

## **William Heath: The Diary of Morgan John Rhys and the Treaty of Greenville**

At the Treaty of Greenville in the summer of 1795, a year after General Anthony Wayne's victory at Fallen Timbers, the defeated Indians ceded all but the northwest corner of Ohio. The official proceedings have long been available to historians of this major treaty (*American State Papers, Indian Affairs*, Vol. I, 559-83), but none, to my knowledge, have made use of a little-known diary kept by the Rev. Morgan Rhys, who visited Greenville during the treaty proceedings. His account is valuable because it provides a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the Indian camps, as well as preliminary negotiations with Wayne, while painting a vivid picture of the early settlers and the lush countryside of southwestern Ohio. The official record presents a scene of concord, with only Little Turtle objecting strongly to the treaty, but Rhys depicts two Indians hotly debating the terms. He also shows the Indians at work and play, as they wait for the rest of the sachems to arrive. He watches Indian women making moccasins, describes tribal dances, and adds telling details—hence the need to make his diary easily accessible.

Morgan John Rhys [also, Rhees] was born December 8, 1790 in Glamorganshire, South Wales. He attended Bristol College briefly before being ordained as a Baptist minister. He was a strong opponent of slavery and supporter of the French Revolution, spending the winter of 1791-2 in Paris to witness the turbulent events. Upon his return he settled at Carmarthen, published a *Welsh Quarterly Magazine*, and was an early advocate of Sunday Schools. Because of his Jacobin sympathies, however, he was threatened with being arrested and shipped to Botany Bay in Australia. Thus he fled the country and arrived in New York on 12 October 1794. Shortly thereafter he began writing a series of letters, based on his diary, which described his travels. Much of it was reprinted in

Chapter XV of the second edition of John Griffith's biography, *Rev. Morgan John Rhys* (1910), as "Diary of a Horseback Journey Through the United States in 1794-5," but inexplicably the part of the diary set in Ohio was omitted. Rhys traveled extensively in New England, the Middle States, the South, and the Ohio River Valley; thus much of his diary is of interest. At his best he is a keen observer, and his anti-slavery sentiments make him sharply critical of life in Georgia, South Carolina, and Kentucky. Yet no part of the diary is more interesting, and of more value to historians, than the period from early May to mid-July he spent north of the Ohio River. He visited Cincinnati and the other settlements in the vicinity, noting ancient Indian ruins and sharing in the popular notion of the time that perhaps some of them were of Welsh origin. He was charmed by General James Wilkinson, met William Wells, and had a memorable encounter on his way to Greenville with a father reunited with his two sons freed from Indian captivity. Although Griffin omitted most of the diary transcribed here, he does print an oration and sermon Rhys delivered in Greenville.

The original diary at Columbia University's Butler Library is difficult to decipher and relies on numerous abbreviations. The punctuation, capitalization, and spelling can also cause confusion. For the sake of readability I have not tried to reproduce the diary exactly as it appears. I have spelled out abbreviations, omitted some capitalization, corrected some spelling, and turned some dashes into commas and periods, while retaining the phrasing of the author. A few words and phrases that I could not decipher are indicated by three periods when within a sentence and four when the end of a sentence, or more, is being omitted, such as Rhy's instructions for a Baptist wedding ceremony. My goal is to present the diary in a clear and accessible manner.

I would like to thank Eric Wakin, Lehman Curator for American History at the Columbia University Rare Book & Manuscript Library for permission to present this excerpt from Morgan Rhys's diary, and Andrew Edwards for his generous assistance with the translation. Hafina Phillips, professor of Welsh at St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, translated the passage in Welsh for June 18<sup>th</sup>. Readers who would like to learn more about Morgan Rhys and the Welsh in America should consult, Gwyn A. Williams, *The Search for Beulah Land: The Welsh and The Atlantic Revolution* (New York: Holmes & Meier, 1980).

**Diary of Rev. Morgan John Rhys, May 2<sup>nd</sup> to July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1795**

May 2<sup>nd</sup>: Quite weary after rowing in the night the scene continued on about the same until we came to the mouth of the Little Miami—here Columbia begins—here I landed & left my company to go on to Cincinnati—thro Columbia to Mr. Smith. Fine level pasture ground on my left & a sloping hill on my right. This is charming...I breathe in pure air & feel myself in a new world blessed be God. There are no slaves here, although there may be danger from Indians every day of the week. I had rather live with Indians than slave holders.

May 3<sup>rd</sup>: Preached at Columbia in the morning & afternoon to a pretty decent congregation. According to outward appearance many felt the power of the word. I hope God will smile on this land of liberty and make himself a great name speedily among the heathen and that the bloody hatchet of the Indian may be buried deep in the earth, never to rise & scalp mankind any more.

