

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

"AND THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE AND BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE."

BY THE BOARD OF INDIAN MISSIONS.]

LOUISVILLE, KY., DECEMBER, 1847.

[Vol. II.—No. 5

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE

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From the Macedonia.
SHORT SERMON.—NO. 2.

"Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith, be it unto you; and their eyes were opened." Mat. ix. 29, 30.

How wonderful is the history presented by the life of our Lord! Every one of his conversations, his acts, his incidental remarks, is filled with a lesson of instruction. How deeply wise should we be if we would only meditate upon his blessed gospel!

Observe, for instance what matter for reflection is found in these few words. The two blind men follow him with earnest crying, beseeching that their eyes may be opened. The saviour pauses. He asks if they believe in his power; they reply that they do. He touches their eyes with the peculiar condition, "According to your faith, be it unto you;" and their eyes were immediately opened.

Suppose, now, they had not possessed faith. Would their eyes have been opened? Certainly not; for our Lord expressly says, "According to your faith, be it unto you." Though our Lord put forth his healing power, yet if they had not been believing, no result would have been produced. They would have continued blind as before.

Now this contingency here expressed, leads us to an important train of consequences. It would seem to teach us, that, in order to the accomplishment of any special work of divine power, two things are required; first, the agency of God, and second, the right temper in man. Unless these two conditions are present, the work will not be done.

How may we know that God is ready to put forth his agency? We may know this in two ways:—

First, from his character as he revealed it to us. He is the author of every good and perfect gift. He loves the happiness of all his creatures. Whenever, therefore, we are laboring to promote their happiness, we may cherish a hope that he is preparing to be present with his aid.

Secondly, from his holy word. There are found in the oracles of truth astounding great and precious promises respecting the final triumph of individual laborers, and the universal triumph of the church. "As I live, saith the Lord, the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

It is certain, then, that all this will be accomplished. But are not our promises conditional? Is it not true here as elsewhere, "According to your faith, be it unto you?" I firmly believe that it is. That is to say, the promises of God will be fulfilled to the very letter, at some period or other. The portion which we shall share in this work, however, depends upon our faith. At any particular period, the greater the faith of the people of God, the more abundant will be the fulfillment. So of individual Christians, the greater the faith of each, the larger

will be the share which he shall be permitted to take in the fulfillment of the purposes of God. As Mordecai said to Esther, "If thou hold thy peace, deliverance shall come from another place." So if we are unbelieving, the cause of Christ shall yet be glorious. Nations shall be converted to him; but we ourselves shall lose the blessed privilege of being, in a humble manner, co-workers with God.

What, then, is that faith here spoken of, on which so much depends, and which is the measure of our power in every effort to do good, or to become good?

It is a temper of mind towards God the Father, Jesus Christ the Redeemer, and the Spirit the Sanctifier. It is the temper of mind required of us in consequence of what God is in himself, and what he is to us. Let any one think of these two facts—God in himself and God to us—and ask how ought I to be affected in view of such truths, and he will be able to form some notion of the nature of faith.

I have thus far spoken of faith in general. What is faith in this particular case, that is, in our labor in the missionary cause? I answer it is a filial confidence that God will fulfill all that he has promised; that he will fill the earth with his glory; that no weapon formed against Zion shall prosper; and that he will, in such manner as seems best to himself, grant success to every effort, however humble, to extend the kingdom of his Son. When we feel this, and act accordingly, we may hear the voice of Christ saying unto us, "According to your faith, be it unto you."

Let us now apply this to particular instances. Suppose a pastor finds that his church is unafflicted by the wants of a perishing world, and of course deficient in the missionary spirit. Shall he sink down to their level, and pastor and people bring upon themselves the curse of Merod? Shall he conclude, that, because he is alone, and his people are perishing in selfishness, he has nothing to do? Far from it, brother. The more imperfect your people are, the greater is the labor before you.—Christ surely does not desire his people to remain in such a condition. Lay the whole case before him.—You may plead with him all the promises he has ever made for his church. You may go with full confidence that he will delight to hear you. You must, however, use all proper means for accomplishing a change. Spread the facts before your people; interest them in the Month-ly Concert; set them an example of Christian benevolence. Scorn the idea that because you are a minister, therefore you are excused from the duty of benevolence; that is, because it is your profession to preach charity, it is your privilege not to practice it. Act in the fear of God, in charity, and in faith; and "according to your faith, will it be unto you."

Or let us suppose another case; the church has sunk into apathy, the minister sympathizes with the church, he rarely remembers the concert of prayer for missions, rarely attends it himself, and, when he does, seems to be utterly unacquainted with the work which God is doing among the heathen. He never favors a collection for missions, perhaps from fear that what is given for the heathen will be taken from him. But are there now two or three humble souls waiting for the con-

solation of Israel? Let them not despair; let them not become impatient; let them bring this whole case and lay it down before the mercy-seat. It is not agreeable to the will of Christ that his church should remain in this condition. He will assuredly aid those who labor to improve it, and will answer the prayers of those who supplicate in its behalf. To such two or three I would say, pray without ceasing that the spirit of supplication and of Christian benevolence may be poured out upon your brethren. Attend the concert of prayer, though you be ever so few—make known to your brethren the triumphs of the cross. Set an example of benevolence, and things soon will mend. You may hear the voice of Christ while you are thus laboring and praying, distinctly saying, "According to your faith, be it unto you."

