

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

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

BY THE BOARD OF INDIAN MISSIONS]

LOUISVILLE, KY., APRIL, 1848.

[Vol. II.—No. 9

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE

IN FULFILLING DUTY,

Under the patronage of the American Indian Mission Association

TERMS:

Twenty copies for \$5 00.

From the Baptist Churches.

INTOXICATION AMONG THE INDIANS.

It was my privilege to hear a recent public address on behalf of Indian Missions, delivered by a minister, whose accurate acquaintance with our aboriginal tribes is attested by an official intercourse of several years. The reverend lecturer affirmed that the means of intoxication was unknown to the American race, until civilized men introduced into the new world alcoholic "fire-water." Was this statement designed as a contradiction—can it be received as a disproof—of the representation incorporated by Robertson, in his portrayal of the wonderful people, once sole proprietors of the western continent, whose rapid diminution angers their early and feeblest from the drama of nations? I transcribe for the columns of the Guardian, a paragraph upon this subject from "the History of America," which I would profess with the single remark, that the obvious tendency of the heart, in all stages of society, is to practice the discoveries of the mind to sensual or selfish indulgence, fiercely attacks innate and universal depravity.

"It seems to have been one of the first necessities of human ingenuity to discover some intoxication as an accompaniment of their food, and to render it any Indian to taste, or to declare it innocent as not to have succeeded in this fatal research. The most barbarous of the American tribes have been so unobtrusive as to obtain this art; and even those who are so deficient in knowledge as to be unacquainted with the method of giving an insubriating strength to liquors by fermentation, can accomplish the same end by other means. The people of the island of North America and California used for this purpose the smoke of tobacco, drawn up with a certain instrument into the nostrils, the fumes of which ascending to the brain, they felt all the transports and frenzy of intoxication. In almost every part of the new world the nations possessed the art of extracting an intoxicating liquor from Maize, or the Manioc root, the same substance which they convert into bread. The operation by which they effect this, nearly resembles the common one of brewing, but with this difference, that, instead of yeast, they use a poisonous infusion of maize or manioc chopped by their women. The saliva excites a vigorous fermentation, and in a few days the liquor becomes fit for drinking. It is not distinguishable to the taste, and when swallowed in large quantities, is of an insubriating quality. This is the general beverage of the Americans, which they distinguish by different names, and for which they feel such a violent and insatiable desire as it is not easy either to conceive or describe."

Nevertheless, if it be true that intoxication prevailed among the Indians prior to the colonial settlement of the United States, it can not be denied that the red man has received this vice at

our hands, in a new form, out of all comparison more destructive to life, and demoralizing to character. In this connection, an honest pride of patriotism recalls the strict legal enactments, by which our government, with tardy justice, and in reparation of wrongs for which no national atonement can be commensurate, has attempted to arrest the flood of destruction, from whose fountain our fathers broke the seal, and with whose sides ourselves have mingled volume and volume. President Jackson, in his Message to Congress Dec. 1835, writes: "Summary authority has been given by law, to destroy all ardent spirits found in their country, without waiting the doubtful result and slow progress of their legal seizure. I consider the absolute and unconditional interdiction of this article, among these people, as the first and great step in their civilization. Half-way measures will answer no purpose. Those cannot successfully contend against the cupidity of the seller and the overpowering appetite of the buyer. And the destructive effects of the traffic are marked in every page of the history of our Indian intercourse."—I feel very strongly desirous to ascertain the observance and result of these rigid laws. And if this article should meet the eye of the minister mentioned above, I would solicit at his hands, definite information with respect to a matter, the faithful performance of which is indispensable alike to the integrity and the benevolence of our country.

A FRIEND OF INDIAN MISSIONS.

When the Indian population numbered, when at its highest, can never be known; but it is ascertained that when the Europeans came among them, there were, along the Atlantic border alone, two hundred and seventy-two tribes.—These might have been twice, or even twenty times that number—but of these we have the names.—How long these tribes had been warring with one another, we have no means of ascertaining; but so far back as the tenth century, as has been stated, the Northern reported the natives to be "warlike" and "numerous;" and in 1615, "Sir Richard Hawkins, who sailed from England with a commission from the Council of Plymouth, to do what service he could for them at New England, found, on arriving here, a destructive war prevailing among the natives, and he passed along the coast to Virginia."