May 4<sup>th</sup>: Took a walk through Columbia which consists of about 900 families in the settlement lying on a fine level bottom on the Ohio & Little Miami which is settled about 12 miles up the country. The greatest disadvantages attending this place are the great freshes of the Ohio which inundates a great part of the country. The soil is as rich as any in Kentucky & the prospect from the hill above Columbia—the hills of Kentucky opposite & the plains of the Miami up to the town—is delightful. The other side of the hill which forms a kind of semicircle round the town is a bank thrown up similar to a fortification. As I ascended the hill I observed a stone in the rubbish with some characters upon it similar to the Welsh tablet, however the stone was so broke that I could make nothing of it. Indians say that there is a monument below the rapids erected by the Welsh when they left Kentucky, setting forth the great calamity that befell them there by means of caterpillars destroying the trees, then the grass, which caused a loss of all their cattle upon which they removed over the Ohio. The present inhabitants of Kentucky confirm their testimony but some civilized people must have lived here—the wells they find dug & walled with hewn stone, the earthen ware they find in the earth & evident marks of streets they met with in some of their plowed fields, together with the old forts & fortifications are strong proofs of a race of man not altogether lost existing in their country.

May 5<sup>th</sup>: To Cincinnati, about 6 miles from Columbia, where every thing wears a Martial appearance—companies recruiting drums beating &c &c. Altho peace is expected to take place—it will be necessary to keep up an army for some time in this quarter for the whites have taught the Indians treachery....

May 6<sup>th</sup>: Preached in the event to a polite congregation—I am glad they have the generosity to come & hear & returned to the hotel. This evening I had information from Capt. \_\_\_\_ of John Evans, & Welsh adventurers being at St. Louis and the Mississippi last March & ready to start up the Missouri in quest of the Welsh Indians. He was to be protected by the Spanish government, and of course if he can make any discoveries the advantage will accrue to the monarch of Spain. He was introduced to the Spanish commandant...by the American Judge Turner. What is to become of I. Williams who started about 3 years ago on the same errand?

May 7<sup>th</sup>: Took a compleat view of Cincinnaty. Upon the whole it is not a bad situation for a town. There is a large level spot after ascending a little hill from the bottom on the riverside where the greatest part of the town lies at present—Facing the town Licking Creek enters the Ohio—which is greatly to the advantage of this town—on the opposite shore is likewise a beautiful little town of Newport. Six years ago not a house in the place was built; now Cincinnati alone contains about 300 houses & the people are settling fast in the country both sides of the river.

In the morning I visited General Wilkinson who is better acquainted with the western territory than any white man now living. He gave me much information, and pointed out on a map of his own drawing the most fertile spots on this continent. The General is without exception one of the most pleasing men in his manners I have ever been in company with. Drank tea at Dr. Alisan [Richard Allison] with a circle of ladies & gentlemen.

In the evening down the river as far as Capt. Browns, 7 miles from Cincinnati, called on Capt. Crag in the way. Passed a large boat from Buffalo to New Orleans,

loaded with flour. The waters of the Ohio bring to mind those of Silo \_\_\_\_\_. Surely there never was a river running more softly and magnificently. Boats built upon a light construction could run up the stream having good wind & sail at the rate of 8 or 10 miles an hour—and here we can hardly [row] our miserable canoe at a rate of 3 ½ miles...up stream! The night is calm. The heavens declare the glory of God—the firmament—hills vales & glorious verdure of the trees and banks of the Ohio, sheweth for his handy work.

May 8<sup>th</sup>: The stillness of the air, the warbling of birds, the forest of trees with its wild inhabitants—poured in so many ideas into my mind this morning that I was almost lost in amazement & love in contemplating the works of creation. Left Mr. Brown after breakfast & rowed down the river in a little boat. Landed on the western side in several places to see the land &c. which in some places below the mouth of the Miami is uncommon rich. Marked out a spot on the side of a hill to build a town &c. fine prospect & plenty of level land all round, 1<sup>st</sup> rate quality, well watered with the creek running into the Ohio. The turkeys are as plentiful and a man may kill as many as he pleases, the deer & bear likewise in abundance with some elk & buffalo, with plenty of wild geese, ducks, &c., almost as tame as barn fowls.

May 9<sup>th</sup>: Floated down the river all night & found ourselves this morning at the mouth of Kentucky River, about 75 miles from where we started yesterday morning. Went up Indian Kentucky 5 miles below & on the western side. Landed in several places & explored the country, which I believe is not quite so rich as the above, however it is thought the location opposite the old Kentucky will be very valuable. It is probable a large city will be built here. They are now building two towns opposite it—one in each side of Kentucky, that on the east side called Port William has already about 30 families

besides soldiers. The situation on the bank of the Ohio is not good at least not equal to that on the western side. Early in the evening I got to bed at Capt. Hubble house, have a high fever due I suppose to the scorch of sun yesterday and the damp exhalations of the Ohio last night.

May 10<sup>th</sup>: Having perspired freely my fever was abated this morning. I got a meeting & preaching with Br. Smith. Met again in the evening & preached to the people which I am told stand much in need or exhortations to righteousness & sobriety. After meeting two couples were married at once by Br. Smith. This is dispatching the business with a witness. It is only making use of the plural instead of the singular—and a thousand couples might as well be married as one.