Once more. As a denomination, we have long professed a deep interest in the cause of missions; but the facts scarcely correspond with our professions. A large portion of our churches giving nothing. Another large portion give in sums so small as almost to excite us to the scorn of infidels. Among those churches who give the most liberally, the number who really deny themselves for the cause of Christ is small. And when we meet to deliberate on the best means of sending the gospel to the perishing, how strange a spectacle is frequently presented! It is difficult to attract attention to any thing, either missionary or religious.—If a controversy can be awakened on any other subject, the house is filled, and every ear is eager to listen.

All this is cause for lamentation, but no cause for despair. Let those who love the cause of missions pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Let us bring the case of our denomination before the mercy-seat. It cannot be the will of Christ that his disciples should be so indifferent to the salvation of those souls for which he offered up himself. We may therefore pray in the full confidence of faith, that the Spirit from on high be poured out upon our brethren.

Let us seek for the things which make for peace. Let each one resolve to banish from every missionary meeting every thing that is not strictly missionary, and use the organization with which Providence has provided us, without seeking for change, until experience teaches that change is absolutely necessary.

A rolling stone gathers no moss. It would be very easy for us to occupy the time of every annual meeting in arguing about changes in the constitution, until the object itself for which the constitution was formed should be entirely forgotten. Let us chew all this. Let us pray without ceasing that a flame of holy love may be kindled in the hearts of all our brethren. Let us set them an example of simple-minded, holy love for the souls of perishing men, and then it shall be said unto our denomination, "According to your faith, be it unto you."

17 years ago, was the habitation of its original Indian tribes only. It now has a population of [uncounted] thousands, and supports 16 newspapers, of which six are Democrats, seven Whig, one Neutral, one Religious and one Agricultural.

DEATH OF REV. S. C. CLOPTON.

How short his day—the glorious prize
To our slow hearts and fading eyes,
He appeared (so quickly) won
The warrior rushed into the fold,
With arm invincible to wield
The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
When lo! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the western main,
And leaves the world in night;
The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarcely risen, its brighter beams at last,
Thus sank his form on ocean's coast,
Thus grazed his soul to light.

James Montgomery

These touching stanzas, in which an English poet poured forth his lament on the untimely decease of the gifted Thomas Spencer, have recurred to our memory in connection with the mournful intelligence from China, announcing the fact that our beloved Clifton is no more. It has pleased God to call him early to his rest. We desire to bow in profound submission to his will, and to acknowledge the wisdom and goodness of the unrevealed reasons upon which this event of divine Providence rests.

Our lamented missionary was born in New Kent, Va., and was the third son of our venerable brother James Clifton, who has been for many years the pastor of Emanuel church. The child of pious parents, he was brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and evinced, at an early age, susceptibility to religious impressions. Having been brought to the knowledge of the truth, he became a member of the church of which his father was the pastor, and subsequently obeyed the call of his divine Master to the Ministry of the everlasting gospel. In obedience to this call, and for the purpose of preparing himself more fully to discharge the duties to which he believed himself summoned, he became a student first in the Virginia Baptist Seminary, and afterwards in Columbian College, where he was graduated. On leaving that institution he accepted the appointment of teacher of the preparatory department of Richmond College, and subsequently connected himself as a student, with Newton Theological Institution, from which he felt himself compelled to retire after the separation which took place between the North and the South, in consequence of the action of the Boston Board.

In the fall of 1845, he was appointed a missionary, and by the advice of the Board, he spent the interval between this period and the time of his departure for the field of labor, in visiting several churches and associations, for the purpose of awakening and increasing an interest in the great enterprise to which he stood pledged. Those who had the pleasure of listening to his urgent appeals will long remember the ardor and devotion of the youthful missionary.

A few weeks before his embarkation in June, 1846, he was united in marriage to sister Frances Turpin, who, like himself, was the child of pious parents. He reached the place of his destination with high hope of prolonged life and usefulness. But divine Providence had made a different disposal of him. He died at Canton, on the 7th of July, after an illness of ten days in the 32d year of his age.

Our beloved brother commended himself to the esteem and affection of all who knew him, by his urbanity of

department and his fervent zeal in the cause of the Redeemer. Regarded by the Board, as eminently qualified for successful service in China, his loss is deeply felt. His communications to them since his arrival at his field of labor, breathe the spirit of entire devotion to the cause which he had espoused, and evince the sincerity and steadfastness of the purpose with which he had consecrated himself to the good of the Chinese, and his readiness to be offered upon the sacrifice and service of their faith.

