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*Samuel Miller*

ART. I.—*The Life and Times of Red-Jacket, or Sa-Go-Ye-Wat-Ha ; being the sequel to the History of the Six Nations.* By William L. Stone. Svo. pp. 484. New York and London. Wiley and Putnam. 1841.

IN the volume of the Repertory for January, 1839, we took a highly favourable notice of a larger work by the same author, containing an account of the "*Life and Times of Joseph Brant*," the famous Mohawk chief. We remarked, that, under this title, Colonel Stone, while he made Brant a conspicuous and very striking figure in his narrative, had contrived to embrace a large amount of interesting and instructive matter, and, in fact, had given an entirely new history of the war which issued in American Independence. It cannot be said that the volume before us comprehends as large a portion of the history of our country as the preceding work ; but we may truly say of this, as well as of that, that the "*Life of Red Jacket*" occupies a prominent place in a large and rich narrative, which brings to our view, in a manner no less instructive than interesting, a great number of facts and characters with which the life of the celebrated Orator of the Senecas was immediately or remotely connected.

The Seneca chief and orator, popularly known by the name of *Red Jacket*, was born about the year 1750, at a place called *Old Castle*, about three miles from the town

of Geneva, at the foot of Seneca Lake. Of his early history little is known, excepting that he was remarkable in his youth for great agility, and swiftness of foot, and was, on this account, often employed as a messenger among his own people; and afterwards, during the war of the American revolution, as a runner for the British officers engaged in the border service. His Indian name was Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, which signifies "He-keeps-them-awake." The name of *Red-Jacket*, by which he was so long and familiarly known among the white people, is said to have been acquired in the following manner:—During the war just mentioned, his activity and intelligence attracted the attention of several military officers in the service of the British crown, and acquired for him their friendship. One of them, either as a complimentary gratuity, or as a reward for services rendered, presented him with a *richly embroidered scarlet jacket*, which he took great delight and pride in wearing. When this was worn out, he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress, until it became a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterwards best known. At the treaty of 1794, held at Canandaigua, Captain Parish, one of the interpreters in the service of the United States, gave him another red jacket, to perpetuate the name to which he was so much attached.

In comparing the hero of this work, with *Joseph Brant*, the principal figure in the larger work of the same author, we are struck with a remarkable dissimilarity. Though they were both distinguished and truly great savages, scarcely any two men could be more unlike.

*Brant*, celebrated by Col. Stone in his former work, enjoyed, to a considerable extent, the advantages of early education. He was for some time a member of the Institution styled "Moor's Charity School," at Lebanon, Connecticut; and though not much praised either for his diligence or his success in study, yet he seems to have availed himself very respectably of his opportunities for gaining the elements of knowledge. He spoke the English language with all the ease and propriety of a white man. His literary acquirements were by no means inferior. He wrote with ease and fluency, and might be said to wield the pen with more dexterity than many a man who has passed through College. In truth, he was master of a style in writing, rather remarkable for its perspicuity, correctness, and vigour.

But *Red-Jacket* was destitute of all these advantages. He seems never to have learned either to read or write. Nor did he ever learn to speak the English language, with any thing like ease or readiness, but always employed an interpreter when he addressed an English audience. He was eminently a child of nature. His voice, his noble, expressive countenance, his peculiar, penetrating sagacity, his firmness and self-possession in debate, his promptness in reply—all marked him out as a finished orator; but he was indebted to none but the Author of nature for these accomplishments. He had no literary culture.

Again; *Brant* was eminently a *brave* man. He was not only distinguished in council, but still more distinguished in what the Indians call “the war-path.” Indeed his most prominent character through life, was that of a fearless, skilful, and even ferocious warrior. On the contrary, *Red-Jacket* was, in grain, and notoriously, a *coward*. Amidst all his eminence in other respects, he was, as to this point, the laughing-stock of his countrymen, and of all who knew him. Some of the evidences of this fact given by Colonel Stone, are as ludicrous as they are conclusive.

Further; *Brant* was not distinguished as a great orator. He had, it is true, a noble, commanding person; the countenance and air of a superior dignified man; and a style of address and manners, when he chose, strongly marked by dignity, and even courtliness. And when he had occasion to speak in public, he acquitted himself in a manner becoming his vigorous intellect and his elevated station. But he by no means had the character of an extraordinary orator. Such a character, however, was the pre-eminent distinction of *Red-Jacket*. He seems not only to have been a great, but a consummate orator. General *Peter B. Porter*, in a communication to Col. Stone, speaks of him thus: “He was a man endowed with great intellectual powers; and, as an orator, was not only unsurpassed, but unequalled, *longo intervallo*, by any of his contemporaries. Although those who were ignorant of his language could not fully appreciate the force and beauty of his speeches, when received through the medium of an interpretation—generally coarse and clumsy—yet such was the peculiar gracefulness of his person, attitudes and action, and the mellow tones of his Seneca dialect, and such the astonishing effects produced on the part of the auditory who did understand him, and whose souls appeared to be engrossed and borne away