May 11<sup>th</sup>: Started in the morning up the Ohio. A serene sky. The lofty trees will not wave their heads, nor does the masterly Ohio wrinkle her brow. Rowed a long while against the current [?] at length a small breeze gets up and I hoisted a blanket for a sail—which enabled us to move along the shore as fast as we could row down the river. Eventually the wind turned against us, which is seldom the case in this river. They say it blows at least 2/3 of the time up the river. This must be a great advantage for the navigation of it. A little below Big Bone Creek we observed the trail of Indians, quite fresh entering the river the Kentucky side with several stolen horses. This is but a bad preparation for peace. However the stragglers among the Indians as well as among the white people will be doing mischief. Passed a boat from the falls loaded with salt for the army.

May 12<sup>th</sup>: Lied by a few hours last night in the boat, had to row all the morning, no wind & pretty strong currents in some places, in other places we had eddies to carry us

up the river. In the afternoon a thunder breeze blew us up at the rate of 6 miles an hour.... I was more charmed in coming up than going down with the prospects on the N W. side. May it soon become a thick settled country—My company went home and I have to wait to [visit] the new city Miami on Thursday.

May 13<sup>th</sup>: Mr. [George] Hall took me to Mr. [Isaac] Taylor—passed by an Ancient Barrow—big as any I have seen in the old country, thrown up by art into a perfect circle. If the ancient Britons did not live here some people of similar customs have. The remains of an old fort and castle which I saw yesterday on & in the river Ohio corresponds exactly to vestiges and ruins of some old castles in Wales the color and quantities of mortar only excepted.

May 14<sup>th</sup>: Obligated to leave a curiosity behind: a fish caught in Kentucky whose bill was about 2 ½ feet long, his mouth would take the head of a man but his body was not bigger than a large trout. To the new City Miami on the north bend of the Ohio—a very rough uneven situation, quite hilly & broken all the way to the Miami River.... The only advantage I can see it has is a good prospect and good springs of water. After walking about the place till I was quite tired I preached to the inhabitants and retired to Judge Simms [John Cleves Symmes] the original purchaser of all the country between the two Miamis, who is industrious to excess.... He says there are about 400 settlers in the neighborhood.

May 15<sup>th</sup>: Thunder lightning rain all the morning. In the afternoon up the river in company with Judge [George] Turner who arrived last night from the Illinois country, Cahokia, Kaskasia & St. Louis. He read unto me the directions he gave unto John Evans in going up the Missouri, the famous river which is about 2800 miles in length—from the



mouth of Plate or Muddy River.... The Illinois country is beyond description. Was I says he to be transplanted from Wales into the country and open my eyes there to it, I should suppose myself in a country adorned by art (in every direction) gazing continually for a gentleman's palace at every spot. Such are the beauties of nature in the country and every thing is ready for your hand but a house to live in. Fine extensive meadows, romantic hills & forests, beautiful rivers & springs of water. Every thing says the judge points out this [shall be] the grand emporium of the West....

May 16<sup>th</sup>: Wind & current would not permit us last night to reach Cincinnati. We slept in the barge about 3 miles below town. Landed this morning and spent the day in visiting. Introduced by Judge to the governor of the N. W. Territory, [Arthur] St. Clair, Secretary [Winthrop] Sargent. Dr. McClure shewed me a remarkable lizard vomited by one of his patients!

May 17<sup>th</sup>: Preached in the morning & afternoon to a respectable congregation considering this country. The Gov, Gen. Jud. &c. attended. Spent the evening at Dr. Alison—then to head quarters at Mr. Gordon.

May 18<sup>th</sup>: Dined at Bridg. Genl. Wilkinson in company with Gov. & the officers then preached to the soldiers & others at the garrison. Spent the evening with Gov. & Jud.—till one of oclock in the morning. The Gov. suspects, to his certain knowledge upwards of 500 families will immigrate from Kentucky as soon as a land office is opened on this side of river. Strange acknowledgement from the Gov...[that] the American people are at present the most corrupt on earth. We may thank the funding & speculating system for this.

May 19<sup>th</sup>: ...some intemperance in my blood affects me much, a climate complaint or some kind of fever is in my bones. Spent the day at Mr. Gordon. The Gov. &c. dined with us, but nothing of consequence transpired.

May 20<sup>th</sup>: The greatest part of the day Dr. McClure drinking sack whiskey &c which caused an abundant perspiration & removed the pain in some degree from my bones.

May 21: Took an emetic, which soon operated & eased my head of pain, but still weak and weary as if I had performed some mighty labor.

May 22<sup>th</sup>: Taking \_\_\_\_ bark. After dinner in company with several gentlemen to Newport—from whence we had a good view of Cincinnati. Nocturnal visits I have long exclaimed against, but can not as yet form a resolution to give them up.

May 23<sup>rd</sup>: After I gave Muir<sup>1</sup> (if living) and his associates [sent] to Botany Bay for a toast at Genl. Wilkinson [‘s]—he declared his willingness to submit to any labor & military discipline for 3 years in order to get the Judges who condemned and those who influenced hung by the neck till dead. Took a short ride in the evening round the old Indian fort.

