

N. G. Force

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From the Southern Literary Magazine.

Indian Stories

BY CHARLES LANNAN

The following story was obtained by the writer directly from the lips of a Seneca Indian, and the hero is said to have been the grandfather of the celebrated orator Red Jacket.

The Power Maker

A TRADITION OF THE MENECAN

There was a time when all the Indian tribes in the world were at war with the great Seneca nation, whose hunting grounds were on the borders of Lake Ontario. So fearful had they become of their enemies, that their bravest hunters and warriors never left their wigwams without bending their bows, and little children were not permitted by their mothers to gather berries or hickory nuts in the woods. The head Chief of the Nation at that time was *So-go-you-wat-ha*, or *Always Awake*. He was a good man, and being sorely grieved at the unhappiness of his people, he conceived the idea of securing a permanent peace. It was true, he said, that his father had been a cruel and unpopular Chief, but he did not think it right that the generation which followed his father should be made miserable for crimes never committed by them. And therefore it was that he prayed to the *Great He-sen* to tell him, in a dream, what he must do to accomplish this end. Night after night, in spite of his name, *Always Awake* fell into a deep sleep and had a dream.

came the warm winds of summer, and descent from his village a journey of one moon, there was a very large mountain. On the summit of that mountain, as he was told, were living a few people, from all the nations of the earth, excepting the Seneca. The place alluded to was called the *Mountain of Refuge*, and it was as sacred a place that its soil and waters were to be trodden by no other people who lived there were the peculiar favorites of the Great Ha-nu, and were the law-makers of the world. The dream also told the Seneca Chief, that he could secure a permanent peace only by visiting the sacred mountain; but as the intervening distance was so great, and his trail would be only among enemies, the dangers of the expedition would be very numerous. By traveling at night, and by descending his camp in the daytime, the task might be accomplished, and he was at liberty to try his fortune.

Always Austin pondered a long time upon this strange vision, but finally determined to start upon the appointed expedition. Great was the fatigue that he endured, and oftentimes was he compelled to satisfy his hunger with the roots and berries of the forest. Many a narrow escape did he make from his enemies, but in due time he reached the Mountain of Refuge. He was warmly welcomed among the Indians of the Mountain; and when he told his story, and talked of peace, they honored him with many a loud shout of applause. A council was held, and a decree passed, to the effect that the important question at stake should be settled by another council, composed of the head Chiefs of all the Indian nations in the land. The swiftest runners were employed to disseminate the news; and at the appointed time the council was held. They formed themselves into a confederacy, and, with one exception, the Nations of the wilderness became as one people, and so continued until the white man crossed the great waters and taught them the vices which have almost annihilated them from the face of the earth. The only Nation that would not join the confederations was the Orange Nation, and because of their withdrawal is so despised, they were cursed by the Great Ha-noo, and have ever since been a by-word and a laugh among their fellow-men.

And when the Prince Chief returned to his own country, he was very happy. His trail through the forests and over the mountains was lined with bowdler, and in every

village that he tarried he was feasted with the best of game. One moon after he returned to his people he died, and was buried on the banks of the beautiful lake where he lived; and ever since that time the Great Ha-are has permitted his people to live upon the land which they inherited from their fathers.

The Strange Woman.
A CHOCTAW LEGEND.

It was in the olden times, and two Choctaw hunters were spending the night by their watch-fire in the bend of the river Alabama. The game and the fish of their country was, with every new moon, becoming less abundant, and all that they had to satisfy their hunger on the night in question, was the tough flesh of a black hawk. They were very tired, and as they mused upon their unfortunate condition, and thought of their hungry children, they were very unhappy, and talked despondingly. But they roasted the bird before the fire, and proceeded to enjoy as comfortable a meal as they could. Hardly had they commenced eating, however, before they were startled by a singular noise, resembling the cooing of a dove. They jumped up and looked around them to ascertain the cause. In one direction they saw nothing but the moon just rising above the forest-trees on the opposite side of the river. They looked up and down the river, but could see nothing but the sandy shores and the dark waters. They listened, and nothing could they hear but the murmur of the flowing stream.

They now turned their eyes in the direction opposite the moon, and to their astonishment they discovered, standing upon the summit of a grassy mound, the form of a beautiful woman. They hastened to her side, when she told them she was very hungry; whereupon they ran after their roasted hawk and gave it all into the hands of the strange woman. She barely tasted of the food and then preserved her from death, and that she would not forget them when she returned to the happy grounds of her father, who was the *Hunk-li-li*, or Great Spirit of the Choctaws. She had one request to make, and this was, that when the next moon of midsummer should arrive, they should visit the spot where she thus stood—and then a pleasant breeze swept among the forest leaves, and the strange woman suddenly disappeared.

