

# THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

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

By the Board of Indian Missions.

LOUISVILLE, OCTOBER, 1849.

Vol. IV. No. 4.

## THE INDIAN ADVOCATE

Is published monthly, under the patronage of the AMERICAN INDIAN MISSION ASSOCIATION.

### TERMS:

Twenty-five Copies, for one year, \$5 00  
Single Copies, " " " 25

### Tradition of the Choctaws.

The following tradition of the origin of the Choctaws was narrated by Pichlin, their educated half-breed Chief, who is well known to many of the citizens of Mobile. As this tribe were the original tenants of the soil—the Mobile and Tennessee being but subdivisions—the legend will have particular interest for our readers. The "magnificent sea" alluded to is probably the Pacific ocean, and the "mighty river" or "great highway of waters," the Mississippi.

"According to the tradition of the Choctaws, the first of their race came from the bosom of a magnificent sea. Even when they first made their appearance upon the earth, they were no numerous as to cover the sloping and sandy shore of the ocean, far as the eye could reach, and for a long time did they follow the margin of the sea before they could find a place suited to their wants. The name of their principal chief has long since been forgotten, but it is well remembered that he was a prophet of great age and wisdom. For many months did they travel without fatigue, and all the time were their bodies strengthened by pleasant breezes, and their hearts, on the other hand, gladdened by the luxuriance of perpetual summer. In process of time, however, the multitude was visited by sickness, and one after another were left upon the shore the dead bodies of old women and little children. The heart of the Prophet became troubled, and, planting a long staff that he carried in his hand, and which was covered with the mysterious power of an enchantment, he told his people that from the spot thus designated they must turn their faces towards the unknown wilderness. But before entering upon this portion of their journey, he designated a certain day for starting, and told them that they were at liberty, in the meantime, to enjoy themselves by feasting and dancing and performing their national rites.

"It was now early morning, and the hour appointed for starting. Heavy clouds and flying mist rolled upon the sea, but the beautiful waves washed upon the shore as joyfully as ever before. The staff which the Prophet had planted was found leaning towards the North—in that direction did the multitude take up their line of march. Their journey lay across steep, rocky hills and mountains, through tangled forests and over immense privates. They were now in an entirely strange country, and as they traveled in their single file, they planted it every night with the utmost care, and, soon in the morning with great eagerness to ascertain the direction towards which it pointed. And thus had they traveled for many days, when they found themselves upon the margin of an *Okechobee*, or great highway of waters. Here did they pitch their tents, and having planted their staff, retired to repose. When morning came, the oracle told them that they must cross the river before dawn. They built themselves a thousand rafts, and reached the opposite shore in safety. They now found themselves in a country of surprising fertility, where the trees were as high as almost to touch the clouds, and where game of every variety, and the sweetest of fruits, were found in the greatest abundance. The flowers of this land were more brilliant than any they had ever before seen, and as large as often to shield them from the sunlight of noon. With the climate of the land they were delighted, and the air they breathed seemed to fill their lungs with a new vigor. So pleased were they with all that they saw, that they built encampments at the most beautiful valleys they passed through, so that the Master of Life might know that they were not an ungrateful people. In this new country did they conclude to remain, and there did they establish their national government, with its laws and form.

"Time passed on, and the Choctaw nation became so powerful that its history gradually

extended even to the sky. Troubles now arose among the younger warriors and hunters of the nation, until it came to pass that they abandoned the cabins of their forefathers, and settled in distant regions of the earth. Thus from the very body of the Choctaw nation have sprung those other nations which are known as the Chickasaws, the Choctaws, the Comchs or Muskogees, the Shawnees and the Delaware. And in the process of time, the Choctaws found a great city, wherein their most aged men might spend their days in peace; and because they loved those of their people who had long before departed into distant regions, they called this city *Yazoo*, the meaning of which is, "Home of the People who are Gone."—*Mobile Register*.