May 24<sup>th</sup>: To Columbia, passed the morning and afternoon. Dined at Col. [Oliver] Spencers. In the evening to Mr. Dunlevi’s the other side of the Little Miami. A noble advocate for liberty. But alas it is a name so little understood—that even the people of this territory have only the shadow of liberty.

May 25<sup>th</sup>: A richer soil I believe can hardly be procured than this part—but it is too low for me. Preached at noon to the settlement which have formed a little village in

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<sup>1</sup> For advocating parliamentary reform Thomas Muir of Scotland was convicted under England’s strict sedition laws and sentenced to serve fourteen years at Botany Bay in Australia.

this place. Crossed the Miami in the event but the back waters of the Ohio obliged me to take a canoe & swim my mare...—still very weak.

May 26<sup>th</sup>: Arranging my papers & writing a few letters. Composed the following form of marriage for Baptist churches in the North Western Territory....

May 27<sup>th</sup>: To Col. Spencer, spent the evening there. We take more care says Seneca of our fortunes than our lives. O for the hours spent in idleness but they are gone. O time invaluable time! We sell for ought what we can never purchase.... Then let me husband well the future—according to the admonition given me this morning by old Mr. Ward a minister aged 87—“Who is the faithful servant...beware of things cut off from usefulness...”

May 28<sup>th</sup>: To Cincinnati. Met Capt. [William] Wells (alias Indian Wells) a man who has been among the Indians for a number of years, being taken prisoner when a boy—He fought with them in the battle against St. Clair. And came afterwards, over to the Americans and received a Captaincy. There was a fine lusty Indian with him [Yellow Beaver, a Potawatomi]—the first I ever saw—a good specimen. Took a ride with the General and spent the evening at the garrison. O if ever companion was a friend! Such I believe the General is.

May 29<sup>th</sup>: The Legislature of the N. W. Territory today met. Gov. St. Clair delivered his address to the Legislature—but who are they? The very men who execute the law. The Gov. & judges form the Legislature. Is it not strange that Congress should impose laws upon the new territory if the people have no hand.... The Legislature...is not to make but adopt laws from other states. Their genius must consist in choosing from

records from New Hampshire to Georgia—O inconsistency when wilt thou leave this world?

May 30<sup>th</sup>: Took a ride out in the woods, ascended a capital mound formed by the Aborigines of the country—picked up several curiosities in Dr. A's garden—different kind of flint stones earthen ware &c. It is highly probable from camp, curiosities...&c. that this place has been an Ancient Town. May the wilderness again soon become like Eden & the desert like the garden of Eden....

May 31<sup>st</sup>: Preached in the morning to a very respectable congregation. I would be all things, but a hypocrite, to all men, that I might save some. Heard Mr. Clarke in the afternoon. The good old man is zealous but wants judgment to arrange his ideas....

June 1<sup>st</sup>: After dinner to Mr. Camper, Presbyterian Minister, the fragrance of the vines was enough to entice a person to remain in the woods, but in the cool of the evening when all nature was so still and a...leaf would not shake, we returned to town. The wind and sun generally set together in this country, which makes the evening truly solemn & delightful.

June 2<sup>nd</sup>: To Columbia and back again in the evening. The Indians continue to steal horses & kill the citizens although on the eve of the treaty. I was charged this morning to take care of my night cap—meaning my scalp—but if God watches not the city—the enemy will soon enter however prudence is not to be pampered with.

June 3<sup>rd</sup>: This morning I received a handsome present from the citizens of Cincinnati for preaching a few sermons to them. I returned the following answer:

M. J. Rhees sensibly feels the honor conferred on him by the citizens of Cincinnati. Their voluntary presence he esteems of greater value than ten thousand times the sum extorted from the pockets of the public by an established hierarchy.

What the pen cannot paint nor the tongue utter—let gratitude express by serving the public with every public gift.

June 4<sup>th</sup>: Thermometer at 93. Saw some real curiosities at Col. Sargeant taken out of an Indian burrow—real polished chrystal & several other things—which I mean to take a description of before I leave town. Dr.[David] Jones chaplain to the army arrived. Another day spent hearing lawyers plead at court & officers of the army conversing at dinner. Wrote letters in the evening....

June 5<sup>th</sup>: Spent the greater part of the day with Mr. Camper at his block house in the woods.... Over Mill Creek to Mr. Clark another preacher who lives retired in the woods. Where upon earth can men live with so little labor as in this country. True they have to girdle the trees & cut some of them down. But the first year they can raise plenty of corn & and some make a little garden. In 4 or 5 they may have a good orchard & fine meadows! Every thing that nature requireth they may have. Salt sugar fish & fowl in abundance....

June 9<sup>th</sup>: Still waiting for an escort to go to Greenville. Dinned with the Gov. &c at Gen. Wilkinson. Power once tasted leads it seems naturally to tyranny.