But demoting as were these wars upon the natives, they were light in their effects, and even tender in the quality of their mercy, compared with the devastating inroads which were destined, in the progress of time, to desolate their race. Plagues more fatal than these which were sent from the box of Pandora, were to be let loose among them, and foremost in the train, the most insubriating and most poisonous, was the "fire-water," so called by the natives, but which is known among us by the scarcely less consuming names of brandy, rum, and whiskey. And as long among these plagues, as rivier, that monster of insidious appetite, was destined to mount the throne, and by the aid of superior skill, and the tempting influence of liquid fire, the blight and the mildew were made to fall upon the race of the red man; and this it is, in

connection with the anomalous relations which they have always borne, and yet bear, to us, which we now see, and which has for over two hundred years been so parishing to the happiness, the hopes, and the lives of the Indians.

But I will not, on this occasion, review the opening of that intercourse, which has proved so disastrous to the natives. There remains a period between that at which I shall leave this discussion, on the present occasion, and the one made so memorable by the landing of our fathers, and their success in establishing permanent colonies upon this continent; and that period will form the opening remarks of the next discourse.

And now, and even before we begin a discussion of the relations which we have borne and yet bear to this Indian race, with what rapidly do the incidents connected with these relations rise to our view! and how varied in their character! REVENGE and SYMPATHY, DESPAIR and HOPE, come up in their order, to agitate or soothe us. Strange, prompted by the recollections of Indian inhumanity and mansever, upon and along all the borders, extended by a shudder, at the sight of mangled carcases, smouldering habitations, and dismembered limbs, and mangled heads, of all ages, and of both sexes! Sympathy, for the perpetrators of these bloody deeds; a sympathy awakened by the reflection that all these senseless acts were committed by a people who were untaught and savage, and who saw their homes invaded, their systems, moral, political, and religious, swept at, and sweeping, and falling all around them; and even their country about to be taken away from them forever. Despair, produced by the thought that the race has been made wretched, and sunk so low in degradation, by our neglect, as to make it a matter of doubt whether we can atone for the past, even by the rescue of the remnants that remain;—whilst Hope, the charmer, that blessed influence which comes with such sweet soothing and is the last to leave the human bosom, yet lingers, prompting and wooing us, by all the considerations of pity, of humanity, of justice, and of mercy, as well as by the high and imposing obligations of our most holy faith, to follow the retiring remnants of this ill-fated race, and with the voice of entreaty, of tenderness and love, beseech them to accept of our aid and our counsels, and of the hopes and happiness of the Christian state.

As a Christian people, we should not omit this duty if we could—it is very certain we could not make a void of the objection, if we would. The Indians, as a race, may disappear—not a red man of them all may exist. But there will remain, and forever, memorials to rebuke us.—These are in the monuments which they have indelibly impressed on the scenery of our country. Our mountains have become their enduring monuments; and their epitaph is already inscribed in the lucid language of nature on our majestic rivers.—How terrible will that be to us, and our posterity, if, over the whole, the spectre of the wrongs we have inflicted upon the race shall be seen, whenever our mountains or our rivers are looked upon, or their names are mentioned, without the accompanying consolation arising from the reflection that we had, so far as we had the power, atoned for the past; which reflection, like the sunbeam upon

the mist, would, and which alone can, dissolve the spectre, or transform it into a vision of delight and transport. But this can never be, if our best efforts are not made to save and bless the remnants of this Indian race!—Mr. Kenney.

From the Missionary Magazine.
CHEROKEES.

LETTER OF MR. JONES.

Religious prosperity—Baptism.
Mr. Jones writes under date of Jan. 14, 1848:—

I rejoice to say that the present year has opened with more encouraging prospects, in regard to spiritual things, than we have had for several years past. The strifes which have so long agitated the country, and which greatly impeded all religious efforts, have ceased, and there seems to be among all classes quite an improvement in attendance on religious instruction.—Among many professors of religion there is a decided and discernible increase of spiritual-mindedness and zeal for the success of the gospel. There has also been quite a revival of religious feeling among the white population adjoining the nation, the influence of which is sensibly and beneficially felt on this side of the line. I hope to praise God through eternity for these blessed revivals.

God has manifested himself in our congregations, in our churches, in our family, and I trust also in our own souls. O! my brother, what words can I use to speak the praises due to our gracious and condescending God, for the tokens of his love to my family in bringing our or our dear children into the glorious liberty of the gospel! Three in one day found Christ precious to their souls, as did the other about three weeks after. Another occasion for praise, ardent and peculiar, second only to that just mentioned, was the conversion of three sisters, brought up in our family at Valley Town. They had all conducted themselves with great propriety since they left school; but their hearts had not been won to Christ till the past summer. My three daughters first mentioned I had the unexpectable pleasure to baptize at this place on the 26th of September, and the other with the three sisters and another very interesting Cherokee female on the 14th of November.

