THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

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

By the Board of Indian Missions. LOUISVILLE, APRIL, 1849. Vol. III. No 10.

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE

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From the South Western Baptist Chronicle.

Missionary Claims of the Indians.

BY REV. R. B. VALLIANTEDO.

In the last article on this subject, the claims of the Indians, arising from our conduct towards them, were presented. Their claims arising from the relations existing between them and us will now be stated.

Our boundary lines encompass them within our territorial limits.

They claim our president as their great father, and depend, to some extent, on our government for guidance and protection. They are infants of our great political family. "But if any," says Paul, "provide not for his own, especially those of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is become worse than an infidel." 'Tis true, that this was spoken against those who refused to provide temporal supplies for their own, but will it not apply, with equal, if not greater force, to the neglecting of the spiritual interests of our household? If so, what a heavy charge is brought against us for allowing them to starve for the bread of eternal life, while they are living within our boundaries, and looking to us for support? The oft-repeated proverb, that "charity ought to begin at home," is true, yet it does not mean that it should stop with our own. Regardless of them, charity should extend to [illegible]

[illegible] our own homes, and administer our aid to their salvation." Will did you say, "This cannot be." Humanity, justice, christianity forbids it. Well, did you say, "This cannot be." Thousands of them have given their hearts to God. The Lord will not let them perish. Friends of justice! yes will not allow them to be oppressed to death by our people, or compelled beneath the tide of emigration. Friends of humanity! yes will not allow our vices to become a moral cankor in their hearts, wasting them into temporal extinction! Friends of Christianity! yes will not allow these weak churches to be broken up, and the unconverted to die everlastingly! Almighty Father! save thy creatures! Divine Shepherd! oh, preserve thy flock!

So long as the Indians have none of the duties of civilization to engage their time and thoughts, so long as they are trained to regard war as their principal business and profession, so long as a continuance of hostile aversion their malice and demands of their resentment, so long as repeated injuries make them despair of justice and protection, just that long will they murder and destroy the frontier settlements.

Independent of the lives of its subjects, our Government expended enough money in the Seminole war to have given a good education to every Indian youth living in the Indian territories. Read that sentence again, and let it be remembered. How much better policy would it be, for the Government to send them the Bible and teachers, than a standing army! *It would be a cheaper and better protection.* At any rate, let us, in dividends, send them missionaries; for, by so doing, we build fortifications against the pitiless, we policy the savage arm, uplifting the tomahawk or bending the bow; we counteract the fiercest kindling on the frontier hatred; and we prevent the tear of the orphan, and the sigh of widows. "Here is another claim upon the patriot, the philanthropist, and the christian. Let it be acknowledged, not only "in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

One of the principal causes why the Indian has been so neglected is, that his nature, condemnation, is almost totally misapprehended. Now, it is surprising that we have perverted views concerning them, when we consider the fact that our historians naturally enough in our own favor, as much as possible, all the dealings and struggles between the two races, while we also read prejudiced on our side; and likewise, that from our infancy we have listened to the horrid deeds committed against our grandfathers, at the same time forgetting that our ancestors were murdering them, or driving them from their homes; and after all this, contracting our civilization with their barbarity, we feel a contempt and malice against our savage enemies. As we have never been thrown in contact with other heathen, we are unacquainted with their habits, and readily believe them superior to our barbarous foes. Therefore, it has often been supposed that wildness was as inherent in the red man as it is in the wolf, and that ferociousness was as much a portion of his nature as it is of the hyena. Hence, many have thought that it would be as fruitless an attempt to encircle the domestic affections around their hearts, as to entwine the cypress around the iceberg—have thought as vain would be the effort to cultivate in their heart the christian graces, as to plant flowers in the desert of Sahara.

Only let the true character of the Indian appear, then we can safely challenge a comparison with any other heathen. Now, while we speak to this point, no reference will be had to his character, adulterated by mixing with the whites, nor to the Texas Indians; for these so far as I have learned, are vastly inferior to the more northern tribes. We refer to the original and uncorrupted grandeur of his character, as it was cast in the foundry of nature."

Is bravery a virtue? It was esteemed of no small importance by antiquity, and is so esteemed in the world's code of morals. Is patriotism a virtue? To exalt its merits, poets, statesmen, and orators have exhausted their powers. Is faithfulness to promises [illegible] a virtue? All acknowledge it to be. [illegible] a virtue? So it is recognized [illegible] to other barbarians.

View the true Indian character, as instanced by King Philip. Washington Irving says of him, "He, however, we consider even the prejudiced accounts furnished by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of estimable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate and respect for his memory. We find, that amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his beloved wife and only son is mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery; the death of any dear friend is triumphantly recorded, as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whom affections he had confided, is said to have deadened his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot, attached to his native soil—a prince, true to his subjects and indignant at their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to partake in the cause he had espoused." All the chaste heaped on him by his white persecutors conceal not the sublimity of his soul. In him is seen every excellence that uncultivated man can possess. Let others hate his memory, if they choose; but, for one, I will venerate Philip of Mount Hope as the noblest specimen of the natural man whose name is preserved by history.

What magnanimity appears in the reply of one of the captives! Bound as a prisoner, Canonchet is brought before the army of the colonies. Unmoved in dignity, he preserves his regal bearing, nor will he stoop to ask for peace, nor beg for life. A young English officer begins to interrogate him. The lofty chieftain, preferring to be struck dead in his wrath rather than hover he dignity of a king, replied, "I will not bend down to talk with boys. Bring your general. I will talk with him." Compared with Canonchet, how insignificant does Santa Anna appear on his knees, begging and flattering Gen. Scott for peace. This reply evinces more magnanimity than the celebrated reply made by King Dagnet, when taken prisoner by Tamerlane.

Take another specimen of Indian character. Compare the thousands of Chinese running before the English like so many frightened sheep, showing the British army to enter into their fortifications, which might have been defended by a handful of patriots, compare this inglorious herd, we say, to the few unconquerable Seminoles, as year after year they bid defiance to our Government. A firmer resistance than theirs has never been made, even on American soil—no, not even by Washington's army. The hearts of these Seminoles were utter strangers to fear; nor were their independent spirits made for submission's yoke. While defending their native savanna, danger was their pleasure, and hardship their amusement.

But it is useless to mention individual characters and special instances of the best traits which it is possible for an uncultivated man to have. Suffice it to say, that more magnanimous deeds of the red man are on record than of any other savage nation.