### The Dacotahs.

There is a great deal said of Indian warriors—and justly too of the Sioux. They are, as a race, tall, fine-looking men; and many of those who have not been degraded by association with the frontier class of white people, nor had their intellects destroyed by the white man's fire-water, have minds of high order, and reason with correctness that would put to the blush the powers of many an educated logician. Yet are these men called savages, and morally associated with the tomahawk and scalping knife. Few regard them as reasonable creatures, or as beings endowed by their creator with souls, that are here to be fitted for the responsibilities of the Indian's hereafter.

Good men are sending the Bible to all parts of the world. Sermons are preached in behalf of fellow-creatures who are perishing in regions known only to us in name. And here, within reach of comparatively the slightest exertion; here, not many miles from churches and schools, and all the moral influences abounding in Christian society; here, in a country endowed with every advantage that God can bestow, are perishing, help and comfort, and even immortality, and all the evils incident to their unhappy condition. While men, Christians, are driving these back; resting on their very names from the face of the earth. Ah! these men can seek the country of the Sioux, where money is to be gained; but how few care for the sufferings of the Dacotahs, how few would give a piece of money, a prayer, or even a thought, towards their present and eternal good.

Yet are they not altogether neglected. Doctor Williamson, one of the missionaries among the Sioux, lives near Fort Snelling. He is exerting himself to the utmost to promote the moral welfare of the unhappy people among whom he expects to pass his life. He has a school for the Indian children, and many of them read well. On the Sabbath, divine service is regularly held, and he has labored to promote the cause of temperance among the Sioux. Christian exertion is so necessary to much influence by the appearance that little can be done for the savage. How is it with the man on his fire-water course to the Indian? Does he doubt? Does he fail?

As a great motive to improve the moral character of the Indians, I present the condition of the women in their tribes. A degraded state of woman is universally characteristic of savage life, as her elevated influence in civilized society is the companion standard of moral and social virtues. The painful narrowness of the Sioux women's costume at her birth. Even as a child she is degraded, in comparison with the brother beside her, who is one day to be a great warrior. As a maiden, she is valued while the young man, who marries her for a wife, may have a death of his disease. But when she is a wife, there is little sympathy for her condition. How can she do the appreciative service and contribution of life out of all that is kind or gentle to her heart. She must bear the burden of the family. Should her husband wish it, she must travel all day without wearying on her back; and at night when they sleep, her hands must prepare the food for her family before she retired to rest.

Her work is never done. She makes the summer and the winter house. For the summer she packs the bark from the timber she springs; for the latter she uses the bark of the birch. She has the skin of which

clothes, moccasins, and leggings are to be made for the family; she has to scrape it and prepare it while other cares are pressing upon her. When her child is born, she has no opportunity for rest or quiet. She must pad the cradle for her husband—pain and fatigue must be forgotten. She is always laboring. Visit her in her tepee, and she willingly gives you what you need, if in her power, and with alacrity does what she can to renounce your comfort. In her looks there is a smile that is attractive. Time has not aged the wrinkles in her forehead, nor the furrows in her cheek. They are the traces of grief, passion, sorrow and tears. Her face was once light and graceful. Labor and privations are not preservative of beauty.

It is not deemed important if I venture to urge upon those who care for the wretched wherever their lot may be cast, the immense good that might be accomplished among these tribes by schools, which should open the minds of the young to the light of reason and Christianity. Even if the older members are given up as hopeless, yet the young there is always encouragement. Many a bright little creature among the Dacotahs is as capable of receiving instruction as are the children of civilization. They should they be neglected when the waves of benevolence are moving all around them?

It is not pretended that all the incidents related in these stories occurred exactly as they are stated. Most of them are entirely true; while in others the narrative is varied in order to show some prevalent custom, or to illustrate some sentiment to which these Indians are devoted. The Sioux are as firm believers in their religion as we are in ours; and they are far more particular in the discharge of what they conceive to be the obligations required by the objects of their faith than we are. Their are many allusions to the habits and customs of the Dacotahs that are not strictly correct. For the purpose of information required. On matters of difference of opinion among themselves, but they do not make more points of difference on religion, or on any other subject, than white people do.

