

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

A SPANISH *Arrastra* IN McCLAIN COUNTY

The article in this issue of *The Chronicles*, by Dr. W. E. Hollon explaining the significance and the use made of the *arrastra* in primitive mining operations, brings to mind the "Lost Spanish Gold Mine" located three miles southwest of Byars, in McClain County, Oklahoma. A well preserved *arrastra* there, with a large tree growing up in the center, was visited by Colonel George H. Shirk and others from the Oklahoma Historical about four years ago, who cite the location on the west side of a dry branch, in the approximate center of Section 33, Range 5 North, Township 2 East, giving evidence that at one time there was in fact mining operations in some form in that region. For many years legend current in the locality was told of such a mine: One day soon after the post office of Ada was named (1891), an old Mexican (about 70 years) was visiting on the street of Ada and telling of how as a boy he had been with his father prospecting for gold in this country to the west. While on this expedition, his father had been killed in a fight with the Plains Indians though he himself and a few of the party of prospectors escaped and returned to Mexico. A cowboy heard the more confidential details of the old Mexican's story, and in turn told him of having seen evidences of mine diggings in the region south of the Canadian River where he ran cattle. The two hired a buckboard and team and made the trip to the site described by the cowboy. The old Mexican was overjoyed saying that this was surely the place that he had visited as a boy with his father. While waiting at Ada a few days later for word and money from a friend in Mexico, the old man fell ill with pneumonia and died. He has been remembered through the years only through the legend of the "Lost Spanish Gold Mine."

—The Editor

NOTES ON THE CHICKASAW LIGHT-HORSEMEN

The following notes on early law enforcement in the Chickasaw Nation were contributed by Carolyn Thomas Foreman:

CHICKASAW LIGHT-HORSE

The deplorable condition of the Chickasaw Indians after their removal to the West was largely due to the unrestrained introduction of whiskey. Many grocery stores were established along the border to pander to the appetite for drink and there were two steamboats on Red River which retailed liquor.

A company of Seminole Indians, headed by Bill Nannubbee, engaged in transporting whiskey from Preston, Texas through the Chickasaw Nation to Tokpaha Town in the Creek Nation, where it was retailed. "The Chickasaw Light-horse undertook to prevent this traffic through their country:

one of these officers named Chin-chi-kee encountered this band and though he was armed only with a knife he killed three of the whiskey runners before he was in turn killed by Nantubbee (sic) who shot him in the head.¹

Chickasaw Agent A. J. Smith, in his report of 1853, to G. W. Mearnsponby, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, wrote at length on the subject of the introduction of liquor into the nation. There was complaint in the western portion of the nation because of the trade carried on by Indians of other tribes, although a great quantity had been destroyed that year by the light-horses. Smith blamed the Kickapoos, Caddoes, Creeks, and Seminoles as the principal offenders in the business:

"It is so easy for them to go to the little towns in Texas on the Red river, buy their whiskey, go up the Red river to some uninhabited part of the country, cross over to the Canadian, where they generally dispose of it to any person that wants it. This whiskey trade cannot be altogether suppressed until the several states adjoining the Indian territory shall pass such laws as will prevent the sale of ardent spirits altogether."

In the General Appropriation Bill of the Second Session of the Legislature of the Chickasaw Nation the name of Allen Greenwood is carried as light-horseman to whom \$2.00 was due. The sum of \$30.00 appropriated in pay Conchee for services as light-horseman in 1853.

During the extra session of the legislature Governor Cyrus Harris approved an Act on November 28, 1857 to pay Oku-cha Tabby \$40.00 for his services as light-horseman; Muthie-cha received \$18.75 which had been due since 1850 and Nelson Fraizer was paid the same amount for work as a light-horseman in 1853.²

While no further mention is made of the appointment, duties and services of a body of men called "Light-Horse" in the Chickasaw Laws, frequent reference is made to sheriffs and constables who evidently attended to the duties fulfilled by the light-horse in the other nations of the Five Civilized Tribes.

In October, 1853, Governor D. Colbert approved an act of the legislature by which county judges were empowered to appoint four men in each county, "to act as patrol, to keep down all disorderly conduct which may be committed by negroes roving about through the country without a pass from the owners. The said patrol shall be required to ride three times a week, and shall receive four dollars a month for such services, and to be paid out of the County Treasury."

The act provided that if any Negro was "found away from home without a pass, or a permit to trade, from their owners, he, she, or they were to receive thirty-nine lashes on their bare back, by the patrol or any [other] citizen of the nation."

The County Court was directed to appoint the patrol wherever they would be of the most benefit to the county. When notified of their appointment the men were directed to meet at the County Court and elect two captains, and adopt rules as to the length of time a pass was valid. "The County Judge shall administer the oath to the patrol, and it shall extend to the faithful performance as patrol."³

-Caroline Thomas Foreman

¹ Fort Smith Herald, January 10, 1852, p. 2, col. 3; Great Foreman, *The Five Civilized Tribes* (Norman, 1934), p. 119.

² *Constitution, Laws, and Treaties of the Chickasaw* (Tishomingo City, 1860), pp. 91, 92, 94.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 166-67.

REVIEW OF CHICKASAW EDUCATION BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

Notes on Chickasaw schools before the Civil War, have been contributed in manuscript by Dr. Frank A. Balyeat, of the School of Education in The University of Oklahoma, based on his Ph. D. Dissertation "Education in Indian Territory," presented at Leland Stanford Junior University (1927). He points out that the Indian Agent reported in 1842 that there were no Chickasaw schools at this time and "no preachers of any denomination in the Chickasaw District." The first church organized among members of this nation after their arrival in the Indian Territory, however, was the "Chickasaw Church" at Boggy Depot in 1840, by the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Mission, the Reverends C. C. Copeland and Cyrus Kingsbury. This church was an outlying station visited by Presbyterian missionary preachers at stated intervals, the organization continuing at Old Boggy Depot until the late 1880's. Also, in 1844, the Methodist Episcopal Church had a mission and school at "Pleasant Grove" overlooking distant Fort Washita in the Chickasaw District, farthest west of any mission on the frontier. The foundations of the main building, the old well and a few old fruit trees still mark the site of this early mission about two miles west of present Emet, in Johnston County.