A growing seriousness has been quite perceptible in the meetings at this place for the past twelve months; but especially for the past five months. The same may be said of other places, where the word is frequently preached. Where our preaching visits are frequent, the effects are less in proportion. At all the places we have visited, there is evidently a hungering for the bread of life. We have pressing invitations and messages from various settlements, which we can seldom reach, and many of which we cannot reach at all. Two or three more native preachers, to carry the gospel through the southern part of the nation, would be a most desirable acquisition to our force in the nation. And I cannot but hope and believe that they would, under the Divine guidance and blessing, be instrumental in the rescue of many souls from the domination of sin and the bitter pains of the second death.

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

LOUISVILLE, APRIL 1868.

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

OUR AGENTS.

Rev. V. R. THORNTON, General Agent for Georgia
Rev. G. B. DAVIS, Alabama and Tennessee.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to Rev. SIDNEY DYER, Corresponding Secretary. Those containing remittances to C. VAN BURGINS, 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 there.

DEATH OF REV. JOSEPH ISLANDS.

Fears expressed in our last number have been sadly realized. Bro. Islands is in Heaven! He died at North Fork Town, in the Creek Nation, on the 5th of March, in the triumph of faith, entering "the dark valley and shadow of death" without fear or trembling. For the particulars of that deeply solemn and impressive scene, we must refer our readers to the communication of brother Hay, which will be found in another column.

Immediately on receiving the intelligence of his death, the Board passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the account which we have just read of the peaceful and happy departure of our native assistant missionary, Rev. Joseph Islands, deeply impresses the Board with convictions of the glorious grace of God, and of the affecting loss sustained by our Creek mission at North Fork, in the removal of a missionary distinguished by eminent piety, remarkable prudence, and unflinching and successful devotion to his work."

This dispensation of Divine Providence, has overwhelmed us with sorrow. Bro. Islands received baptism at our hands; we have toiled, wept and prayed with him; and our souls were knit together like the souls of David and Jonathan; and we can truly use the language of one of these devoted friends, as aptly expressing our own feeling: "I am distressed for thee, my brother, very pleasant has thou been unto me."

A brief memoir of brother Islands will shortly be prepared and given to the public; and we have no doubt but that it will exert a most salutary influence in favor of Indian Missions.

There will also be found in this number, an obituary of Deacon Wm. Islands, a brother of Joseph, whose piety and usefulness were scarcely in-

ferior to his brother's. They have gone to heaven—the world was not worthy of them.

ORIGIN OF INTOXICATION AMONG THE INDIANS.

We copy in another column of our paper, an article from the Baptist Guardian, signed "A Friend of Indian Missions," in which the correctness of our statement regarding the introduction of alcoholic drinks among the North American Indians seems to be called in question, on the ground of a counter-statement being found in Robertson's History of America, which statement the writer has quoted in full.

Notwithstanding this high authority, we still believe our assertion correct. We did not make the remark at hazards in the address to which he refers; but lest we might have made an equivocal statement, we have taken pains to consult the best authorities, and the result is that we are more fully confirmed in the opinion we have already advanced. The statements of Robertson respecting the intemperate habits of the early aboriginal inhabitants of North America, are about as utopian as Goldsmith's assertion, that Indians in their bark canoes had ventured over the falls of Niagara with perfect safety! Both these writers were foreigners, and neither, we believe, ever visited this country. They very naturally gave credence to some of the many wild rumors which were then abroad respecting the country and its singular inhabitants. I know of no writer, who has enjoyed the opportunity of personal observation, who has corroborated the statements of Dr. Robertson. All such have testified directly the contrary. This historian says: "The most barbarous of the American tribes have been so unfortunate as to attain this art." Now this assertion, we believe, has never been corroborated by any person who has travelled or resided among the wild hordes of the great valley of the West or in Oregon. I know of no preparation used among the Indians from maize or anything else, which has any intoxicating principle but a kind of soft hominy, called by the Creeks "seg-hag," made by boiling corn in a mortar, then boiling it with a preparation of weak lye, after which it is permitted to ferment. But this I know from actual observation, never produces intoxicating effects; indeed, it would be impossible for a person to eat enough of it at one time to produce any intoxication. We have known Indian families to live on it for days together, yet never observed any such appearance. I have often heard the oldest Indians aver that intoxication was unknown among them previous to their intercourse with white men. And if the reader will refer to the article in this number, headed "Wrecks of the Indians," he will observe that Mr. McKimsey, late superintendent of Indian affairs, than whom no man is better acquainted with the habits of the Indians, bears unequivocal testimony to the same fact.

But if well authenticated facts can be adduced to prove the contrary, we shall be free to modify our view.

To the request made in the latter part of the communication referred to, we reply, that very severe laws have been enacted by Congress to prevent the introduction of spirituous liquors into the Indian country; but, with an exception or two, they have proved a nullity, owing sometimes, to the connivance of the very persons appointed to see them executed, but more generally from neglecting to keep a vigilant watch over those persons who are found engaging in the ruinous traffic.

