that they have done their duty; that the fortune of war happened to be against them; and that they are only hastened into more delightful hunting grounds than those they possess here, by squaws who are incapable of appreciating the merits of brave warriors. As they grow feeble from suffering they sing their death-songs, and finally expire, without discovering the slightest indication of the pains they endure. In these executions the prisoners often make use of the

most provoking language, with a view, no doubt, to shorten the period of their tortures; and they generally succeed; for the outraged party, unable to resist the desire of revenge, dispatch them at once with the tomahawk, or some other deadly weapon.—pp. 329, 330.

A watchful care, and a fortunate degree of influence, over our Indian allies, prevented the infliction of such enormities in the Canadian war, and after the moment of slaughter in action, the Indians yielded their prisoners to our ransom. But an occurrence in August, 1813, after a skirmish with the Americans on the Miami river, proved that the death-song of the Indian warrior is no fiction. A Winnebago chief, about forty years of age, had been brought in mortally wounded, by a rifle ball, in the breast. He was found in his wigwam surrounded by his family, and the group might have afforded a striking subject for the pencil. He was seated over the embers of his fire, his arms on his knees, supporting his head. The blood was dripping from his wound into the ashes, and without evincing any symptoms of his pain, he was pouring out his death chaunt, in a low, but firm and audible tone of recitative. Its subject was explained by Mr. Robert Dickson, superintendant of the Mississippi Indians, who was, with others, a witness of the scene, to be, that he died in aiding his great father over the water* against the Long Knives; that he was satisfied that it was so; and that he knew that his great father would protect his red children.

The service which his tribe and their kindred nations rendered to our cause in the campaigns of 1812 and 1813, on the western frontiers of Canada, was indeed most essential. The share of the Indians in the defeat of their and our enemy in that quarter formed probably some of the last exploits which fate had reserved for these red children of the lake and forest; and we therefore feel it in some measure a just tribute to their merits to record a few of them here.† For their truth we will pledge ourselves, and indeed, they are capable of being authenticated by numerous living witnesses.

When the North American Indians are spoken of without reference to the seats of their existence, their character may be represented under the extremes of imbecility and hardihood. It is impossible to conceive human nature lower in the scale of depravity than in the case of the few tribes who have escaped extermination, to live among the Canadians and people of the United States. Utterly sunk in filth and intemperance, they have not preserved one spark of the warlike spirit of their fathers; and resemble the hardy and untameable bands who so long resisted the

* The Indian term for our monarch.

† See 'The Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin.'

colonists of the New World, as little as the Sybarite did the Spartan, or as they do the tribes who still maintain their independence and bravery in the country west of the Mississippi. Just in proportion as the different tribes, who extend from Montreal, in Canada, to that river, are less in the bosom of European settlements, do they rise in character, or rather remain with most features of resemblance to the old fathers of their forests. Of the Indian people generally, as our allies in the late war in America, those dwelling in Lower Canada were entirely useless; the six nations higher up, in the country lying between the lakes Huron and Ontario, were of some service; but to the tribes at the head of Lake Erie, on the western shores of Huron, and from thence towards the Mississippi, is the preservation of Upper Canada, in the first years of the war, mainly to be attributed.

When, in 1812, hostilities commenced between Great Britain and America, several of the Indian tribes were already at war with the United States; and others hastened to join them when they found a prospect of success from the co-operation of the British. The Indian nations are not wanting in sagacity to discover, that nothing short of their extermination will complete the views of the American government; and self-preservation and the thirst of revenge united the majority of the tribes in the desire of seizing any favourable occasion of exertion against their common enemy. The country which the great body of the northern Indian people had yet been suffered to retain, extended from the western frontier of Canada, along the shores of the vast lakes of Huron, Michigan, and Superior, to the higher parts of the Mississippi. The tribes nearest to our possessions were naturally the first to join us. The Ottawas, Chippewas, a few Pottawattamies and Winnebagos, were earliest in co-operating with us in the summer of 1812; and they commenced by closing round the rear of the American force which, under General Hull, had entered Canada from the north-western frontier. They began to collect in numbers in the country behind Detroit, from whence Hull had already advanced in prosecution of his invasion; and the news of their motions seems at once to have paralysed him. He fell back into Detroit, and not daring to attempt a retreat through the line on which they had assembled, he remained passive until his surrender to a few hundred British regulars and Canadian militia. This well known event, and the occupation of the Michigan country, of which Detroit is the capital, opened a direct communication with the settlements of the different tribes, and rapidly promoted our alliance with them.