Before the removal (1837-38), there were four mission schools in operation among the Chickasaws in Mississippi, under the auspices of the American Board, the first "Monroe," having been established in 1821.¹ All were closed and the properties sold when the Chickasaws came west. The first mission and school, called "Charity Hall," had been established among them in Mississippi in 1820, by the Reverend Robert Bell under the auspices of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.² The mission was closed in 1832, but the work of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was continued later in the Indian Territory in the operation of Barney Academy, the location of which was about one and half miles east of present Lebanon, in Marshall County, the name of the school being changed several times in the history of the Chickasaws (including the names, "Lebanon Institute" and "Chickasaw Orphan Home"). The establishment of a boarding school under the Cumberland Presbyterian Board was provided by a law of the Chickasaw Council in 1854, signed by Dougherty Colbert as "Financial Chief" and Cyrus Harris as Clerk, appropriating \$3,000 for the school (and the same sum for the school every year thereafter) to be built in Wichita County, Chickasaw District, Choctaw Nation (the region that later became Pickens

¹ Joseph Tracy, "History of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions," *History of American Missions to the Heathen* (Worcester: Spooner & Boardman, 1840).

² Carolyn Thomas Foreman, "Charity Hall: An Early Day Chickasaw School," *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, Vol. IX, No. 3 (September, 1933).

County, Chickasaw Nation).³ The building of the school was begun but further appropriation was needed to complete the work, provided in an act of the Chickasaw Legislature in 1857, allowing \$5,000 out of the tribal funds and referring to the school as "Burney Institute."⁴ The Reverend P. D. Piner was appointed as the first superintendent of "Burney Academy" but the opening of the school was delayed. In 1858, the Reverend Robert S. Bell and his wife were sent by the Cumberland Board to teach the Chickasaw girls at this new school. Mr. and Mrs. Bell began their work, and remained at their post throughout the Civil War though all help from the Board was cut off in the latter years of the War.⁵ The post office "Burney Academy," Chickasaw Nation, was established here on July 3, 1860, with Robert S. Bell as postmaster.⁶

The following notes on Chickasaw schools before the Civil War are offered here from Dr. Balyeat's manuscript on "Education in the Indian Territory," based on annual reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the years mentioned and on the article "Bloomfield Academy and Its Founder," *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, (Vol. II, No. 4 December, 1934, pp. 366-79):

EARLY CHICKASAW SCHOOLS

No tribe migrated to the Indian Territory with such available wealth for financing schools as the Chickasaws. They had begun to pay for pupils in colleges in the States and to the Choctaw Academy, in Kentucky, but otherwise had attempted nothing as a tribe in schooling their children in their own schools. Their long stay among the Choctaws after coming west, the opportunity to attend the schools of their kinsmen and the constant shifting of their settlements in the 1840's,—all tended to delay the beginnings of schools. During this time a minority of more alert parents were demanding the same chances for their children as the other tribes were getting under way, in the Indian Territory.

Tribe's Appeal for Schools: In 1842 the Chickasaws petitioned the Secretary of War for a large manual labor boarding school in their Nation, to which they might send the boys then attending schools back in the States. This proposal, as well as some made to the various Church denominations, was so painfully delayed that the tribesmen naturally became discouraged and less inclined to look to the whites for help or guidance. The few missionaries who came among them had such small staffs of workers that there were fewer schools conducted as part of the mission station work than was true in other Nations. Few of these continued after beginning. In 1847 the Chickasaw agent stated in his report that there was not a school in the Nation, the only teacher there that year having abandoned his post before the end of the term. The report stated, also, that there were no missionaries remaining in the Chickasaw Nation.

³ Indian Archives, Oklahoma Historical Society, *Acts—Chickasaw Nation*, Vol. 64, Session of October, 1854, Sec. 22.

⁴ Indian Archives, Oklahoma Historical Society, *Laws of the Chickasaw Nation, 1856-1857*, p. 70.

⁵ McDonald, *History of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church* (Nashville, 1896).

⁶ George H. Shirk, "First Post Offices Within the Boundaries of Oklahoma," *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, Vol. XXVI, No. 2 (Summer, 1948).

New Boarding Schools: About 1848 the school situation began to brighten. Some of the proposals to church societies were bearing fruit, some boarding schools were being arranged for, and one building was actually under construction. Beginning in 1851, Bloomfield Academy, the Chickasaw Manual Labor Academy, Wapanucka Institute and Colbert Institute in turn began operation under contracts with various mission societies. Methodists and Presbyterians took the lead in this field. These boarding schools had gotten well under way when the Civil War came.

Bloomfield Academy: The Chickasaw boarding school with the longest history is Bloomfield, and probably no other has occupied so large a place in the history of this Indian Nation. It began as a Methodist school in 1853, when the Reverend J. H. Carr laid the foundations for what was to become one of the outstanding opportunities for Chickasaw girls. He taught a day school in 1853-54 while the dormitory buildings were being erected. It was located three miles from Red River, just across from Denison, Texas (southwest of present Achille, Bryan County). In trying to direct a stranger to this new and unnamed school, he called special attention to the flowering field about it, and the name "Bloomfield" was suggested and adopted.

Then came a contract with the Nation for 45 girls, but as the dormitory facilities were still inadequate only 30 were enrolled the first three years (1853-1856). The Nation appropriated \$1,000 for the board of the pupils. In 1857, the tribal allowance was \$3,000 and the Methodist, \$600. The following year the enrolment increased to 54, with an average daily attendance of 45. The quota was kept at 45, and as every vacancy was immediately filled by some one on the waiting list, no attendance records were considered necessary. The course was largely elementary, with some attention to home-making. The Chickasaw legislative allowance in 1859, covered all of the child's expenses except clothing, for which an additional \$12 each per year was provided. In 1860, the National quota of pupils was raised to 60. In that year music was a specialty, "the most advanced have taken lessons on the melodeon."

Bloomfield escaped the ravages of war, but so many fathers were called to arms that the girls were taken home in the summer of 1861. Part of the staff remained at the farm and depended for support on what could be gained there as salaries were discontinued. The only school work carried on was a three hours' session in the mornings. A part of the time some of the children of the community attended.

Chickasaw Manual Labor Academy: Five years after migrating the Chickasaws began an agitation to have their money applied on a boarding school in their own Nation so they might be spared the expense and inconvenience of sending their boys to the States. In 1842, they petitioned the Secretary of War for such approval, but for some unexplained reason matters dragged badly. Plans were drawn and a contract was made with the Methodist Missionary Society in December 1844, for a large co-educational academy. Then the sanction of the War Department was awaited. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs Report for 1846 states that eighteen months had elapsed since the plans and contracts were submitted to Washington, but the only reply had been some changes suggested by the Secretary of War.

The next year the Commissioner reported that after three years of anxiety and agitation on the part of the tribe no school was yet in sight and the Indians were getting discouraged. Finally, in 1848, construction began on the building, but work was painfully slow due, in part, to the remoteness of the country for much of the necessary materials. The summer of 1852 is the first recorded report. No wonder the Chickasaws grew discouraged. Eight or ten years of needless delay such as was never visited on other tribes was enough to make them distrustful of the white people, and cause them to adopt means of spending their money without



Wapanucka Academy, Chickasaw Nation. Building erected 1851-52, from white limestone quarried in the vicinity.