Our departed missionary has finished the work which was given him to do. He was summoned to go out to China—to die. This was his mission, and he has accomplished it.

“Glory to God be given,
Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
His covenant of peace to show,
Athen out the breaking storm to glow,
Then vanish into heaven.”

Who will take the place which he has left vacant? May we not hope that his example will speak from his tomb beyond the ocean, to the young ministering brethren whom he has left behind, with a persuasive eloquence which cannot be resisted?

South. Baptist Missionary Mag.

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

LOUISVILLE, DECEMBER, 1847.

Rooms of the American Indian Mission Association, No. 78, 3d street, between Market and Jefferson.

IS IT NOT A WONDER!

Not more than one century ago, the whole western country was thickly populated with its aboriginal inhabitants; their wigwams were clustering along the borders of all our beautiful streams, upon which the Indians have left the indelible impress of their names; every emigrant entering these pathless forests, expected that the crouching, stealthy form of some Indian warrior would be the first to meet his eye; and the whistle of his flying tomahawk or feathered arrow the first sounds breaking upon the ear. The Indian's canoe was the only craft plying our noble rivers, and his song alone waking an echo to break the brooding solitude which spread over the great Valley of the West.

Behold the wonder! The red man's race has passed away; if five or six of his degraded and degraded descendants can be gathered together, they are hawked about the country, where so late their forefathers lived, as a “raree show” for the gaping wonder-seeking multitude to gaze at, as though they belonged to a race as rare as the Pelee Mermaid; his wigwam has given place to mills, factories, etc.; his forest home has melted away before the woodman's axe; his canoe is displaced by the steamboat, whose ceaseless puffing reverberates among his native hills; and nothing is left to evidence his existence here, but the deserted graves of his fathers, the bleaching bones of his children, and the verbal monuments erected on our streams and mountains. All this in one century! verily the fashion of this world passeth away!

Oh when will American Christians awake from their apathy, and put forth a proper effort to smother the suffering Indian from his paganism and sin?

OUR AGENTS.

Rev. V. R. THURSTON, General Agent for Georgia.

Rev. G. B. DAVIS, Alabama and Tennessee.

Rev. I. T. TICHENOR, Mississippi.

In addition to the above, the Secretaries of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Rev. J. B. TAYLOR, and Rev. R. HOLMAN, are authorized to act as agents.

CONSTITUTION OF THE CHOCTAW NATION.

To give our readers good and indisputable evidence of the practicability of Indian civilization, we will, in our next number, present them with the Constitution of the Choctaw Nation, under which they are now happily and prosperously living.

MISSIONARIES.

The Board is still desirous of securing the services of three or four devoted and pious Missionaries, to occupy important stations in the Indian country; and will be happy to receive communications from brethren in the ministry, contemplating this promising and most interesting field of labor.

Will our exchanges please copy this notice!

WEA SCHOOL AND MISSION.

Most cheering intelligence has been recently received regarding the prospects at the above named station. The school now numbers upwards of twenty scholars; among whom a gratifying degree of seriousness has been apparent. This is also true with the adults attending the preaching of our Missionary, Rev. D. Lykins. We hope ere long to see the fruits of the seed which has been sown in this field, for which we have so long and patiently waited.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to Rev. SIDNEY DIXEY, Corresponding Secretary. Those containing remittances to C. VAN BENSIN, Esq., Treasurer. It is, also, particularly requested of all persons coming to the city having in charge money for the Association, that they call at the Treasurer's Office, 511 Main street, and pay it over.

OUR PAPER.

Our paper has been delayed this month by the almost unparalleled flood which is now sweeping down the turbid Ohio. Several days since the water rushed into the press-room of Messrs. D & Co., where our paper is printed, and is still on the rise up to this date, Dec. 16th.

BAPTIST ALMANAC, 1848.

We have received from the American Baptist Publication Society, two copies of the Baptist Almanac and Annual Register for 1848. It has evidently been prepared with unusual care, and is every way worthy the patronage of the denomination. The statistical tables, notices of benevolent Societies,

Institutions of Learning, etc., are full and remarkably accurate and interesting. We earnestly hope it will secure the circulation which it deserves.

CONSERVATIONS.

PUTAWATOMIE MISSION.

The following extract from a letter from sister Eliza McCoy, dated, Nov. 15th, will show to our readers an instance of missionary devotion and courage that has but few parallels. It is due to the Board to say, that sister McCoy was immediately instructed to avoid exposing herself to insult or danger; and if she found it necessary to move to some place of safety, until the Putawatomes become settled in their new home, to join our missionaries at the Wea station:

“As you have already been informed, strenuous efforts have been made to compel the Indians to move this fall; but what will be the final result still remains uncertain; but most probably, part will go and a part stay. But what I shall do, when Brother Smerwell leaves, which will be next week, I know not. But as there is no place in our new country, where I could find shelter now, I have thought of remaining here alone, and endeavor to keep house and teach the school.