It is not necessary to prove in this place, for the fiftieth time, that our cause was common with that of the Indian nations.

Against them, as against us, the Americans had been the real aggressors; their furious war with the tribes had broken out long before the commencement of hostilities in Canada, and the contest, for the preservation of the Indian territory and our possessions, was alike wholly defensive. If the mode of warfare of the Indians was ferocious, that of the enemy with whom we had to contend was equally so. Every man who has served in that country can attest the fact, that the Kentuckians invariably carry the tomahawk and scalping knife into action, and are dexterous in using them. It is well authenticated, that the first scalp taken in the late war was torn from the head of a lifeless Indian by the teeth of a captain in the American service. This wretch, whose name was M'Culloch, was killed in a skirmish on the 5th of August, 1812, and in his pocket was found a letter to his wife boasting that, on the 15th of the preceding month, a few days after the opening of the war, when an Indian had been killed on the river Canard and was found scalped, he had performed the exploit. It would surely have been a despicable submission to the mawkish sensibility of our patriots, to have rejected the cooperation of the Indians in repelling an invading enemy, who at least equalled them in their most blood-thirsty qualities. If we had refused their aid, and they had still continued the contest with success, there would have been no restraint upon them; and the exertions of our officers, which so generally obtained quarters for the prisoners who fell into their hands, could not have arrested the course of Indian vengeance; while, on the contrary, if the United States had prevailed over the tribes, their union with the conquerors against us would have become the price of their peace. The efforts which were actually made by the Americans to induce the Indians to join their standard, afforded sufficient evidence of their inclinations on this subject.

If circumstances thus fully justified our alliance with the Indian nations, self-preservation rendered it indispensable. Beside our vast numerical inferiority to the enemy in the first years of the war, it is no reflection upon the high character of our troops to observe, that in the western parts of Upper Canada, where the country is very partially inhabited, and still covered with boundless forests, they are neither calculated by their habits nor discipline to contend with the rifleman of Kentucky. And here the Indians have as much advantage over the Kentuckian, as the latter has over the British soldier; the assistance of those warriors was therefore invaluable to us. It would, perhaps, be impossible for any one, who had never witnessed it, to form an adequate conception of the appalling nature of a conflict with the Indian on his proper theatre, among the dark forests of his native land. To the

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Americans, in the events of 1812 and 1813, on our north-western frontier, the Indians were the same terrific and invisible foe that, sixty years before, had struck horror and dismay into the followers of Braddock. The Indian standard of glory is the infliction of the severest loss upon an enemy, with the least possible injury to himself. It is therefore a point of honour with him, in action, to cover his person most effectually from observation; he never fires without changing his position; and his aim is so fatal, that, at every flash, he brings a victim to the ground. Bodies of Indians have thus been engaged for hours in the woods, without shewing a man of the force which has dealt death among their enemy. So overpowering and awful is the solemn gloom of an American forest, that to an European, under ordinary circumstances, the effect is a strange sensation of loneliness and inability to move in any direction without being immediately bewildered; and, if the American settler be infinitely more habituated to the scene, it must yet have possessed no common terrors even for him, when every stump and tangled thicket, in front, in rear, and around him, was in turn the lair of the crafty Indian. A circumstance which occurred in the first month of the war, will afford some idea of the dexterity of the native warrior in skirmish. After Hull's advance into Canada, the little river Canard for some time separated our troops from the enemy; its banks were overgrown with long rushes and rank grass, and the Indians, frequently crossing it in their canoes, found cover to watch every motion of the enemy's outposts. One morning, a small piquet of twelve or fourteen Americans were sent forward to the river to reconnoitre, and were observed in their advance by a single Indian, who lay concealed among the rushes. He marked out one of the party, fired, and killed him. While the smoke of his rifle was dissipating, he had already crept round to the rear of the piquet, who had just time to pour a volley into the spot which he had quitted, when a second shot from behind them brought another of their companions to the earth. The fire of the party was ineffectually repeated, and immediately followed by a third bullet, as deadly as the two first, from an opposite quarter.—Then, believing themselves surrounded, and panic struck at the unerring discharge of their enemy, the party precipitately retreated, and left the field to the Indian.