Hintonfield Academy, Chickasaw Nation, opened 1863. This view of last building erected on the original site in 1898, burned 1914.

the guidance of the government or church societies. Much of the later educational fiasco of the Chickasaws is due to law modifications on the part of their leaders, but some biases can surely be traced to unfortunate contacts with whites in these early and important years.

Mrs. Carr states in her account (op. cit.) of Bloomfield that in 1851 Mr. Robinson established a school for boys near Tishomingo. That year is probably the beginning of what the Chickasaws had awaited so long. Under date of August 20, 1852, J. C. Robinson reported as superintendent of Chickasaw Manual Labor Academy, and he continued in that capacity until classes were suspended because of the Civil War. At the end of the second year this Academy was made a school for boys, the places of the girls who were now transferred to Bloomfield were taken by beginning boys, though many of them grown, knowing neither letters nor the English language and civilization. The 1854 report shows an enrollment of 120 which was maintained till the Civil War. Prior to the War the school was a joint enterprise between the Nation and the church, the former paid \$7,000 per year most of the time and the latter promising \$1,500, but most of the years the Church actually paid nearly \$2,000. The National payment was to meet the expense of board, washing, making and mending clothes, educating, books, stationery, and medical attendance for one hundred youths, many of them men. Material for clothing was furnished by the guardian or parent. In 1867, there was an additional Chickasaw legislative appropriation of \$1,250, and this sort of supplemental aid seemed to have been given as the need arose. The quota of pupils dropped to 46 in 1861, but the amounts appropriated by the Nation and the church were as before.

Superintendent Robinson had an ambition in founding and conducting this school that was not excelled elsewhere in the Indian territory. To him "manual training" meant farming and stock raising, and no mention is ever made of shops except of the kind that practical farming could and should use. In 1856, he stated that he was trying to teach scientific farming. The next year the school force was milking forty cows and farming 160 acres. The year 1866 found him installing a sawmill and flour-mill. He said, "Our object in all this is to teach not only our scholars, but the Nation, in the knowledge of books only, but of things practical, profitable and useful and to place before them the advantage of the use of machinery and farming implements such as the reaper, threshing, corn-sheller, coal-cruiser, roller, etc." He encouraged the reading of farm papers. How refreshing this program is in contrast with some classes so popular then in some of the other Nations, and how unfortunate these ideas were dropped by the Chickasaw school after the War.

Wapanucka Institute: The early years of Wapanucka Institute marked one of the brightest spots in Chickasaw school history. At the time the Methodists were starting a boys' school near Tishomingo, the Presbyterians were beginning a similar opportunity for classes at Wapanucka. School opened in October 1852 and during the year enrolled 40 pupils, turning away many other applicants for lack of teachers. The next year the school grew to 100, but had to be discontinued because of the physical break-down of the teachers.⁷ In 1854 the Reverend Mr. Balentine, who had begun the work, was succeeded by S. H. Wilson as superintendent. Superintendent Wilson's report for 1856 showed 111 girls enrolled under a teaching staff of 8. There were 3 ladies assigned to instruction and 3 to directing domestic work. Arrangements for teaching home economics

⁷ The history of "Wapanucka Institute" and notations and references to this Chickasaw school appear in the article on "The Ballentines, Father and Son, in the Indian Territory," by Carolyn Thomas Foreman in this issue of *The Chronicles*, pp. 425-35. For further references on Chickasaw education, see Mrs. Foreman's article "Education Among the Chickasaws," *ibid.*, Vol. XV, No. 2 (June, 1937).

were unique: The entire enrollment was divided into families with all sizes of girls represented in each group, and a lady assigned to each family. Under such arrangements the household work was done with the attempt to make their school life approximate as near as possible what they might have at home. In 1858, the girls were classified in three groups for instruction purposes. Of these, 47 pupils were in primary classes, from those learning the alphabet to those who could read words of two syllables; 35 were in the needle class and others, called "Third," seemed to have upper elementary grades. The older girls had to memorize the whole of Tower's Grammar and were struggling with *Nay's Third Part Arithmetick*. No high school work seems to have been done.

—Frank A. Ralston, Ph.D.

NOTES ON HISTORY OF WYANDOT IN OKLAHOMA

A recent addition to the Indian Archives is the original *Journal* of the Wyandot Indian councils, the first entry dated 1848 in Kansas, having been presented to the Oklahoma Historical Society by the present Wyandot chief, Lawrence Zane, of Miami, Oklahoma. This volume contains the Wyandot Roll listing members of the tribe by blood who established their tribal government in their new reservation in the Indian Territory (1871) by the terms of the "Omnibus Treaty" with the United States in 1867. A band of 200 Wyandot led by Chief Matthew Mudgett had been living on the some 30,000 acre reserve in present Ottawa County since 1833, secured in an agreement with their old friends, the Senecas of Sandusky headed by Chief Little Tom Spicer. The following review of history on the Wyandot has been contributed by Velma Nieberding, of Miami, Oklahoma:

—The Editor

THE WYANDOT TRIBE TODAY

Under the Treaty of 1855, the Wyandots who had emigrated to Kansas in 1843 and settled on 39 sections of land lying in the fork of the Missouri and Kansas Rivers (the present site of Kansas City, Kansas) discarded their treaty and tribal rights and became citizens of the United States. The Treaty of 1865 gave them the immunities and privileges of other citizens, including the right to sell their lands.

Actually not all the Wyandots were ready or capable of assuming this responsibility of citizenship, although they were predominantly white at that date because of intermarriage. By 1867, many of them were homeless, having sold their lands and used up their money.

Many years before the Wyandots had befriended the Senecas by giving them forty thousand acres of land on the Sandusky river in Ohio (Treaty of 1817). The Senecas had promised their Wyandot benefactors that should misfortune ever overwhelm them they would take them in as brothers and give them a home. Now they made their ancient promise good and conveyed a strip of land 30,000 acres across the north end of the Seneca Reservation in the Indian Territory, to the Wyandots. A large

number of the tribe came to the Territory and settled under the leadership of Matthew Mudeater, Chief.¹

Leaders of the Wyandot Tribe at this time included Elias Armstrong, Francis A. Hicks, William Walker (who had served Provisional Governor of the Territory of Nebraska) John Greyeyes, Isaac Zane and others. Tribal relations were re-established after all the Wyandots moved to Indian Territory in 1871. Their reservation lands were divided and allotted in 1897.