with the orator, that he was listened to by all, with perfect delight. He drew his arguments from the natural relations and fitness of things. His mind glanced through the visible creation, and from analogy he reasoned in a way that often baffled and defied refutation. His figures were from the same inexhaustible fountain, and were frequently so sublime, so apposite, and so beautiful, that the interpreters often said the English language was not rich enough to allow of doing him justice." p. 353. Another gentleman who had been familiar with the most elegant men, and the most renowned orators of our country, speaking of the same accomplishment, expresses himself thus: "When I first knew *Red-Jacket* he was in his prime, being probably about thirty-six years of age. He was decidedly the most eloquent man amongst the Six Nations. His stature was rather above than below the middle size. He was well made. His eyes were fine, and expressive of the intellect of which he possessed an uncommon portion. His address, particularly when he spoke in Council, was very fine, and almost majestic. He was decidedly the most graceful speaker I ever heard. He was fluent without being too rapid. You could always tell when he meant to speak, from the pains he would take before he rose to arrange the silver ornaments on his arms, and the graceful fold he would give to his blanket. On rising he would first turn toward the Indians, and bespeak their attention to what he meant to say in their behalf to the commissioner of the United States. He would then turn toward the commissioner, and bending toward him, with a slight, but dignified inclination of the head, proceed." p. 371.

There was yet another point concerning which *Brant* and *Red-Jacket* entirely differed. Brant was a believer in revelation, and a warm friend to the evangelizing of his people. In early life he is said to have been under very serious impressions of religion. These impressions, however, were not so marked or visible in more advanced age. He made a profession of religion by entering the communion of the Episcopal church. He assisted with zeal in preparing books for the use of the Indians. He aided the missionaries in making a translation of the book of common prayer into the Iroquois language. And he devoted a considerable portion of his time to a version of the gospel according to the evangelist Mark into the language of his tribe. When he entered into stipulations for a tract of

country in Canada, he insisted on three things—a church, a school-house, and a flour-mill. He made great exertions, at different times, to prevail on missionaries to labour among his people. In short, his house was always the missionaries' home when in his neighbourhood; and every preacher who called upon him was sure of kind and respectful treatment. He continued to be a professor of religion till his death; and was considered by those about him as dying in the faith and hope of the gospel.

With regard to *Red-Jacket* every thing was painfully the reverse. He was warmly opposed to the Christian religion, and wished to banish all knowledge of it, and of its ministers from his people. He was at the head of the "Pagan party" in his tribe, and wherever he went declaimed against the gospel and its professors. He was strongly opposed to the civilization of the Indians, and, if it had been possible, would have cut off his people from all communication with the Anglo-Saxon race. His language was that the Great Spirit had formed the red and the white men altogether distinct; that there was no more reason why the two races should profess the same religious creed than that they should be of the same colour. The Indians he held, could not be civilized; and he became more and more anxious not only to resist all farther innovations on their manners, but also that their ancient customs should be restored. These opinions he appears to have held and acted on to the close of life. In his last illness indeed, two days before his death, he expressed a desire to see the missionary who was ministering in his neighbourhood to the "Christian party" of his people. That interview, from the occurrence of peculiar circumstances, was never obtained. But from the language in which his desire was expressed, there seems no good reason to believe that it was dictated by any serious change of mind.

This remarkable man, a number of years before his death, gradually fell into habits of intemperance, and, toward the close of life, became a confirmed and abandoned sot. This degrading habit at length prostrated his bodily vigour, and weakened and clouded the faculties of his mighty mind. Of this he was painfully aware; and often spoke of his situation and weakness as a wreck of his former self. For some months previous to his death, time had made such ravages on his constitution as to render him deeply sensible of his approaching dissolution. He visited

successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them upon the condition of their nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and that his counsels would be heard no more. He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended; and pointed out, as few were able to do, the wrongs, the privations, and the loss of character, which constituted the greater part of their history. "I am about to leave you," said he, "and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer heard or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm; but I am an aged tree and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen; my branches are withered; and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety. Think not that I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come: but my heart fails me when I think of my people who are so soon to be scattered and forgotten."—p. 391.

The following graphic communication from the pen of the late Reverend and deeply lamented Dr. *John Breckinridge*, describing *Red-Jacket*, as he appeared in the course of repeated interviews, will be read, we are persuaded, with much interest. It was written in *New Orleans*, a few brief months before his own death, and when he was himself sinking under the pressure of a fatal disease. It is, probably,—with the exception of a few brief letters to anxious inquiring relatives—the last product of his pen.

“REV. DR. BRECKINRIDGE TO THE AUTHOR.”

“The first opportunity I ever enjoyed of seeing that deservedly celebrated Indian chief Red-Jacket, was in the year 1821, at the residence of General PETER B. PORTER, Black Rock, New-York. Being on a visit to the General and his family, it seemed a peculiarly fit occasion to become acquainted with the great Seneca orator, whose tribe resided within a few miles of Black Rock. General Porter embraced the Indian warriors who fought with us on that line, during the late war with Great Britain, in his command. From this cause; from his high character; his intimate acquaintance with the chiefs; and his known attachment to these interesting people, he had great influence over them;—and his lamented lady, who it is not indelicate for me to say was my sister, had by her kindness won the rugged hearts of all their leading men. So that their united influence, and my near relationship to them, secured to me at once access to the chiefs, and their entire confidence.