The surrender of Hull had been shortly preceded by the accession of the tribe of Wyandots, or Huron Indians, to our alliance. Inhabiting the banks of the Detroit river, or strait, these people form a singular exception to the degeneracy which usually attends the intercourse of the Indian with the white. The Wyandots have all the energy of the savage warrior, with the intelligence and docility

cility of civilized troops. They are Christians, and remarkable for orderly and inoffensive conduct; but, as enemies, they were among the most dreadful of their race. They were all mounted; fearless, active, and enterprising; to contend with them in the forest was hopeless, and to avoid their pursuit impossible.* They were led by Roundhead, who, next to the celebrated Tecumthé, was the most distinguished and useful of all the Indian chiefs. He was a firm friend to the British alliance, and his death (from natural causes) in the autumn of 1813, was a serious loss to our affairs.

How materially the Indian body contributed to the surprise and total destruction of the American corps of General Winchester, which, after Hull's surrender, was advancing against the same frontier in the winter of 1812-13, is already sufficiently known. That brilliant affair was, however, preceded by an act of daring resolution on the part of an Indian, which deserves to be recorded. While the Americans were lying, before their defeat, in their quarters at Frenchtown, the native warriors were ever hovering about them; and one evening, at nightfall, a single Indian silently and deliberately entered the place unobserved, and lurked at the door of a house in which were several of the enemy's officers, until one of them came out, when he stretched him lifeless by a blow on the head from his tomahawk, scalped him, and bore off the trophy to his associates in triumph.

After Winchester's defeat and capture, the next service in which the British and Indian forces co-operated was the siege of Fort Meigs, situated on the American shores of Lake Erie. The number of native warriors who had appeared in arms against Hull's and Winchester's troops had never exceeded five hundred; but such was now the effect upon the general mind of their nation, of the success of the British on these occasions, that, in the expedition against Fort Meigs, full twelve hundred of their fighting men were present. It is not our intention to repeat with minuteness the events which attended the siege of Fort Meigs. The garrison of that fortress was as numerous as the united European and Indian force of the assailants; yet such was the dread with which late events had inspired the enemy, that they tamely suffered themselves to be shut up within their works. In the investment which followed, the Indians were eminently useful, for they watched the enemy in a manner which might have shamed the

* At the destruction of Winchester's corps of 1300 men, at Frenchtown, not above fifty escaped death, or capture, on the field. Even these few were tracked through the forest by the Wyandots in unceasing pursuit. An American officer of the number who, after an anxious flight of some hours, was just congratulating himself on his safety, well described his consternation and horror at suddenly hearing a spring from the thicket in his rear, and at the same instant finding a red naked arm grasping his neck.

best light troops in Europe. Numerous instances occurred of their characteristic method of warfare, but we shall select only one for mention. In the course of the siege, a young chief had observed a log lying nearly within pistol-shot of the works, and opposite to an embrasure, from whence a gun was ranging over the ground with mischievous effect against our approaches. Before daylight, he silently crept on his hands and feet to this spot, and, placing himself behind the log, calmly awaited the dawn. He had wounded one of the enemy through the embrasure before he was observed, and his safety then depended upon his being able to prevent the firing of the gun above once or twice during the time he was near it; this he effected by killing or wounding every one that appeared at the embrasure. His aim was perfect, and for a long time his position covered him from the effects of musketry. But the moment he stirred he was exposed; and as he was constantly watched by numbers of the enemy's riflemen from every part of the block-houses and works within shot, the slightest inadvertent motion would have been fatal to him. He never could leave this post of danger and fatigue until it was dark, and must have suffered much from the want of food and rest. After successfully maintaining his station during several days, he was at last struck by a rifle-ball, that reached him through a small opening between the log and the ground, occasioned by a bend in the former, and which might have escaped a less skilful marksman than a Kentuckian. He remained in the same spot during the rest of that day, and crawled off at night to seek relief and repose.

The siege of Fort Meigs had not continued much above a week, when the enemy attempted to relieve the place by an attack from without, aided by a sortie of the besieged; and were repulsed with dreadful slaughter, in which the Indians greatly assisted. The garrison were, however, freed in a manner which they could not have anticipated, for the Indians, loaded with plunder and enriched by the prisoners they had taken, could not be induced to continue the siege, even by the influence of Tecumthé; nothing could prevent them from returning to their villages, according to their invariable custom after victory, to enjoy their triumph and attend to the recovery of their wounded; and the British general, thus weakened by their desertion, was obliged to retire to his frontier.