Federal restrictions have been removed from all members of the tribe and each adult Indian is permitted to lease, sell or use his land as he chooses. Wyandot farms are well developed and some of them are still occupied by the original allottees, among these being Olive Zane Long and Charley Hobitallie. Federal relations of the tribe are maintained through the Quapaw Indian Sub-Agency located at Miami and the Muskogee Area Office in the Indian Service at Muskogee, Oklahoma.

The Seneca Indian School, established on Wyandot land in 1872, is one of the oldest Indian schools in the Southwest. Pupils receive classwork from the first through the sixth grades. The institution operates a 1,235 acre farm with 300 acres in cultivation. Sixteen Indian tribes were represented in the September, 1956, enrollment.

According to Chief Lawrence Zane, there are 899 Wyandots on the roll with approximately 158 living in the old reservation area. Members of the present tribal council include Chief Zane, who had held office since 1950; Mrs. Ruth Walters, Secretary-Treasurer; Leonard Cotter, Second Chief; Henry Wright, First councilman and Hugh Wright, Second Councilman.

A new state park, built on former Wyandot land and located near Twin Bridges in Ottawa County, Oklahoma, will honor the Wyandot Tribe since it bears the name of the present tribal Chief, Lawrence E. Zane, Miami. A marker will be erected in the 67 acre park commemorating the history of the tribe and of the Zane family. Somewhere and sometime during the years the old tribal and ethnological spelling of the name changed from WYANDOT to WYANDOTTE which is found in many records.²

Tribal ceremonies which used to include the Green Corn Dance, the Blackberry festival, the Sun Dance and others, are no longer observed although the tribe meets occasionally for a picnic or outing. Wyandots however, join their friends of other tribes for Indian festivities such as the Seneca Green Corn Dance and the Shawnee Round Dance.

—Verna Niederling

AN 1839 DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

A quaint and half forgotten volume published in 1834 at Amherst, Massachusetts, and now in the Oklahoma collection of the Reverend Vernon Pendleton, of Enid, gives striking evidence that the Red Man has never been entirely without friends and advocates among his white brethren. In 1829, Dr. Heman Humphrey was

¹ Grant Foreman, *The Last Trek of the Indians* (Chicago, 1946), p. 197.

² The spelling *Wyandot* was agreed upon by the Bureau of American Ethnology and the Indian Bureau, and is the adopted form among the Indian names listed under this agreement (Charles Kappler, *Indian Affairs, Laws and Treaties*, Vol. 1 [Washington, 1903], p. 1021).—Ed.

President of Amherst College. His addresses were collected and published under the title *Discourses and Reviews*, in which the "Publisher's Notice" read:

When the "poor Indian" began to feel the effects of the recent encroachments upon his rights, no one sympathized more deeply with his wrongs, than did the Author of this volume. He was perhaps the first, who uttered remonstrances from the pulpit against Indian oppression: and his powerful appeal, though it was ineffectual, is worthy of enduring remembrance.

This number of *The Chronicles of Oklahoma* presents Dr. Humphrey's address for it is indeed a powerful appeal brought to light and entitled to preservation in the history of Oklahoma, the last homeland of many American Indian tribes:

—George H. Shirk

INDIAN RIGHTS AND OUR DUTIES*

The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised robbery; and have vexed the poor and needy: yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully. And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none. Therefore have I poured out mine indignation upon them; I have consumed them with the fire of my wrath: their own way have I recompensed upon their heads, saith the Lord God.—Ezekiel.

About nine hundred years before this appalling record was made by the prophet, God denounced against Israel the very punishment which is here declared to have been inflicted. This denunciation was communicated to the people by their great law-giver, at the foot of Mt. Sinai. 'Thou shalt neither vex a stranger nor oppress him; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child; if thou afflict them in any wise and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows and your children fatherless.'

How long the Israelites remembered their own sufferings in Egypt, and were restrained from deeds of violence and oppression, we are not informed. But we learn from Ezekiel, that regardless of justice and humanity, and in defiance of the wrath of God revealed from heaven, they at length used oppression and exercised robbery, and vexed the poor and needy, and oppressed the stranger wrongfully. 'And though the prophets and some few others boldly remonstrated, though they exhorted the people to repent and would fain have averted the threatened judgments by their prayers, they were borne down and disheartened by the overwhelming torrent of corruption. No man in authority was found to second their efforts. Neither the king, nor any of his nobles or counsellors stood in the gap. None of them employed their abilities and influence, to stop the progress of wickedness and rescue those who were crying to God from under the hand of violence: wherefore, he poured out his fury upon the people and consumed them with the fire of his anger.'

And is there no moctory voice addressed to our own nation in all this? Or if there be, are we at liberty to place it on the same ground with other ancient historical records? Woe to the politician, woe to the

* Delivered at Amherst, Hartford, &c. Dec. 1829.

morelist, who shall attempt thus to bring down the writings of Moses and the Prophets, to a level with Josephus and Tacitus. If the historical and prophetic books of the Old Testament are true, they are inspired, and 'are profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

Perhaps of all nations, whether ancient or modern, we are most deeply interested in the dealings of God with the children of Israel. In looking back upon their deliverances and their sins, most emphatically may we repeat and appropriate to ourselves the words of Paul to the Corinthians. 'Now all these things happened unto them for examples, and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.'

Are we then, of these United States, chargeable with violence, oppression, and robbery? Is the unoffending and beseeching stranger anywhere vexed and persecuted in this boasted land of religion, justice, and humanity? Is there an individual, is there a whole people at the present moment, suffering from our rapacity, and trembling at our cruel menaces? Would God that we could indignantly answer these questions in the negative. Would God that the recorded testimony of our encroachments upon the sacred rights of humanity could be prevented from crossing the ocean in every ship, to excite the loud derision of all the enemies of republican institutions.

I allude not here to African servitude. For terrible as it is o'er one half of the land, it is a hereditary curse and shame, against which the constituted authorities of the nation in obedience to the voice of the people, long since bore their solemn testimony by prohibiting the importation of slaves.

But there is another, and a still more interesting people, dwelling within the limits of what we have been pleased to mark off as our national territory, who have already been subjected, I had almost said, to a harder fate than the Africans themselves. The first European settlers found them here, the immemorial possessors and undisputed lords of the country: and what has become of those powerful tribes that two centuries ago dwell where we now dwell; and kindled their watch-fires where our proud cities rise; and owned all these rivers, and bays, and harbors, and great lakes, and lofty mountains, and fertile valleys? Where are they? A nobler race of wild men never existed in any age or country. We are accustomed to speak of them as ferocious savages. And it is true that they were uncivilized. They had no schools, nor Colleges. They had never enjoyed the blessed light of Christianity; and in their wars with one another, they were as cruel, as they were brave and crafty. It is true, also, that when we began to extend our settlements far into the country, and they saw us in possession of their finest hunting grounds and fisheries, they became jealous of us and being instigated by the French, who then flanked our whole northern and western frontier, from the gulph of St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Missouri, they made depredations upon our property and cruelly butchered some of our people.