“I had not only a great desire to see Red-Jacket, but also to use this important opportunity to correct some of his false impressions in regard to Christianity and the missionaries established in his tribe. To this end it was agreed to

invite Red-Jacket and the other chiefs of the Senecas, to visit Co-na-shus-tah,\* and meet his brother at his house. The invitation was accordingly given, and very promptly and respectfully accepted.

“On the appointed day they made their appearance in due form, headed by Red-Jacket, to the number of perhaps eight or ten, besides himself. Red-Jacket was dressed with much taste, in the Indian costume throughout. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting-shirt, with blue leggings, very neat moccasins, a red jacket, and a girdle of red about his waist. I have seldom seen a more dignified or noble looking body of men than the entire group. It seems,—though no such impression was designed to be made by the terms of the invitation,—that some indefinite expectation had been excited in their minds of meeting an official agent on important business. And they have been so unworthily tampered with, and so badly treated by us, as a people, and many of their most important treaties have been so much the result of private and corrupting appeals, that they very naturally look for some evil design in every approach to them,—however open and simple it may be. So it was on this occasion. As soon as the ceremonies of introduction had passed, with the civilities growing out of it, the old orator seated himself in the midst of the circle of chiefs, and after a word with them, followed by a general assent, he proceeded in a very serious and commanding manner,—always speaking in his own nervous tongue, through an interpreter, to address me in substance as follows:

“‘We have had a call from our good friends,’ (pointing to the general and his lady,) ‘to come down to Black Rock to meet their brother. We are glad to break bread and to drink the cup of friendship with them. They are great friends to our people, and we love them much. Co-na-shus-tah is a great man. His woman has none like her. We often come to their house. We thank them for telling us to come to-day. But as all the chiefs were asked we expected some important talk. Now, here we are:—What is your business?’”

“This as may be readily supposed, was an embarrassing position to a young man just out of college. I paused. Every countenance was fixed upon me, while Red-Jacket in particular seemed to search me with his arrowy eye, and to feel that the private and informal nature of the meeting, and the extreme youth of the man, were hardly in keeping with the character and number of the guests invited;—and his whole manner implied, ‘that but for the sake of the general and his good viands, I should have waited for you to come to us.’ With these impressions of his feelings, I proceeded to say in reply:—

“‘That I should have thought it very presumptuous in me to send for him alone,—and still more for all the chiefs of his tribe, to come so far to see me;—that my intention had been to visit him and the other chiefs at his town;—but the general and his lady could not go with me to introduce me. Nor were we at all certain that we should find him and the other chiefs at home; and at any rate the general’s house was more convenient. He intended, when he asked them, to keep them as long as they could stay, and to invite them to break his bread and drink his cup, and smoke his pipe;—that his woman, and he as well as I, desired to see them at their house;—that as to myself, I was a young man, and had no business with them, except that I had heard a great deal of Red-Jacket, and wished to see him and hear him talk;—and also that I had some things to say to him when we were better acquainted, which, though not *business*, were important to his people;—and I thought it would be interesting to him, as I knew he loved his people much;—and finally that I would return his visit, and show him that it was not out of disrespect, but out of great regard for him, and great desire to see him, that we had sent for him,—this being the way that white men honour one another.’

\* The name given to General Porter by Red-Jacket.

"Mrs. Porter immediately confirmed what I had said, and gave special point to the *hospitality* of the house, and the great desire I had to see Red-Jacket. Her appeal, added to the reply, relaxed the rigour of his manner and that of the other chiefs, while it relieved our interview of all painful feelings.

"After this general letting down of the scene, Red-Jacket turned to me familiarly and asked:—'What are you? You say you are not a government agent,—are you a gambler?\*' or a black-coat? or what are you?' I answered: I am yet too young a man to engage in any profession; but I hope some of these days to be a black-coat.' He lifted up his hands accompanied by his eyes, in a most expressive way, and though not a word was uttered, every one fully understood that he very distinctly expressed the sentiment, 'What a fool!' I had too often been called to bear from those reputed 'great and wise' among *white* men, the shame of the cross, to be surprised by his manner; and I was too anxious to conciliate his good feelings to attempt any retort,—so that I commanded my countenance, and seeming not to have observed him, I proceeded to tell him something of our colleges, &c., &c. That gradually led his mind away from the ideas with which it was filled and excited when he arrived.

"A good deal of general conversation ensued,—addressed to one and another of the chiefs,—and we were just arriving at the hour of dinner, when our conference was suddenly broken up by the arrival of a breathless messenger, saying that an old chief, whose name I forget, had just died, and the other chiefs were immediately needed, to attend his burial. One of the chiefs shed tears at the news;—all seemed serious; but the others suppressed their feelings and spent a few moments in a very earnest conversation, the result of which Red-Jacket announced to us. They had determined to return at once to their village; but consented to leave Red-Jacket and his interpreter. In vain were they urged to wait until after dinner, or to refresh themselves with something eaten by the way. With hurried farewell and quick steps they left the house, and by the nearest foot-path returned home.

"This occurrence relieved me of one difficulty. It enabled me to see Red-Jacket at leisure, and alone. It seemed also to soften his feelings, and make him more affable and kind.