With a spirit free as the eagle, soaring to the sun, or perching on his unapproachable crag, the Indian has not that slavishness of heart which belongs to the African, whom power may bring into servitude. With the superstitiousness which is a part of the savage, he towers above the dull, stupid Hindoo in intellectual manhood. While he rejoices in the mercies of his enemies, unlike the treacherous Turk, his friendship knows no chill from adversity, nor weakness from time. With a lion heart, relying on its powers, and with the impetuosity of Niagara thundering over its cataract, he scorns opposition. Still, he has not the degrading bigotry of the infatuated Chinese. Possessing the roughness of unpolished nature, he is so far removed from the sensualism of the Hottentot as he is from the effeminacy of the Persian. Enjoying none of the arts and sciences, he has not those brutal passions which a partial civilization produces among the semi-barbarians of Asia and Africa. While horrid tales are circulated of his cruelty to his foes, he himself was tormented tenfold more inhumanly by the Spaniards. Nor has he ever tortured his mortal enemies as did France and other European nations their faithful subjects during the reign of the Inquisition.

The late Judge Story characterizes the Indian as follows: "Brave men never lived; braver men never died. They had courage and fortitude, capacity and perseverance beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had vices of the savage life, they had its virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unchangeable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave."

It is only when we misapprehend his character, and compare him with ourselves instead of other savages, that we think his heart so too barren of excellence for the growth of what is noble in education and holy in religion. We hesitate not to assert, that when the characteristics of the Indians are contrasted with those of any other barbarian, so far from his suffering thereby, we shall find his traits a strong encouragement for missionary zeal in his behalf.

AUSTIN, Texas, Dec., 1848.

Traces of Antiquity.

The perfect skeleton of an Indian woman was found last Wednesday afternoon in the canal bank excavation adjoining Niagara river, immediately back of Major Whitney's new residence. We understand that it rested in a sitting posture with its hand facing the north, (true Indian style) about four feet below the surface. Immediately above grew a large hickory two feet in diameter, at least 200 years old, whose huge roots encircled the skeleton on every side. Owing to the first in the canal, and the number of roots to be removed, it was obtained with great difficulty. Rumor says that Indian relics were found with it. One of Mr. Cooper's students, who was present at the time of the exhumation, informs us, that he has no doubt but that when the frost shall have left the ground, the jewels accustomed to be worn by indian Indian may be found. To all appearance 200 years must have passed by on the wings of the wind since vitality left the remains of perhaps a once mighty and powerful chief's daughter.—*Niagara Falls Iris.*

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

Edited by the Corresponding Secretary.

LOUISVILLE, APRIL, 1849.

☞ The Rooms of the AMERICAN INDIAN MISSION ASSOCIATION, are on Fourth Street between Walnut and Chesnut.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to

REV SIDNEY DYER.
Corresponding Secretary,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Those containing remittances, to

C. VAN BUSKIRK, Esq.
Treasurer,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

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.

Agents of the Board.

Rev V. R. Thornton, Gen. Agent for Georgia.
Rev A. T. N. Vandivere, Georgia
Rev G. B. Davis, Alabama and Tennessee
Rev. John M. Ashburn, South Carolina

Claims of the Indians.

It is a fact well established in the word of Revelation, that the relationship we sustain to mankind lays us under certain moral obligations to promote their happiness as far as we are capable of so doing. "*Do good unto all men, as ye have opportunity,*" is the Divine rule of benevolence. All men, therefore, have a well authenticated claim upon us for aid and relief, when needy or distressed; a claim which we have no right to deny or defer. But in the multitude of applicants, it sometimes becomes a matter of great importance to determine who have justly a priority of claim. If it is apparent from the principles of common right, and especially from the laws of God, that a certain class of persons are plainly entitled to our benevolent exertions, then we have no right to pass them by neglected, under a plea that we are seeking other objects of suffering upon whom to bestow our charities. We can no more transfer the rightful claims of one class of human sufferers to another, than we can the just legal rights of one person to another. In each instance the first and rightful claimant must be satisfied.

It is of no small importance that American Christians understand fully what class of heathen has the first and strongest claim upon their sympathies and benevolent operations. We unhesitatingly affirm that class to be the Aborigines of the country.

They sustain the relation to us of a common brotherhood with other unchristianized nations; and are, therefore, included in the merciful provision of the Great Commission, to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

They are in immediate proximity with us, and consequently easily accessible. And the Saviour has plainly taught us, in his instructions to his disciples, that this proximity constitutes, in their favor, a prior claim to those "afar off." When he sent out the seventy, he commanded them not to go to the Gentiles, nor even to the Samaritans, but to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, in the cities and villages in their immediate neighborhood; but no sooner was this part of their work fulfilled, than the bands, which confined the Gospel to such narrow bounds, were cut asunder, and its diffusive influences were permitted to go abroad among the nations of the earth, bringing "life and immortality to light." This command of the Saviour also disproves the position often assumed, that we are excusable for neglecting the Indians, because of the [illegible] of their numbers compared with the populous nations of the East. The disparity between the Indian tribes of America and other unenlightened nations of the earth, is probably not greater than that existing in the days of the Disciples, between the Jews and the Gentile portion of mankind; and yet the Saviour admitted no such plea as an excuse for neglecting the *few* to attend to the many. The Bible plainly inculcates the principle that our immediate neighbors have the first and strongest claim upon our benevolence. The Indians sustain this relation to us; and, in our judgment, American Christians have been guilty of a violation of the above principle; and this conclusion is abundantly corroborated by the concurrent testimony of the Press secular and religious, and the general opinion of the enlightened world. And we can account for the continuance of an acknowledged abuse, only upon the principle of man's proneness to err, by permitting

Distance to lend enchantment to the view."

But we pass to notice one other fact, which gives the Indian a clear right to a preference in our labors of love. It is based upon the divinely established law of *Restitution.* The Bible rule is this: "*If a man shall cause a field or vineyard to be eaten, and shall put in his beast, and shall feed in another man's field; of the* BEST OF HIS OWN FIELD, AND THE BEST OF HIS OWN VINEYARD, SHALL HE MAKE RESTITUTION!" This Old Testament rule has received abundant confirmation in the New; it is, therefore, a settled Divine axiom.