The Choctaw Nation has taken the matter into their own hands, and have by a severe statute forbid its importation into their country; and in order to the rigid execution of this law, they have appointed in each of the four districts composing the nation, a number of officers, called by them "Light-horsemen," to patrol the country and destroy all the alcoholic drinks found in their districts, and, if deemed necessary, to inflict corporal punishment upon those in whose possession they are found. The remains of the "Big Jug," and the staves and hoops of the "red head," plentifully scattered about the trails and roads in the nation, attest the general faithfulness of these officers. The consequence is, that but little drunkenness is found to exist at the present time in this tribe, compared with other portions of the Indian country.

We hope our unknown friend will not cease to feel a deep interest in the welfare of the poor Indian.

Rev. I. T. Tichenor, having accepted the care of the Baptist church in Columbus, Miss. has discontinued his agency for the Board. We are sorry to part with the services of our excellent young brother, but as it is deemed necessary, we yield to duty, and hope that he may be abundantly successful in his new, and to him, untried position.

Our Agent, Rev. G. B. Davis, we are happy to learn, has quite recovered from his late indisposition, and is now successfully prosecuting his agency in the State of Alabama. We affectionately commend him to the brethren and friends in that State.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

The catalogue of this Institution for 1847-8, is now before us. The total number of students is one hundred and thirty-seven, divided as follows: Seniors, 13; Juniors, 19; Sophomores, 14; Freshmen, 13; Irregulars, 18; Preparatory Department, 69.

The College is beautifully and healthfully situated in the village of Georgetown, Scott county, Ky., and is under the very efficient management of Rev. H. Malone, D. D., assisted by a highly talented corps of Professors. It is well supplied with Philosophical apparatus and cabinets; has a large Library and Chemical Laboratory, with a Museum of rare foreign curiosities. There is no Institution in the land which offers greater advantages to parents and students, and more especially to young men preparing for the Ministry, both as regards cheapness and the character of the instruction given.

THE PRESS.

We have been much gratified by the cordiality with which our denominational press have spoken of the operations of the American Indian Association; but we have to complain that some of them have not allowed the Board to know this pleasing fact by furnishing a copy of their papers for file in the Mission rooms. We have uniformly furnished the Indian Advocate to nearly all for exchange, and in most instances this has been effected; several of our contemporaries, however, do not yet appear upon our table. We would respectfully request our brethren of the press to look over their list, and if the Indian Advocate is not already among their exchanges, to send honor it with a place. We do not expect that our modest little monthly is a fair remuneration for a large weekly, but we ask it for the good of the cause in which the Board is engaged, and the difference in the cost of the papers shall be considered in the light of a donation.

BAPTIST MEMORIAL.

This Monthly comes to us in a new dress, with fine paper, and with beautiful illustrations with steel engravings with "articles to match;" and yet the price of subscription is continued at one dollar per annum; if it is not hereafter well sustained, it will be because the denomination has not the taste rightly to appreciate a publication so creditable to its character.

It is edited by Rev. E. Hutchings, and published by Martin & Ely, 162 Nassau St., N. Y.

REV. DAVID LYKINS.

Business connected with the Wm. station, rendering it expedient for the above named brother to come to this city, he accordingly paid us a visit on the last of March, and spent a week among us. And now that we have seen him, and taken him by the hand, we feel a deeper interest in his self-denying efforts for the poor Indians. He returned immediately to his station, and bears back with him the prayers and best wishes of the Board for his continued prosperity in his very responsible position.

North Fork, Creek Nation, March 9, 1868.

Thus far I have written with pleasure. Prospects in the distance, as I have contemplated them lately, have given me great pleasure, and the objects which surrounded me, have pleased me so much, that I have been excited, pleased, delighted. The transient feelings which have thus far sustained me, I can but partly possess of now.

I most truly thank the friends of the Indian Mission, that Bro. Joseph Islands, for many years the laborer and successful missionary to his people, the Creek Indians, died yesterday, March 5th. A hundred cherished hopes of mine were crushed in his death. The Society has lost a most faithful, devoted, and influential Missionary. I have lost my only companion, my confident—side by side with him I expected to labor many years. I had hoped I should meet this sad loss with composure; for long had we been apprehensive that he would not recover. During the time I

had comforted many of his friends; they being christians, I pointed them to the "mansions of glory," "the overflowing joys of heaven," "the robe of righteousness," which the devoted missionary would soon enjoy. And when with his weeping friends "I shed not a tear," I comforted them; and thought I was prepared for his rapidly approaching dissolution. The members of this afflicted church have been consoled by pointing them to the promises for the afflicted christian. For a few hours after his death I performed the work of a christian minister in times of bereavement. When interrupted, I sat and thought of the death of Brother Islands. He, my only friend, the only person in whom I had confided, my only fellow laborer; I became from that time a mourner; for a month I had suppressed my feelings; now that he is buried, I know I must perform a double work until another can take his place.