The day of the Dacotah is far spent; to quote the language of a Chippeway chief, "The Indian's glory is passing away." They seem to be a God-forgotten race. Some few have given the missionary reason to hope that they have been made subjects of Christian faith—and the light, that has as yet broken in faint rays upon their darkness, may increase. He who takes account of the falling of a sparrow, will not altogether cast away so large a portion of his creatures. All Christian minds will wish success to the Indian missionary; and assuredly God will be true to his mercy, where man is found true to his duty.—*Mrs. Estlin's Legends of the Sioux*.

**AN INDIAN GRAVE.**—On Tuesday last, as some laborers were employed at Mr. Wadell's new house on the hill, they came upon an Indian grave. The skeleton was nearly perfect, and by its side lay that of a dog—no doubt the faithful companion of the red man's last days upon earth. A gun-barrel, almost wholly corroded, with a part of the ramrod, a knife, a brass kettle, and a large number of beads were found, as also a beautiful carved stone pipe, surmounted on the far side by a well executed human head. The bones of the lower extremities were quite perfect with the exception of the feet, and would give the height of their former possessor upward of six feet. Some hair of the dog was also found. The probability is that the grave is not less than 60 years old, and possibly may have been 100. The whole hill has been a cemetery for the race now almost extinct; at distances along its whole range, for nearly a mile, skeletons have been exhumed, from time to time, during the process of road making, or accidental collars, &c. Some handsome and valuable silver ornaments were found near the present grave a few years since.—*Port Hope (U. C.) Advertiser*.

**RECKONING BENEVOLENCE.**—When Fessenden's library was on fire, "God be praised," said he, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

From the Watchman and Reflector.

### The Missionary Spirit.

#### Or, The Elements of an Aggressive Christianity.

1. The first is a deep conviction of the value of the Gospel. We can feel but little interest in communicating to others, what is of little worth in our own estimation. And this doubtless is one grand reason why the Gospel has been communicated so slowly to the world. There is nothing among Christians, a permanent, abiding conviction of the Gospel's infinite worth, that vivid conception of its richness, and preciousness, which will constrain them to send forth its treasures of grace and truth, to renovate and bless the world.

Our commendation of the Gospel will be graduated by our heartfelt appreciation thereof. Here, the inward will control the outward. The fountain of life in the heart, will find its level in the life. If we believe we shall speak; if we love, we shall obey. In proportion as this deep, experimental conviction of the value of the Gospel has obtained in the church, in that proportion, has the church been active, aggressive, laborious and untiring in her efforts to send out the word of God's salvation to the ends of the earth. Let a Christian have some sweet experience of the preciousness of Christ in his soul, and with what words and tears of sympathy, will he commend Him to the world. So let such experience pervade the church, let the Gospel be loved and prized, and how soon would the church be heard saying, "Hear ye one that thirsteth come ye to the waters." If we would make Christianity vigorous and effective in its extreme workings, we must increase its motive power at the fountain head of life in the heart.

2. A second element of the missionary spirit will be found in intelligent, elevated views of the designs and purposes of the Gospel. The Gospel is a great and glorious scheme of recovering grace. It is "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." In it the plan of God is revealed. "In Adam's fall, man sinned; his guilt was sure, and his own dark world, but redemption in more glorious manifestations, around the throne of God in Heaven. In the light of it, the angels veil their faces, and cast their crowns at the feet of the Lamb. Paul felt something of this, when he testified, 'Unto me is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unspeakable riches of Christ, to the intent, that now unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places, might be known through the church the manifold wisdom of God.' How inspiring and impressive is such a view of the Gospel. No wonder Paul felt that a necessity was laid on him to preach it, but every Christian—the entire church, ought to have similar views and similar feelings.