"Soon after the departure of the chiefs, we were ushered to dinner. Red-Jacket behaved with great propriety, in all respects; his interpreter, Major Berry, though half a white man and perhaps a chief, like a true savage. After a few awkward attempts at the knife and fork, he found himself falling behind, and repeating the old adage which is often quoted to cover the same style among our white urchins of picking a chicken-bone, '*that fingers were made before knives and forks*,' he proceeded with real gusto, and much good humour, to make up his lost time upon all parts of the dinner. It being over, I invited Red-Jacket into the general's office, where we had for four hours a most interesting conversation on a variety of topics, but chiefly connected with Christianity; the government of the United States; the missionaries; and his loved lands.

"So great a length of time has passed since that interview that there must be supposed to be a failure in the attempt perfectly to report what was said. I am well assured I cannot do justice to his *language*, even as diluted by the ignorant interpreter; and his *manner* cannot be described. But it was so impressive a conversation, and I have so often been called on to repeat it, that the substance of his remarks has been faithfully retained by my memory. It is only attempted here to recite a small part of what was then said, and that with particular reference to the illustration of his character, mind and opinions.

\* By the term "gambler," Red-Jacket meant a land speculator, and by the way not a bad definition,—especially of those base men who have so long conspired to cheat the poor Indians out of their little remaining lands.

"It has already been mentioned and is largely known, that Red-Jacket cherished the most violent antipathy toward the American missionaries who had been located among his people. This led to very strenuous resistance of their influence, and to hatred of their religion, but of the true character of which he was totally ignorant. His deep attachment to his people, and his great principle that their national glory and even existence depended upon keeping themselves distinct from white men, lay at the foundation of his aversion to Christianity. Though a pagan, yet his opposition was *political*, and he cared very little for any religion except so far as it seemed to advance or endanger the glory and safety of his tribe.

"He had unfortunately been led by designing and corrupt white men, who were *interested* in the result, falsely to associate the labours of the missionaries with designs against his nation; and those who wished the Senecas removed from their lands that *they* might profit by the purchase,—and who saw in the success of the mission the chief danger to *their* plans, artfully enlisted the pagan party, of which Red-Jacket was the leader, to oppose the missionaries,—and thus effectually led to the final frustration of Red-Jacket's policy,—in and by the defeat of the missionary enterprise. But as this question is discussed in the sequel, I will not anticipate. Thus much it was necessary to premise, in order to explain the nature and ends of my interview with Red-Jacket. My object was to explain the true state of the case to him, and after this to recommend the doctrine of Christ to his understanding and heart. My first step, therefore, was to ask him why he so strongly opposed the settlement and labours of the missionaries? He replied, because they are the enemies of the Indians, and under the cloak of doing them good are trying to cheat them out of their lands. I asked him what proof he had of this. He said he had been told so by some of his wise and good friends among the white men, and he observed that the missionaries were constantly wanting more land,—and that by little and little, for themselves, or those who hired them to do it, they would take away all their lands, and drive them off.

"I asked him if he knew that there was a body of white men who had already bought the exclusive right to buy their lands from the government of New York, and that therefore the missionaries could not hold the lands given or sold them by the Indians a moment after the latter left the lands and went away. He seemed to be startled by the statement, but said nothing. I proceeded to tell him that the true effect of the missionary influence on the tribe was to *secure* to them the possession of their lands, by civilizing them and making them quit the chase for the cultivation of the soil, building good houses, educating their children, and making them permanent citizens and good men. This was what the speculators did not wish. Therefore they hated the missionaries. He acknowledged that the Christian party among the Indians did as I said; but that was not the way for an Indian to do. Hunting, war, and manly pursuits, were best fitted to them. But, said I, your reservation of land is too little for that purpose. It is surrounded by the white people like a small island by the sea; the deer, the buffalo and bear have all gone. This wont do. If you intend to live so much longer, you will have to go to the great western wilderness where there is plenty of game, and no white men to trouble you. But he said, we wish to keep our lands, and to be buried by our fathers. I know it,—and therefore I say that the missionaries are your best friends; for if you follow the ways they teach you can still hold your lands,—though you cannot have hunting grounds; and therefore you must either do like white men, or remove from your lands,—very soon. Your plan of keeping the Indians distinct from the white people is begun too late. If you would do it and have large grounds, and would let the missionaries teach you Christianity far from the bad habits and big farms of the white people, it would then be well; it would keep your people from being corrupted and swallowed up by our people who grow so fast around you, and

many of whom are very bad. But it is too late to do it here, and you must choose between keeping the missionaries and being like white men, and going to a far country; as it is, I continued, Red-Jacket is doing more than any body else to break up and drive away his people.

"This conversation had much effect on him. He grasped my hand and said if that were the case it was new to him. He also said he would lay it up in his mind, [putting his hand to his noble forehead,] and talk of it to the chiefs and the people.

"It is a very striking fact, that the disgraceful scenes now passing before the public eye over the grave of Red-Jacket, so early and so sadly fulfil these predictions; and I cannot here forbear to add that the thanks of the nation are due to our present chief magistrate,\* for the firmness with which he has resisted the recent efforts to force a fraudulent treaty on the remnant of this injured people; and drive them against their will, and against law and treaties sacredly made, away from their lands, to satisfy the rapacity of unprincipled men.