The hunters were astonished, but they returned to their families and kept all they had seen and heard, hidden in their hearts. Summer came, and they once more visited the mound on the banks of the Alabama. They found it covered with a new plant, whose leaves were like the knives of the white man. It yielded a delicious food, which has since been known among the Choctaws as the sweet *tan-cho* or Indian maize.

From the Frankfurt Yeoman.

Commencement of Georgetown College

The Georgetown College held its Annual Commencement on the 25th inst. We have a maiden attended a College Commencement which afforded an equal satisfaction. It was emphatically a literary report. The graduating class numbered thirteen. The orations on the occasion were characterized by an originality and depth of thought, and a purity of style and diction seldom attained by students. The class acquitted themselves in every respect, with great honor to themselves and their instructors. No pains were spared by the distinguished Faculty of the Institution to render those under their care accomplished scholars and gentlemen. They train their pupils, not to "book-learning" merely, but also to independence of thought and action. They prepare them to grapple with the stern realities of life. While the classical and literary course of study pursued is equal to that of any Northern College, the training is more practically. In any branch of

Dr. Malone, the President of the College, has been well known for many years as a distinguished scholar and an admired author. If parents desire an education for their sons, which will fit them for any profession or occupation in life, an education which will qualify them to take a high stand among the nation in the land, they will do well to purchase Cambridge College. Averett

Tutankhamun Celebrating a Victory

To celebrate so signal a victory, great preparations sounded their notes through the village. Paints—vermillion and ochers—red and yellow—were in great request; while the scrapings of charred wood, mixed with gunpowder, were used as substitute for black, the medicine color.

The lodges of the village, numbering some two hundred or more, were erected in parallel lines, and covered a large space of the level prairie in shape of a parallelogram. In the center, however, the space which had a dozen lodges in length would have taken up was left unoccupied, save by a line of red-painted buffalo skins, laced with the mystic tattoos of the "medicine" peculiar to the nation. In front of this stood the grim pole-pole, like a decayed tree trunk, its bloody fruit tossing in the wind; and on another pole, at a few feet distance, was a bag the "bag" with its mysterious contents. Before each lodge a tripod of spears supported the arms and shields of the Yuta chieftain, and on many of them, smoke-dried scalps rattled in the wind, former trophies of the dusky knights who were arming themselves within. Heraldic devices were not wanting—not, however, graven upon the shield, but hanging from the spear-head, the actual "tattoo" of the warrior it distinguished. The rattlesnake, the otter, the caracara, the mountain bader, the war-eagle, the kon-quish, the porcupine, the fox, &c., gaudied their well-stuffed skins, displaying the guardian "medicine" of the warriors they pertained to, and representing the mental and corporal qualities which were supposed to characterize the braves to whom they belonged.

From the center lodge, two or three "medicine men," fantastically attired in the skins of wolves and bearing long peeled wands of cherry in their hands, occasionally emerged to utter a few small fire which they had kindled in the center of the camp square and when a thin column of smoke arose, one of them planted the scalp-pole obliquely across the fire. Squares in robes of white dressed buckskin, garnished with beads and porcupine's quills, and their faces painted bright red and black, then appeared. These ranged themselves round the outside of the square, the boys and children of all ages, mounted on bare-backed horses, galloping round and round, and screaming with eagerness, excitement and curiosity.

Presently the braves and warriors made their appearance, and squatted round the fire in two circles, those who had been on the expedition being in the first of smaller one. One medicine man sat under the scalp-pole, having a drum between his knees, which he tapped at intervals with his hand, emitting from the instrument a hollow, monotonous sound. A levy of women, shoulder to shoulder, then advanced from the four sides of the square, some, shaking a rattle-drum in rhythm with their steps, commenced a jumping, jerking dance, now lifting one foot from the ground, and now springing with both, sometimes, the dance with a chant, which yielded from low whistles to the utmost extent of their voices—now dying away, and again burning into swift, nervous measures. Thus they advanced to the center and retreated to their former positions; when six squaws, with their faces painted a dead black made their appearance from the crowd, chanting, in soft and sweet measure, a lament for the braves the nation had lost in the late battle; but when as they drew near the scalp-pole, their melancholy notes change to the music (to them) of gratified revenge. In a succession of jumps, raising the feet alternately but a little distance from the ground, they made their way, through an interval left in the circle of dancers, to the grim pole, and encircling it, danced in perfect silence round it for an hour or more. Then they burst forth with an outburst song, laudatory of the achievements of their victorious braves. They addressed the scalp as "sister" (to be called an enemy in the greatest insult that can be offered to an Indian), and, spitting at them, surrounded them with rubbish in leaving their bodies to rot for Yem husband;—"that the Yem warriors and young men despised them, and abandoned them for their cowardness and laziness," and bring back their ships to their

After sufficiently proving that they had any thing but lost the use of their tongues, but possessed, on the contrary, as far as length of that formidable weapon as any of their sex, they withdrew, and left the field in undisputed possession of the men; who, accompanied by tap of drum, and by the noise of many rattles, broke out into a war-song in which their own valor was by no means hidden in a bushel, or modestly refused the light of day. After this came the more interesting ceremony of a *warrior* counting his coupes."