It is unnecessary for us to labor to prove that we, as a nation, have been guilty of a similar trespass to the one above specified; for we stand convicted by a universal confession of "*guilty!*" Our aim is to urge upon all that, as we have shown some compunction for our conduct by making a confession of the wrong done, we now immediately proceed to discharge the obligation incurred, by restoring to the Indians the best products of fields once theirs. Each dweller upon the soil must share, in some degree, the debt; let every one, then, make restitution by contributing to the funds of the Indian Mission Association, whose benevolent exertions are being put forth to rescue the remnant of the aboriginal tribes from utter extinction, and their souls from everlasting destruction.

For a further and more elaborate view of this important question, we beg leave to refer our readers to the excellent series of articles from the pen of Rev. S. M. Tallioferro, copied on our first page, from the South-Western Baptist Chronicle. If the first of the series have been carefully perused, let our readers refer to the last two numbers of the Advocate, and [illegible] the numbers found there in connection with [illegible] on the first page of this number; and we [illegible] they will [illegible] [illegible] ing a new sentiment respecting the claims of the poor Indian upon their benevolence.

Mission to Central Africa.

We have noticed, with great satisfaction, the contemplated Mission to the above dark country of benighted Africa, by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention. The work is conceived in the true spirit of Christian heroism, based upon a firm reliance in the promises of God; and is in accordance with the example of the fathers of the modern Missionary enterprise, who "attempted great things, and expected great things!"

The work involves great sacrifices and much peril; and yet we are happy to notice that the Board has already found a brother in the South who is ready to assume the labor and brave the danger for the sake of Christ and the poor perishing heathen. Rev. T. J. Bowen, of Florida, has received an appointment to the above mission, and is expected to leave for his station in the fall of the present year.

We commend the interest of this Mission to our readers, and trust that all will feel disposed to render the Board liberal aid in prosecuting so noble an enterprise.

Agent for Georgia.

We are happy to learn from Rev. V. R. Thornton, General Agent for Georgia, that he has secured the services of Rev. A. T. N. Vandivere as an Agent in behalf of Indian Missions in that State; and we trust that our many friends in the State will respond to his applications in aid of our funds with an increased liberality. We take pleasure in placing his name upon our list of Agents.

Chestnut Street Baptist Church, Louisville.

This new church, formed by the union of the 2d Baptist church with a number of [illegible] from the [illegible] and [illegible] churches, [illegible] commenced building [illegible] on the corner of [illegible] [illegible] the basement of which is expected to be ready for occupancy by the first of June.

☞ A letter just received from brother [illegible] informs us of his safe arrival at his [illegible] with his health much improved.

To Publishers.

We would call the attention of Publishers to the facilities which the Indian Advocate affords for extending the notice of their publications throughout the South and West. It has a monthly circulation of about three thousand copies, divided with great equality among the Southern and Western States.

All works sent to the Advocate, will be appropriately noticed editorially, and then placed into the Library of the American Indian Mission Association. Two desirable ends will thus be obtained; the public will be made acquainted with the publications, and the nature of their contents, and the Association will be supplied with new facilities for carrying on its benevolent operations.

☞ Special attention will be given to works bearing on the history and condition of the Aborigines of our country.

Money for Indian Missions.

We would remind our friends that the approaching Convention at Nashville, Tenn., will be a good opportunity for forwarding any funds which may be intended for Indian Missions, as the Corresponding Secretary will be present to receive all moneys donated for this object; and, as the Treasury of the Association is embarrassed for means to carry on its operations, we earnestly hope that every friend of the poor neglected Indian will send up a liberal contribution to aid in replenishing its exhausted coffers.

Literary Notices.

Voices of Nature, and Thoughts in Rhyme. By SIDNEY DYER. *Cowling & Davies, Louisville, Ky.* 18mo. pp. 136.

This little work, announced sometime since, is now out of Press, and, in paper, typography and binding, is a most beautiful book.

It is not for us to speak of the contents of the volume; but we may be allowed, without incurring the charge of egotism, to present our readers with a few notices of the *Louisville Press.*

"Some of the poems are very beautiful, and would shine even if appearing in volumes with [illegible] [illegible] Mr. Dyer [illegible] tion."—*Louisville Journal.*

"With many of the poems of this volume we have been familiar sometime, through the weekly and daily periodical; and we have often admired their beauty, softness and truth. The lover of the beautiful and pure, will find much in these poems to excite his admiration and love. There is much in them to cheer and invigorate the heart, and much to enlighten the understanding. We assure the reader that, open it where he may, he will find something to repay him for the search."—*Louisville Courier.*

"That Mr. Dyer is a man of good taste, pure fancy, excellent imagination, and great lover of the beautiful, is apparent to every one who will read his book. In the volume there are very many pieces worthy of more distinguished pens than Mr. Dyer's."—*Chronicle of Western Literature.*

"Mr. Dyer's poetry is easy and natural, his imagery is tasteful and appropriate; and some of his compositions will compare well with those of Cowper or Montgomery."—*Baptist Banner.*

"They all give evidence that the author has the sparks of genius within him, and needs only diligent cultivation to take rank amongst the most respectable poets of the land."—*Presbyterian Herald.*

The book retails at seventy-five cents, and can be had by addressing the Editor of the Indian Advocate, or the Publishers.

Southern Baptist Missionary Journal.

The April number of this excellent journal has just come to hand, filled, as usual, with interesting and instructive matter. Its typographical appearance is exceedingly beautiful—indeed we know of no periodical which excels it in this respect. It deserves, and should receive, an extensive patronage.

The [illegible] [illegible].

We are delighted with the new and beautiful dress in which our neighbor now appears; and though our brother, the venerable Editor, has been thought by many to have manifested rather a disposition to "push with his horn to the [illegible]," we know that he has a [illegible] heart, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] circulation in the State.

Next Annual Meeting

In compliance with the pressing invitation of the Second Baptist Church in St. Louis, Mo., the Board of the American Indian Mission Association have decided to hold the next annual meeting in that city; which will convene on Thursday, October 25th, at ten o'clock, A. M. As the facilities for traveling from all parts of the country to this city are unusually great and cheap, we hope to see a large delegation present.

☞ We especially request of our exchanges to give this notice an insertion in their columns.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Putawatomies.

LETTER FROM REV. J. LYKINS,
Dated February [illegible], 1849.

Severe Sickness of Miss Osgood—Journey Across the Prairies—Camping Out—Losing the Route—Safe Arrival at the Station—Re-opening of School—Conversion, &c.