The Indians regarded the indifference with which our troops fearlessly exposed themselves to fire with much admiration; but this feeling, notwithstanding, always appeared qualified with some mixture of wonder, and perhaps contempt, at our folly and ignorance of what they deemed the immutable principles of warfare. It was customary for the British to secure the lives of prisoners by

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paying head-money for every American delivered up in safety by the Indians, and this measure was generally successful; but it was a point in our military usages which, to the simple minds of our allies, was perfectly incomprehensible. They declared that they did not understand why, when our enemies fell into our hands, we cherished and set them at large to fight against us on a future occasion.

While the expedition against Fort Meigs was in progress, a zealous and enterprising individual was labouring to give fresh weight and extent to the British alliance with the Indian nations. This person, as we mentioned upon a former occasion, was Mr. Robert Dickson, a merchant settled in the Indian country; who by his upright dealings in trade, and yet more by the firmness and intrepidity of his character, had so perfectly gained the respect and confidence of the tribes about the higher parts of the Mississippi, that he persuaded them to descend with him to the seat of war, to take up the hatchet with their British Father. Mr. Dickson arrived with his Indians at Detroit soon after the return of the British from their expedition into the American territory. The Sawkes, the Winnebagos, the Minoomonis (famed for their swiftness), and the Sioux, were the principal tribes who accompanied Mr. Dickson; and their junction swelled the total of our Indian force to its maximum of 3000 warriors. The whole of this force, without possessing any formally constituted leader, was, in fact, under the absolute guidance of one man—the master-spirit of his race, the noble Tecumthé. Of this highly-gifted individual, who, it has with truth been said, united in his person all those heroic qualities which romance has ever delighted to attribute to the children of the forest, and with them intelligence and feeling that belonged not to the savage, we shall here offer some slight account.

Among the tribe of the Shawanees, inhabiting the country about one hundred miles to the south of Lake Michigan, were two brothers, who, a few years before our war with the United States, had gained great influence over their fellow warriors, by qualities usually most valued in savage life. The one, who had persuaded the tribe that he possessed what in Scotland would have been termed second-sight, was known among them by the name of the Prophet, and seems at first to have been the greater favourite of the two; the other, Tecumthé, had, without the aid of such inspiration, raised himself to the situation of a chief, by his tried hardihood, and that natural superiority of genius which, sometimes in civilized communities, and almost always in a rude state of society, will challenge deference from common minds. The tribe, under the direction of the Prophet, ventured upon

upon hostilities with their old enemy, the backsettlers of the States, and for some time carried on a most harassing contest against them, after the Indian mode of warfare. At length, however, lulled into security by confidence in the supernatural powers of their Prophet, and neglecting that caution which is generally so marked a trait in the Indian character, they were surprised by an American corps in the dead of the night, on the banks of the Wabash, and almost annihilated. Tecumthé, with a small number of warriors, escaped the massacre; but it is probable that the survivors were too few to preserve the separate existence of a tribe; for, while he swayed the whole Indian body, Tecumthé could scarcely number a score of immediate followers of his own people.

Tecumthé was among the first of the Indians to make common interest with the British, and he was in arms in our alliance previously to the surrender of Hull. His presence at that period was extremely serviceable; but when his ardour in the cause led him, after the Americans had capitulated, to leave our little army, and traverse the Indian country for the purpose which we before described, he did not return to the Detroit in time to share in the defeat of General Winchester. When he appeared again at the British head-quarters, some time before the expedition against Fort Meigs, it was astonishing how soon it became evident that he was chief among the chiefs of his countrymen, and that he in some way possessed the secret of swaying them all to his purpose.

As the contest proceeded, there were many opportunities of observing the intelligence of Tecumthé, whose support was so necessary to gain the consent of the Indians to any measure of expediency, that he was frequently, accompanied by Colonel Elliot, the Indian superintendent, or one of the officers of that department, brought to the British general's table. His habits and deportment were perfectly free from whatever could give offence to the most delicate female; he readily and cheerfully accommodated himself to all the novelties of his situation, and seemed amused, without being at all embarrassed by them. He could never be induced to drink wine or spirituous liquor; though, in other respects, he fed like every one else at the table. He said that, in his early youth, he had been greatly addicted to drunkenness—the common vice of the Indian—but that he had found its detrimental effects, and had resolved never again to taste any liquid but water. That an uneducated person could deny himself an indulgence of which he was passionately fond, and to which no disgrace was attached in the opinion of his associates, proves that he had views and feelings to raise him above the level of an unenlightened savage. He had probably anticipated the period when he