This I know would be a lonely situation, lonely in the extreme, while it would assume a very great responsibility. But the idea of giving up my school, even for a time, is so painful, that I could make any, and every sacrifice of comfort or pleasure, rather than do this.

Should the school now be suspended, as we have no minister or mission family in the field, all missionary work would be suspended. In view of all these things, I feel this to be the most trying time, since entering your service. I will, however, be advised by the conference.

It has ever been painful to be placed in the midst of so much work, without being able to accomplish more. But while all at the station, deeply felt and mourned over this misfortune, they felt that keeping the field and maintaining denominational influence, was all important to future success. This has been done. But as the future alone can unfold its own events, I can say no more respecting our affairs, more, than that I hope to be resigned to whatever may appear to be duty.”

MORE BAPTISM.

The following extract from a letter from Rev. J. Smedley, dated November 23d, will show that the truth is still on the advance among the benighted Indians:

“I attended seven at the North Fork on the first Sabbath of this month. Gen. C. Macintosh's son (lately received into the church) acted as my interpreter for two sermons. I was surprised (and of course much gratified) with his fluency and earnestness. Surely God intends this promising young brother, for some important work. I think the interest among the Creeks is still on the increase, and among the Choctaws and Chickasaws, things are well promising. Many hearts are now in a pure and grateful heart to God and say—

“Thine be all the glory,
Ours the boundless grace.”

STRANGER DIXEY, Ohio River,
Nov. 23d, 1847.

Dear Brother Dixey—Truly I am now thinking of the past, the scenes of

the last few months are all crowding on my memory; but instead of producing sadness, the recollections of the past are touching pleasant. A few hours have past since I bid you, the last of my acquaintance adieu. “Tis true, there is a feeling of sadness come on me as I think in rapid succession of the many loved friends I have just left; many of them most likely I shall never see again until the judgment; and perhaps I may never see any of them again.— But we all shall meet again, meet where parting is never known. O how pleasant is Christian society! the friendships formed in the Christian church are indelible; distance and time cannot change the ties which bind Christians together. My home will be far away from all I dearly love, yet “distance will only lead enchantment to view,” and I shall love them the more, now that I am to be far away.

Now that I am removed from friends, I can take a pleasure in thinking of the many tokens I bear with me, from loved friends, beautiful presents; I shall seldom see them without thinking of the kind friends who gave them. My home in the wilderness will be made comfortable by having these gifts. I take with me many invaluable books the presents from friends; when I read these books, and when I loan them to the Indians, I will remember those who gave them.

Indeed my dear brother, I have not a single feeling of loneliness, I am as cheerful on my journey to the wilderness as I was a few months since, when I finished my studies at Georgetown College, and started for home, from which I had been absent three years, knowing that my mother would run to embrace me, and that all would be rejoiced at my return. If those who leave home for missionary toils, enjoy such pleasant feelings as I do, then the missionary is to be envied, and as they are actuated by the same motive as myself they do feel as happy as I do.

Surely the missionary has great cause for cheerfulness. Well do I remember many pleasant circumstances connected with my hasty visits among Christian strangers since my decision has been made to go as a missionary. The meeting in Louisville of itself is sufficiently interesting to encourage the missionary. That meeting is an earnest to me that I will be sustained.

Fatopped in Louisville, a stranger on my way to the Indian's home. A stranger, I found many friends; I am assured by them I shall be remembered.— On Sabbath afternoon the members of the four Baptists churches attended the missionary meeting, a meeting full of interest to me, a meeting I will think of frequently, will think of when worn with care as an encouragement in missionary toils. At the close of the meeting every Christian came forward and gave me the hand of Christian fellowship, leaving the word of encouragement that they would sustain me. O, there is a meaning in this token of Christian love, and I mean to keep up this Christian witness of extending the hand to the members of the Indian churches, and also when those members meet here.

Since I have been on the journey I have opened some of my friends, and looked at some of the beautiful presents from friends. I have always loved a present, but never all never have presents been handled with so much interest. Fair tokens of kind friends flow on I ever hope friends who have thought to supply every want of mine. I shall necessarily know what it is to wait for little attentions.

Many of my friends said to me, “O you will be so lonely after you leave all your friends, and with your face turned to the wilderness home, then the saddest feelings will come on you.” Alas,

entirely alien to me; I yet know nothing of such feelings. Never was retirement more inglorious; never was travelling more pleasant; and well you know there is no romance in my view of missionary labors. My thoughts are so pleasant, so calm, that I look upon the journey before me as a pleasant visit.

Labor will be pleasant when sweetened by such thoughts as the missionary indulges, knowing that while he is sowing the seed of Divine truth, his brethren are praying that God will give the increase. My dear brother, I know that you understand my feelings, and that in writing to you, heart is speaking to heart. You will soon hear from me again.

Yours with affectionate regard,
AMERICUS L. HAY.

NOTE.—I received five dollars from a young son of Dr. Melcolm's for the Indian Mission in five cent pieces; he had saved his little sums until he had this amount. The mission most prosper which has such young friends, who are willing to save their change and give it to the mission. A. L. H.