"It may be proper here to say likewise, that I do by no means intend to justify all that may possibly have been done by the missionaries to the Senecas. It is probable the earliest efforts were badly conducted; and men of more ability ought to have been sent to that peculiar and difficult station. But it is not for a moment to be admitted, nor is it credible that the authors of the charges themselves believe it, that the worthy men who at every sacrifice went to the mission among the Senecas, had any other than the purest purposes. I visited the station, and intimately knew the chief missionary. I marked carefully their plan and progress, and do not doubt their usefulness any more than their uprightness; and beyond all doubt it was owing chiefly to malignant influence exerted by white men, that they finally failed in their benevolent designs. But my business is to narrate, not to discuss.

"My next object was to talk with Red-Jacket about Christianity itself. He was prompt in his replies, and exercised and encouraged frankness with a spirit becoming a great man.

"He admitted both its truth and excellence, as adapted to white men. He said some keenly sarcastic things about the treatment that so good a man as Jesus had received from white men. The white men, he said, ought all to be sent to hell for killing him; but as the Indians had no hand in that transaction, they were in that matter innocent. Jesus Christ was not sent to them; the atonement was not made for them; nor the Bible given to them; and therefore the Christian religion was not meant for them. If the Great Spirit had intended that the Indians should be Christians, he would have made his revelation to them as well as to the white men. Not having done so, it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers. He said the red man was of a totally different race,—and needed an entirely different religion,—and that it was idle as well as unkind, to try to alter their religion and give them ours. I asked him to point out the difference of the races, contending that they were one, and needed but one religion, and that Christianity was that religion which Christ had intended for, and ordered to be preached to, all men. He had no distinct views of the nature of Christianity as a method of salvation and denied the need of it. As to the *unity* of the races, I asked if he ever knew two distinct races, even of the lower animals, to propagate their seed from generation to generation. But do not Indians and white men do so? He allowed it; but denied that it proved the matter in hand. I pressed the points of resemblance in every thing but color,—and that in the case of the Christian Indians there was a common mind on religion. He finally waived this part of the debate by saying 'that one thing was certain whatever else was not,—that

\* "This letter was written in January, 1841, and the President alluded to is Mr. Van Buren. W. L. S."

white men had a great love for Indian women, and left their traces behind them wherever they could.\*

"On the point of needing pardon, from being wicked, he said the Indians were *good* till the white man corrupted them. 'But did not the Indians have *some* wickedness *before* that?' 'Not so *much*.' 'How was *that* regarded by the Great Spirit? Would He forgive it?' He hoped so,—'did not know.' 'Jesus,' I rejoined, 'came to tell us He would, and to get that pardon for us.'

"As to suffering and death among the Indians, did not they prove that the Great Spirit was angry with *them*, as well as with white men? Would He thus treat men that were *good*? He said they were not wicked before the white men came to their country and taught them to be so. But they *died before* that? And why did they *die*, if the Great Spirit was not angry, and they wicked? He could not say, and in reply to my explanation of the gospel doctrine of the entrance of death by sin, he again turned the subject by saying he was a 'great doctor' and could cure any thing but *death*.

"The interpreter had incidentally mentioned that the reason the chiefs had to go home so soon, was that they always *sacrificed a white dog on the death of a great man*. I turned this fact to the account of the argument, and endeavoured to connect it with, and explain by it, the doctrine of *atonement*, by the blood of Christ, and also pressed him on the questions how can this *please* the Great Spirit, on *your* plan? *Why* do you offer such a *sacrifice*, for so it is considered? And *where* they got such a rite from? He attempted no definite reply.

"Many other topics were talked over. But these specimens suffice to illustrate his views, and mode of thinking.

"At the close of the conversation he proposed to give me a *name*, that henceforth I might be numbered among his friends, and admitted to the intercourse and regards of the nation. Supposing this not amiss, I consented. But before he proceeded he called for some whiskey. He was at this time an intemperate man,—and though perfectly sober on that occasion, evidently displayed toward the close of the interview the need of stimulus, which it is hardly necessary to say we carefully kept from him. But he *insisted* now, and after some time a small portion was sent to him at the bottom of a decanter. He looked at it,—shook it,—and with a sneer said,—'Why, here is not whiskey enough for a name to float in.' But no movement being made to get more, he drank it off, and proceeded with a sort of pagan orgies to give me a name. It seemed a semi-civil, semi-religious ceremony. He walked around me, again and again, muttering sounds which the interpreter did not venture to explain; and laying his hand on me pronounced me 'Con-go-gu-wah,' and instantly, with great apparent delight, took me by the hand as a brother. I felt badly during the scene, but it was beyond recall,—and supposing that it might be useful in a future day, submitted to the initiation.