Brother Islands, since his return from the United States, has been confined to his house. I arrived here two weeks after him and found him unable to leave his house. For the last two months he has kept his bed for the greater part of the time. His sufferings have been very great, having a pulmonary consumption; his cough was almost incessant, with fever every day. Patiently he bore his afflictions. His religious enjoyments were as great as at any period in his christian history; his pain, however great, did not lessen the deep interest he took in religion. When I returned from church Sunday he immediately inquired if any were received for baptism; when religious papers came he was anxious I should read to him, whatever I thought interesting; would inquire "whether there was any revival intelligence from the United States, or in any other land." When writing a letter for him to Bro. Potts, our fellow laborer, he wished me to say "I am wholly devoted to the cause of Indian missions."

We spoke of death as a welcome messenger, and conversations were much about it; he was at no time despondent, but always well pleased to speak of death, saying I had no terror to the christian. A week before his decease he became much weaker, than death was constantly expected. Four days before his dissolution he wished to leave what he supposed would be his last words with me. He said: "I shall soon pass through the dark valley and shadow of death, but fear no evil, I am happy, happier than ever before. You will succeed me in the ministry here." He then offered a prayer that I might be sustained, and then said, "Warn the people of the terrors of hell; tell them of the joys of heaven. Persuade them to flee the wrath to come; say to them that I could not meet my sufferings as I do, if it were not for the grace of God; say to them that I already enjoy heaven, and tell them so to live that they may meet me in heaven."

He was several hours, seemingly dying. Brother Smedly came while he was dying; he manifested how much pleasure he felt at again seeing the man who ordained him and for the most time had labored with him. After much long and intense suffering, he died, March 8th, at 10 o'clock. The house and yard were thronged; the entire community were his devoted friends, and the members of his church, numbering 170 members, were all here. At the announcement of his death there was one general burst of grief, and an Indian's lamentation is mournfully touching. He was buried to-day. Numbers came from a great distance, each one anxious to pay the last tribute of love. His loss is greatly felt. His worth is well known to the Board. Bro. Smedly and myself intend fur-

nishing a memoir of Bro. Islands, and connected with it, a history of the Creek Mission. If any have intelligence they can communicate, we hope they will send it to the Corresponding Secretary, at Louisville, where the work will be compiled.

AMERICUS L. HAY.

DEATH OF A NATIVE DEACON.

The death of a pious and active christian is a loss, not only to the church, but to the community. The church loses a well proportioned pillar, the community an honest and generous citizen. The death of an active christian is felt as a great loss in the church; if the church numbers her hundreds of praying members the loss is felt.—When a deacon dies there is a general feeling of sorrow; for regularly he went among the brethren on communion days with the emblems which so feelingly remind them of the Savior's death on the Cross. After his death another will fill his place, it may be as acceptably, yet he will be missed. At the communion all will be reminded that their late deacon has been removed by death.

With the churches in the States the death of a deacon may be easily made up by another filling his place from among the many brethren, instructed and well informed. But the place of a deacon is not readily filled here. Very few can read; some time must be passed in giving them instruction, that they may fill the place profitably. The office is rightly regarded here. It is considered a sacred place in the church, and with trembling the brethren undertake to fill so important a place.

A brief history of Bro. Wm. Islands.

Wm. Islands was a younger brother of the Rev. Joseph Islands who last fall visited Kentucky and Tennessee.— Their father is a chief, and a very influential man among his people. About five years since the people here became interested in religion, after a long course of wickedness, drinking, ball-playing, dancing and some other sports. In the midst of their wickedness they were arrested by the religious conversation of a Mack man. Bro. Islands, now pastor of the church, was among the first seriously concerned about religion. He was converted, a church was formed, he became their preacher. In a few months his brother William was converted. He had been devoted to pleasure—in every variety of amusement. After his conversion "the things he once loved" he hated, but religion, he ever afterward loved. He was baptized March 23d, 1845.— He joined the church in soul and body; for from that day he lived only for the church. Soon the brethren set him apart as a deacon. To this office he was unanimously chosen. How faithfully he discharged his important duties, many widows, many who were wanderers from the path of christian duty can now testify. Decided piety, deep humility and holy zeal for the advancement of pure religion marked the outline of his character. He was a student of nature, and drew all his illustrations from objects visible. He placed his own abilities very low; frequently he would say to the brethren, "I wish another would fill my place, for the office is too exalted for me."— He believed the deacon "must have a good report from them who are without, must be grave, not double-tongued, not given to too much wine, not given to filthy lucre," like the pastor, "must be an example" to his brethren.