A young brave, with his face painted by a mounted on a white horse mysteriously marked with red clay, and naked to the breech-chest, holding in his hand a long, taper lance, rode into the circle, and paced slowly round it; then, flourishing his spear on high, he darted to the scalp-pole, round which the warriors were now seated in a wide circle, and in a loud voice, and with firmest intonations, related his exploits, the drums tapping at the conclusion of each. On his bearing seven scalps, and holding it very high above his head, and commencing with the top one, he told the fate in which he had slain the trophy bear. When he had run through these, the drums tapped loudly, and several of the old chiefs shook their rattles, in corroboration of the truth of his heroisms. The brave, swelling with pride, then pointed to the fresh and bloody scars hanging on the pole. Two of these had been torn from the heads of Rappahs struck by his own hand, and this feat, the exploit of the day, had entitled him to the honor of counting his exploits. Then, sticking his spear into the ground by the side of the pole, he struck his band twice on his brawny and naked chest, turned short round, and, swift as the antelope, galloped into the plain; as if overcome by the shock his modesty had received in being obliged to recount his own high-sounding deeds. — *Reveries*.

Indian Buffaloes

Every year, owing to the disappearance of the buffalo from their former haunts, the Indians are compelled to encroach upon each other's hunting-grounds, which is a fruitful cause of war between the different tribes. It is a curious fact, that the buffalo retire before the whites, while the presence of Indians in their pastures appears in no degree to disturb them. Wherever a few white hunters are congregated in a trading post, or elsewhere, so sure it is that, if they remain in the same locality, the buffalo will desert the vicinity, and seek pasture elsewhere. In fact, the Indians affirm, the *wahkoocha*, or "bad medicine," of the pale-faces is very apparent; and they ground upon it their well-founded complaints of the encroachments made upon their hunting-grounds by the white hunters.

In the winter, many of the tribes are reduced to the very verge of starvation—the buffalo having passed from their country into that of their enemies, when no other alternative is offered them, but to remain where they are and starve, or to follow the game into a hostile region, a move-entailing war and all its horrors.

Reckless, moreover, of the future, in order to prepare robes for the traders, and to procure the precious fire-water, they wantonly slaughter, every year, vast numbers of buffalo cows, (the skins of which set out are dressed,) and thus add to the evils in store for them. When questioned on this subject, and reproached with such wanton foresight, they answer, that however quickly the buffalo disappears, the red man "goes under" more quickly still; and that the Great Spirit has ordained that both shall be "rubbed out" from the face of nature at one and the same time—that arrows and bullets are not more fatal to the buffalo than the small-pox and fire-water to them, and that before many winters' more have disappeared, the buffalo and the red man will only be remembered by their bones, which will grow the plains. "They look forward, however, to a future life. They have a long journey, they will reach the happy hunting-grounds, where the buffalo will once more be killed; and there, where the pale-faces do not come to disturb them; where no winter snows cover the ground, and the buffalo are always plentiful and fat."—Answer.

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

Edited by the Corresponding Secretary.

LOUISVILLE, JULY, 1949.

The Rooms of the American Indian Mission Association, are on Fourth Street, between Walnut and Chestnut.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

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

Rev. SIDNEY DYES.

Corresponding Secretary,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Those containing remittances, to

C. VAN BOSKIER, 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. Vandiver, Georgia

Rev. G. E. Davis, Alabama and Tennessee.

Rev. John M. Ashburn, Virginia.

Remember the Indians.

As the period has now arrived for the annual meeting of Associations in different parts of the country, we would remind the churches and brethren generally that it is a favorable time to remember the Indians, in the bestowment of funds for missionary purposes. The superior claims of the Indians upon our charities have been long and generally allowed, and yet we have been slow to discharge the indebtedness thus repeatedly acknowledged, and consequently, have permitted multitudes of these suffering neighbors to pass to that "home from whence some return," unaided. They are now beyond the reach of human succor, but there are multitudes of their wretched brethren yet roaming the plains of the West, who are loudly imploring our aid; and who are, like their fathers, rapidly wasting away under the numerous help of Indianism brought to bear upon them, by their contiguity to the whites. Every explorer of their country predicts their speedy extinction from the soil, and we, instead of being aroused to diligence and energy in an effort to stay this tide of ruin, or, at least, to give them the means of preparing in some measure for the doom that awaits them, seem by our conduct to say Amen to the prediction.

The Board of the American Indian Mission Association, unwilling to be involved in the consequences of this unusual neglect, have made efforts to supply the pressing and numerous wants of these suffering people; and, although the aid given bears no proportion to the extent of the demand, yet, so many have been the means which the churches have placed at our disposal for this benevolent purpose, that these small efforts have involved the Board in pecuniary embarrassments, which, unless speedily and more efficient support is afforded us, will effectually prevent the Board from extending its operations, and perhaps lead to a curtailment of labors already in progress.