Extract from Rev. J. Meeker to J. M. Bradstreet, Ottawa, April 8, 1847.

It is now nearly eight years since I was ordained to preach the gospel of the Saviour to the Indians. Since that time I have baptized into the name of the Holy Trinity, one hundred and one persons upon profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, fifty-one of whom were males, and fifty females, twenty-three have died, and I hope have gone to heaven, nine are excluded from the church, and sixty-nine still remain members in full standing of the "Ottawa Baptist Mission Church." To God be all the praise; but I really feel like calling on my friends and neighbors, saying unto them, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep which were lost."

There is now but little sickness around us. The Indians raised enough corn, etc., for supply last year; and all are very busily engaged now in preparing for a future crop.

INDIAN WRONGS.

We copy the following extract from the St. Louis Republican. It is but one of the multitude of instances of gross outrages committed upon the poor Indian, and when he resorts to the only means of redress known to him, he is called a "blood-thirsty Indian," and hunted out of the world. Will not a generous christian public fully sustain a society, which has for its express object the amelioration of the condition of this suffering people!

HORRIBLE TALES—MURDER OF INDIANS IN COLD BLOOD.—Last evening's mail brought us letters from Fort Mans, the headquarters of Lt. Col. Giffin's "Indian Battalion," dated the 28th of November. They were brought in independence by a trading train, and convey intelligence which will shock the sensibilities of the American people. From these letters we condense the following statement:

On Tuesday, the 16th, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, a general alarm was given that a body of men was approaching the Fort from the other side of the Arkansas. For a few minutes there was much confusion and excitement in the camp. Many were mounted on the top of the walls of the Fort and of the two batties attached thereto, some looking through spy-glasses, and all intent upon discovering what was to be done. Some supposing they were buffalo, and others supposing they were the animals belonging to the battalion, holding at a

distance. But it was soon determined that they were Indians, and that they numbered nearly a hundred strong.

When this was ascertained, the men were ordered to arms. Three companies were paraded inside of the Fort, when, after the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, they were dismissed—having been informed that they were Pawnee, supposed to be friendly. They approached the Fort with several white flags, forded the river, and encamped about a quarter of a mile below the Fort. The chief, who is said to have been dressed in the costume of a Mexican officer, continued on up to the Fort, and was met by the officer in command, Capt. Felker—Lt. Col. Giffin being absent. They saluted each other and signs of the usual friendly character passed between them. Capt. P. escorted the chief, with a few of his warriors, about the fort—showing them his artillery, and causing one piece to be discharged, to show them our superiority in arms and appliances over them.

After taking them through the Fort, Capt. Felker made signs to the chief to bring his men to the Fort. This order was at once responded to, the chief marching before his men, some seventy in number, all brave and warlike looking men, with nothing save a buffalo robe around them. Before entering the Fort the chief stopped his men and addressed them, in a short but emphatic speech, to which they seemed to yield their assent. After being satisfied that no suspicions rested against them, they proceeded to the Fort, where all of them gathered around one of the cooking fires. From that place, the chief says, "they were invited inside of the Fort, for what purpose I am at a loss to know, but I have been informed with the avowed object of disarming them. No sooner had such preparatory steps been taken, than the whole party seemed instantaneously to have their suspicions aroused, and they made a general rush for the gate, intermingling in every direction with our men, who were on the outside of the Fort. Orders were immediately given to fire upon them—and by a few the order was promptly obeyed. I say a few, as there were but few who were in readiness, some of them happening to have their arms outside of the gate. However it was not long before the companies were all armed and in pursuit of the Indians, but they were soon beyond the reach of our guns. On retreating to the Fort, we found that three Indians were wounded—one shot through the leg, and one through the body, which must prove mortal—and the third was cut over the head, but not dangerously. But this was not all the bloodshed—for three more Indians were found in Capt. Felker's quarters, who had gone there unexpectantly, and were afterwards unable to make their escape, and were murdered in cold blood, by order of Capt. Felker. Four were then killed, two were wounded and are prisoners, and the supposition is that some fifteen or twenty of them were wounded—five of them mortally—outside of the Fort."

From the President's Message. INDIAN TRIBES.

Peaceful relations exist with the various Indian tribes, and most of them manifest strong friendship for us. Some depredations were committed during the past year upon our trains, transporting supplies for our army, on the road between the western border of Missouri and Santa Fe. These depredations, which we supposed to have been committed by the bands from the region of New Mexico, have been resisted by the presence of a military force, ordered out for that purpose. Some outrages have been perpetrated by a portion of the north-western bands, upon the

weaker and comparatively defenceless neighboring tribes. Prompt measures were taken to prevent such occurrences in future.

Between one and two thousand Indians have been removed from east of the Mississippi to the country allowed to them, west of that river, as their permanent home; arrangements have been made for others to follow.