How well he filled his place as deacon his brother, the pastor, has often told me. While the pastor "gave himself continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word," the deacon visited the erring brethren, persuading them

to repent of their wanderings and to pray that God would "restore unto them the joys of his salvation and uphold them by his free Spirit." And many can now say that to him they are indebted, that by his faithful reproofs they were prevented from wandering farther from God, and finally brought back to him. When he heard reports of his brethren, often has he been known to quit his work, go to the member, ascertain how far they were correct, and if possible, persuade them to forsake "the evil way." Many a brother has he reclaimed and saved; and he has not made enemies by faithful reproofs, but many friends.

He made more religious visits than any three members in the church. His brother, the pastor, confided in him, and was constantly preaching. The deacon visited the sick, the mourner, the erring. When he entered a house he had a purpose; he was a stranger to fashionable calls and to the long talks without an object. When he entered a house he gently made known the business which brought him; when through he left. Such a deacon is a missionary's glory.

He was richly qualified for his noble exalted office; an office so honorable, so venerable.

He did not close his eyes to the sins of any; he made no distinction of persons, wickedness with him must never go unpunished. The community are loud in their praise of him. He was loved by all. His death is regretted by all.

He died December 18th, three days before I arrived here. He had been sick about three months. From the first he did not expect to get well again. He had no wish on the subject from the first of his sickness. During his sickness he spoke much of the church, he hoped that some one better able than himself would fill his place. While sick he never could hear enough singing; often he would say, "sing to me again; oh, how short these hymns."

From his baptism, which is indeed the day of the Christian's death to the world, "he was from that happy moment done with the world." Heaven "was the mark of his prize." He looked, as he journeyed along through this vale of tears, to heaven as his home. When asked by his friends whether he was willing to die, he assured them by using various expressions that he was happy in dying. Often he would raise his eyes to heaven, and look upward, then round on all by him with a sweet composure. He died as he lived, a Christian. Aged 26 years.

Thus, O my God, let me live and die.

AMERICUS L. HAY.

LAVING UP TREASURE IN HEAVEN.— Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, Ct., in enclosing \$8 35 to the Society, remarks, "This sum was put into my hands yesterday by a young lady of my congregation, who is descending to the grave from consumption. It is the result of the earnings of a little Sewing Society to which she belonged, and it is her desire that it may go to aid in supporting colporteurs of the West. The hectic flush and brilliant eye, pall of the fatal disease which was wasting her away; yet the consciousness of doing good caused a smile of joy momentarily to light up her countenance, as she tremulously gave me the money. She is happy in her sickness, and looks forward with assured hope to the hour of her departure."—*Am. Messenger.*

MISSIONARY RECEIPTS.—The receipts of the Baptist Missionary Union for the past month were over \$20,000! So says the N. Y. Recorder. The receipts of the year, it is said, will equal the expenditures. One individual gave \$1,000 of the above amount.

☞ We copy below a speech of the celebrated Indian Chief Black Hawk; and we can testify from personal observation, that a more vivid and correct portraiture of the genius, "black-leg," which infests the Indian's land was never given. They indeed, "poison with their speech," and are "hypocrites, liars, adulterers, lazy drones, all talkers, and no workers!" Let all read and ponder it well.

SPEECH OF BLACK HAWK WHEN HE SURRENDERED HIMSELF TO THE AGENT AT PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

"You have taken me prisoner with my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understood Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face, I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in the winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian!"

"He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and papooses, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal."

"An Indian, who is as bad as the white men could not live in our nation; he would be pure death, and set up by the wolves. The white men are bad schoolmasters; they carry false books, and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him; they shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, to deceive them, and ruin our wives. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on, and brot our paths, and they killed themselves among us, like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We are no safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and liars, adulterers and lazy drones, all talkers, and no workers. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged.— His great council gave us fair words and big promises, but we got no satisfaction, things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest.— The opossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up, and our squaws and papooses without victuals to keep them from starving; we called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our father arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs, or die. We all spoke before the council fire. It was warm and pleasant. We set up the war whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied.— He will go to the world of spirits con-

tented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him, there, and commend him.

"Black Hunt is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not scalp the head; but they do worse—they poison the heart; it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can't trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

"Farewell, my nation! Black Hunt tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He can do no more.—He is near his end. His son is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hunt."

From the Missionary Magazine.
NIDHI LEVI'S LETTER.