In view of the above facts, we earnestly solicit from each church, and from every benevolent person at the coming anniversary, a liberal donation for the cause of Indian missions. When you pray and when you give, REMEMBER THE INDIANS!

To Subscribers.

We often have complaints made of the failure of the Advocate; now we can only say to such friends, that the paper is put up with great care, and if it fails to reach them the fault lies somewhere else. We would say to our subscribers in Alabama, who have had cause to complain, that we do not receive, on an average, more than two numbers a month of the "Alabama Baptist Advocate," although we have no doubt but that it is regularly mailed to us weekly. We deeply regret this state of things, but it lies beyond our power to apply a remedy; we can only so some one to express that we will observe the greatest care in entering their names, and in having their papers properly directed, and would also hope that, although there may be an occasional failure, no one will withhold his support from the Advocate because of this annoyance.

Georgetown College Commencement.

We enjoyed the pleasure of a participation in the recent commencement festivities of this noble institution. The attendance from abroad was small, owing to rumors of Cholera, and several of the graduating class were not in attendance from the same reason. The examinations, as far as we had an opportunity to attend them, reflected great credit on the able faculty, and gave abundant evidence that they are training their charges to think like men, and not simply like parrots, to become proficient in the art of imitation.

The speeches delivered by the members of the graduating class were all excellent, but there were two or three which we have never heard surpassed; and what is most gratifying, these were delivered by young gentlemen who contemplate entering the ministry. The prospects of the College were never more promising, and its friends should rally around its standard, for it is an institution of which they may well be proud.

Books Wanted.

We are very much in want of books for some of our active preachers, especially for a Chief of the Choctaw Nation, who promises to be exceedingly useful, if supplied with the proper means of instruction. All works on scientific, historical and theological subjects, will be gladly received for the above purpose. Let our friends look over their stock of books, and see how many they can spare for these needy brethren.

We are also greatly in need of all kinds of school books, having now on hand several demands, from different parts of the Indian country, unsupplied. The books can be bound up, and addressed to the Corresponding Secretary at Louisville.

Female Teacher Wanted.

The Board is very desirous to secure the services of an accomplished female Teacher, for an assistant at Armstrong Academy, in the Choctaw Nation; and we shall be happy to receive applications for the above situation from any one of the requisite qualifications, and who is desirous to labor among the Indians. All necessary information will be afforded to applicants by addressing the Corresponding Secretary.

☞ We tender our grateful acknowledgments to brother E. H. Talcott, of Galveston, Texas, for his interest in behalf of our Mission and the Advocate.

☞ We refer our readers to the advertisements of Georgetown College and Georgetown Female Seminary, found on our last page.

☞ We regret to learn that our venerable sister McCoy has been attacked with paralysis.

Literary Notices.

A History of American Baptist Missions, by Prof. Wm. Channing, pp. 350, illus. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston.

This volume we have been looking for with more than ordinary interest, and our expectations were not a little increased when we opened the book and read the commendatory notice, signed by those of the oldest and ablest Ministers of our denomination. We read on page after page, engrossed with the exciting topics, pleased with the author's happy style of narrative, and devoutly thankful for the abundant favors God has been pleased to bestow upon the efforts of American Baptists; but all, we have been compelled to close the book with a feeling of painful regret. The work purports to be "a history of American Baptist Missions in Asia, Africa, Europe and North America," and yet the operations of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, and of the American Indian Mission Association, find no place in the volume, although the former Board has stations in Asia and Africa, and over thirty missionaries in the field, and the latter six stations among the Indians in North America, and over twenty missionaries. Prof. Channing must be well informed of the existence and operations of these two benevolent organizations, and yet he only incidentally alludes to them in the work before us. There is a great deal for this, and we are at a loss to define the special limitations of a History of American Baptist Missions, and a denominational History. We hope, for the sake of truth and the

honor of American Baptist Missions, that, in the next edition, these omissions will be supplied, or the title of the book changed so as truly to represent the nature of the contents.

The work is published in the usual elegant style of Gould, Kendall & Lincoln; and, as a history of the operations of the old Triennial Convention, and of the present American Baptist Missionary Union, is a highly valuable work, and, notwithstanding the above objection, we cordially commend it to our readers believing that its perusal will do much to increase a missionary spirit, and thus greatly subserve the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom. We are indebted for our copy to brother D. Anderson, Cincinnati, where this, and all other denominational works, can be obtained.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Choctaw.

LETTER FROM REV. A. L. HAY.

Dated North Fork, May 20, 1949.

Three Days' Meeting—Brother Buckner—Gen. Chilly McIntosh Licensed to Preach—His Devotion and Activity—Baptisms—Death of Members—Improvement in Knowledge.