Since the treaty in 1846 with the Cherokees, the feuds among them appear to have subsided, and they have become more united and contented than they have been for many years past. The commissioners appeared in pursuance of the act of June 22d 1846, to settle the claims arising under the treaty of 1845 and 1846 with that tribe, have executed their duties, and, after a patient investigation and a full and fair examination of the cases brought before them, closed their labors in the month of July last. This is the fourth board of commissioners which has been organized under the treaty. Ample opportunity has been deferred to all those interested to bring forward their claims. No doubt is entertained that impartial justice has been done by the late board, and that valid claims embraced by the treaty have been considered and allowed.

The result and the final settlement to be made with this tribe under the treaty of 1846, which will be completed and laid before you during your session, which will adjust all questions of controversy between them, and produce a state of relations with them simple, well-defined, and satisfactory.

Under the discretionary authority conferred by the act of 3d March last, the annuities due to the various tribes have been paid, during the present year, to the heads of families instead of to the chiefs, or to such persons as they might designate, except as by the laws previously existing. This mode of payment has given general satisfaction to the great body of the Indians. Justice has been done to them and they are grateful to the Government for it. A few chiefs and interested persons may object to this mode of preventing fraud and imposition from being practiced upon the great body of the common Indians, constituting a great majority of the tribes.

It is gratifying to perceive that a number of tribes have recently manifested an increased interest in the establishment of schools amongst them, and are making rapid advances in agriculture; some of them producing a sufficient quantity of food for their support and a surplus to dispose of to their neighbors. The comforts by which those who have received even a limited education, and have engaged in agriculture, are surrounded, tend gradually to draw off their less civilized brethren from the precarious means of subsistence by the change of habits of labor and civilization.

DESIGNATION AND DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

In the Magazine for August, p. 306, we had the pleasure to announce the appointment of several missionaries to Asia, and among others Messrs. Danforth and Stanford to Assam and Mr. Moore to Malacca. The public services of designation of these brethren were held at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 26, in connection with the ordination of Mr. Danforth to the Christian ministry—Sermon on the occasion by Rev. Dr. Sharp, instructions of the Executive Committee by the Foreign Secretary, Address with bond of fellowship by Rev. S. R. Swain (p. 416). The following Wednesday, Nov. 3, the missionaries with their wives, Mrs. Francis A. Studley Danforth, of Worcester, Mrs. Drusilla C. Allen Stanford,

of Collins, Erie county, N. Y., and Mrs. Elizabeth W. Forbes Moore, of Cincinnati, O., set sail from Boston for Calcutta in the ship Cato, Plummer commander, with every prospect of a pleasant and speedy passage. Rev. Messrs. Simons and Brayton of Maine and Tavoy Missions, returned to their stations by the same opportunity. Mrs. Brayton remains for a time in the country for the recovery of health—Mr. and Mrs. Greer, appointed to Aracan Mission, are also detained by personal engagements, in hope of embarking next spring.

Bapt. Missionary Magazine.

MISSIONS TO THE INDIANS.—The Nashville Banner notices the annual meeting of a Baptist Missionary Organization at that place, whose field of labor is among the Indians. About one hundred members were present, forty of whom were clergymen, from eight different States. The missions of the Society, which are somewhat numerous, are represented to be in a prosperous state, and give the promise of great usefulness. The Banner was especially pleased with the appearance of a young chieftain present, of the Creek nation.—*Her. Religious Liberty.*

INDIAN RELICS.—The Columbia (S. Carolina) Telegraph states that while the excavations on the bank of Saluda river were going on to furnish earth for the new dam, lately erected by the Saluda Manufacturing Company, a conical earthen pot or urn was discovered. It was inverted, and appeared to have covered a heap of ashes. It was most probably a sepulchral vessel, containing the burnt remains of some aboriginal warrior. It was carefully removed, and is now in the collection of such relics which Dr. Gibbs has been for several years accumulating.

A HEATHEN'S CONSCIENCE.

The province of Bengal in India, is bordered on the south-west by a large tract of hilly country, which is inhabited by a people called the Coles.—They differ in many respects from the natives of the adjoining districts. They do not worship images; they have no priests like the Brahmans to oppress or delude them; they have no cast to make their escape from the degraded condition in which they are born almost hopeless. The Coles, therefore, are regarded by many in India as presenting fewer obstacles to missionary effort than most of the inhabitants of that benighted country. That they have a conscience which is not wholly perverted; the following confession, made by one of them when he voluntarily surrendered himself to the public authorities, abundantly testifies:—

Ques. Did you kill your son, Kapore?

Ans. Yes, I killed him.

Ques. For what fault did you kill him?

Ans. He never committed any fault; we were both starving; I had nothing to give him to eat; he cried, and looked in my face; he was weak, and lay down on the ground. He lay down in the jungle, and could not rise again; night was coming on, and I heard the tiger roaring, and I thought he would seize you, my poor boy, if I left you, and so I killed you! I then buried him in a ravine; but the wild beasts should devour him. I went away slowly, for I was weak and ill. And when I got further into the forest, I thought I heard him call, and then I flinched away. But he calls me now every day. In the morning, and noon, and night, I hear him call—Father, O father! So, I cannot eat—I cannot work—I cannot laugh—I can live no more! So hate me, sir, kill me quick, and this weakness is over.—*Dustring.*

INDIAN LEGENDS.