Nidhi Levi will be remembered as the first Assamese convert. He has been repeatedly introduced to our readers, and his appeals in behalf of his countrymen have not been in vain.—The following letter is dated, at Sibsongar, July 24, and is addressed to the Foreign Secretary:

MONSIEUR ST.—I have written two or three notes to you, humbly begging you to send some more missionaries to this benighted country; but still we have not seen nor heard any thing from America that missionaries will come; but Mrs. Brown writes to Mr. Brown that there is no one to come with her to Assam! Is there no one to fight the battles of God with us? Has not God called any one from America to be his soldiers to fight against Satan's kingdom here! Surely there are thousands and thousands whom the Lord has chosen for himself to be faithful soldiers of the cross. Therefore I earnestly beg, do not delay to send some of them to help us, that we be not faint.

Day and night I find a great deal for my countrymen, and I thought if American churches send some missionaries here, then a great many people can hear the gospel's sweet sound, and can turn to the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of their sins.

Mr. I cannot find happy unless I shall see some more missionaries from your country. Please pray for all the Assamese, and also for the Miris.—Please accept my best regards, and kindly offer my Christian compliments to Mrs. Brown, and remember me in your prayers, that I may be preserved from the temptation of Satan.

I remain, sir, yours respectfully,
NIDHI LEVI.

AFRICAN MISSION.

Charing Tidings.

In our last number, reference was made to a revival of religion among the churches on the coast of Africa.—Recent letters furnish the particulars of this interesting work. The churches are indeed revived. About one hundred have been baptized, and added to their number. Our missionaries are greatly encouraged in the prosecution of their work, and he, in whose name they are dispensing the word, will we hope continue to guide and prosper them. We beg on their behalf the prayers of the churches. In one of his communications, brother Day remarks: "I am led to believe that obstacles in the South, are praying for us. The improved state of my health, the corded march of every thing connected with your affairs here, the ability of the natives for the word of God, the

estimation in which your missionaries are held by them, all seem to encourage us to greater effort."

With respect to the African mission we have truly reason to "thank God and take courage." We herewith insert a few brief extracts from letters recently received from our missionaries,—all colored men.

Under date of Dec. 15th, brother Day thus remarks:

In the Beesa country, I am solicited for many schools and missionaries. This field is whitening to harvest; but as yet, I find no one who will go for us. Oh, that the Great One would extend his hand! How painful to turn off a poor heathen who may have come a hundred miles to ask for a missionary or a teacher.

The state of things among the Bap-tists here, has much changed since last year. Nearly one hundred have been baptized; five more by brother James had been received for baptism when I saw him.

You say you are pleased to find me writing in an encouraging strain. My dear sir, the life of a man in my situation, is a continual scene of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, disappointment and trial. We go sometimes into a native town, and when the word is preached, the Holy One seems present, many weep, all are solemn, and some seem to pray. Who, witnessing such a scene, would not feel his soul expand with joy and hope. But the next time he goes, he finds green grass everywhere, meets a cool reception, is told the green grassman with a message from God has said and done wonders; everything is changed, and his first work is more than to do over. How discouraging! When must we write, how must we write, to state facts which will be found facts another week! But yet we triumph; light drives back the darkness; the light of Zion rises on this dark land. And may the Lord speed the steps when many more of the right stamp shall enter this field, favored of the Spirit in hand.

Your mention of Beesaka Association, Danville, and my brother, brought to my mind many serious reflections. But I am weary of all the earth I prefer to be; in the employment of all others I prefer. I had rather be a faithful missionary than a king; not for the honor of being a missionary, but the pleasure of doing good to the poor, long neglected, deeply degraded African brethren.

We have quite a prospect of a revival here. I am hoping up meeting every night, and the deep solemnity and falling tears testify to the work of the Spirit.

My health is generally good. I am able to do as much work as others, but at present can hardly write, owing to a nervous weakness.

Numerous Baptisms.

Brother F. S. James, of New Virginia, Monrovia colony, writes as follows, in a letter dated Dec. 31:

I gave you in my last letter a brief account of the religious revival with us, in this dark and benighted country. It will be long remembered by both saint and sinner. Since I wrote you, it has become my unspeakably delightful privilege to baptize in the Monrovia, at Monrovia, on the 28th inst., twenty-three candidates, who, with the previous number, twenty-four, baptized by brother Tunge, make in all, up to the present date, forty-seven souls added to the church at Monrovia since the revival commenced.

I still occupy the field assigned me by brother Day, and have abundant cause to praise the name of the Lord, who has indeed blessed his preached word to the comfort and conviction of my hearers during the short period I have been laboring.