We have just closed a meeting of three days at this place. We enjoyed the ministerial labors of brother Buckner. The people received him gladly, and have assured him that he is most welcome in this part of the Nation. This is the first "big meeting" we will hold until October. These meetings give great pleasure. They bring together the missionaries, native preachers, and members of the churches.

Perhaps the most interesting circumstance of this meeting was giving to brother McIntosh a license to preach. He is the day-man for the whole people. Now he is a minister of the gospel. This is a great acquisition to the church. He has read his Bible through twenty times; is now forty-seven years of age, with a vigorous mind, and great activity; traveling constantly attending courts. On the Sabbath day he will preach. Oh how grateful Christians ought to be, that God has put it into the heart of this very good and useful man to preach the gospel. Now the future and on an

There were five baptisms at this meeting. Among them, Ansteth Barnett, who has been a dear lover of the announcements of the country—the leader of the Indian dance. For months he has been praying, and anxious to know whether he can give up every amusement. He can.

This church generally has baptism at each monthly meeting. The church enjoys a uniform revival. We have lost some valuable members by death—others have been sick. This people, for years past, have thought but little of personal comforts, and have exposed themselves much. Often the meeting continues until after midnight; then resting on the damp, cold earth, their bed a blanket, disorders have come upon them—but they bear their sickness with great composure. There is a marked difference in the kind of preaching among them. Not long ago the very simplest needs only could be understood, and the same subject over and over; now there is much variety in the subjects selected by the missionary. Their countenances plainly indicate that they are benefited by the presentation of a new subject.

FROM THE SAME.

Dated North Fork, June 5, 1949.

Lives against Whiskey Importation—Lives against Whiskey Quarrel, resulting in Death—Moving on the Sabbath disturbed by drunkenness—Want of an Interpreter—Sad Effects of Whiskey Drinking—Promises of better things.

The loss of this Nation forbids the using of ardent spirits, and men are appointed—called light-bearers—to destroy it wherever found. But the people are slow in converting the whiskey; and in some parts of the Nation the light-bearers are, instead of destroying the fire-water, are themselves. In the part of the Nation called the Choctaw, a considerable quantity of whiskey has been received. I held a meeting there last Sabbath. The Lord's day is the one day upon which death of whoredoms. During the evening, a quarrel, caused by the place of moving, going to one of the whiskey houses. About fifty men and women were drinking. Toward evening a general fight. One of the men interrupted some of the women, and was offered to them. The husband made efforts to take the man away. Failing in this, one of them entered the house, took the man, and deliberately shot him. He died immediately.

The company had selected this day for drinking, as they invariably do in many places. The ball plays and Indian dances come on at this time. This neighborhood has many opponents of religion. The Chief is quite opposed to any religious interest. But this people have been sadly neglected. It is a prominent part of the nation, and yet they were without a visit from any missionary for the last seven years. For more than a year, I have gone to them once a month, but frequently am without an interpreter. Again and again have I asked the Board to give me an interpreter. This they cannot do, as they are doing quite as much for this part of the great Indian work as their funds will allow. Cannot the funds of the society be increased? The work of Indian reform is but commenced. This is the last mission station on the route to Santa Fé, a distance of perhaps 5000 miles. May I not hope that some church will support an interpreter for this station. I need one to travel with me, that I may preach from house to house. Often I pass houses on the Sabbath, and find the women washing, and men gambling. Had I an interpreter, I could say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

The young man who was murdered on the Sabbath day has left a widowed mother, a member of the church, near to the place where he was shot down; and at the time he was shot, she was listening to the preaching. She has but lately made a profession of religion. The instruction did not come to her in time: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." A few hours after her son was murdered, I spoke to her, on her way to see her murdered son. She did not have a particle of color, and so weak and faint that I expected to see her fall from her horse.

This was the saddest day I ever experienced. All the afternoon, companies of Indians of both sexes passed by, very intoxicated—most of the women were compelled to go with their husbands, brothers, and male associates, to this place of death. I noticed that some were dragged along. But also! alas! some women led the way. How very wretched whiskey makes the Indians. I can now feel it specially, "that no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

At the last temperance meeting here, some became members, who have raised themselves and lovely families. Now they declare they will drink no more. Had the Indians more Christian men, they would soon be a temperate and Christian people.

The missionary in the midst of trials, persecution and opposition, greatly rejoices that he is permitted to accomplish so much. Christian friends, give each missionary an interpreter, that he may do more good.

Choctaw.

LETTER FROM REV. E. D. POTTS.

Dated Armstrong Station, June 24, 1949.

Saturday and Sabbath Schools—Two days' Meeting—Baptisms—Affecting Scene.