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was to be the first man of his nation, and knew that intemperance would disqualify him from holding such a station. He evinced little respect for the arts by which the Prophet had governed his unfortunate tribe, and always spoke of him as 'his foolish brother.' He had a son, a youth about fourteen or fifteen; but shortly before his fall, when he seemed to have a presentiment of what was to occur, he strongly enjoined his people not to elect that young man for their chief; 'he is too fair and like a white man,' was his reason. Tecumthé was not deficient in affection for his son, but he had some prejudice of his nation against a resemblance to the European, the author of all their woes; and he sacrificed his parental attachment to what he considered the advantage of his people. In battle Tecumthé was painted and equipped like the rest of his brethren; but otherwise, his common dress was a leathern frock descending to the knees, and confined at the waist by a belt; leggins and moccasins for the feet, of the same material, completed his clothing. He was rather above the middle stature; the general expression of his features was pleasing, and his eye was full of fire and intelligence.

It is needless to repeat the touching circumstances which attended the close of Tecumthé's mortal career. He fell, it will be remembered,* in the action at the Moravian Town, faithful to his last hour to the British alliance, and constant in his views for the deliverance of his red brethren from the exterminating policy of the United States. It is easy to pronounce from the event as Mr. Hunter has done, without inquiry into the causes of failure, that 'the magnanimous and patriotic designs of this extraordinary savage, as connected with his own country, were too vast for his means of execution;' but his memory is still held among the Indians in the most enthusiastic veneration: and it is impossible to contemplate his life and death, his native talents and comprehensive political views, without the reflection that he only wanted a nobler sphere and the light of education, to have won an immortality of honourable fame.

Our reasons for believing the extermination of all the Indian nations east of the Rocky Mountains to be in rapid progress, are founded upon attentive observation of the events of the last fifteen years. However it may be attempted to preserve appearances by fraudulent and compulsory purchases of Indian lands, and declarations of benevolent intentions towards their injured possessors, it has always been the boast of American policy, that 'the Indians shall be made to vanish before civilization, as the snow melts before the sunbeam.' How far the practice has been assimilated

* See the Quarterly Review, vol. xxvii. p. 431.

to the design, may be gathered from the butchery by the Kentuckians of Indian families in cold blood, after their surprise at Tippacanoe on the Wabash; from massacres committed by General Harrison's troops in their attacks on the Indian settlements in the autumn of 1812; from the murder, after the affair at the Moravian Town, of squaws and children, who received no more mercy than did the wounded warriors; and from the more recent and authorised horrors of General Jackson's Seminole war, which Mr. Buchanan declares he has deemed it *prudent* to omit in his work.* By what degree of fair dealing the purchases of Indian lands have been regulated since the peace, may be learnt from an abstract in Mr. Buchanan's work (p. 152). By the items in this formal account current, it appears that, to the year 1820, above one hundred and ninety millions of acres had been *purchased* from the Indians, for which they had received in annuities something more than two millions and a half of dollars!—while the profits of the republican government, in vending their acquisitions by retail, or 'the balance of gain,' as Mr. Buchanan calls it, 'on the part of the United States, in dealing with the Indians, 'amounted to above two hundred and thirteen millions of dollars'! But if even these systematic encroachments were wanting, the rapidity and violence with which the tide of white population sets westward, must alone continue to sweep before it the boundary of Indian rights, and to overwhelm the devoted tribes with a perpetually advancing deluge. The superior physical strength of the mass of outsettlers, the recklessness of all human restraint and compunction which distinguish that lawless and ferocious body, must doom the victims of their usurpation to destruction, and speedily complete the wreck which the contamination of their vices has already in part effected.

We are not ignorant of the humane and praiseworthy intentions by which many benevolent individuals and religious societies in America are now actuated, in labouring to atone for and repair the work of oppression. The Moravians and Quakers deserve, in particular, to be mentioned with honour for their exertions; but it unfortunately happens that these good people are more commendable for zeal than judgment. It is not unnatural, perhaps, to imagine that, as the religious belief of the Indians is less thickly clouded by gross superstitions than that of most savage nations, their conversion to the truths of Christianity will be the easier. But it should never be forgotten that all the traditions, which they

* It is curious to connect this caution on Mr. Buchanan's part with the assurance which almost immediately follows in the same page, that 'the kindness and civility which he has experienced from all ranks in the United States, he shall ever be ready to acknowledge.' And this too is *prudence*.

