

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

LOUISVILLE, MAR. 1849.

**THE INDIAN ADVOCATE**

**YES**

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### Missionary Clashes of the Indians

BY MR. L. E. TALLANTIRRE.

In a previous number of the Chronicle, our general interestment for the conversion of the Indians was expressed, with the aid of the Protestants for Christianized services. While prosecuting again the claims of the "poor red men of the forest," it is not designed to call off the attention from foreign heathens, or to lessen the efforts in their behalf. For it is known, to wit: the Mohammedan are grieved by the perishing of the distant climes, or to the loss of their channels the streams of benevolence meeting in upon the shores of Asia and Africa. But if we were empowered so to do, we would turn the ear of the church to listen to the dying groans borne upon our numerous winds—no would meet the protest of countless of charity, so that the waters of eternal life may gush westward, thus enabling the Indian to cast away his moral stain, and shake his immortal throat.

An "eternity" leads enchantment to the "now," not only in poetry, but likewise in the scientific vision of life. There is danger of overlooking the aspects of charity toward the "eternity" which, with "eternity" in sight, "we gaze on these things as men on clouds."

W. H. Auden, it is probable that the farthest horizon would appear, in a spiritual light, to reflect the single realization of the "eternity" of the "now." This has enabled many hearts to advance to the eternal, and has illumined the paths and the destinies of mankind. The eternal of Auden is to protect the present, to give it meaning and to make it a part of the eternal.

For the French, the spiritual vision, and seemed to all of the latter.

Ucell craves a few moments,—"from domestic commercial," the Indians had enjoyed an undisturbed title to this immense country. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lake to the gulf, the smoke from their wigwags and the sparks from their council fire rose over every hill and plain. Uncontrolled, they acted out the dictates of their nature, pursuing that course of life which they preferred and indulging in those pastimes that suited their inclinations. If they had not been harvest-falls, yet they had forests abundant in game. Although they cultivated some of the soil, yet they stored the wild berries from their hair, and with the artificial corn took and the fishing arrow, they easily made their homes by the shores of the chase. If they had not the splendid manhood the lovely wigwag filled their nation. With the low-life of civilized life, they were unincumbered by its luxuries.

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But their hunting grounds have been destroyed. The countless large animals feed in the pride of his strength and his glory. They hold archers and their powerful bows—these mated away the waters more. Out in small fragments, they pine away in the eastern wastes. What sorrows would these? What sorrows would these? What sorrows would these? Ah! the white man—offer me thy own. This release for thy children. Turned down our eyes to the wilderness track.

“We will not doubt the ‘bitter, burning’  
“struggle” which has thus hinged upon the  
“Indian. We wish not to create sympathy

in his behalf. But we ask, what excuse can be given for their destruction? How can the deed be justified?

The cause is vain, that as they did not cultivate the soil, they have their title to the country in inviolate. Moreover, it is useless to dispute about this question, which was settled in the fifteenth century, to the satisfaction of the pope and the king. Still, with due deference to the dignity of crowned heads and the assumed infallibility of the pope, in my the least of it, strange is it that these foreign powers should send away lands which they had never seen, and which their subjects had never cultivated. If the aborigines send their property according to the best of their knowledge, and so on to supply their wants, certainly, foreigners had no right to claim it merely because they had different ideas and different wants.

Questionably, the Indians had better titles to their hunting grounds than the bonga had to their canon, and it was wrong that both should alike be killed or driven off. Would any politician maintain that our government had as clear a right to claim and dispose of Africa as it would have if that country was inhabited only by the rhinoceros and ostrich?

But of late our government, by giving a conditional release for their lands, has become unscrupulous than they have the right of occupancy, it cut the tails of the snake. Fortunately, the Indians were not allowed even the right of occupancy; and when, provoked by repeated insults, and driven to despair of justice, they vented their claims by the sword and tomahawk, they were met by the rifle and bayonet, and sent to their graves, or sold into slavery.

Unusually cruel in its treatment of the natives, it is to be regretted that the plan that as they were so cruel, they merited conquest. It is admitted, that conquest by their force is part of their religion. But their cruel and inhuman treatment of the natives to the extent of the massacre of the Indians of any foreign power who entered any of our territory, and cruel forms to conquer it, where is the American who would not, sword in hand, wage his right to every foot of the soil? Nor would arms be laid down until the foe had been killed or captured. The Indians only used on the first law of nature—self defense—when they manfully struggled for their all, and their country was the only weapon which they knew how to use. Besides, it was just the weapon adapted to the crisis, for the Indians were total antagonists to themselves or to the whites.