CORN-PLANTING, AND ITS INCIDENTS.

The zem-mis, originally furnished the principal article of subsistence among all the tribes of this race, north and south. It laid the foundation of the Mexican and Peruvian types of civilization, as well as the incipient germinations of it among the more warlike tribes of the Iroquois, Natchez, Lenape, and others of northern latitudes. They esteem it so important and divine a grain, that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Ojibwa Algonquins, who call it Mondamin that is the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel, is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virgity, or coming to manhood.

It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering at least among all the still uncorrupted tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing skins and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages from their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests.

The area of ground planted is not comparatively large. This matter is essentially regulated by the number of the family, and other circumstances. Spring is a leisure season with them, and by its genial and reviving influence, invites to labor. An Indian female has no cows to milk, no flax to spin, no yarn to reel. Even those labors, which at other seasons fall to her share, are now intermitted. She has upwax to gather to make mats.—Sugar-making has ended. She has no skins to dress, for the hunt has ended, the animals being out of season. It is at this time that the pelt grows bad, the hair becomes loose, and falls off, and nature itself teaches the hunter, that the species must have repose, and be allowed a little time to replenish.

Under these circumstances the mistress of the lodge and her train, sally out of the lodge into the corn-field, and with the light peidge-ag skawit, or small hoe, open up the soft ground, and deposit their treasured mondamin.

The Indian is emphatically a superstitious being, believing in all sorts of magical, and secret, and wonderful influences. Woman, herself, comes in for no small share of these supposed influences. I shrewdly suspect that one half of the credit we have been in the habit of giving the warrior on the score of valor, in his treatment of captives, is due alone to his superstitious. He is afraid, at all times, to spoil his luck, cross his fate, and do some untoward act, by which he might, perchance, fall under a bad spiritual influence.

To the wewun, or wife—the equa, or woman, to the gub or mother,—to the equasas, or girl, and to the danis, or daughter, and shema, or sister, he looks, as wielding, in their several capacities, whether kinder, or not, three mystic influences over his luck. In consequence of this, the female never walks in the path before him. It is an unpropitious sign. If she cross his track,

when he is about to set out on a hunting, or war excursion, his luck is gone. If she is ill, from natural causes, she cannot even stay in the same wigam. She cannot use a cup or a bowl without rendering it, in his view, unclean.

A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening, to perform a secret circuit, sans habilement, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then taking her mitchecoia, or principal garment in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to ensure a prolific crop and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line.

But if corn-planting be done in a lively and satisfied, and not a slavish spirit, corn-gathering and husking is a season of divided merriment and merriment. At these gatherings the chiefs and old men are in respectators, although they are pleased spectators, the young only sharing in the sport. Who has not seen the sedate ogima in such a vicinage, smoking a dignified pipe with senatorial ease. On the other hand, turning to the groups of nature's red daughters and their young cohorts, it may be safely affirmed that laughter and garrulity constitute no part of the characteristics of civilization. Whatever else custom has bound fast, in the domestic female circle of forest life, the tongue is left loose.—Nor does it require our observations, leads us to think, one tenth part of the wit or drollery of ancient Athens, to set their risible faculties in motion.

If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be crooked, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-gemin* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the corn-field. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry groups, the idea of a pilferer of their favorite mondamin. Nor is there any doubt on these occasions, that the occurrence truly reveals the fact, that the cornfield has actually been thus depredated on.

The term *wagemin*, which unfolds all these ideas, and reveals, as by a talisman, all this information, is derived in part, from the tri-literal term *Wagemin*, that which is bent or crooked.—The termination in *g*, is the unisolate plural, and denotes not only that there is more than one object, but that the subject is noble or invested with the importance of animated beings. The last member of the compound, *min*, is a shortened sound of the generic moon, a grain, or berry. To make these coalesce, agreeably to the native laws of euphony, the short vowel *i*, is thrown in, between the verbal root and substantive, as a connective. The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called, is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is in this manner, that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is also competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus or corn song, as sung by the northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*—a permutative form of the Indian substantive made from the verb, *pin-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, he who walks, or the walker; but the ideas conveyed by it are, he who walks at night to pilfer corn. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression, to the preceding term. The chorus is entirely composed of these two terms, variously repeated, and may be set down as follows:

Wagemin,
Wagemin,
Paimosaid,
Wagemin,
Wagemin,
Paimosaid.

When this chant has been sung, there is a pause, during which some one who is expert in these things, and has a turn for the comic or ironic, utters a short speech, in the manner of a recitative, in which a peculiar intonation is given and generally interrogates the supposed pilferer, as if he were present to answer questions, or accusations. There can be no pretence, that this recitative part of the song is always the same, at different times and places, or even that the same person should not vary his phraseology. On the contrary, it is often an object to vary it. It is a perfect improvisation, and it may be supposed that the native composer is always actuated by a desire to please, as much as possible by novelty. The whole object indeed is, to keep up the existing merriment, and excite fun and laughter.