But there is a great deal of benevolence in the church which seems to have no alliance with the glory of God and Christ in the Gospel. It has an exclusive reference to things seen and heard, while the great ultimate purpose of the Gospel, involving the glory of God and the salvation of the soul are overlooked. A benevolence like this, can never widely diffuse a knowledge of the Gospel. It has not strength enough; it has too much of the fickleness and feebleness of mere sympathy—excitement. It may respond generously for the moment to stirring appeal, but cannot be trusted for a crisis, nor relied on for permanent support. No! holier impulses are needed; impulses awakened by God Himself; impulses kindled by the love of Christ; deepened by painful convictions of sin and enlivened by faith in Christ as the only Saviour. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. O could the church feel this, could she understand the divinity of the Gospel, could she contemplate it, in its eternal relations to God and the spiritual universe, with what devotion would she not give herself to the work of the world's conversion.

**GOOD EDUCATION.**—A right education is not merely the reading of many books, but the ability of making knowledge useful to ourselves and others. It is not simply to acquire information, but to use it for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, but to make that influence subvertive to moral excellence and piety.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.







From the Western Mailman.  
**Missouri Baptist Indian Mission Association.**

LEXINGTON, September 26, 1869.  
 BROTHER P. A. — On the 5th page of last minutes of the above named Association is the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the Board of Managers be authorized to appoint an agent or agents to visit as many of the Baptist Churches in Missouri as possible, during the coming year, to lay before them the object and importance of this Association, to organize auxiliary societies, collect funds, and do whatsoever else, or they, may deem necessary, to further the objects of this Association.

Supposing that the friends of the Indian will be gratified to learn what has been done, and what may be done, in his behalf—will you permit me to speak through the *Watchman*? I have endeavored to carry out the instructions embodied in the above resolution, and am gratified to find that there are many who are willing to aid in this good work. At the General Association and elsewhere, I obtained names as annual contributors. At the Missouri River Association a collection was taken up for this object, and contributions received from the three churches. On the 8th of September, at a meeting of the ladies connected with the First Baptist church in Lexington, a Female Indian Missionary Society was formed, auxiliary to the Missouri Baptist Indian Mission Association. The Constitution of this Society permits any one (male or female) to become a member, by paying annually \$1. The officers, however, are filled exclusively by the ladies—the delegates to the parent Society will be selected from the male membership. The number of members is already over forty, and will doubtless increase to a hundred before the next Association. Thus we see women—who were last at the Cross and first at the Spirit's altar, and who have ever been first and foremost in every good word and work—will do what she can! Will not the sisters in other churches do likewise?

Lexington is the birth-place of the Missouri Baptist Indian Mission Association, and for two years, its friends, in this place, watched, prayed and wept around its cradle. It has last received the sympathy and aid of a few other churches, and under their fostering care, it is now able to stand. But it should do something more than stand. That it may do more, auxiliary societies must be formed in the churches, contributions sent up to its treasury, and the blessing of the God of Missions invoked upon its efforts.