All this is true. But savage as they were, they bore with our gradual encroachments much longer than we should have borne with theirs under similar circumstances, and taught us lessons which may well put to the blush all our boasted religion and civilization.

'The Indians,' says Dr. Trumbull, 'at the first settlement of our fathers, performed many acts of kindness towards them. They instructed them in the manner of planting and dressing the Indian corn. They carried them safe through rivers and waters. They gave them much useful information respecting the country, and when the English and their children were lost in the woods, and they were in danger of perishing with hun-

ger, or cold, they conducted them to their wigwams, fed them, and restored them to their families and parents. By selling them corn when plucked with famine, they relieved their distresses, and prevented their perishing in a strange land and uncultivated wilderness.' The same historian tells us, that it was nearly sixteen years after the settlement of Plymouth, before the Indians commenced hostilities upon their English neighbors; and again that the English lived in tolerable peace with all the Indians in New England, except the Pequots, for about forty years.'

Thus, when we were few and they were many,—we were weak and they were strong,—instead of driving us back into the sea, as they might have done at any time, they cherished our perilous infancy, and tendered to us the sacred emblems of peace. They gave us land as much as we wanted, or sold it to us or nothing. They permitted us quietly to clear up the wilderness, and to build habitations, and school houses, and churches. And when everything began to smile around us, under the combined influence of industry, education, and religion, these savages did not come to us and say, 'We want your houses—we want your fine cultivated farms; you must move off. There is room enough for you beyond the western rivers, where you may settle down on a better soil, and begin anew.'

Nor, when we were strongly attached to our fire sides, and to our father's sepulchres, did they say, 'You are mere tenants at will; We own all the land, and if you insist upon staying longer, you must dissolve your government and submit to such laws as we choose to make for you.'

No.—the Indian tribes of the seventeenth century, knew nothing of these modern refinements; they were no such adepts in the law of nature and nations. They allowed us to abide by our own council fires, and to govern ourselves as we chose, when they could either have dispossessed, or subjugated us at pleasure. We did remain, and we gradually waxed still and strong. We wanted more land, and they sold it to us at our own price. Still we were not satisfied. There was room enough to the west, and we advised them to move farther back. If they took our advice, well; if not, we knew how to enforce it. And where are those once terrible nations now? Driven alternately by purchase and by conquest, from river to river, and from mountain to mountain, they have disappeared with their own gigantic forests, and we, their enlightened heirs at law and the sword, now plough up their bones with as much indifference as we do their arrows. Shall I name the Mohegans, the Pequots, the Iroquois, and the Mohawks? What has become of them, and of a hundred other independent nations which dwell on this side of the Mississippi, when we landed at Plymouth and at Jamestown? Here and there, as at Penobscot, and Marshpee, and Onondis, you may see a diminutive and downcast remnant, wandering like troubled ghosts among the graves of their mighty progenitors. Our trinkets, our threats, our arms, our whiskey, our bribes, and our vices, have all but annihilated those vast physical and intellectual energies of a native population, which for more than a hundred and fifty years, could make us quake and flee at pleasure, throughout all our northern, western, and southern borders.

There is something more than metaphor, more than the wild flowers of Indian rhetoric, in the speech of a distinguished chief to General Knox, about the close of the last century. 'Brother, I have been looking at your beautiful city—the great waters—your fine country, and I see how you all are. But then I could not help thinking that this fine country, and this great water were once ours. Our ancestors lived here; they enjoyed it as their own place;—it was the gift of the Great Spirit to them and their children. At last the white people came here in a great canoe. They asked us only to let them tie it to a tree, lest the waters should carry it away, we consented. They said some of their people were sick, and asked

leave to land them and put them under the shade of the trees. The ice then came and they could not go away. They begged for a piece of land to build wigwams for the winter; we granted it to them. Then they asked for some corn to keep them from starving; and we kindly furnished it to them.

Afterwards more came. They brought spirituous and intoxicating liquors with them, of which the Indians were very fond. They persuaded us to sell them some land. Finally they drove us back from time to time, into the wilderness, far from the water and the fishes. They have destroyed the game; and our people have wasted away; and now we live miserable and wretched, while you are enjoying our fine and beautiful country. This makes me sorry, brother, and I cannot help it.

Here is truth and nature; nor is there less of either in the speech of the famous Logan to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia.

'My cabin, since I had one of my own, has ever been open to any white man who wanted shelter. My spoils of hunting, since first I began to range these woods, have I ever imparted to appease his hunger, to clothe his nakedness. But what have I seen? What! But that at my return at night, laden with spoil, my numerous family lie bleeding on the ground by the hand of those who had found my little hut a certain refuge from the storm, who had eaten my food, who had covered themselves with my skins. What have I seen? What! But that those dear little mouths for which I had all day toiled, when I returned to fill them, had not one word to thank me for all that toil.

What could I resolve upon! My blood boiled within me. My heart leaped to my mouth! Nevertheless I bid my tomahawk to quiet and lie at rest for that war, because I thought the great men of your country sent them not to do it. Not long after, some of your men invited our tribe to cross the river and bring their vengeance with them. They came as they had been invited. The white men made them drunk, murdered them, and turned their knives even against the women. Was not my own sister among them? Was she not scalped by the hands of the very man whom she had taught to escape his enemies, when they were scouting out his track? What could I resolve upon? My blood boiled thrice hotter than before. Thrice again my heart leaped to my mouth. I bade no longer my tomahawk be quiet and rest for that war.

I sprang from my cabin to avenge their blood, and fully have I done it in this war, by shedding yours, from your coldest to your hottest sun. I am now for peace— to peace have I advised most of my countrymen. Nay, what is more, I have offered, I will offer myself a victim, being ready to die if their good requires it. Think not that I fear death. I have no relatives left to mourn for me. Logan's blood runs in no veins but these. I would not turn on my heel to save my life; and why should I? For I have neither wife nor child nor sister to howl for me when I am gone!

Gone is the mighty warrior, the terrible avenger, the heart-bursting orator, Gone is the terror and glory of his nation; and gone forever from our elder states, are the red men, who, like Saul and Jonathan, were 'swifter than eagles, and stronger than lions,' and who with the light and advantages which we enjoy, might have rivalled us in wealth and power—in the senate and forum,— as I am sure that they would have surpassed us in magnanimity and justice.