On the 2d instant, we were in readiness to leave West Port for this station. On the day previous, a messenger had arrived from Wea in quest of a physician to visit sister Osgood at that station. The physician desired could not be obtained, and I felt that it was impracticable for me to abandon brother and sister Dillé to travel alone. A second messenger soon after arrived, urgently insisting on a visit from Miss McCoy and myself. After consulting with the friends, I dispatched a young man to West Port (two miles) in the night, to procure a conveyance, which arrived in the morning, and which took us to Wea about dark. We found the disease of sister Osgood somewhat checked by the judicious prescriptions of my brother David, but her throat was still so ulcerated and swollen that she could converse but very little and very imperfectly. We remained there two nights and one day, retaining our conveyance. On the morn of the second day after our arrival, Miss O. having very much improved, we set out to cross a trackless sea of snow, in the direction of our place, somewhat hoping thereby to overtake brother Dillé and party. The forenoon was cloudy, and neither my[illegible] [illegible] a portion [illegible] I felt the most serious solicitude for our safety, but in the afternoon the threatening clouds broke away, and soon the "lone elm"—a noted landmark—showed in the distance, and relieved us from further apprehension. At dark we reached the Wakarusa, and lodged at the house of a Shawnee friend. We soon learned that brother Dillé was ahead of us half a day's journey. Here we dismissed our conveyance, and took my own horse and buggy, left here by brother Dillé. We left this place in company with two Shawnee teams, and for the sake of company were compelled to encamp with them for the night. Our selection of a camping site was not judicious, and we passed a most dreary night from trying to sleep on a "bed" of snow between one and two feet thick, and from want of fuel. About three o'clock we reached Shunganunga Creek, and found our friends had wandered from the route; we hurried on, but found they had not reached the station. When about starting in pursuit of them, they were discovered on the hills some miles distant approaching us. Leaving Miss McC. at a neighboring house, I raised a fire in the Mission house, wet from drifting snow, and about dark had the pleasure of seeing all arrive in safety.

The Mission family had left at the same time of our departure for Wea, and had got along well, except suffering from the cold. The family had on the way slept out four nights. It was truly cheering to see the cheerful spirit with which sister Dillé, with a sickly little daughter, bore these hardships and privations. We have now got things in a situation for the family to be quite comfortable. A few scholars have come in, and Miss McCoy has resumed her teaching. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in safety. In offering [illegible] [illegible] received by [illegible] [illegible] that the Lord had [illegible] [illegible].

Last Sabbath, quite a little company of

Pottawatomies attended worship at the station. We have also to record the conversion, as we trust, of one of the old Carey Mission pupils. She is dying of consumption. A few days after our arrival, she sent for me to pray in her room. Brother D. and sister M. repaired with me to the place. She talks freely of her hope of heaven, and resignation to the divine will, and has given, I believe, satisfactory evidence that she is a child of God. Her husband, a white man, seems also much affected, and seems to feel the importance of seeking the Saviour.

The winter has not yet subsided here. The snow lies in vast heaps all over the plains, and only a few days since the cold was so intense as to endanger the lives of those caught out on the prairies. We cannot, until the weather changes, accomplish much.

Wea.

LETTER FROM BROTHER W. S. FINLEY.

Dated February 27, 1849.

Since I arrived here, the school has been under my charge; and I must say, in justice to brother Lykins and sister Osgood, they have faithfully performed each and every duty devolving upon them. The children gave decided evidence of having made good use of the privileges afforded them, by their improvement in those things that tend to their *temporal* and *spiritual* benefit. Some of them are as well advanced in their studies as most children are who enjoy better advantages. All understand the English language; many speak it plainly. Besides this, the Indians at large are strongly interested in the institution, and evince their interest whenever they visit the station. In regard to the progress of religion amongst them, it affords me pleasure when I say, that a large number of the children give evidence that they are not insensible on the subject. May God incline our hearts to a redoubling our efforts in their behalf. Four grown persons—Yellow Brave, principal Chief of the Weas, and his wife, besides two others—have been received for baptism; they continue faithful to their profession.

God has not forgotten this station, nor will he, I humbly trust. "Lo, I am with you, even unto the end," chosen as when we would despond under the many trials and difficulties which attend our pathway. Blessed more, we trust, we have, had deeply their want of a Saviour's love.

Omaha.

LETTER FROM REV. A. L. HAY.

Dated February 20, 1849.

After a protracted journey, surrounded by sickness and the low state of water in the Arkansas river, we arrived at the Mission station. Three months' absence from the Indians made the return most happy. Many came to see us, and were pleased to see the new missionary. I found the people ready for meetings. During the winter the congregations have been unusually small, owing to the very cold winter. Spring is now opening, and the prospects are cheering for our coming meetings. Several are now waiting for baptism, which will be administered at the first church meeting.

The native preachers have preaching places near in the various parts of the Nation; some of them fill their appointments by going many miles on foot, not being able to purchase a horse. Little they think of earthly possessions. They have an inheritance, and they strive hard to induce others to gain a like possession, and by their unwearied efforts, persuade many to make the effort.

Since my return, I have seen a number of the leading men of the Nation. They seem indeed religious conversation, and are seen in the congregations. Many of them are in the church. Misionaries have many instances of encouragement among the Omahas. For one, I wish to live anywhere else.

IS THE BITTER PREDICTION OF CIVILIZATION?—The author of "A Tour on the Prairies," says the Indians regard the tree as the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo of red man; and day, that is approaching as the last sunrise, the Indian and the buffalo perish. The wild boy is early taught to be one with any great distance from the frontier. When the heavy tree crowns the Mississippi, the Indians, with surprise, found the hollow trees of their forest resounding, teeming with honey; and believed, as it seemed the gently rolling with white, they, bewildered, for the first time, upon the unknown luxury of the spiderwort. At present the honey has become in esteem in the table grown cold, forsaken that chief and hunter, the prairies, and extend along the silvered bottoms of the rivers.

For the Indian Advocate.

Traits of Indian Character.

KANSAS RIVER, Indian Territory,
March 1, 1849.