It behooves us to pluck out the beam out of our own eyes. When our historians record the burning of a village by the Indians, it is upon the same barbed spear beyond dispute. But when, on the next page, it is recorded that the whites broke up the settlements of the Indians, killing, on they sometimes did more, and children, the act is told as one of bravery and patriotism. It is said that the sacred principle of "the Indian's life" that atrocity that war, even if just, does not permit a peaceful vengeance. They laid waste a few of our fields; we destroyed their entire burning grounds. They seized several of our villages; we burned every wigwag out of the Mississippi. They murdered us by means and by arms; we shot them by the thousands and by tribes.

With my manuscript out of my services by saying that we are not responsible for what our fathers did. It is true that the heir of ill-gotten property should not and has not prevented the testimony of his father, yet he is doubly bound to answer to the sufferings of the fatherless orphans near him, whom his father refused to cherish him. He may have a legal right, but he has not a moral. Although we could not have prevented our parents from draining our lands away from their forefathers, yet as heirs-inherited as their names, we are under obligations to alleviate their suffering. How can this be done? It would be injustice to ourselves to restore them their lands, as we have gone on to improve them. Then how shall we act? Let the Indian himself decide. Peter Jones, a convert of some of the tribes, made the following appeal:

"My white friends," said he, "there was a time when all this country belonged to our Indian fathers. Our fathers used to fish in these rivers, and hunt through these woods, and where houses now stand, these stood then."

right?" But the white men came across the great salt waters, and the Indians drank the few drops, and they died. And now we are almost all gone—there are a few in the west, and a handful of us in the north. And what do the Indians ask of you? Do we want our land back again? Do we want your fine houses? Do you want our fine farms? No we do not. All we ask is, send us the pump—send us medicine, and we are cured."

For the foregoing, it is plain that the Indians, as a people, claim upon our sense of justice, if the rifle is not a proper instrument to acquire property by, it might do so the more right, by killing the parents, the death of their heirs is not extinguished, if the writers, who can forge titles on earth, cannot remove them in the book of God's records, then we are greatly indebted to the Indians. Other heathen call on us only by the blood of Christ, but these threaten by the blood of their fathers, clotted on our national consciousness; others beg for the "charitable contributions," these demand their rights from us, as violating our piety; others only plead, by the common obligation to spread the gospel, these also by "the lamentable privation of rights and wrong; and while we dwell on our love and benevolence, these dwell upon our honesty and justice. Oh, that we had more philosophy and more Christian charity for the shrewd Indians. No! not less on our sympathy and benevolence, but on our unwearied pretensions to philosophy, on our audacity to the great command, "Love us, as we have loved a creature of this world," the gospel—and their miseries!" This will mislead them, and hinder the A. B. C.

They have peculiar claims upon us, from the fact that we ought not to be respecters of persons. We must admit that our government owes an asylum to the oppressed of other countries. Our government extends wide its arms to embrace in its bosom those who are victims of persecution. It is gladly welcome every refugee and persecuted Catholic, who brings with him firebrands to cast into the embers of our civil and religious liberty, while it says to the friendly Indians, "Beware from your baneful departure from the graves of your fathers, and give your bones to the oppressed poor of Europe! Ah! there is no money in thus forcing out from the asylum those whom we have granted into the dust, to make room for afflicted foreigners. The Indians of Texas have not yet been transferred to the general government, and my State is following the example of the Union." She, by her actions and entreats the lazy and trifling (such is the character of these emigrants here) Dutch and Irish to take the place of the Indians. I now around here this miscreant people, constantly driven further off from their former homes, though they were so thoroughly wicked, there is none to give them the sympathizing heart and the helping hand. Great God, protect the helpless remnant. Oh! let not my brother man break him up, root and branch. Forbid it, heaven, that we should be his utter ruin. Friends of humanity! politicians! why do you protect every people but that one which has the strongest claims upon you? Why this ungodly selfishness?