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preserve with remarkable pertinacity, and all their bitter recollections, can admonish them only of the wrongs which they have endured, and the vices which they have observed in the white people.

‘The Indians,’ says Heckewelder, ‘believe that the Great Spirit, knowing the wickedness of the white men, found it necessary to give them a great book, and taught them how to read it, that they might know and observe what he wished them to do and to abstain from. But they, the Indians, have no need of any such book to let them know the will of their Maker; they find it engraved on their own hearts; they have had sufficient discernment given to them to distinguish good from evil, and by following that guide they are sure not to err.’—‘The white men told us a great many things which they said were written in the good book, and wanted us to believe it all. We would probably have done so, if we had seen them practise what they pretended to believe, and act according to the good words they told us. But no! while they held their big book in one hand, in the other they had murderous weapons, guns, and swords, to kill us poor Indians! Ah! and they did so too; they killed those who believed in their book, as well as those who did not. They made no distinction! When the Indians converse on these subjects, observes Hunter, they say, ‘The white men tell Indian be honest: Indian have no prison; Indian have no gaol for unfortunate debtors; Indian have no lock on his door.’

The efforts of the missionaries and of those societies who would really serve the Indians, begin where they should end. If it be possible to save a remnant of this ill-fated people, it will be by first causing benefits which cannot be mistaken, to replace the memory of injuries; by teaching them the value of peaceful habits; by instructing them in the mechanical and agricultural arts, for which their natural shrewdness and sagacity prove them to have capacity; and then they may be finally guided to the knowledge of truth. But how is it possible to anticipate good, while they can form no other judgment of civilization than by the vicious lives of the out-settlers; and can derive no other fruits from commercial intercourse than the poison of ardent spirits, which the traders are suffered to introduce in measureless quantities among them? In the western wilds of our own colonies this evil might at least be put down. With us humanity and policy dictate but one course. As the stream of American population continues to drive the tribes before it, some part of their remaining numbers may be forced northward, within the nominal boundary of our possessions. There the fugitives should find shelter, and protection, and opportunities of social improvement. There the remains of the primitive people of that vast continent might yet be collected; and their settlement

on the western flank of our cultivated country might form no contemptible barrier and point of support against future aggressions, by which it is idle to suppose that the Canadas are not yet to be menaced.

ART. VI.—*Divine Influence; or the Operation of the Holy Spirit traced from the Creation of Man to the Consummation of all Things.* By the Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph, A.M. Minister of St. James's, Bristol; and late of Queen's College, Oxford. 1824. 8vo. pp. 263.

FROM the preface to this volume we learn that the author has for more than eight and thirty years been engaged in the ministerial office. Mr. Biddulph, indeed, has long been highly respected and esteemed as a zealous and laborious clergyman; and, while discharging the duties of a populous parish in the city of Bristol, has distinguished himself by some useful publications in the cause of religion—more especially by his Practical Essays on the Liturgy of the Church of England. These Essays have been read with pleasure and improvement by many whose opinions do not altogether accord with those of Mr. Biddulph—for that gentleman is, on all hands, acknowledged to belong to a party, which, in compliance with very general usage, we will call *Evangelical*, without intending to express either praise or blame. With regard to the tract now offered to the world, we are informed that it was written 'during a season of retirement, occasioned by severe indisposition.' After alluding to the effect which the languor attendant on illness may have had upon his work, the author proceeds to state the great objects which he proposed to himself in drawing it up; and very properly declares, that, should those be attained, he shall be 'little solicitous about the opinion of critics on his style and composition.' To say the truth, we believe that his 'style and composition,' although far too ambitious and metaphorical for sober theology, will not be very offensive, to more fastidious judges than we are. For our own parts, the longer we live the less do we care for mere elegance of phrase; and the more are we pleased with any one who, when he has matters of importance to communicate, studies only to express his meaning fully, and tell us what he has to say with as much plainness and simplicity as may be.

The reasoning employed in the essay under consideration—or rather, the train of thinking, for strict reasoning can hardly have been intended—appears to be this:—'A perfect organization of mind, and a full and constant supply of Divine Influence, constituted the paradisiacal state of man:—At the fall, the Divine Influence