DEAR BROTHER:—While we have nothing in this strange land of classic interest, there may be some things which might somewhat interest philanthropists, and those who delight to study man in his rude and unalterred state. This is the former home of the Kanzee tribe of Indians. From it, at the bidding of the "pale face" they have but recently retired, leaving many evanescent traces of their former abode. Among these are most frequently noticed, the resting places of their dead. These occupy almost every high and naked hill, bluff, and mound, in the vicinity of their ancient villages. At present these graves are sodded over with turf taken from the prairie; and upon each, or near to it, is found the whitened and bleached scull-bone of a horse. Each one is pierced in the forehead by the rifle ball which felled the poor victim, to accompany, as these rude people fondly suppose, the spirit of the dead to the spirit land.

Love and respect for the dead, has, by some, been assumed as evidence of civilization, and advances from the lower to a higher scale of being; whether correctly or not, I will not attempt to decide; but love for the dead is a marked and unequivocal trait in the red man's character. The graves alluded to are frequently re-visited by their surviving friends; and it is no uncommon thing to see three poor, scouted, and outcast people wandering through the sleeping places of their silent dead, piously repairing the grave, and carefully replacing the horse's head upon that, perhaps, of a father, mother, husband, wife, babe, or perhaps a departed lover—thus manifesting the utmost love and tenderness for the remains of their departed relatives. But if the red man, on account of his love and veneration for the sleeping dust of his people, has strong claims to rank in this respect with the most civilized nations of the earth, other traits show how utterly destitute he is of any knowledge of the true and living God.

But a few years since, a band of the tribe of which I am speaking, being on a return journey, were encamped on the banks of the Wyahousee, a tributary of the Kansas, a day's journey below this place. At this encampment a little boy sickened and died. At his burial, the father, in accordance with their custom, slew his riding horse, and placed him at the grave of his little son. Subsequently he sought the presence of his brave (leader)—said to be the most renowned of any of the tribe—and requested a present of a horse. "On what account," said the brave. "Because," said the father, "I have killed my horse at the grave of my son." "For that you are a fool," said the brave, "for you are not the father of that child; my nephew is its father." With the rage of a demon, the father made towards the mother of the deceased boy, who, seeing his horrid purpose, fled into the stream and escaped. The man, thus disappointed, returned, and walking up to the brave plunged his knife into his bosom, and caused not to repeat his blows until he had literally cut his victim to pieces.

The encampment was broken up, and the band came home to this vicinity. Here a council was held, and it was determined the murderer should die. Of this decision he soon obtained intelligence, and having five brothers, they all took possessing of the mound of a beautiful mound, and prepared to sell their lives dearly. The nation, unwilling to shed the blood of others, sent a messenger to the brethren, requesting them to retire from danger, but they refused each day until the third, when it was decided to kill them all. The mound was surrounded by the armed braves, and a rush made at them occupying the hight. At the first fire, one of the brothers fell dead, and a second was shot through the arm, stunned, and disarmed with the tomahawk. The guilty man made his escape, and fled immediately to the distant country of the Comanches.

Such are the traits of character of the red man! Such his awful depravity and ignorance! Add such to the condition and disposition of the people for whom Christians should pray, and for whom the gospel of Christ are called to labor. Shall they live, or shall they perish? Be lost, or saved? Of entirely these and great physical perfection of body and mind, shall they be allowed to pass away, until some reliable to weep over the graves of their ancestors? Only needing the holy and enlightening power of the gospel to restrain their passions, and sanctify their affections, shall that gospel be withheld? For the welfare of their departed friends, and for their own, in a future state, they manifest great solicitude. Must they ever come, and weep over these graves, and never know that there is a resurrection unto life? Must they ever think of their departed friends as wandering in some vague spiritland, and never know that Jesus died to save sinners, and has brought life and immortality to light. Will the gospel of Jesus—the only remedy for their present and future woes—be ever sent to them? Or will they be doomed to fade from the world in their present woful state? Let Christians say

X. Y.

For the Indian Advocate

Indian Wrongs

In offering a few remarks, through your excellent paper, permit me to take as a text the following quotation from a historian of our own day: "They (the Indians) rose without hope, therefore they fought without mercy; for them, as a Nation, there was no *to-morrow*."

In pleading for the Indian, how often do we hear it urged against him, that he is a merciless and savage specimen of humanity, for whom no sympathy is due! We are pointed to bloody battle fields; we are told of women and children murdered in their beds, and we grant it all. The Indian *is* a merciless savage; an unregenerate human being; partaking, like all the rest of Adam's race, of the blighting influences of the first transgression. But is he, therefore, cut off from the mercy, from the grace which is brought to the world through the Lord Jesus Christ?

But again: I inquire, Is the Indian really so much worse than the white man? Let us not reply to this question too hastily. We think that we are better, but we are placed in such circumstances as utterly to forbid the testing of the matter. Our flag has flaunted in the sunlight of every sea. It has been borne in triumph from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It has gained immortal renown on the plains of Mexico, and has quietly floated around its staff, in the gorgeous sunset, over the halls, the palaces, the capital of the Montezumas. But where is the Indian? In broken, and in scattered bands, he roams the distant plains, attesting that for him there is no to-morrow. The law of his strength is broken; the spear of his battles has rusted by the bones of his fathers. The tomahawk and war club have become a nursery tale, to quiet the unruly child; they are no longer feared. His canoe has vanished from the waters, and his shout no longer rings through the forest where once the council fire burnt bright, and thousands met for battle or the chase. The white man has prevailed. The Anglo-Saxon race has triumphed. But there was a time when the white man's hand was weak, and the Indian's power was strong. I would that we could here draw a veil, but justice demands that we should look at the subject in all its lights, in all its bearings, though our cheek may blush with shame—shame for the noble, the generous race from which we spring.

The Jews, in the days of our blessed Redeemer, consoled themselves with the idea, that if they had lived in the days of their fathers they would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets; but the reply should be a warning to us not arrogantly to assume the same ground. "Ye are the children of them which slew the prophets." A few instances will suffice to show what I mean, for it is too painful a subject to dwell upon. Who was it that offered a premium for Indian scalps, not for those of warriors alone, but for those of women and little ones? Who was it that hunted? It was the enlightened white man; it was the civilized (shall I say Christian?) European. Who massacred two hundred men, through a New England forest, in the dead of winter, and surrounded a large Indian village, which had no means of resistance, putting to the sword decrepit age, women and children, as well as warriors? These were the Puritans of New England. Men venerated as the fathers of our land. All historians agree, that, in the great majority of instances, the first aggressions were on the part of the white man. The Indian saw himself aggrieved, but he had no means of redress, save that which lay in his own arm. He also had personally sufficient to see that the power of the white man was daily becoming superior to his; say, he knew that it was a hopeless struggle; but, actuated by that principle which makes the savage, he sought but for revenge in death; hence the warfare he waged. Neither asking nor hoping for mercy himself, he showed none to his enemies.