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On a hot, hazy Sunday, sealed with God's seal of blessing; Hebraizer, listening to Hanan's sermon, the hand writing on the wall, the word of God, to be listened up by worms, prove that there is a retributive justice. It is clearly taught by history that God often visits the sinners of the persecuted upon their oppressors. From every hell and plain the voice of the red men's blood-cry unto God, of the dead Abels. Don't hurry in with! Sooner will

half of Europe, and was the greatest power of earth, when she led the way in barbarously despoiling the aborigines. Stripped of her territory, her power paralyzed, and her own despoiled, Spain is now an object of pity, mingled with contempt. God has heard the voice of the red man's blood. In this blood France stained her hands, and stained her garments. Since that time, France has been chastised as but few nations have ever been. We do not believe that this was the only sin for which France suffered. It was only one, filling the cup of her iniquity. The voice of the red man's blood has been heard by God. Although England trusted the Indians more mildly than other European nations, in many instances she too has abused them as if they had been irrational animals. She spent millions of dollars and thousands of lives in punishing America. What she was reaching forth to gather the harvest, did not God wither her arm? What reward has England ever received for the immense treasures of gold and blood which she has expended on this continent? But little, except a heavy debt, a guilty conscience, and the frown of Providence. Has not the voice of red man's blood prevailed? Let us beware, as a people. The national cup of our iniquity is not yet filled. Let us not add any more thereto. As others have not atoned, neither will we unless we repent. If we still build our cities on their graves, God will make us a lasting monument that the voice of the red man's blood will always be heard.

Church of God! awake to this plan for missions. Let the State, too, heed this claim in behalf of the Indian, let the church and State unite; for in this case it can properly be done. As both have sinned alike, they should repent, lest they "suffer further punishment."

AUSTIN, TEXAS, DEC. 28, 1949.

### Bad History of a Pawnee Girl

Among the *Pawnee* chiefs was one called the *White Horse*, who was a friend of his friendship for the whites. Some years ago he invited one of his daughters to Mr. Allen, the government interpreter for the *Pawnees*, to be brought up in his family. The girl was quite interesting in her appearance. She had acquired the English language, had learned to sew, and was able to perform many of the duties of a house-keeper. Her parents at this time, according to the usual custom of the Indians, sold her to a man some what advanced in life, and who had already two or three squaws. Every effort was made, that could reasonably be made, to assuage the bargain, and give the poor girl a chance of escaping the horrible fate which awaited her. After considerable negotiation, and some delay created by it, the girl was delivered last spring to her parents to be taken back to their village, with the understanding that she was to become the wife of the man to whom she had been sold, and who, besides being very brutal to her, was entirely unfit to be her husband, and unable to provide for her wants, according to the style in which she had been accustomed. Before she was taken away she seemed to be very unhappy, and at the time of her departure, told Mr. A. that she should not live long. Her father now says that her unhappiness increased to such a degree that she could not eat, and refused to speak. By degrees she pined away, and a few weeks since died, a miserable prey to the avenger of her parents. This event has caused a good deal of feeling in our missionary circle. We fear that the fate of many of the educated Indian girls will be similar, unless means are taken to settle the educated children of these tribes in the vicinity of the mission. There would be no great difficulty, in the course of time, in forming a little Christian community around each mission, where the weak would find support and encouragement, and where that parental oversight and advice might be enjoyed which will be of so much importance to the onward progress of the work. It would be impossible to induce a few of the adults at present to make a beginning. But the whiskey-trade presents a barrier in the case of those who have not received sufficient training to fortify them against it. Two other obstacles at present exert an influence. One is the danger from the Sioux; and the other, the rumor of buying out the Indian claims, in order to introduce white people into the country. — *Foreign Missionary*.





*From the Baptist Banner.*  
Celebrating the Indians.

We extract the following from a speech made by Col. George (Rev. G. C. Gray) an Indian, who recently addressed the Virginia Legislature. He is endeavoring to induce the government to set apart a suitable tract of country, on the head-waters of the Missouri River, where the remaining tribes of Indians may be collected.

We highly approve of his mission, it is what the Indian Mission Association has been endeavoring to accomplish, for years past, and we hope it will be done.