In addition to the seven candidates for baptism which I informed you of on the 16th of last month, at New Virginia, I have been blessed to receive thirteen others. We hope, by the blessing of the Lord, to administer the ordinance again shortly. There are also seven candidates at New Orleans, whom I expect to immerse Sabbath after next.
South, Rep. Miss. Journal.

INDIAN PROVERBS.

From the Objives.

"If you are a good hunter, warrior, and a medicine man, when you die, you will have no difficulty in getting to the far west in the spirit land."

"Listen to the words of your parents, never be impatient, then the Great Spirit will give you a long life."

"Never pass by any indigent person without giving him something to eat. Ouh-wah-yah-bah-mek-ke-gah-shah-wa-ne-mig—the spirit that sees you will bless you."

"If you see an orphan in want, help him; for you will be rewarded by his friends here, or thanked by his parents in the land of spirits."

"If you own a good hunting dog, give it to the first poor man who really needs it."

"When you kill a deer, or bear, never appropriate it to yourself alone, if others are in want; never withhold from them what the Great Spirit has blessed you with."

"When you eat, share with the poor children who are near you, for when you are old they will administer to your wants."

"Never use improper medicine to the injury of another, lest you yourself receive the same treatment."

"When an opportunity offers, call the aged together, and provide for them venison properly cooked, and give them a hearty welcome; then the gods that have favored them will be your friends."

Mr. and Mrs. Vinton, of the Koro Mission, arrived in this city, on Wednesday morning, of last week, just after our paper had gone to press. They are accompanied by two Koro disciples. Their youngest child died during the passage, and was buried at Cape Town. The health of Mrs. V. is considerably improved. Mr. V. we learn, will be mainly occupied for several months to come, in revising for a new edition, the Koro New Testament.—Chr. Reflector.

MUNGUNMOWIN. a. n.

(CONVA.)

Ché uh no hee too yan
Noo at sio dah yoh san;
Ché ooo hee sioo too sio in ohog
Loh pe ming too a shoo.
Ke nay dah yo sio yan
Ché uh no hee too yan;
Oh yan oo eng with me a shio,
Gai yoh cho 'moo' sh yan,
Wah yo shio shio sh.
Ché uh gah 'moo' yo yan;
Ché dah shio sh yan, Nee so.
Oh pe nah yan shio yan.
Woo dah yo shio yan.
Ché uh hah with yo yan,
Koh yo shio sh with me sh yan,
Woo go shio do so yan.

MYNE. a. n.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And life for the sky.
To save the precious soul,
My calling is full;
O may it all my power engage
To do my Master's will!
Aren't we with justice awe,
As in thy night to live;
And O I thy mercies, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give;
Make me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely
Assured, if my track betray,
I shall be ever thine.

From the Baptist Banner.

TAKESWELL, Tenn., March 22, 1848.
REV. WILLIAM C. BURT—Dear Sir: I send you three dollars for those faithful servants of Christ, Miss McCoy & Osgood, for 1848. I hope the Lord will bless and spare their useful lives; to do much good to the children of the poor Red men. I read their letters and labors among the Indians with interest and delight. The labors of such self-denying and faithful Missionaries are not as highly esteemed and prized as they ought to be. There will be many a bright gem in their crowns in the paradise above. Please acknowledge your friend,
H. GRAHAM.

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 Malcolm, D. D. It has acres of endowment, ample buildings, and is out of debt. The Library contains nearly five thousand volumes. The Cabinet of Minerals contains 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 Diction.

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, \$40 to \$100 per year, exclusive of vacations.

The Preparatory Department is supported by no Academy in the West.—Students are here fitted in the best manner for College, and such as come from abroad, and are qualified to enter the Freshman Class, may make up the deficiency under the eye of the Faculty.

RECEIPTS AND ACCOUNTS.

From March 18th to April 15th, 1848
KENTUCKY.
Rev. Dr. Malone, for Life Membership, \$30 00
Mrs. E. G. Graham, 51; John Lewis 51 2 00
W. G. Howden, 51; Mrs. Scarce, 51 25 2 25
Dr. D. H. Cox, 51 3 00

ALABAMA.

By Rev. G. B. Davis, Agent.
General Collections, \$300 30
Benjamin Whitefield, to contribute himself a Life Member, 20 00
Mount Moriah Church, to contribute Rev. Wm. S. Meek, Life Member, 20 00
\$400 30

ILLINOIS.

J. L. Burges, for the Wm. Mission, per David Linton, Treasurer, 5 00
S. M. Jewett, 5 00
Hugh Graham, 3 00
75 00

Total Receipts, \$400 30

N. B.—We received from Dr. Howell, at the last Annual Meeting, \$200 00 contributed by the Spring Hill Baptist Church, Alabama, which was inadvertently omitted in the published receipts for the month of November last.