

SQUIRE GREY EYES' FARWELL ADDRESS



Delivered July 12, 1843

at the Wyandott Indian Mission

Upper Sandusky, Ohio

Before their Departure for Kansas

“My people, the time for our departure is at hand. A few words remain only to be said. Our entire nation has gathered here for farewell. We have this morning met together for the last time in our Love Feast. More than two-hundred have testified to the great power of God. Brother Wheeler has preached the funeral for our dead – our John Stewart, our beloved Mononcue, our recently murdered Summundewat, our eloquent Between-the-Logs. They sleep the sleep of death, but the hope of immortality is strong within our breasts. Our chiefs have committed to the care our White Brothers, our Temple; to the Great Spirit, the grave of our ancestors. The Indian does not forget the palefaced brother who came to him with the message from the Great Spirit, and who loved him well and served him well.

The White Man's God has become the Indian's God, and with us go ever to our new home, our beloved shepherd, Brother Wheeler, and Sister Lucy Armstrong, the Wyandot Bride. Surely like the white-faced truth of all that she says: ‘Whither thou goest, I will go and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thy diest I will die, and there will I be buried.’

It remains only for me to say farewell. Yes, it is indeed farewell. No more shall we engage in the solemn feast, or the feast of rejoicing. No more shall Sandusky's Plains and forests echo to the voice of song and praise. No more shall we assemble in our Temple to sing the sacred songs and hear the story of the Cross. Here our dead are buried. We have placed fresh leaves and flowers upon their graves for the last time. No longer shall we visit them. Soon they shall be forgotten, for the onward march of the strong White Man will not turn aside for Indian graves. Farewell – Farewell Sandusky River. Farewell – Farewell our hunting grounds and homes. Farewell to the stately trees and forests. Farewell to the wild creatures of the woods. Farewell to the Temple of the Great Spirit. Farewell to our White Brothers, and friends, and neighbors. It is but a little time for us till we leave our earthly home for a Better Country – that of an heavenly; for here we are no continuing city, but we seek one that is to come, whose builder and maker is God.

Let us remember the dying words of Brother Stewart: “BE FAITHFUL.”