June 10<sup>th</sup>: Rode a few miles out of town & spent the afternoon at Capt. [Archibald] Mercer, to little advantage unless it be to talk about religion & politics. I am sorry to say that there is but little more than talk of both among the majority of mankind....

June 15<sup>th</sup>: Left Cincinnati in the afternoon—crossed Mill Creek to Ludlows Station where the escort of Dragoons & the company stopped—proceeded with dragoons to Capt. Martin 10 miles from Cincinnati, where the Chaplain of the army lay ill. Man is born to affliction & sparks fly upwards....

June 16<sup>th</sup>: To Fort Hamilton, a fine level country all the way—a few hills excepted. This place is agreeably situated on the Big Miami with some fine prairies in the neighborhood—distance 25 miles from Cincinnati—a town is laid out & in time may rise to importance.

June 17<sup>th</sup>: Crossed the Big Miami at Fort Hamilton—where we were well entertained.... In the morning part of the day we passed two [areas] of first rate land full of wild rye plantain & rich herbage—sugar trees and walnut, chestnut & hickory.... We crossed in our route to this place several creeks & runs—but the country is not well watered—in many places very level & where there are hills they are very low. At Fort St. Clair—23 miles from Fort Hamilton, visited a man who had been shot thro the head last week by an Indian. The ball entered at the ear & out in the neck. He is likely to do well....

June 18<sup>th</sup>: Left Fort St. Clair early in the morning and arrived at Fort Jefferson, 12-22 miles in distance. The last 5 miles of the road was very pleasant having a narrow prairie on the left and a fertile rising ground under our feet. Fort Jefferson pleasantly situate.... I met some white prisoners going home with their father, one had been out 15 years & could not talk a word of English. The other (which was older) had married & had his squaw with him. The scene was truly affecting. A parent embracing his lost sons richly adorned with Indian trinkets in their noses & ears & one of them not able to speak

a word to him. He knew him only by a particular mole which he had on his back & when the son who was now 19 years of age, knew the person who examined him to be his Father he fell on his knees before him & wept—could the Father refrain from tears? No. My son which was lost is found!

In the evening we rode to Greenville. Several gentlemen came out to meet us & escort our company to head quarters. The Commander in Chief received us politely—we drank tea with him & retired to sleep with Dr. [Joseph] Strong. The route from Fort Jefferson to here bears the aspect of high cultivated country & the road crowded with wagons & travelers going to and from head quarters—the fine prairies intermixed with woodlands has the most pleasing effect upon the eye. I am delighted with the situation of Greenville, but more of this anon—*Alle couche ce soir* [the following passage was written in Welsh]: But first I have to take note of the error in the military law. On the [firing of] the warning gun....there were many of the Red People's chiefs going past the house of the Head Keeper [?]. They turned to greet us, wanting to shake hands with the soldiers of the watch. But the law did not allow them to do that, with them or with anyone else! As a result they turned away, displeased. So much better in a matter such as this would be to break the law rather than offend ignorant people.

June 19<sup>th</sup>: Saw the guard going through their maneuvers. The best part of their sham fight, in my opinion, was the chase. It is now acknowledged by the fort officers that the only way to fight the Savages is to follow them close & chase them with fixed bayonets. Mind your trees, dodge well, & never shoot till you are sure of your mark. Visited several Indian camps. Many of ye cooper colored brethren are in a state of nature, unless it be a little rag about their middle. Often have fantastic dresses, most have

blankets to lye on, & wrap about them when they please. Some take great pains to paint themselves—& deform their faces in a hideous manner. I stopped a long while to look at a chief painting his face in different directions. Still looking at ye glass to admire his own performance. They dress different according to their tribe & stations—some of the men are fine limbed & in every respect well made. A few of the squaws look well & have pleasing complexion. It is no wonder the generality of Indian women should be awkward. They are obliged to do all the work, unless they get a few prisoners...now and then to assist them. An Indian warrior considers it a disgrace to work. The squaws of course are obliged to plant the corn & make houses, reap & grind, carry all the burdens, in short perform every drudgery. The white women bless God that your lot has not fallen among Savages.

Passed two Indian graves with white flags streaming over them. Two of the chiefs fell by fighting a duel. This abominable practice is common among the Savages as well as white people. Suicide is likewise a disgrace with them. One of the Senecas stabbed himself here last week. The greatest part of the Indians would suffer death sooner than submit to slavery, or brook great disappointment. Would to God the Negroes had more of their disposition....

Dined with a large company & Commander in Chief—a band of Musick playing the greater part of the time. A number of Indians crowded about and so may the words of the poet be verified—Music has charm to soothe the Savage breast.