The speaker, however, while he was proposing to erect monuments to Washington, and Poin, should not have forgotten that if any white man deserves a monument to be erected to his memory, upon the soil of an Indian Colony, the late Isaac McCoy is the man: for he was the originator of the plan, and by his tireless exertions, and by his immediate efforts and plans, the present Indian Territory was constructed and established. Here follows the extract:

"Since I have commenced to address the people of these United States, I have spent sleepless nights, with an aching heart, pondering over the blessings which would follow if this could be attended. Imagination has pictured to me churches and institutions of learning dotting all over the Indian land. O! if over the day comes when I shall see the Indian happy in the enjoyment of his peaceful possessions, I shall get my people to raise another monument, in the center of our nation, so where they might see the place the figure of a man whose name, honor and virtue are undying—who emerged from the dark days of the revolution—the man of that age, and now the pride of every American citizen—Gen. Washington. (Applause.) We will refer to our children. (Applause.) I think, as one above all others the true child of the world. Yes, our children, imbibing his spirit, may some day stand on the hill of olden times, and with something else beside the war club in his hand, he will cut a notch in the end of the eighteenth century, which will illustrate his genius and nobility to the world! We will raise another, on whose column we will place our benefactor and friend—a man with a wide brain—the promulgator of Christianity—the noble and illustrious William Penn. (Applause.) And the heart of the Indian will swell as he thinks it, as his lips will be at the very mention of the name. It remains to be seen whether I shall be blessed with success in my mission of mercy, with the Congress of the United States. Should we be so fortunate as to get the cooperation of the government, we shall raise a third, and there place a short, noble, venerable looking man; a saint, a patriot, as the man who shaped out the good and true destiny of the American race of this country: I mean Zachary Taylor! (A deafening shout.) I beg of you to accept my warm acknowledgments for your kind attention, and I ask of you to pray to the Great Spirit that the same angel who served me in the woods, may guide and shield me while I live."

**A Sick Indian Child and its Treatment.**

To-mah-tah, (He that walks into the house,) a frequent visitor and a distinguished hunter, called for some medicine for a sick infant. He brought the infant with him—it was tied to a board, and entirely covered up, except its face. The board was on a horse, and two girls and a squaw were brought with him, to lead and drive the horse, while his lady walked alongside, with his bow and quiver, on horse as he. I advised him to cover the child's face and uncover its face, at the same time giving him some cough drops, so confident that he would not harm me if the child died. This incident shows how contrary to custom and propriety is the management of these poor Indians. They are truly given up children.—Foreign Missionary.

DEATH OF AN OLD CHIEF.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin, notices the death of Thomas Williams, a distinguished Chief of the Ironsides Nation. He was a descendant of Rev. John Williams of Dorchester, Mass., who was taken captive at the destruction of that town by the French and Indians, in 1704. The deceased was an active participant in the war of the Revolution, opposing the cause of the British at B. Mungton and Blandford. During the war of 1812, by special invitation of the United States Government, he placed his aid under the protection of his flag, and was placed at the battle of Plattsburgh. He lived, for many years, in the bosom of the bosom of the Christian Church, and died as he had lived, respected and beloved by his people, and in the full hope of a blessed immortality.

*From the Cherokee Telegraph.*  
A Cherokee Wedding.

Having often been an eye witness to them weddings, I will endeavor to give, as near as possible, a true account. In the first place, the girl is brought with a hog, or eight or ten yards of cloth, it does not make any difference what kind, her uncle receives it, the parents have nothing to do with it, if she has no uncle her brothers will receive the amount; the day is appointed, and notice is given to the relatives of the girl to make head, one or two dozen hounds whichever they prefer, and bring it with them. The night before, it is all put together and saved for the next day, then they all commence making "hog and homony." Next morning, the friends and relatives of the bridegroom, all meet at a certain place, and escort the groom to the house of the bride. When they get in sight of the house, the bride's friends take her by the hand and run, as "for life and death." The groom party coming up, and then come—there are certain women of the party appointed to run after them, some eight or ten; the balance of the company run along also, for the fun of it, but must not interfere. Sometimes the bride's party get such a start of them, the men run and beat them, and chase them; they will then change their course in running, and then they are overtaken, and such a scuffle between the women as you never heard of, some will pull the girl, her friends will pull her back, and they will almost fight for her; finally they give up—the groom's friends lead her back rejoicing. But where is the groom all this time? When he arrives at the house he is shut up in it, he does not see any of the fun, they lead the girl into the yard and out her door, his mother or sister spreading something for her, such as a skin or cloth, and all the groom party throw something on her head, hands, hands, hands, or one or two yards of cloth, and those that made the bread, divide or rather snatch to one who can get the most. And then they lead her to where the groom is, and out her door by his side, and give them a bowl of stews to eat, with one woman, then taking the first morsel, if the bride does not take a morsel, she is in left out, and the door also is closed on them, the company at the same time are flouting out of doors. A certain man being appointed to dish out for them, the flouting being over, another couple follows, to bring the bride out of the house, sometimes a weak deer is broken down and she is laid out, and out down in the yard, and the usual things as before mentioned; are thrown on her head, and she is laid back into the house; it occupies nearly all day; by this time, the people disperse rejoicing—the groom stays all night, and very early before sun-up, he must run home. About nine or ten o'clock, the girl and some of her friends start to his home, with a pan of stews, having prepared it the day before. When they come in sight of the house, his mother or sister meet her and lead her into the house; the husband must in all cases have a drum and a handkerchief ready for her, and his sisters give them to her. They then bring her to her, and she must try her best, what good stews she can make, the more relatives present will make her more presents, and she returns home without him, but in the evening he goes to her home and remains with her, if he chooses at the same place, or moves if her friends are willing. So ends the wedding.