"Red-Jacket was in appearance nearly sixty years old at this time. He had a weather-beaten look; age had done something to produce this,—probably intemperance more. But still his general appearance was striking and his face noble. His lofty and capacious forehead, his piercing black eye, his gently curved lips, fine cheek, and slightly aquiline nose, all marked a great man, and as sustained and expressed by his dignified air, made a deep impression on every one that saw him. All these features became doubly expressive when his mind and body were set in motion by the effort of speaking,—if effort that may be called which flowed like a free full stream from his lips. I saw him in

\* "In another conversation upon this subject, I believe with Dr. Breckinridge, Red-Jacket expressed this idea more pungently, as may be seen by referring back to page 186. W. L. S."

the wane of life, and I heard him only in private, and through a stupid and careless interpreter. Yet notwithstanding these disadvantages, he was one of the greatest men and most eloquent orators I ever knew. His cadence was measured and yet very musical. In ordinary utterance it amounted to a sort of musical monotony. But when excited he would spring to his feet, elevate his head, expand his arms, and utter with indescribable effect of manner and tone, some of his noblest thoughts.

“After this interesting conference had closed, the old chief with his interpreter bade us a very civil and kind farewell, and set forth on foot for his own wigwam.

“It was four years after this before I had the pleasure of again seeing my old friend. I was then on a flying visit to Black Rock. At an early day I repaired to his village. but he was not at home. Ten days after, as we were just leaving the shore in the steam-boat to go up the lake, he suddenly presented himself. It was unhappily too late to return. He hailed me by name, and pointed with much animation to such parts of his person as were decorated with some *red* cloth which I had at parting presented to him, and which, though not worn as a *jacket*, was with much taste otherwise distributed over his person. These he exhibited as proofs of his friendly recollection.

“The last time I ever saw him, was at the close of Mr. Adams’s administration. He with a *new* interpreter, (Major Berry having been removed by death,) had been on a visit to his old friend Co-na-shus-tah,—then Secretary of War. After spending some time at the capital, where I often met him, and had the horror to see his ‘dignity often laid in the dust,’ by excessive drunkenness, he paid me by invitation a final visit at Baltimore, on his way home. He took only time enough to dine. He looked dejected and forlorn. He and his interpreter had each a suit of common infantry uniform, and a sword as common, which he said had been presented to him at the war department. He was evidently ashamed of them. I confess I was too. But I forbear. He was then sober, and serious. He drank hard cider, which was the strongest drink I could conscientiously offer him,—so I told him. He said it was enough. I said but little to him of religion,—urged him to prepare to meet the Great Spirit, and recommended him to go to Jesus for all he needed. He took it kindly,—said he should see me no more,—and was going to his people to die. So it was,—not long after this he was called to his last account.”

“JOHN BRECKINRIDGE.”

Col. Stone has connected, in a very happy manner, with the life of Red-Jacket, a number of anecdotes and sketches, particularly of our war of 1812 with England, which add greatly to the interest and value of his work. His narration of many facts and movements on the northern frontier, during that war; his account of the battle of Chippewa and its effects; of the principles and conduct of the Indians, in our contest with Great Britain; of several Indian treaties, and sales of their lands; and of a number of the interviews of *Red-Jacket* with distinguished men, both foreigners and native Americans, render his volume as entertaining as a novel, and far more instructive.

The interview of the Seneca chief with General *Lafayette* in 1825, when the latter was making his well known tour through the United States, is recorded by Col. Stone, with graphic simplicity.

“When, in the year 1825, General Lafayette, as the guest of the nation, was making his memorable tour of the United States, being at Buffalo, Red-Jacket was among the visitors who in throngs paid their respects to the veteran. Having been presented to the General, the orator inquired whether he remembered being at the treaty of peace with the Six Nations, at Fort Stanwix, in 1784. Lafayette answered that he had not forgotten that great council, and asked his interrogator if he knew what had become of the young chief who, on that occasion, opposed with so much eloquence ‘the burying of the tomahawk.’ ‘*He is before you,*’ was the instant reply. The General remarked to him that time had wrought great changes upon both since that memorable meeting. ‘Ah,’ rejoined Red-Jacket, ‘time has not been so severe upon you as it has upon me. It has left you a fresh countenance, and hair to cover your head; while to me . . . . . behold . . . . .!’ and taking a handkerchief from his head, with an air of much feeling, he disclosed the fact that he was nearly bald. It is added by M. Lavoiseur, the secretary of General Lafayette, and the French historian of his tour, that the people in attendance could not help laughing at the simplicity of the Indian, who appeared to be ignorant how to repair the ravages of age in this respect. But his simplicity was presently enlightened by the disclosure of the fact that the General was furnished with a wig; whereupon the chief, confounding a wig with a scalp, conceived the idea of regarnishing his own head by an operation truly Indian, at the expense of some one of his neighbors. But this was a suggestion of pleasantry. M. Lavoiseur remarked of the appearance of Red-Jacket at that time,—‘This extraordinary man, although much worn down by time and intemperance, preserves yet, in a surprising degree, the exercise of all his faculties. He obstinately refuses to speak any language but that of his own people, and affects a great dislike to all others, although it is easy to discern that he perfectly understands the English. He refused, nevertheless, to reply to the General before his interpreter had translated his questions into the Seneca language.’\*