But while the besom of destruction has thus swept away more than nine tenths of the aboriginal sovereignties of the country, a few of the more southern tribes have hitherto escaped, though greatly reduced both in numbers and territory. And where is the philanthropist, who has not rejoiced to see these tribes emerging so rapidly from pagan darkness and

coming into the light of well regulated, civil, and Christian communities? How delightful has it been to dwell on the hope that the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and their aboriginal neighbors, on this side the great river of the west, would be permitted to make their new and glorious experiment upon the soil which God gave to their fathers. How lately did the visions of their future intellectual and moral greatness shed the glories of a new creation upon all their mountains and plains!

But what cloud is that which now darkens their heavens? What voices of supplication and woe are heard from all their dwellings? The crisis of their fate has suddenly come. The decree has gone forth. The most unjust and oppressive measures are in train, either to drive 70,000 unoffending people from the soil on which they were born, into distant wilds where most of them will perish, or to dissolve their independent governments, rob them of their lands, and bring them under strange laws, the very design of which is to break down their national spirit, and insure their speedy extermination.

To go fully into the great question of Indian rights which is now pending before the American people, and which ought to rouse up all the holy sympathies of humanity, justice, and religion in the land, would require a volume; but the facts in the case, on which the verdict of all generations must rest, may be stated in a few words.

What then are the facts in the case before us—facts which it is impossible to dispute without first burning up all the records at Washington? What are the rights of the Cherokees and of the other Tribes within the chartered limits of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi? What is their present condition? What are the evils which now threaten them? And what is the course, which the general government is solemnly bound to pursue in this emergency?

The Indian tribes, then, whose fate at this moment hangs in awful suspense, are, and always have been, distinct national sovereignties. In their present location they have all the rights of preoccupation. The first white settlers found them in the undisputed possession of the wilderness, which they are now so fast turning into a fruitful field—and of much larger and more fertile territories, which they have ceded to the United States. The land was theirs by the highest possible title. The Creator and Proprietor of all lands gave it to them. Our government has always treated them as bodies politic, enjoying not merely the right of occupancy, but of absolute property and self-control on their respective reservations.

Solemn Treaties have been made with them, by all our Presidents. In every one of these treaties the faith of the nation is pledged; and I bless God that hitherto that faith has never been violated. Such is the solemn and cruel mockery, (if the treaties be not binding,) by which the Cherokees, and other tribes at the south, have been induced to make cession after cession, to the United States. Till more than three fourths of their original territory, including nearly all the most fertile tracts, are in our hands. And they indulged the hope, no doubt, that a magnanimous people would at least be satisfied to leave them their sterile mountains, and few remaining valleys without molestation—certainly without violent seizure. But in this, alas, they find themselves grievously disappointed. 'Give, give,' is the insatiable cry, which continues to vex their ears and sadden their hearts.

They are now distinctly told, 'You can no longer be tolerated as distinct nations here. A sovereign and independent state cannot permit the existence of other sovereignties within its limits. We want your lands, and we are determined to have them. You must set your faces with your wives and children towards the Rocky Mountains, and settle down where you will have more room and be better off. Do you say you will not go?

Then stay, and take the consequences. We shall soon make you repent of your obstinacy. Put out your council fires—demolish your court-houses—burn up your laws—depose your chiefs—and come under our jurisdiction. This is the Alternative which is now presented to 70,000 men, women and children, in the 19th century, and under the sanction of the most enlightened and christian republic on earth!! O tell it not in Gath! If such a construction of the most solemn treaties, and guarantees is to prevail; if the faith of this great nation is thus to be given to the four winds, then let me plead for the Indians while I may—for who can tell how long I shall be permitted to enjoy this, or any other constitutional right?

But why are the Choctaws, and Cherokees, so unwilling to remove? What is their present condition? and what are the prospects which are opening upon them, if permitted to remain where they are? Full answers to these questions, would require hours, instead of a few moments. The truth is, that a mighty change is taking place in the character, and condition, of the southern Indians. Under the influence of industrious habits, of education, of religion, and of efficient laws, they are waking up to a new existence. It may be doubted, whether civilization ever advanced faster in any part of the world, than it is now advancing in some of their districts. Having abandoned the chase, multitudes of them are living in the enjoyment of independence and plenty, in comfortable houses, and upon their own well cultivated farms. They wear their own domestic fabrics. They have their mills, their mechanics, their labor-saving machinery, their schools, and their own Cadmus, too, under whose instruction, a nation may almost literally learn to read in a day. They have, too, their legislative assemblies; (their courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction; their juries; and nearly all the safeguards of life, liberty, and property, which exist in the best regulated communities. For the suppression of intemperance, gaming, and other kindred vices, it may safely be affirmed, that they have as good laws as any of their English neighbors, and they execute them far better. To give a single example. 'A case occurred in the Cherokee nation last spring, where one of the judges of the circuit court, on finding the air of the court house strongly impregnated with whiskey, ordered the sheriff to follow certain suspected persons to their haunts in the woods, where he found and poured out the contraband article before their eyes. By the same judge, six men were fined fifty dollars each for gambling, and one was fined for profane swearing.' Add to all this, the Christian religion is taking deep root and rapidly filling the wilderness with churches and songs of salvation, under the instructions of pious teachers, and the remarkable effusion of the Holy Spirit.

Now in view of these facts and brightening prospects, can it be wondered at, that the Indians are unwilling to remove? And who that has a home of his own and a heart of flesh in his bosom, can wish them to go, contrary to their will? Who that is not dead to sympathy, and deaf to justice, can resist the imploring appeal, which was lately made by a Choctaw chief, to the agent of our government? I wish a copy of it could be placed in every dwelling in the land, and read every evening in every domestic circle. Till every child should learn it by heart.

'We do not wish to sell our land and remove. This land our great Father above gave us. We stand on it. We stood on it before the white man came to the edge of the American land. It belongs to no one in any place but ourselves. Our land is not borrowed land. White men came and sat down here and there all around us. When they wished to buy land of us, we have had good councils together. The white man always said, the land is yours, it is yours.' Poor simple souls! These savages thought the white men meant as they said, and would do as they promised!

'We have always been true friends to the American people. We have not spoiled the least thing belonging to an American. But now we are

told, that the king of Mississippi is about to extend his laws over us. We, the chiefs and beloved men in this nation, are distressed. Our hands are not strong; we are a small people; we do not know much. We are distressed. Colonel Ward knows, that we have just begun to build new houses, and make new fields, and purchase iron. We have begun to make axes, hoes, and ploughs. We have some schools. We have begun to learn, and we have also begun to embrace the gospel.'

'We are like an infant that has just begun to walk; we have just begun to rise and go. And now our great father who sits in the white house looking this way, says to us: "Unless you go yonder, the white man will extend his laws over you." We do not say, that his words are new, but we are distressed. Oh that our great father would love us! Oh that the king of Mississippi would love us! The American people say they love liberty; they talk much about it. They boast of their own liberty. Why will they take it from the red men?'