June 20<sup>th</sup>: Stormy day with cold rain & cloudy sky. Such weather will not do for an Indian to deliver an Oration, for he thinks the Great Spirit frowns on him at such a time. Several came in this day & many more are on their journey, so that we may expect



a *talk* soon if the sky is clear. The pipe of peace has been kindled since the 16<sup>th</sup> & two or three talks of a pacific nature have been delivered in the council house already. They want more whiskey, even the squaws are fond of this poisonous beverage. The Commander in Chief tells them they must be wise—that he will give them plenty to eat & some drink—this is acting upright—But these men, being in some respect mere Machines must be dealt with accordingly. The highest bidder whether Americans, English, or Spaniards, purchases their favor. And where they are friends they are the best of friends. If enemies the most treacherous & cruel—a spirit of revenge being initiated into their minds, with their mother’s milk. It will be difficult in the present generation to extirpate it from their hearts. But if it was possible to introduce a system of instruction among their youth—I see no reason why they may not be civilized. I am sure that they have human feelings as well as other men. Perhaps it is not so much the love of cruelty as the barbarous customs of their nations that makes them brutalize their prisoners so much in time of war.... Spent the day reading newspapers just come from Philadelphia. What will become of my deluded and unhappy country?

June 21<sup>st</sup>: The first day of the week is no Sunday in this country. The Commander in Chief has declared there shall be no Sunday this side of the Ohio, but in that he may be mistaken—Surely we need not blame the French for ordaining every tenth to be a day of rest, since those who ordain one in a year will grant no rest at all to their laborers. I question whether such men believe in God as the discoverer of all events. All the men are at work here as if there was no such thing as Sunday appointed by the laws of the United States. I admit in cases of necessity that every day should be alike. But at present there is no such necessity here! After taking a ride round the Indian camp a

thunder storm drove us home to dinner at Dr. [John] Carmichael. At 5 o'clock the firing of guns announced the approach of a company of Indians—they were answered by the cannon of the garrison. The chiefs of the Delaware & Potawatomis entered the council house in the General Garden about 6. They delivered their different speeches which on this occasion were very short, tho they made a long harangue of it by way of repetition. They thanked the Great Spirit for brining them here to salute their brother, that they had cleared the way of thorns, & not listened to the voice of bad birds. They prayed the Great Spirit to give them attentive ears, enlighten their eyes, purify their hearts—that the pending treaty be a lasting blessing to them & us. I believe this is more than what the pretended nations of \_\_\_\_\_ have done. The Commander in Chief answered, telling them he was glad to see them all & that the ways were all now opened; that the pipe of peace had been already kindled—That the Miamis Delawares Wabash Wyandots &c had smoked out of it; that some of the Shawnees were come in; that in ten days he had informed of about 1000 more to be in; that then the fire would have fresh fuel added to it; & its sparks should enlighten the heavens from the rising to the setting sun; that as they had come a long way & were fatigued he would order them plenty of provisions & some drink to make their hearts glad. After a hearty shake hands & some explanations they parted. Both nations were obliged to have an interpreter, & they no doubt must add or diminish according to their own humor. The Indians approbated the speeches of their chiefs & several officers attended. I was loathe to spend the day without the form of some public service in honor of my redeemer.

June 22<sup>nd</sup>: Most of the Indians made merry last night, and all this day many of them found means to get drunk. Unhappily they learn the vices of white men and forget

their virtues. When drunk they are generally very mad, and often stab one another *san seremonie*. Spirituous liquors kill more Indians than war. I am confident if it was but administered to them freely they would soon dispatch themselves...the greatest part of which have no sense of consider their own welfare—there are many of the Indians undoubtedly as temperate as any white man.

I took a ride in the evening thro some of the neighboring prairies to a man who never saw such a thing it would be incredible, the grass was near as high as my head on a horse 14 hands high—there is plenty of tea equal in flavor & taste to that of China or East Indies growing in this neighborhood—in time it may produce a fine trade.

June 23<sup>rd</sup>: Two small parties of Indians came in; among the first was the noted Little Turtle who was commander in chief at the defeat of St. Clair. They had very little to say at present—only they were glad to see the great man and his brother officers. The chief of the last part which came in today could talk English very well: all of the company appears to be half breed. Visited some of their camps in the evening & saw the dexterity of their boys shooting with bows & arrows. One of them hit a penny piece 10 yards off the first stroke—visited in the Delaware camp an old man 110 years old—quite strong & hearty—his wife could talk & read English & [had] been baptized in Pennsylvania. Almost every night the Indians dance & keep up a great deal of noise—poor dissipated creatures I suppose too many of them would sell their wife for a bottle of whiskey....

June 24<sup>th</sup>: An accident happened in the laboratory which was likely to prove very serious. In making rockets for the grand fire works to be displayed on July 4<sup>th</sup>, one of the rockets took fire, and burst in the room, which soon communicated it to some more—put

the house on fire, which was soon in a blaze: however by timely assistance the fire was prevented from [spreading] any farther & soon extinguished. The powder Magazine was no more than 30 yards off, if it had taken fire all would be over with us! Lest any thing should happen in the confusion from the enemy, all the men were soon ordered to their pickets & made a formidable appearance.

Made several visits to the Indian Camps, but for want of their language I can get but little information from them. Those who can talk a little English are generally shy, & will seldom talk much less they are drunk. Some of the squaws we visited this day are remarkably handy in making Moccasins—if these people could but put off their laziness they could do any thing. Why not?