“Red-Jacket was ever gratified with the attentions of distinguished men, with whom, no matter for the height of their elevation, he felt himself upon a footing of perfect equality. It is related that ‘about the year 1820, a young French nobleman, who was making the tour of the United States, visited the town of Buffalo. Hearing of the fame of Red-Jacket, and learning that his residence was but seven miles distant, he sent him word that he was desirous to see him, adding a request that the chief would visit him in Buffalo the next day. Red-Jacket received the message with much contempt, and replied:—‘Tell the *young man* that if he wishes to visit the *old chief*, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him; and Red-Jacket will be glad to see him.’ The count sent back his messenger, to say that he was fatigued with his journey, and could not go to the Seneca village; that he had come all the way from France to see the great orator of the Senecas, and after having put himself to so much trouble to see so distinguished a man, the latter could not refuse to meet him at Buffalo. ‘Tell him,’ said the sarcastic chief, ‘that it is very strange he should come so far to see me, and then stop short within seven miles of my lodge.’ The retort was richly merited. The count visited him at his wigwam, and *then* Red-Jacket accepted an invitation to dine with him at his lodgings in Buffalo. The young nobleman was greatly pleased with him, declaring that he considered him a greater wonder than the Falls of Niagara. This remark was the more striking, as it was made within

\* “Lavoiseur—Drake—B. B. Thatcher. M. Lavoiseur was perfectly correct in this last suggestion. Red-Jacket understood the English language very well, as the author had occasion, to ascertain. But he could not speak it well.”

view of the great cataract. 'But,' adds the relator,\* 'it was just. He who made the world, and filled it with wonders, has declared man to be the crowning work of the whole creation.'

Our readers will be amused with the estimate which *Red-Jacket* made of the attainments and the habits of a well known American statesman.

"In the earlier years of his public life, as the reader is well aware, Red-Jacket was frequently engaged in negotiations with Timothy Pickering, of whose vigorous intellectual powers there is no occasion to speak in this connexion. Some time after the diplomatic intercourse between the colonel and himself had ceased, the former was called to the State Department of the federal government. On meeting Red-Jacket soon afterward, the fact of this appointment was mentioned to him by his friend Thomas Morris. 'Yes,' observed the chief: 'we began our public career about the same time. He knew how to read and write, but I did not, and therefore he has got ahead of me. But had I possessed those advantages I should have been ahead of him.'

"At the treaties held by him, Colonel Pickering was in the practice of taking down the speeches of the Indians from the lips of the interpreter, in writing, and in order to expedite business, he would sometimes write while the orator in chief was himself speaking. On one occasion, when Red-Jacket occupied the forum, observing that the colonel continued writing, he abruptly came to a pause. The colonel desired him to proceed. 'No,' said the orator,—'not while you hold down your head.' 'Why,' inquired the commissioner, 'can you not go on while I write?' 'Because,' replied the chief, 'if you look me in the eye you will then perceive whether I tell you the truth or not.†

"On another occasion, Colonel Pickering turned to speak to a third person while Red-Jacket was addressing him. The chief instantly rebuked him for his inattention with great hauteur, observing with emphasis, 'When a Seneca speaks he ought to be listened to with attention from one extremity of this great island to the other.'‡

The account of the conversion of *Red-Jacket's* wife to the Christian faith, and the consequences of that conversion, are stated by the author in a very satisfactory manner. The following extract will interest every reader:

"The domestic relations of Red-Jacket have thus far scarcely been adverted to. Indeed, the materials for his family history are very slender. The orator had two wives. The first, after having borne him a large family of children, he forsook, for an alleged breach of conjugal fidelity, and never received her to his favour again. In William Savary's journal of the treaty of Canandaigua, in 1794, that excellent Friend gave an account of a visit to Red-Jacket's lodge, and spoke of his children, in regard to their appearance and manners, in terms of gratified commendation. But a large number of his children by the first wife died of consumption, while yet 'in the dew of their youth.' In a conversation with that eminent medical practitioner, Doctor John W. Francis, of New York, a few years before the chieftain's death, on the subject of the diseases incident to the Indians, Red-Jacket refuted the popular notion that they were not equally obnoxious with others to pulmonary complaints. In support of his position he instanced the case of his own family, of which he said seven-

\* "Rev Dr. Breckinridge—vide M'Kenney's Indian Sketches."

† "Letter of Thomas Morris to the author." ‡ "Idem."

teen had died of consumption, ten or eleven of whom were his children. He felt the bereavement deeply, and sometimes evinced strong emotion when conversing upon the subject. On one occasion, when visiting an aged lady of his acquaintance at Avon, who had known him almost from his youth, and who was aware of his domestic afflictions, she inquired whether any of his children were living. He fixed his eyes upon her with a sorrowful expression of countenance and replied:—'Red-Jacket was once a great man, and in favour with the Great Spirit. He was a lofty pine among the smaller trees of the forest. But after years of glory he degraded himself by drinking the fire-water of the white man. The Great Spirit has looked upon him in anger, and his lightning has stripped the pine of its branches!'

"For his second wife Red-Jacket married the widow of a deceased chief, whose English name was 'Two Guns.' She was one of the most amiable and respectable women of her tribe. Her mind was of a superior order, and the dignity of her manners and fine personal appearance rendered her a very suitable counterpart to the noble form and bearing of her husband. It is an interesting, if not remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the inveterate hostility of Red-Jacket to the missionaries, and his confirmed paganism, his wife became a Christian, and several of his children were believed to have died in the same faith.