But we pass sentence upon him, let us place ourselves in the same position, and ask what we should do under like circumstances; and then we shall be prepared to answer the question, whether we are really so much better than the Indian. Should any doubt the above statement, let them refer to the early history of our country, where they will find even stranger facts than these confirmed.

Now, good brother Advocate, the conclusion I arrive at is this, Upon the score "of wrong and outrage," we can say but little, lest when the balances are held aloft they might preponderate in favor of the Indian. I am not one of those who keep reiterating the cry of wrong. I think a purer, a higher motive, should actuate the Christian, than that held up by many of the writers and speakers of the present day, and I am fully convinced that the cause of Christ will not progress with general rapidity, until that motive becomes the main-spring of action. By the oft-repeated history of political wrongs, temporary excitements may be produced, and individuals may give to the mission cause, but never, until Christians feel an abiding sense of the duties required at their hand, and the obligations which they are under to the Indian—not as the subject of worldly wrong, but as the oppressed subject and prisoner of Satan, for whom Christ has found a ransom—can the work go on to complete success. Shall Christians need other incitement than the story of wrongs once perpetrated in the land of Judea, aye, and consummated on the hill Calvary. That story, in its sublime simplicity, has already surely shaken the kingdoms of this world. Nay, it is more terrible to the wicked than an "army with banners." Let Christians, then, awake, and rally round the standard "of the cross," and in the might of Israel's God march on to victory. I grant that Satan has apparently guarded, and double guarded, every avenue of entrance, and manned the walls with whisky-sellers—his most effective body guards—but shall we shrink back while we have above our heads the waving folds of the blood-stained banner of the Cross? Did our countrymen, before the stronghold of Chapultepec, pause, when the honor of their country was at stake? No! In an earthly cause, and at an earthly leader's word, they charged amid a flood of fire and iron-rain. The bold was won,

> And from its towering hight
> Floated their banner

And shall we, in a more holy cause, shrink back appalled? True, the missionary may fall at his post; the laborer may be called to his rest ere noon; but let the church still do its duty, and fill up the breaches in the advancing column, and depend upon it, reader, the cry of victory will soon resound from sea to sea.

Z.

Who Committed the Double Murder?

We copy from a Boston paper the following remarks of the Rev. George Copway a Chief of the Chippewa tribe, made at a Legislative Temperance meeting, over which Gov Briggs presided. And we would ask, Who committed the double murder?—the Indians whose hands were imbrued with the blood of their fellow tribesmen, or the heartless tradesmen who furnished them with the five gallons of the accursed "fire water?" In our judgment we should prefer to occupy the place of either of the Indians engaged in the transaction, at the day of Judgment, than that filled by the whisky dealer.

"Rev. G. Copway, the Chippewa Chief, was next introduced, and interested the audience very much by his remarks. He said nearly all the hostile collisions between his red brethren and the whites had been caused, directly or indirectly, by fire-water. The first lot, five gallons, that reached the head waters of Lake Huron, was sent from Montreal in 1812. The Chiefs, wishing to see its effects, allowed two families to drink some, and that very night a fight took place, and one of the men was killed. The slayer fled to the woods; and for the honor of his tribe, his brother submitted himself, according to the Indian law, as a substitute for execution for the murder. He had commenced his death-song, when his guilty brother came forth from his hiding place. He excused himself for his temporary avoidance of his doom by saying that he only kept out of the way until he got sober, for he could not endure the idea of dying while drunk. He then relieved his brother, sang his death-song and received in his bosom the arrows of the kinsmen of the man he had killed. Mr. C. said the temperance reform had made great progress among the Indians, and that Washingtonian societies were organized as far west as the head of Lake Superior. He spoke with a deal of feeling, and was repeatedly applauded."

He that feedeth the hungry is the almoner of God.

From Parkman's Travels in the Rocky Mountains.

Indians of the Rocky Mountains.

The Snakes, or Shoshonies, are a wandering tribe of Indians who inhabit that part of the Rocky Mountains which lies on the Grand and Green River branches of the Colorado of the West, the valley of Great Bear River, the habitable shores of the Great Salt Lake, a considerable portion of country on Snake River above and below Fort Hall, and a tract extending two or three hundred miles to the west of that post. Those who reside in the place last named, are said to support principally on roots; they however kill a few deer, and clothe themselves with their skins. The band living on Snake River subsist on the fish of the stream, buffalo, deer and other game. Those residing on the branches of the Colorado live on roots, buffalo, elk, deer, the mountain sheep and antelope. The Snakes own many horses. These, with their thousands of dogs, constitute all the domestic animals among them. They have conical skin-lodges, a few camp-kettles, butcher-knives and guns. Many of them, however, still use the bow and arrow. In dress, the follow the universal Indian costume—moccasins, leggings, and the hunting-shirt. Nothing but the hair covers the head; and this indeed would seem sufficient, if certain statements made in relation to it be true; as that it frequently grows four and five feet in length, and in one case eleven feet. In these instances, it is braided and wound around the head in the form of a Turkish turban. If only two or three feet in length, it is braided on the female head in two queues which hang down the back: on the male it is only combed behind the ears, and lays disheveled around the shoulders. The female dress differs from that of the male in no other respect than this: the shirt or chemise of the former extends down to the feet. Beaver, otter, bear and buffalo skins, and horses are exchanged by them with the Arrapahoes, and the American and British traders, for some few articles of wearing apparel; such as woolen blankets and hats. But as their stock of skins is always limited, they find it necessary to husband it with much care to obtain therewith a supply of tobacco, arms and amunition.

From the first acquaintance of the whites with them, these people have been remarkable for their aversion to war, and those cruelties so generally practiced by their race. If permitted to live in peace among their mountains, allowed to hunt the buffalo—that wandering patrimony of all the tribes—whose necessity requires, they make war upon none, and turn none hungry away from their humble abodes. But these peaceable dispositions in the wilderness, where men are left to the protection of their impulses and physical energies, have yielded them little protection. The Blackfeet, Crows, Sioux and Retaws have alternately fought them for the better right to the Old Park, and portions of their Territory, with varied success; and at the present time, do these tribes yearly send predatory parties into their borders to rob them of their horses. But as the passes through which they enter the Snake country are becoming more and more destitute of game on which to subsist their visits are less frequent, and their number less formidable. So that, for several years, they have been in a great measure relieved from these annoyances.