June 25<sup>th</sup>: All the chiefs were called together to explain unto them yesterday's proceedings, with a few new regulations among the troops—a pretty long conversation took place in which the Commander in Chief observed unto them that with him they were perfectly safe (some of them have been frightened by yesterday's explosions—and the arrival of 300 fresh troops). He told them the presents were come and they were only waiting for the Shawnee & Wyandots to come in, to confirm the treaty, which should last for ever. Amen. But I am afraid of this; if the British can give them more presents than the Americans—at a moderate calculation they say the treaty will cost the union 600,000 dollars—the Indians are so fond of trinkets that generally the last giver purchases their favor of a time. Whilst the English and Spanish have any settlements on this continent they will always be firing up the Indians against the Americans. It is to be hoped they will soon see their own interest so as not to fight at all.

In my evening ride I visited the Potawatomes camp where several chiefs had assembled together and one of them orating with all his might to the rest. Our company rode up facing him but he continued his oration just as if he did not see us. When he had finished he sat down & an old Chipeway chief got up & answered him with great vehemence. The only Indians nodding their assent & after their council manner saying Yuh with all their might. A person might suppose at first by their zeal & energy of action, that they were quarreling, but at the close of the speech we could see the contrary for they shake hands as a token of friendship. Altho I do not understand their language I can easily perceive a barrenness of words by their often repetitions of the same sounds— In regard to gutturals all the idioms seem to have less than the Dutch...& sounds something like the Welsh.

June 26<sup>th</sup>: Began a vocabulary of the different Indian dialects—the real difference may be seen at one sight—that the Missionary or wandering woodsman may likewise have in his hand the most common words & phrases of all the Indians within the limits of the United States.

A company of Chippeways & Potawatomes came in late in the evening from Michilmac & Lake Huron. They called General Wayne The Wind (from his impetuosity in pushing forward in battle). “As soon as the voice of The Wind reached us we made no delay but hastened to this place, to see the great man. We have traveled a far way—and we now want to rest. We hope our brother will give us something that is good to eat & drink.” Thus ended the story! And the answer was agreeable to their wishes. At night I had the curiosity to go in company with some other gentlemen to see the Indians dance. It surpasses my genius to describe it altho it is plain and nimble. I dare say it pleased

them very much but I should have no great inclination to see it ever again. The usual method is for the men and women to dance separate, but now and then a woman intermixes with the circle of the men, which is generally the most numerous—the Indian males having more leisure to play & dance than the females. One of the gentlemen who was with me given a picturesque genius has given me the following description of the dance. [not in MSS]

June 27<sup>th</sup>: Swift as the Indian arrow flies, my time rolls on each day. Soon some will say, here Morgan lies—what more can any say? I am really ashamed of myself—to murder time at this rate. Break fasted dined took a ride, drank tea! & increased the number of words in my vocabulary—yes I wrote about 2 hours in the morning—but is that enough of a days work? No—then sleep shall not close my eyes until I finish.

No Indians came in this day. The number already is said to be between 400 to 500 in all & soldiers now (those on mount independence excepted) have their guard within the pickets—600 yards in length and 300 in breadth. They make a formidable appearance—altho not above 1500 effective men.

June 28<sup>th</sup>: Preached at Capt. [Mahlon] Ford's to a select company. No Commander in Chief—can not spare time—for his men to hear preaching. The chaplain thinks it a great matter if he gives the soldiers a sermon once a month. If scarcity will make a thing valuable, preaching must be so here. Dined at the General & the musicians were sent off. Why? It is Monday forsooth: & all the men are at work! But if God will not watch who will guard the city?

June 29<sup>th</sup>: Very wet cold weather. I never expected such cold at this time of year in America. (Spent the day, principally in reading and writing a few Rhapsodies). The

wind from the lakes must materially affect the climate. Tho upon the whole the country may be healthy such sudden transitions must give a shock to broken constitutions. It is difficult perhaps to account for the fertility of this world; the fine flowers, fruitful trees & in short nature has done for this part what art & labor has done for the old world.

June 30<sup>th</sup>: The Miamis & Potawatomic chiefs in council, after the usual ceremonies of complimenting the great man; that they were glad to see him, found themselves at home & perfectly safe with him; reminded him of his promise that they should live as well as himself. They hoped he would not forget they were warriors & chiefs, & that he would treat them as such. Some complained they were tired of eating beef. They all wanted mutton or pork. They hoped as they were brothers, he would treat them with a glass of wine before they parted. One of the Potawatomic chiefs called the Sun looked rather sulky. He complained they had not enough to eat and drink, that he often had pain in his bowels—That as they were here idle they wanted some thing to divert them, more than common. The General—after complimenting them on their confidence of safety—told them he was very sorry any of them should be dissatisfied. That whatever they [wanted], if he had it it should be at their service—That they had no Pork, that they could not get enough of sheep—That they in general were for the ease of the sick,—but promised them a proportion, with some whiskey & a glass of wine apiece before they parted.