"It was in the year 1826 that his wife first became interested in the subject of religion. She was frequently seen in the Christian assembly, an attentive listener to the truths of the gospel, as presented from Sabbath to Sabbath in the plain familiar address of the missionary. She at length abandoned her pagan worship, became a constant attendant at the mission chapel, and in the following year proposed connecting herself with the little church then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Harris. This proposal was strongly resisted on the part of Red-Jacket. He represented to her 'that they had hitherto ever lived in peace and harmony, and had been prosperous and happy; and now if she was going to leave him and go over and join herself to the company of his political and personal opponents, one thing was certain, that he should leave her for ever; he should never come to see her again.' Soon after this somewhat arbitrary communication, she went one day to the house of Mr. Harris, apparently in much distress, to ask counsel as to the course she ought to pursue. The advice can readily be anticipated. She was told that God required her to be a Christian under all possible circumstances;—that it was best to follow the dictates of her conscience and the commands of Jesus Christ;—and that if she would humbly look to the Saviour for grace, He would strengthen and comfort her under this trial, and cause it 'to work for her good.' Still, although holding the course thus indicated to be the path of duty, the missionary very properly observed to her that she must be governed in her decision by the voice of conscience, and the dictates of her own judgment.

"Her resolution was soon taken to abjure the dark and senseless superstitions of her people; and in a short time thereafter she was received on the profession of her faith into the fellowship of the Christian church. True to his threat, Red-Jacket left her; and retiring to the Tonnewanta reservation, connected himself with a woman of that nation. No one questioned the sincerity or the strength of the attachment of the woman thus abandoned by her husband, yet she followed not after him, nor made any efforts to induce his return. The injury was borne with a meek and submissive spirit,—so much so as to endear her greatly to the members of the mission family, to whom she became much attached and with whom she was wont to spend several hours almost every week, in Christian conversation and prayer.

"Red-Jacket continued absent in his new alliance, for six or seven months, by which time he repented of his folly and returned to his lawful wife, whom he urgently solicited to receive him back. She *did* receive him, with the same

meek and forgiving spirit that marked her character and conduct during her desertion. But it was with the condition that she should be unmolested in regard to her religious opinions, and the discharge of her Christian duties,—a condition to which Red-Jacket willingly acceded. Their conjugal relations having thus been re-established, the chieftain and his wife continued to live together with their usual harmony, until a divorce was pronounced by a summons from another world.”\*

While our author speaks as the friends of religion would wish him to speak of the duty and value of missionary efforts among the Indians, it is evident that his anticipations of their future destiny are altogether gloomy. We are not prepared to reject these views. But concerning one thing we trust no Christian will allow himself to doubt or hesitate; and that is, that it is the duty of *us*, who possess the country which once they occupied, and who have gradually crowded them off to remote settlements, as long as any of their tribes remain, to SEND THEM THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL. This duty is undoubtedly devolved upon us as a Christian people. If *we* neglect it, no other portion of the evangelized population of our globe will probably consider themselves as called upon to attempt the work. And even if it should prove to be the will of God that they all melt away, and that, fifty years hence, there should not be an Indian remaining in the United States; still, can any one who has a Christian heart doubt, that, in the mean time, we are bound to do all in our power to secure the eternal welfare of *some* of that unhappy people whose well being in this world we are likely to destroy—by taking the advantage of their weakness and ignorance—by imparting to them our worst vices—and by almost every form of fraud and oppression by which craft and power may root out and extinguish a weaker party. In all this we have no doubt, from the spirit of his work, that our author would entirely concur.

But while we contend earnestly for the duty and importance of American Christians sending the gospel to the Indians, we are persuaded there is also more importance than is commonly imagined, in selecting men of the *right stamp* for this purpose. However sincerely pious and well meaning a missionary to those people may be, unless he have, over and above his other qualifications, something of that native sagacity, good sense, and knowledge of human nature which so eminently characterize the Indians, he had

\* “I have derived the facts of this relation respecting Red-Jacket and his second wife, directly from Mr. Harris, the missionary, himself.”

better not attempt to minister to them. Unless we mistake, we have known missionaries thus employed, who, though, persons of excellent moral and religious character, were adapted to do little or no good,—perhaps in some cases harm—in that field of labour.

*Red-Jacket* died in 1830, in the 78th year of his age. For nine years after his decease, our author informs us, neither a stone, nor any other memorial marked his grave. But during the summer of 1839, an actor, connected with the New York theatre, by the name of *Placide*, while on a visit to Buffalo, determined that the place of his sepulture should no longer be undistinguished. Under his direction a subscription was set on foot, and a neat marble slab erected over the grave of the departed chief, bearing his Indian and English names, his age and the date of his death, and representing him as the friend and protector of his people.

Here we take leave of our respected author. We feel indebted to him for a truly valuable work, which we take for granted the literary public will have discernment enough to patronize. We are glad to learn from his preface, that he has in view, and hopes to accomplish the publication of two other historical works. We shall anticipate their appearance with interest, and shall be glad to meet him again in a field in which he has done so well.

The typography, and the general style of elegance in which this work is “gotten up,” are worthy of high praise. It is accompanied by a likeness of *Red-Jacket*, which we think no one can contemplate without feeling that he is looking upon the image of a very remarkable man.

By *Prof. J. Addison Alexander*

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