From the time they met Lewis and Clark on the head-waters of the Missouri to the present day, the Snakes have opened their lodges to whites, with the most friendly feelings. And many are the citizens of the States, and the subjects of Britain, who have sought their villages and by their hospitality have saved from death among these awful solitudes. A guest among them is a sacred deposite of the Great Spirit. His property, when once arrived within their camp, is under the protection of their honor and religious principle. And should want, cupidity, or any other motive, tempt any individual to disregard these laws of hospitality, the property which may have been stolen, or its equivalent, is returned, and the offender punished. The Snakes are a very intelligent race. This appears in the comforts of their homes, their well-constructed lodges, the elegance and useful form of their wardrobe, their horse-gear, &c. But more especially does it exhibit itself in their views of moral existence and other immortalities. These are inhabited by innumerable ranges of the tribe. Nor does their code of morals operate upon these wrong beings only, which originate among a savage people. Whatever indecency is offered them by their intercourse with the whites, they could. Civilized vice is quite as offensive as that which grows up in their own untutored existence. The use of intoxicating liquor is an example of this kind. They objected it from the commencement of its introduction among them. And they gave the best of reasons for this custom:—"It unmans us for the hunt, and for defending ourselves against our enemies: it causes unnatural dissensions among ourselves: it makes the Chief less than his Indian; and by its use, imbecility and ruin would come upon the Shoshonie tribe." Whatever difference of opinion may exist among civilized men on this matter, these Indians certainly reason well for themselves, and, I am inclined to think, for all others. A voice from the depths of the mountains—from the lips of a savage—sends to our ears the startling rebuke—"Make not, vend not, give not to us the *strong water*. It prostrates your superior knowledge—your enlarged capacities for happiness—your cultivated understandings. It breaks your strong laws; it rots down your strong houses; it buries you in the filthiest ditch of sin. Send it not to us; we would rather die by the arrows of the Blackfeet."

The Crows are a wandering tribe that is usually found in the upper plains around the head-waters of the north fork of Great Platte, Snake, and Yellow-stone rivers. Their number is estimated to be about 5,000. They are represented as the most arrant rascals among the mountains. The traders say that "they have never been known to keep a promise or do an honorable act." No white man or Indian trusts them. Murder and robbery are their principal employments. Much of their country is well watered, timbered, and capable of yielding an abundant reward to the husbandman.

The Blackfeet Indians reside on the Marias and other branches of the Missouri above the Great Falls. In 1833 they numbered about 2,500 lodges or families. During that year, they stole a blanket from the American Fur Company's steamboat on the Yellow-Stone, which had belonged to a man who had died of the small-pox on the passage up the Missouri. The infected article being carried to their encampment upon the "left hand fork of the Missouri," spread the dreadful infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile, stagnation of the lungs, liver and brain, were all new to their medicine-men; and the people fell falling in pieces while they looked on, struck horror into every heart. In their ignorance and ignorance, they increased the number of their sweat ovens upon the banks of the stream, and whether the burning fever or the want of nervous action prevailed, whether frantic with pain, or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely and plunged into the snowy waters of the river. The mortality which followed this treatment was a parallel of the plague in London. They endeavored for a time to bury the dead, but these were soon more numerous than the living. The evil-minded medicine-men of all ages had come in a body from the world of spirits, had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfeet race. The Great Spirit also had placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them; He had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurers, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hearts were cowed; their bows were broken; the fire in the Great Pipe was extinguished forever; their graves called for them; and the call was now answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister; and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influences of the climate, operating upon the already well-spent energies of the disease, restored the remainder of the tribe again to health. Of the 2,500 families existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of 300 only survived its ravages. And even to this hour do the bones of 2,200 or 2,300 Blackfeet, lay unburied among the decaying lodges of their deserted villages on the banks of the Yellow Stone. But this infliction has in no wise lessened their blood-thirsty nature. As ever before, they page exterminating war upon the trapper and prospector, and the Oregon traveler.

The Arrapahoes are a branch of the Snakes. They wander in the winter season over the country about the head of the Great Rangers of the Colorado of the West, and in a considerable distance down that stream and, in summer hunt the buffalo, in the Bear River, or "Bull Run," in the [illegible] Bear River, and in the upper Platte, on the south fork of the Platte. Their number is [illegible] but numerous. Some [illegible] other tribes, and others lost. They are [illegible] to be a fierce, [illegible] and hospitable people. They [illegible] horses, mules, dogs, and [illegible] dogs they fatten and eat. Hence the name Arrapahoes—dog eaters. They manufacture the wool of their sheep into blankets of a very superior quality. I saw many of them; possessed one; and believe them to be made with something in the form of a darning-needle. They appeared to be wrought, in the first place, like a fishing-net; and on this, as a foundation, darned so densely that the rain will not penetrate them. They are usually striped or checked with yellow and red.

There is in this tribe a very curious law of naturalization; it is based upon property. Any one, whether red or white, may avail himself of it. One horse, which can run with sufficient speed to overtake a buffalo cow, and another horse or mule, capable of bearing a pack of two hundred pounds, must be possessed by the applicant.

These being delivered to the principal chief of the tribe, and his intentions being made known, he is declared a citizen of the Arrapahoe tribe, and entitled to a wife and other high privileges thereunto appertaining. These recognized, he enters upon a life of savage independence. His wife takes care of his horses, manufactures his saddles and bridles, and lasoh ropes and whips, his moccasins, leggings, and hunting-shirts, from leather and other materials prepared by her own hands; heats with a wooden adze his buffalo robes, till they are soft and pliant for his couch; uses hides for his tent covering, and drags from the distant hills the clean white-pine poles to support it; cooks his daily food and places it before him. And should sickness overtake him, and death rap at the door of his lodge, his squaw watches kindly the last yearnings of the departing spirit. His sole duty, as her lord in life, and as a citizen of the Arrapahoe tribe, is to ride the horse which she saddles and brings to his tent, kill the game which she dresses and cures; sit and slumber on the couch which she spreads; and fight the enemies of the tribe. Their language is said to be essentially the same as that spoken by the Snakes and Comanches.