The following may be taken as one of these recitative songs, written out on the plan of preserving the train of thought and some of those peculiar interjections, in which these languages so much abound. The chorus alone, it is to be observed, is fixed in its words and metre, however transposed or repeated, and, unlike an English song, precedes the stanza or narrative:

Cereal chorus. Wagemin! wagemin!
Thief in the blade,
Blight of the cornfield
Paimosaid.

Recitative.
See you not traces, while pulling the leaf,
Plainly depicting the raven and thief?
See you not signs by the ring and the spot,
How the mouse crept as he crept in the lot?
It is not plain by this mark on the stalk,
That he was lovingly bent in his walk?
Old man be nimble! the old should be good,
But thou art a cowardly thief of the wood.

Cereal chorus. Wagemin! wagemin!
Thief in the blade,
Blight of the cornfield
Paimosaid.

Recitative.
Where, little raven of things not your own,
Where is your rattle, your drum, and your bone?
Surely a wasson so nimble of speed,
Surely he must be a Meta's indeed,
How have he done, as he looks off the ear,
What! he seems for a moment in fear,
Walker, be nimble—oh! walker be brief,
Ho! ho! it is plain the old man is the thief.

Cereal chorus. Wagemin! wagemin!
Thief in the blade,
Blight of the cornfield
Paimosaid.

Recitative.
Wobumini! corn-taker, why do you lag?
None hit the stars—yes—fill up your bag!
Why do you linger to gaze as you pass?
Tell me, my little wasson, is it most fall?
A-ho! I see, a red spot on the leaf,
Surely a warrior cannot be 't the leaf!
Ah, little thief, be ever your parent,
And leave here no point of your cowardly foot.
Schodschod.

♫ A Jugler.
♫ A sharp exclamation quickly to behold something striking.
♫ A derogatory exclamation.
♫ Behold thou.
♫ A masculine exclamation, to express surprise.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, KY.

Georgetown is a village of sixteen hundred inhabitants, and is remarkable for its beauty, salubrity, and morality. Fine turnpikes connect it with Louisville, Frankfort, Covington, and Lexington; and regular steam packets ply daily to Cincinnati and Louisville.

The College has been in operation about 15 years, and has a full and able faculty, under the Presidency of Rev. Howard Malcom, D. D. It has some endowment, ample buildings, and is out of debt. The Library contains nearly five thousand volumes. The Cabinet of Minerals contain 12 hundred, and that of Conchology over two thousand specimens. There is also a valuable Museum of Natural History. Chemistry is taught with special reference to agriculture. Particular attention is given to Composition and Declamation.

Two courses of study are pursued: one embracing the full Yale College course; the other including all the other branches except Latin and Greek. For each, appropriate Diplomas are conferred.

Price of tuition, \$40 per annum.—Price of board, \$80 to \$100 per year, exclusive of vacations.

The Preparatory Department is surpassed by no Academy in the West.—Students are here fitted in the best manner for College, and such as come from abroad, not quite qualified to enter the Freshman Class, can make up the deficiency under the eye of the Faculty.

Col. David Folsom, a highly respected citizen of the Choctaw Nation, died at his residence in Doaksville, on the 24th ult. Col. Folsom has filled every position that a citizen of the Choctaw Nation can fill under the constitution, and by the vote of his countrymen. He served as a leader of a party of Choctaw warriors, against the Creeks during the Creek war, where his bravery and friendship to the United States rendered him a cherished object of Government favor. He was slain near Gen. Jackson at the surrender of Pensacola.

DONATIONS.

From Nov. 20th to Dec. 15th, 1847.
KENTUCKY.
Mount Gilead ch., Fayette co. 85 25
Cave Run do. per N. P. Drake 10 75
Glenn's Creek church 7 00
Charles H. Malcom 5 00
P. S. Bush, annual subscription 5 00
Geo J. Rowland 2 00
\$35 00

GEORGIA.

Dogwood Baptist church, per Rev. E. Dyer \$13 00

MISSISSIPPI.

By Rev. J. F. Tucknor, Agent, Miss. Baptist Convention \$173 10
Collection at annual meeting at Hernando 46 10

Bethel Church, De Soto co.
O. Dodson 1; W. M. Dowdy 40c; A. L. Waldrop 20c; G. B. Waldrop 1; W. Graham 1; Mary E. Verech 25c; Nancy A. Ellis 25c; B. J. Ellis 25c; J. B. Weston 55c. 66 00
Clarity Powers 25c; a friend 50c. 75
Collection at Salem 10 50
Collection at Chulahoma 4 00
Collection at Grim Wolf 5 40

Total Miss. \$242 90
Ohio.
Baptist Church, New Carlisle 5 00
Total. \$247 90