We would call the attention of the brethren in the South, who design attending the Tenth Convention, to the Report of the Committee of Arrangements below:—*Trans. Baptist.*

**Southern Baptist Tenth Convention.**

Next session to be held with the First Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn., May 2nd 1865. Ample arrangements having been perfected for the accommodation of delegates and others, who design attending, the next meeting of the Tenth Convention, it is respectfully requested, that on their arrival in the city, they report without delay to the Book-Store of Messrs. Gresham and Shunkland, (American Buildings, Union Street, two doors from the Bank of Tennessee,) and report their names, so that a committee will be in attendance, for the purpose of conveying them to suitable houses, provided for them, during their stay in the city. It is estimated that a large number of ministers led by brethren from distant States will be in attendance, and an affectionate invitation is extended to all, whether far or near, to come.

CHAS. E. WILSON,  
Wm. F. BARR,  
A. B. SHUNKLAND,  
SAM. H. SHURT,  
Committee of Arrangements.

*From Report of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs.*  
Education among the Indians.

An increasing interest continues to be everywhere manifested in the cause of education. Many of the tribes which have heretofore refused to permit the introduction of schools into their country, are now coming forward and asking for their establishment; and some of them are even offering to appropriate a portion of their own means to the promotion of this great object. This gratifying change in their sentiments and views, has long brought about, in a great measure, by the system which has been pursued for some time, of imparting a knowledge of agriculture and the mechanical arts with that of letters, and the efficient co-operation of the different missionary societies in the efforts of the Department.

The number of schools in the Indian country has increased more rapidly during the past than in any preceding year, whilst the attendance and department of the scholars have been far more constant and exemplary than before. It appears from the reports made to this office, that there are now in successful operation among the different tribes sixteen manual labor institutions, at which are to be maintained and educated eight hundred and nine scholars; of which five hundred and seventy-seven are males, and two hundred and thirty-two females; and eighty-seven boarding and other schools, with two thousand eight hundred and seventy-three scholars—two thousand and seventy-three males, and eight hundred females. These schools are represented to be supplied with good and competent teachers, and to be otherwise in a prosperous and highly satisfactory condition. With the efforts of the government and of the various religious and philanthropic societies of the United States thus united, the blessings and advantages of the great moral enterprise, worthy of the age and of the country, may be extended to the whole of our aboriginal race.

*From the Foreign Missionary.*  
Significance of an Indian Concerning the Worship of God.

When I closed, an elderly man, whose spiritual pride seemed to be wounded by some of my remarks, stepped into the circle and proposed himself for a speech. After the usual display of shaking hands, he proceeded to say, "When I was a small boy, and afterwards when I grew up, I heard about God, and have known him all my life. We Ojibwa have not forgotten God. We often give thanks to him. We give him tobacco. We give him food. We give him horses. Whenever it enters our minds that anything would be pleasing to God, we take a long pole and put it on the end of it, and then raise it up in the air. We also pray to God to show us a good road. And when our young men go and hunt, the first thing they do is to put up a lodge, and cook some food, which they give to God, and say, 'Here, God, is your victuals.' I am glad to hear what you have told us about the straight road, and will try to remember it."

These remarks brought forcibly to my mind the sublime language of the Spirit in the 56th Psalm, where God claims a property in all creation, and asserts his independence of his creatures. I concluded to give them an account of it, and they seemed to be much struck with it.

*From the Foreign Missionary.*  
Addressing Remarks of an Aged Indian.