I wrote you a hurried note by Miss Chaworth, which, I presume, you will have received by the time this reaches you. I have now some other good news to communicate. During the last session of the General Council, some money was appropriated for the support of Saturday and Sabbath Schools, which has been divided among the different denominations—\$24 of which has been placed in the hands of brethren Worcester, Brown and myself. With this we have started two schools, one 4 miles, the other 15 from this. They are taught by two of our brethren, in the Choctaw language. I held a two days' meeting at the nearest school house last Saturday and Sabbath, which was one of the most interesting I have attended for a long time. On Saturday night, five presented themselves before the Church for admission, and were received, and on Sabbath were baptized. It has been a long time since I have witnessed so much solemnity on a baptismal occasion. It appeared to me that every heart felt as if it was interested in the same before them. When the right hand of fellowship was extended to the baptized, angels no doubt looked down with joy to behold a husband welcoming his wife, a wife her husband, and a mother and father their children, into the Church of Christ. Yes, my brethren, it was sufficient to make a heart of stone in witness with a stone. When our meeting closed, and a passing breeze was sent, and a fervent prayer by giving the hands, the most beautiful scene was exhibited. Our prayer in God is that this may be the beginning of better days. We have another great Sabbath at the same place, when it is expected that one or more will be baptized.

LETTER FROM REV. J. HENDERLY.

Deat Pleasant Bly, June 24, 1843.

Preaching Stations—Pious Chief—Organization of Churches—Increased thoughtfulness—Blessings for Chief.

Last Lord's day I preached at the Chief's. I purpose making this one of my regular stations, being 10 miles from the Agency and 16 from Pleasant Bluff. I think good will be done here. Next Sabbath I have to preach a funeral sermon for a pious young Choctaw who died at Spencer Academy. The Chief has promised to act as my interpreter on the occasion, as many of the full bloods are expected to be present. I feel great pleasure in stating, that our brother's elevation to the Chieftainship has not thrown him into the arms of the devil. I think he feels his responsibility. He is a clever and unpretending man, and will no doubt do his utmost to benefit his people, and adorn the Gospel. I have four stations ranging on the Portau and five elsewhere; and though we have had no baptism lately, I am pretty confident the Baptists are gaining ground. Our Independent form of Church Government meets with pretty general favor. Still there is much hesitation in many of whom I have good hopes. I have the prospect of organizing two churches. How rare the responsibilities involved. What an honor to be the light of the world, and the salt of the earth. I know if I am guilty, my sin is hesitation and backwardness in proving the duty of joining the Church. Sad effects have followed hasty admissions into the church. And yet how apt we are to go into the opposite extreme. Eternity is before us. Churches are nurseries for an eternal Heaven. May I take care what plants I raise. I am much pleased with the increasing thoughtfulness manifested by the Indians. The Choctaws appear to practice the serious "second thought"—all the better. You talked of sending brother Fulson, the Chief, some books, I wish you would do it, and also some for the school. Surely good brothers and sisters can make up a list. You can direct it to Mr. Bennett, merchant, or to Dr. John H. T. Maize, Fort Smith.

We commend the following letter to our good brethren in Mississippi, and hope that the suggestions of brother Dennis may be adopted and carried out.

For the Indian Advocate.

VALENTINE, Miss., June 20, 1843.

DEAR BROTHER DUNN:—Our State (Mississippi) certainly should lead in the Choctaw Mission. We own the principal part of the country from which the Government removed them—and they have many, very many, warm-hearted friends in our denomination in this State. If any thing could be done to get them civilized, or brought out into action, much could be done for the support of the Mission. Our Convention Board appointed some four years since, a Missionary for the Indians, but something prevented his going, and we have remained almost in statu quo ever since. Our Convention reports annually on the subject, which seems almost to amount to doing nothing. Agents for those who live on the opposite side of the globe visit us, and collect large amounts for those missions; and the Karve, the Bapman and Chinese destitution is mixed in our songs, and prayers, and fervid conversation, while the poor red man, living in the same country, on the same streams, within hailing distance, are never thought of. Is this right? Is this thing, are we not neglecting our own household, and subjecting ourselves to the great displeasure of Him who is not the respecter of persons. How often do we hear our brethren and sisters singing, "From Greenlands icy Mountains," &c., and eliciting feelings and expressions, almost absorbing our entire souls for the salvation of those 10,000 miles from us, when as great destitution exists within 500 miles of us. This should not be so—something should be done—immediate action. Why cannot our people sing the composition of our brother Dyce—the Indian Hymn—with the same spirit that they do those on Florida Missions. May the Lord comfort and sustain our brethren and sisters a greater desire for the enlightening and civilizing the tribes of North America, by giving them the Bible, the only remedy to remove barbarism, and banish ignorance and misery from amongst them. May God bless the Indian Mission Association, and you, and all connected with it.

W. H. JORDAN DENSON.

Minutes of the Alabama State Convention.

This Convention held its last session with the Baptist church in Marion, and was well represented from most parts of the State.