Attended a funeral of a poor soldier—expecting the Chaplain there, but a chaplain in this army is a metaphor. He does nothing as I can see—preaching is out of the question unless it be once or twice in 6 Sundays. Then the chaplainship in my opinion is a real evil in the army as is every officer who has no duty to perform.

Greenville is an oblong town—600 yards in length—900 yards in breadth. 4 block houses at equal distance in the center of the curtain of the Cantonment 4 bastions at the angles of the Cantonment. A Citadel in the center of the whole with 4 blockhouses—The Citadel is 200 yards square and has a most capital well in the center. 70,000 gallons of water was taken out in one day—without lessening the quantity of water in the fountain. Within the pickets there is another fine spring communicating its water to a bathing house. Considering the infant state of this place it has excellent accommodations for soldiers. Most of the officers have decent homes & very good gardens containing the greatest abundance of vegetables—As the waters of the Miami are navigable to the town it bides fair...to be a flourishing place...the climate being good &c....

July 4<sup>th</sup>: The day of the men who formed Congress in 76—All the heroes who have fallen in the cause of liberty, that great warrior & statesman General Washington, the French Republic and several other toasts were drunk, a salute for each \_\_\_ & Citadel. A company of Ottaway Indians from Lake Superior came in—their chief [Egushawa] made a speech in which he mentioned that he would not bring on with him the Wyandots & Shawnees of Detroit; that the British do all they can to prevent any of the Indians to come in—they bribe & threaten. Said he, but having raised on my feet I was determined to pursue the journey, and come to this place I am happy the Great Spirit has permitted me to meet here on the good work of peace. The Indians use a pattern of Oratory for all nations—their address is bold and unaffected—their emotions natural, and expressive of what they say. They speak with great warmth—yet keep good time, in as much as they stop when they please—for the interpreter, to translate. Such are the dictates of nature. Let us follow nature in all our public speaking.



I had prepared a short Oration for the day—just to please my own fancy. There it is. [reprinted in Griffith's biography along with "The Altar of Peace," 230-243]

At the Commander in Chief's request, Met in the council house for Divine worship, at one o'clock. As I found myself rather indisposed for extempore preaching, I read the following uncorrected harangue to the audience. This was the first time I ever read a discourse in public. Perhaps it will be the last. I have always thought reading has its advantages & disadvantages. The disadvantages are certainly greater than the advantages in preaching to a large audience.... Spent the evening as usual—too idle.... A harsh [reply] was given by a friend of mine after dinner viz Civilization in relation to the Aborigines of this country.

July 6<sup>th</sup>: Nothing particular occurred, unless it be the flogging of a man for stealing bells—after receiving his hundred well laid on—the bells, about ½ dozen in number, were tied to him & he had to walk all around the encampments with drums beating after him in that condition. What is man? Spent the evening in the council house—the dispute ran principally on injustice, concerning color ceremonies, &c. The poor chaplain was I think well roasted. I would not dictate for another man, but were I in his room I would perform my duty more closely. I would at least preach unto them every Sunday & leave the event to God.

July 7<sup>th</sup>: Morning ride around the Indian Camps, where I had an opportunity of seeing the sable race lying in their tents. Many I believe are gone, and no fresh arrivals according to expectation,—no good omen for peace. Visited the haymakers on the prairies. Nature has done everything for this part of the world. The hay is rather coarse, but the quantity is above calculation. The advantages of brains to new settlers must be 10

to 1 at least for the first years. God has surely designed to populate the Western world and establish his throne in the hearts of the inhabitants.

July 8<sup>th</sup>: Upon close examination I believe the Indians will be found to have a greater sense of some kind of religion than the white people. Pity their minds were not directed to a proper channel. If anything the difficulty of training them will be their readiness to give a formal assent to everything you say. I had a long talk this day with a Delaware who could talk a little English. A party came in this evening of the Wyandots and Shawanees—runners or rather riders, to mention the rest were following. May the Lord incline their hearts to peace.

July 9<sup>th</sup>: A convocation of the Chiefs, &c., to consult whether the treaty should commence before the arrival of the remaining Sachems. It was agreed in the negative; adjourned to next Monday. We all smoked out the pipe of peace & parted good friends. And I will believe was it not for the white Indians the red would continue our friends. Had a long conversation with one of the Potawatomie chiefs who can talk French tolerably. He informs me all his children pray and fear the Great Spirit. The Rubicon is passed. After deliberating for many days whether I should go on by Detroit or turn by Cincinnati—the cursed policy of the British and the jealousy of the [word omitted] at the present juncture prevents a peaceable traveler from pursuing his route. Ye worse than Indians! Why encourage others to fight and scalp when you dare not take the field yourselves. Britannia blush, and endeavor to return thy lost character by banishing thy couriers where they have sent the immortal patriots of 1793.

[Morgan Rhys left Greenville on July 10<sup>th</sup> and Cincinnati on the 15<sup>th</sup>]