In my preceding remarks I had appealed to them to know whether any of their old men had been able to give them such information as I had given. Itatashah, or the Poor Elgin, shook my hand, and taking his place in the circle, made the following affecting remarks:

"Since the time I was a child, I have heard my people talk about trying to find something good. Our old chief, who has lived on the mountains as you come from the mission, often talked with me about it, and he and I tried together to find something good. I have been trying since I was a boy, and now I am an old man, and I am almost blind from age; but I have never found anything good. You only have told us on the day where to go to find good."

It is not often the aged make such confessions of their failure to find good in the world. I immediately reminded David's language, "Thine is every day that my eye will show on any good. Lead up to the light of thy face, O Lord. Let the eyes of the living be open to thee." What a blessing to have the wisdom of living water poured for our refreshment, and to know the road to him who is able to supply all our spiritual needs.

*From the Foreign Missionary.*

**Visit of Indian Tribes Visiting each other.**

The practice of making national visits to each other, is very common among the Indian tribes of the Missouri. At first view, one would think that it would tend to promote friendship and good feeling. But, in fact, these visits are of pernicious tendency. For this there are several reasons. One tribe visiting another always expects to receive some presents. These, of course, must be according to the circumstances of the parties concerned. Sometimes they consist of corn, buffalo meat, or other articles of food. At others, of furs, robes, blankets, or cloth. Almost always horses are given, and sometimes in considerable number. To make their visit agreeable, visitors generally take some whisky along with them. The visited party must feast his visitors, if he has to take the food out of the mouths of his wife and children. And lest their hearts should get cold, or they should think him wanting in generous hospitality, he must sell, it may be, his last horse or mule for the cursed fire-water, that they may have a drunken carouse together, and lay the foundation of a national broil. In this way the visited tribe is visited to death, and like Franklin's remove, three of these visits are as bad as a fire. But this is not all. The impoverished tribe must make up its loss or perish. Therefore, the visit must be returned, or if that cannot be, a visit must be paid to some other tribe, visiting, as a like necessity on their part. And, as is very often the case, the horse cannot be made up in this way, for horses they must have, they are driven to the alternative of stealing horses whenever opportunity offers. And if horses are stolen from Indians, it is a sufficient cause of war, and the "lex talionis," (law of revenge,) justifies the injured party taking reprisals.

**Condition of Manhood.**

More than seven parts out of eight of the whole population of our globe are still sunk in deplorable darkness and corruption. Of the eight hundred millions of immortal souls which the earth is supposed to contain, only about sixty, or, at most, seventy millions, are nominally Protestants. The great mass of the remaining seven hundred and forty millions are either Pagans or Mohammedans, or nearly as destitute as either of saving evangelical light. Of those sixty or seventy millions of nominal Protestants, only about a third part, or a little more than twenty millions, can be said to have the real gospel of Christ, in any thing like its purity, so much as preached among them. Of those which, in a large sense of the word, we may call evangelical congregations, probably not more than one half, or twelve millions, are even professors of religion, in any distinct or intelligent import of the term. That is, of the eight hundred millions of the world's population, but little more than an EIGHTIETH PART are even PROFESSORS OF RELIGION, in any scriptural form, or claim to know any thing of its sanctifying power. How many of these professors of religion we may calculate upon as probably real Christians,—that is, a question on which the humble, enlightened believer, though he may hesitate and waver, will forbear to attempt an estimate!

Such is, unfortunately, at present, the dark and distressing state of the great mass of our world's population. What a little remnant, among all the multiplied millions of mankind, have any adequate or saving knowledge of the religion of Christ! O what a moral charnel-house does our world appear! What a valley of "dry bones" exceedingly dry! "Can these dry bones live?" Yes, they shall live! The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. And even now, amidst the darkness and misery which brood over the greater part of the earth, there are appearances, every where, which promise the approach of better days. A short time since, a large part of the inhabited globe was absolutely closed against the missionary of the cross. But now it may be said, without exaggeration, that the whole world is opened wide to the heralds of the gospel message.—Miller.

**CLARENCE MURDERED IN CALIFORNIA.**

Private letters have been received in Newark, N. J., from the Pacific by the Central City, one of which mentions a painful rumor that Messrs. Newman and Phoskey, clergymen of the Methodist and Baptist churches, had been murdered in the gold region. The letter, says the Advocate, is of the latest date, and comes from a highly respectable source. It refers to the statement incidentally, as it was a well understood fact, but gives no particulars.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