In looking over their records of its doings we are pleased to see evidence of energy and devotion to home operations which will insure a great degree of success. The Convention is also deeply devoted to the cause of Education, Home and Foreign Missions, on each of which subjects able reports were presented, and in the support of which liberal donations were made. In addition to these objects of benevolence, we are peculiarly gratified to see that the "poor Indian" receives a large share in their prayers and also giving—the State having contributed during the year over 1500 dollars for this cause. And at this session the following report was prepared and adopted, which we commend to the attention of all our readers:

REPORT ON INDIAN MISSIONS.

Your committee are deeply impressed with the importance of evangelizing the Indians on our western frontier. From a variety of circumstances, it is reduced to a certainty, that what is done in this department of Christian benevolence, must not only be done by us, but it must be done soon. No people under the sun address our sympathies more pungently—and in reference to none do the elements of Christian responsibility concentrate upon us with such fearful energy. Causes are operating amongst them, which are rapidly exterminating the race; and this fatal tendency can only be arrested, it is thought, by the introduction of the gospel. We are to choose between the utter extirpation of the race and their civilization. If they can be brought under the influence of the gospel, they become our friends—if they remain in their present savage state, the time is not distant when the last Indian will chant his death song in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains. Which of these two alternatives ought the Christian to choose? We repeat it, the only way in which the aborigines of this continent can be preserved from entire destruction, is to elevate them in the scale of moral and rational beings.

And we respectfully submit another question here. On the simple score of national and religious policy, would it not be better to civilize and Christianize the Indian, and allow him a permanent home in the west, than to annihilate him to make room for European population and depravity? This question alone, it is thought by your committee, is sufficient to suggest the line of duty to every Christian.

Again: Why should the spiritual improvement of China be deemed to be, than that of the American Indian upon whose fertile lands we are encroaching the world and rising in all the luxuries of civilized life? And oh! is there no war in which the cries of this afflicted and much injured people have entered? Is there no tribunal at which his wrongs shall be adjudicated?

Furthermore: It has been most clearly ascertained, that the introduction of the gospel amongst the Indians, has awakened their intellectual susceptibilities. It has been stated upon the most unquestionable authority, that the traveler among the tribes can designate precisely, the physical boundary of the Christian religion amongst them. On the one side, he beholds the wilderness and the solitary places made glad, and the desert rejoicing and blossoming as the rose. There is the meeting house, the school house, the farm and every implement of husbandry; and his heart rejoices in the happiness and prosperity of the civilized red man. On the other, he sees the Indian in worse than his original degradation. His heart shudders at the misery and crime, which meet his eye in those habitations of cruelty.

Finally: It has been ascertained, that the Indian boy can be taught to read upon an average as soon as the youth of our own country. In a series of twenty-two weeks, twenty boys were taught to read, who commenced in the alphabet. And there is a universal anxiety on the part of the Indian parent to have his children taught.

We therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That we show with gratitude to God the common which has attended the efforts of the Indian Mission Association, among the various tribes of that people on our western frontier.
2. Resolved, That we hail with delight the success in which that Association is establishing schools and academies at different eligible points within the said Indian territory, and that we will, on Convention, most heartily co-operate with that body, in the propagation of Christian benevolence.

3. Resolved, That we most earnestly request the Baptist churches in the State of Alabama, to take into consideration the propriety of establishing an additional academy in that territory, for the benefit of the Creek tribe of Indians.

4. Resolved, That the Board of Indian Missions be requested to expend the funds sent up by this body for the benefit of the said Creek tribe.

Respectfully submitted,
SAMUEL HENDERSON, Chairman.

From the Boston Alliance and Visitor.

Brookfield, England.

CHOCOTAW, Englewood, P. O.,
Choctaw Nation, March 22, 1843.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I thank you for remembering me. I rejoice that I was sent to the Choctaws as a missionary under the American Board.

One of my favorite texts is the 4th chapter of Luke, 18th and 19th verses: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

I have often preached from this text in Choctaw, in English, or else, as I said in Choctaw, and then in English, to the same congregation. I hope to preach from it till I die. It is a very appropriate text to any people. Many imagine how Indians look, act, think, talk, feel, live and die. But a residence of years, brings to light affecting realities, and not imaginations.

1. They were ignorant of religion, and letters. Some eight or ten men had been partially educated, when we came here. They could read and write, and some of them understand figures a little. I do not remember a native Choctaw woman who had learned to read before the missionaries came to the nation.

2. They were a nation of drunkards. Only one man was pointed out as an exception, when the first missionary came. We found three more afterwards.

3. They were very indolent, poor, wretched, sickly, and dying away very fast.

4. They indulged in gross sensual vices.

5. They were guilty of some destructive crimes, such as incendiarism and murder.

6. They were given up to believe in witchcraft, which they punished with death. Hundreds have been killed for this belief.

7. They were a very superstitious people; believing in signs, birds, dreams, ghosts, wood-symphons, conjurers, specters, and the like.