Take it from the red men! With our consent neither the lands, nor the liberty of these red men shall ever be taken from them. Never! What! either drive them into the great western desert; then over the Rocky Mountains; and finally into the Pacific Ocean; or else dissolve their governments, and crush them where they are! God forbid that such inhumanity, that such injustice should ever stain the pages of our history. With my consent, such a record *shall not* go down to posterity. But how can I hinder it? I am but a humble individual. I can have but little influence any where, and none where influence is most needed. But as yet, I am free. I bless God, that I have a heart which cannot help being distressed for the poor, persecuted Indians. I have a voice, too, feeble though it be, and no man, without the scimitar or the bow-string shall hinder my pleading for the oppressed. I have a right to petition, to remonstrate, to implore, and God forbid that I should be silent. It shall be my aim and my glory at this fearful crisis, to still so many hearts, and tongues, and pens, and prayers as possible, in the sacred cause of humanity, of national faith, and of eternal justice. I had rather receive the blessing of one poor Cherokee, as he casts his last weeping look back upon his country, for having attempted to prevent his being driven from it, than to sleep beneath the marble of all the Cæsars.

Shall I be told that all this is idle preaching—that I have entirely mistaken the policy of Georgia in reference to the Cherokees—that she has no thoughts of compelling them to emigrate?—I am astonished that such an expedient should be resorted to, to quiet the friends of the Indians and to ward off public remonstrance. It is an insult offered to the common sense of the nation. What? Tell the Indians, 'We want your country and you had better leave it,—You can never be quiet and happy here!' And then, because they do not take your advice, cut it up into counties, declare all their laws and usages to be null and void, and substitute laws, which it is known they cannot live under; and then turn round and coolly tell the world, 'O, we mean no compulsion! The farthest in the world from it! If these people choose to stay, why by all means let them stay.' These are the tender mercies of which we shall undoubtedly learn more in due time. 'You have got a fine farm and I want it. It makes a notch in a corner of mine. I will help you to move *five hundred miles* into the wilderness, and there give you more and better land, which you may cultivate and enjoy without molestation, 'as long as grass grows and water runs.' You must go;—however, do just as you please. I shall never resort to any other compulsion, than just to lay you under certain restrictions. Perhaps, for instance, as I am the strongest and you have more land than you want, I may take two thirds, or three fourths of it from you; but then there shall be no compulsion! Stay upon what is left, if you choose. I may also find it necessary to ask you for your house, and if you should not give it up, I may be driven to the disagreeable necessity of chaining

you to a ring bell and giving you a few salutary stripes—not to compel you to flee from your country, (for compulsion, of all things, I abhor), but just to induce you to emigrate *voluntarily*.' This my friends, is the kind of *free agency* taught in the new school of metaphysics, which the Indians must learn and exercise whether they will or not—but as no such school is yet established in this part of the land, we must be excused in adhering, for the present, to our old fashioned notions of free agency, public faith, and common honesty.

I maintain, then, that it is the bounden duty of the General Government, to protect the Indians, not only in the enjoyment of their country, but of their laws, if it is possible for treaties to bind a nation in any case, then are we bound. If there is any such thing as public faith, then is ours solemnly pledged nearly twenty times over, to one single tribe. If that great pile of Indian Treaties, now in the office of State, is any thing more than a pile of frauds and insults, then the Government must interpose its strong arm to prevent aggression. Take the following as specimens of those compacts. Treaty of Holston, ART. 7. 'The United States solemnly guaranty to the Cherokee Nation all their lands not hitherto ceded.' Treaty of Tellico, Art. 6. 'The United States will continue the suzerainty of theirs, that is, the Cherokee country *FOREVER*, as made and contained in former treaties.' And who, let me ask, will stop to inquire, when the first jubilee of our independence is hardly past, whether our most solemn national pledges shall be redeemed? I feel confident that all the changes which can be rung upon state rights and that terrific *Imperium in Imperio*, will never satisfy the American people. The very summary process of disemboweling 70,000 persons by a novel construction of the Constitution, which begs the whole question—will never be sanctioned in the council of *Isidore million*. I repeat it—our government must defend the Indians against all encroachments and usurpations whatsoever, or stand convicted before the world, of a disregard to public faith which it makes one shudder to think of.

Under these circumstances, who can doubt, that if the voice of the whole American people could be heard in the Capitol tomorrow, a majority of them would implore and conjure both houses of Congress to interpose and save the character of the Nation? It is indeed the eleventh hour; but the Indians can be saved. The sovereignty of this great nation resides in the people; and what should hinder them from speaking in the ears of our rulers, 'like the voice of many waters?' Let them speak and the thing is done. The Indians can be saved with infinitely less expense of time and trouble, than it costs every four years, to decide whether A or B or C shall be our next President.

But perhaps some will despairingly ask, 'What can we do here, in *one corner of the land*? What can we do? We shall never know till we *TRY*. Injustice and cruelty have carried the day a thousand times through the mere apathy and discouragements of those who might have triumphed like Sampson. I will mention some things which we can do. We can feel for the persecuted remnant of that noble race of men, upon whose soil we are building up a great empire. We can commune together respecting their wrongs, and the dangers which surround them, till 'our hearts burn within us.' We can contribute in various ways, to lay the facts on which the justice of their cause rests, before such of our fellow-citizens as may not have had access to those facts. We can send in our petitions to Congress, and we can induce others to do the same. In the mean time it cannot be doubted, that the friends of justice and humanity will be active in every section of the country. Thus we may hope, that there will be a general and simultaneous movement of the people towards Washington.

And in this view of the case, will any one still demand 'Who are we, and what are our numbers that we should hope to gain a hearing in the

high places of power? I answer, we are, what our public servants delight to call us, *the sovereign people*—we are all the people, and that is enough. Every man in the nation, however poor, can go to Washington upon the business for nothing, as fast as the wheels of government can carry him. You understand perfectly what I mean. We can all be heard in the Senate house by our petitions, if we please. We can block up the avenues which lead to it with the multitude of our signatures; and whatever measures the voice of the nation shall demand, will ultimately be taken.

Above all, we can send up our united petitions to the Court of Heaven, where the cause of the poor and the oppressed is never disregarded. And if the sublime experiment which the southern tribes of Indians are making, of civilization and self government, should fail, through the cruel interference of white men, it is my solemn conviction, that it will be owing to the criminal supineness of those, who in heart and conscience are opposed to such interference. For I will not believe, I cannot believe, that the coveters of other men's vineyards, and their shelters in this land, are more than a lean minority of the whole people. If our government was despotic the case would be different. We should not be answerable for measures over which we would exercise no control. But living as we do, under rulers of our own choice, we are answerable if we neglect to exert our influence to the utmost in favor of righteousness, humanity, and public faith.