Aboriginal Traditions.

An article in the Whig Review remarkable for its novelty, and the enlarged views which it presents of the extent and value of Aboriginal lore, in the "Mythology and Historical Traditions of the Aborigines, with a translation of the *Walam-Olum* or Bark Record of the Lenni-Lenape," by Mr. E. G. Squier. It embraces the studies of some of the pioneers, or as they are sometimes called Hieroglyphical, songs of the Dahcotahs, accompanied by the songs themselves in the Indian Language, and literal translation and paraphrase of the same in English. They are very curious and valuable as showing the first step toward a written Language. Mr. Squier observes: "It may be claimed upon an array of evidence which will admit of no dispute, that the Indians had a system of picture-writing, under which they were not only able to communicate events, and transmit intelligence, but also to record chants and songs, often containing abstract ideas, allusions to the origin of things, the powers of nature, and the elements of their religion." We have only room for the subjoined paraphrase of the second song, containing the outlines of the Indian notions of a Deluge:

PARAPHRASE.

1. Long ago came the powerful Serpent, (*Mishinalabe*,) when man had become evil.

2. The strong Serpent was the foe of the beings, and they became embroiled, hating each other.

3. Then they fought and despoiled each other, and were not peaceful.

4. And the small tree (*Mettagosi*) fought with the hunger of the dead (*Nibanabeek*.)

5. Then the strong Serpent resolved all men and beings to destroy immediately.

6. The Black Serpent, monster, brought the water-water rushing.

7. The pike waters rushing, side to the hills, everywhere spreading, everywhere destroying.

8. At the island of the turtle (*Tobi*) was Manabozho, of men and beings the guardian there.

9. Being here camping, at hearth-land he is seated by maps and dreams.

10. The fish, and beings all, go here to the [illegible] of nature, making called [illegible] [illegible] the back of the turtle (*Mikinak*.)

11. The movement of the sea upon many [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible].

12. Then the daughter of a [illegible] [illegible] the land, and all [illegible] [illegible] (*Sagai Nabi*)

13. The [illegible] of all beings, of men and [illegible] [illegible]

14. All [illegible] on the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] were all [illegible].

15. Black Eagle, Manabozho prayed to the turtle that he would make all well again.

16. Then the waters ran off, it was dry on mountains and plains, and the great evil went elsewhere by the path of the cave.

RECEIPTS,

From March 15th to April 15th.

KENTUCKY.

Rev. S. Dogan, for Ind. Advocate,	$1 00	
Miss Mary F. Harris, per Rev. W. C. Buck,	3 00	
Dr. B. H. Cox, "	3 00	
Rev. T. E. Pitts,	10 00	
Elizabeth T. Pitts,	10 00	
Richard Irwin, Scott county,	85	
Jas. Duncan, for Ind. Advocate,	25	
		$25 10

ILLINOIS.

J. B. Thomas, Chicago, for Advocate,	$3 00	

GEORGIA.

Hepzibah Association, per Rev. V. E. Thornton,	$93 56	
Oliver S. Bettle, per Thornton,	15 00	
Sister Eliza Stokes, "	5 00	
A Friend to Indians, "	1 44	
		$115 00

ALABAMA.

By Rev. G. S. Dunn, Agent.

Collections up to March 23,	$542 00	
Total receipts,		$687 10

The above sum is to constitute the following persons Life Members of the Association:

Rev. Alexander Travis, Evergreen, Ala.
Rev. J. C. Weir, Canton, Ala.
Rev. J. Bostwell, D. D., Marion, Ala.
Rev. D. R. W. McIver, Carlowville, Ala.
Rev. B. Tolbird, Montgomery, Ala.

Georgetown College.

THE Trustees of Georgetown College, believing that it has never before been in so vigorous a condition, and that the means and opportunities for genuine education, both moral and scientific, are not more abundant in any other Western Institution, deem it proper to extend the knowledge or its existence by advertisement. The next session of this institution will commence the 15th of January, and continue until the latter part of June.

Of the location of the College, it is enough to say that it is in the most delightful and salubrious region of Kentucky, twelve miles north of Lexington, in a village of 800 inhabitants.

Three large buildings, the principal one 160 feet long by 60 wide, and used wholly for recitation rooms, cabinets, &c., give the most ample accommodation for the pupils.

The Library is doubtless the best in the West, and is of unquestionable value in imparting to students not only an extensive opportunity of consulting works in connection with their studies, but of obtaining that general knowledge of books, which is of itself of the highest consequence.

A Museum of Natural History and Cabinet of Minerals, Fossils and Shells, arranged scientifically, and numbering in all to about 5000 specimens, place the Institution far above its compeers in this respect. The Philosophical apparatus is elegant—new inventions and improvements will be constantly added.

The Faculty has, for the most part, been long known to the public, and deserves the fullest confidence. The President, though not beyond the meridian of life, has been distinguished for nearly thirty years, as an eloquent Preacher, a fine Scholar, and an esteemed Author. His numerous published works, especially his Bible Dictionary, and his travels in South Eastern Asia, have made him known in both hemispheres. As a Disciplinarian, we do not know his superior; attaching to himself the attachment of the students, as well as their confidence and respect.

Professor Tuomey, a very distinguished graduate of Wheaville College, has taught the Greek and Latin languages in this Institution for nine years, with much acceptance.

Professor Day, from Brown University, holds the chair of Natural Sciences, and was highly recommended by President Wayland. He has taught for years with a continually growing reputation.

Professor Ansney, a graduate of West Point, and Professor there for several years, has just entered on the Professorship of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Civil Engineering. His long experience, both in the army, and as a teacher, and his high reputation, guarantees his success.

J. B. Peterson, a graduate of Wheaville College, tutor Professor in this Institution, now at the head of one of the Female Academies of this place, and favorably known to the public, will, for the session of February 5th, fill his chair.

The Trustees feel that in Mathematics, and mathematics for years, and in some of subject and in particular of the Faculty, they may confidently rest for distinctive qualifications. They will also add that the Institution is free from debt, and has an endowment of more than $100,000; that [illegible] the pupils the fullest assurance of perfect [illegible] [illegible] Trustees [illegible] [illegible] to provide for the [illegible] of Library and Apparatus, they [illegible] [illegible] their 611, and also by [illegible] that the will [illegible] the cause of the poor.

By order of the Board,

REV. E. FORD,
Secretary of the Board.

Feb., 1849.