8. They had been greatly reduced in numbers, by the small pox, measles, and other diseases.

9. They had never had a missionary located among them, from the foundation of the Christian Church, that we know of, till brother Kingsbury came.

10. They had been compelled to sell their ancestral tract of their lands, and were broken hearted.

In 1830, their ancient inheritance all went at once. While moving West, hundreds perished on the road, and their property was lost. And thousands have died since. We rarely meet an old man or woman now. Once they were numerous. Leviticus xv. 34. I was a people—without a school—a church—a missionary—a Bible—a Saviour or a God. They had no history among them as a people.

I have often thought how great my privileges have been in coming here.

1. To learn their language from their lips without any book furnished me, so that I can converse in it, teach them, pray with them and preach to them, and with their help, can compose hymns in their language, on prepared school books and translations. Have a grammar and dictionary in manuscript.

2. To collect them together in their dwellings, or at the foot of a shady tree, or in school houses and meeting houses, and speak to them for so many years in their own tongue.

3. To attend the funerals, to marry the young people, baptize the children of proselytes, and meet so many of the Lord's people.

4. You, and to preach to the poor Africans, and to see him come to the Saviour, as many have done. The first person sent out of the mission, who met me, was a native of Africa.

5. In my meetings with my brethren and sisters, I have had great comfort and consolation. We have had many large religious meetings, during 60 years.

6. In being allowed to attend some down to the dark valley; giving them my hand, praying with them; and as they went, to hear them say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

7. In being allowed to meet dear friends here whom I once knew. Such as brothers William Goodell, Reynolds Bason, Ralph Cushman, and Samuel Moseley. The last joined our mission, and died in 1821.

8. In having so many of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Board to visit us—Rev. Samuel Worcester, D. D., of Salem, in 1821; Jeremiah Everts, Esq., in 1824 and 1826; Rev. David Greene, in 1829; and Rev. Seth B. Treat, in 1840.

And I could swell the list, and speak of the conversion of white men, laborers, soldiers, officers and others.

Rev. Elias Cornelius, D. D., was here before I came. The mission church at Ringgold, Cherokee nation, was organized during the visit of Dr. Cornelius, who was at the time an Agent of the Board, in 1817.

The Second Church in the Choctaw Nation was organized while Dr. Worcester was present. These circumstances are very happy ones to us. Yes, my dear brother, I have seen more of the Lord's goodness here, than I could dare to hope. Off ran early troubles, or sick, go into the wild woods and feed my fables, and the heart turns to all these things, the world cannot give or take away. Next to those found here in the Saviour's service, is the memory of early friends. You can hardly tell how often we think of them, and weep as we read their letters. We cannot be sundred from them, nor they from us. And besides all this, the hope that my name, with many of this people, is written in heaven, gives me most comfort.

CHAS. BRIDGES.

Missions Among the Indians.

The missions among the Indians of North America, though requiring a piety and zeal as self-sacrificing and devoted, and often prosecuted amid perils and privations as difficult to be borne, as those which belong to any other mission, have yet, it must be admitted, been regarded with far less interest by the Christian public both of our own and of other denominations. This may be in part owing to their comparative proximity, and the seeming familiarity which we possess with their condition and operations. They do not appeal to us from the distant shores of ancient heathenism, and it may be on this account that they exert less influence, both upon our imagination and our sympathies. But this want of interest must also be ascribed to the peculiar barbarism of the Indians and their hopeless destiny as a people. That they are capable of civilization and conversion to Christianity is abundantly proved by the facts of their history, as well as by their participation in our common humanity; but though blessed with religion and civilization they can never have a place among the nations of the earth. The future opens before them no prospect of advancement; no hopes of ultimate greatness and power. It reveals to them only a descending pathway of decline and diminution, terminating at last in their utter extinction as a race. This is indeed a melancholy doom for a once mighty people, and it spreads its sombre shadow even over the labors of the Christian missionary for their instruction and improvement.

But even with these hopeless prospects as a people the claim they have upon the sympathies and the philanthropy of American Christians is, if possible, stronger than that of any other portion of mankind. It is for us that their heritage has been despoiled and they have been scattered and wasted, and it is to us that Providence has assigned the broad domain which they lately held by the undisputed possession of centuries. We are daily treading amid the graves of their dead, and are occupying the ancient homes where they once dwelt in barbarian pride and power. Every wave of our population that rolls westward must diminish their territory and hasten their extinction. In their civil relations to the American people they have been styled the adopted children of the republic; they are under its protection and within its guardian care. Their condition on this account the more earnestly invites the Christian endeavor of Christian philanthropy to raise them from degradation and reclaim them from barbarism, and to pour into their darkened nature the light of that gospel which has made our national condition and prospects so different from theirs.—Gunnell's History of American Baptist Missions.

Never affect to be witty; nor put, so as to wound the feelings of another.