But suppose the worst—suppose the government should turn a deaf ear to all our remonstrances. Let us forget that duties are ours, while rights belong to God. If we do what we can, to save the Indians in this hour of their anguish and jeopardy, their blood will not be found in our skirts, though they should be trodden into the graves of their fathers, or be driven away to perish in deserts so remote that the "ill savor" of their carcases may not come up into the nostrils of their destroyers.

Do we then want motives for action, at this critical, this awful juncture? Such a crisis does not happen once in a century. Nothing like it is to be found in the history of our country hitherto, and I pray God that no such crisis may ever occur again. War has ravaged the land more than once, or twice, with its tempests of fire and blood; but the question was never agitated till now, whether the public faith is to be held sacred, or not. Who would have dared in the days of Washington, or Jefferson, to have breached such doctrines as have recently been promulgated by the highest authority in the nation? How long ago, think you, could any man have gained a hearing to arguments which, if admitted, go to annihilate the faith of all our treaties?

I repeat the assertion, that we have come to such a crisis, as neither we nor our fathers ever saw before. The great question is to be finally settled within a few months, perhaps weeks, whether whole, peaceable nations shall be dispossessed, or virtually enslaved, under the eye and with the approbation of a government, which is solemnly pledged to protect them. And do we want motives to remonstrate against this crying injustice? Really the motives are so many and so urgent,—they throng so importunately about my path, that I know not what to do with them. Threading the greater part of them aside, I can only bestow a moment upon some of the most prominent.

And the *first* motive is drawn from the immutable and eternal principles of humanity and justice. Humanity pleads for the Indians with all her inexhaustible sympathies and with all her eloquent tongues. They are distressed. They are vexed. They are persecuted. The bosoms of tens of thousands of unoffending people are heaving with a mighty and common agony—occasioned by the encroachments and menaces of those who ought to be their protectors. And where, if we do not speak and act, is our humanity.

Justice too, with all its irrefragable arguments, urges us to remonstrate and to act. The most sacred rights of four nations, living under our protection and confiding in our republican faith are invaded. And they cry to us for help. The heritage which God gave them is to be wrested from them; or, if permitted to retain the small portion of it which is now under cultivation, they are to be thrust down from their moral and political elevation, into the depths of dependency and ruin. And can any one who knows all this, sit still and be quiet.

What if only ten poor families in a remote corner of Maine or Missouri were threatened with similar outrage? Every man in the nation would rise up and blow the trumpet. What if some lordly oppressor, having already ten times as much land as he could cultivate, should go to these families and say, 'You must move off. I want your little farms, and will not take a denial.'—Ten millions of voices would answer in thunder, 'You shan't have them! No, never! These families have rights as well as you, and they shall be protected at all hazards.' And where, I ask, is the difference? In the case supposed there are *ten* families, and in that of the Indians now under consideration, there are *ten* or *fifteen thousand*! Where is the difference? Ah, the ten are *white* men, and the *ten thousand* are *red* men! Where is the difference? The former are protected in their rights by the *constitution*, and the latter by the solemn faith of *treaties*! There is the mighty difference!

A second motive, then, for stirring up all the moral power of this nation at this time, is found in the danger which threatens our own liberties. This suggestion I am aware, will be ridiculed by many, and regarded by most as the offspring of a terrified imagination. Let those who choose, cry, 'Peace, and safety,' and fold their arms and wait for the march of events. But if the people sit still, and look calmly on, while the Indians are abandoned to their fate, in violation of the most solemn national compacts, what security have we that the same government which deliberately breaks its treaties in the face of heaven and earth, will not ten, or twenty years hence, find some plausible pretext for turning its power and patronage against the constitution itself? And if it should, how long, think you, will these paper and parchment bulwarks of our stand? How long will it be a blessing to be born and live in America, rather than in Turkey, or under the Autocrat of all the Russias?

Do you tell me that there is no possible danger—that no man, or number of men, will ever dare to assail our free and glorious institutions. Let the history of past republics, or rather let their tombstones decide this point between us.—So it would have been said, when Washington and Jefferson were at the head of affairs, that nobody would ever dare to dismember, or enslave the Indians, protected as they are by almost a hundred and fifty treaties. And yet it is about to be done. And how much better is our parchment than theirs? If such encroachments, acquiesced in, do not prepare the way for putting shackles upon our children, they must be protected by higher conditions than constitutional bulwarks. This I am willing to leave upon record, and run the risk of its being laughed at, fifty years hence.

A *third* motive for earnest remonstrance at the present crisis, is found in the grand experiment which we as a nation are now making, before the whole world, of the superior excellence and stability of republican institutions. How many thousand times has the parallel been proudly drawn by our statesmen and orators, between this country and every other nation under heaven. How triumphantly has it been proclaimed in the ears of all mankind, that here, at least, all the rights of the weak as well as the strong have found a sure protection. But let the stroke which is now impending, fall upon the heads of the poor defenceless Indians, and who will not be heartily and forever ashamed of all this boasting? Who will ever

dare to say another word about the partition of Poland? Who, in a foreign land, will ever hereafter be willing to own that he is an American? How will all the enlightened friends of free institutions in other countries mourn over this indelible stigma upon our national character; and how will the enemies of equal rights triumph in our disgrace. Verily, 'we are made a spectacle to the world and to angels and to man.'

The *less* motive which I have time to mention, and can but just allude to, is, that there is a just God in heaven, and that sooner or later his wrath will wax hot against the nation that tramples upon the rights of its defenceless and imploring neighbors. Tell me not of your twelve millions of people—of the exploits of your armies and navy—of the unparalleled growth and inexhaustible resources of the country. What will all these avail when God shall come out of his place to 'make inquisition for blood?' Prouder and mightier nations than this have fallen, and how can we expect to escape, if we 'use oppression and exercise robbery, and vex the poor and needy?'

The Cherokees and Choctaws cannot, indeed, resist or arms. They lie at the mercy of their white neighbors. They are like little trembling flocks of kids, surrounded by lions. But enough they are too weak to meet us in the field, they are not too weak to lift up their cries to heaven against us. Though they are too few to defend their country against our rapacity, there are enough of them to 'appear as swift witnesses against us' in the Court above; and they will assuredly have the right of testifying secured to them there, however they may be restricted and oppressed in courts below. Their numbers are more than sufficient to bring down the judgments of God upon their cruel oppressors. Who then will 'make up the hedge and stand in the gap before Him for the land, that He should not destroy it?' The crisis is awful, and the responsibilities of our rulers and of the whole nation are tremendous! The Lord is a holy God, and he is jealous!