During the last year only \$142 were received by the Treasurer of this Association, and for the Foreign Mission cause, for less! While other States are contributing annually thousands for Foreign and Home Missions, shall it again be said that the 26,031 Baptists of Missouri raised only a fraction over \$800 for these two objects? The churches in the Eastern and Middle States are making sacrifices for the benefit of distant lands, and will not the Baptists of Missouri do something for the Red men of our doors? My brethren of the Ministry, the fault is ours—I repeat it, the fault is ours, and the blame of shame should mantle our cheeks, that we have suffered it to be said, that the churches, under our watch-care, are doing comparatively nothing for missions! Let us preach on this subject, let us diffuse information, let us do our duty to those on our borders, who are "perishing for lack of knowledge," and the churches will wipe out this stain. Wherever I have presented the claims of the Indians and asked brethren to aid in reaching the Gospel among them, I have been kindly received, and the response has, in every instance, been liberal. The Savior's last command was—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." If there is one immortal being on earth, not embraced in that command, we may except him; but if there is not, then we dare not except the Indian. That all may aid in carrying out the above resolution, and at the same time obey the last command of the Savior, permit me to make a few suggestions: 1st. Let those churches which have contributed to this object, organize auxiliary societies to the Indian Mission Association, and send up delegates at our next meeting. (This will not exclude any one from general membership who prefer paying to the Parent Society \$1.) 2d. Let each Pastor bring this subject before the church or churches under his watch-care and such numbers as he may deem prudent to organize societies. Should he fail to accomplish this, let him make such collections at circumstances may justify and forward the amount to the Treasurer, (W. B. Waddell, Lexington,) or send it up to the next meeting of the Association. 3d. Let the Brethren carry out the above suggestion in these

churches that are without pastors. 4th. In the event that the Pastor or Deacons do not take measures to form a society, let the sisters, in each church, follow the example of the sisters in Lexington and form a Female Society. 5th. Where societies cannot be formed, let each disciple, who would aid in carrying out the Commission, come (or send up his name) to the next meeting of the Association, which will be held with the Bible Church, in Saline county, on the Thursday before the second Lord's day in June, 1870. Lastly, Will each church, society, or individual, engaged in this good work, write me what is being done and inform me of their address, so that I may send them a copy of the Minutes?

Fraternally yours,  
 E. N. DOLIN, Cor. Sec'y.

From the Southern Baptist.  
**Indian Missions.**

The Rev. John M. Ashburn and lady are now on their way to labor among the Pawnee tribe, settled in Wisconsin Territory. Robertville, the house of Sister Ashburn, being their starting point, there were *farewell services* held at the Black Swamp Baptist Church, on Sunday, September 16th. Mr. Hammett, the pastor of that Church, delivered a discourse from the text, "They are the messengers of the Churches and the glory of Christ." His argument was, that the church is the visible body of Christ, the guardian of truth in conduct, order and doctrine, as committed to her by Christ and his Apostles; that this truth was intended for no particular place but looked at all the world; and that they are the messengers of the churches who are sent by them to fulfil this mission. The faith is its universal adaptation, and that they are witnesses of this glory who preach it, sanctifying the Church, and others building them; that as in darkness show themselves. Lastly he likened the Indian Mission to sanctifying the struggles of an injured one, and in a short review of the Indian's wrongs, Indian Missions, &c., he convincingly exhibited the strong claims of that object.

The Rev. Wm. Nichols, of Lawtonville, then gave, as a present from the Church, to Mr. Ashburn and his lady, a handsome Bible. He accompanied it with a few eloquent and thrilling remarks. Mr. Ashburn having delivered a short address on the occasion to which he is giving his life, the following hymn for the occasion, by Mr. Hammett, was sung to quite a spiritual manner by the choir:

O! thou great Jehovah, bear them,  
 Heralds of thy sacred word;  
 Where the poor soul in a may hear them:  
 Tell what peace thy words afford;  
 Great salvation, through the name of Christ, record.

Let the stream from Zion's mountain  
 Through the Red man's desert flow;  
 May he see Christ's goodly kingdom,  
 And its sovereign virtues know:  
 Richly dawning—filling all the plains below.

Sure the poor bright Indian  
 Needs to know the gospel bread;  
 He too is bewildered pagan,  
 Though but few his cause attend.  
 O, salvation—to the Indian far and near.

Long within the forest roving,  
 He has marked thy glorious name,  
 But the forest now removing,  
 Lo! he mourns the spirit's name;  
 O, Great Spirit—clothe the wigwag round with grace.

Bold Spirit, now attend them—  
 Streams of mercy mark their way;  
 Jesus, Savior, do defend them:  
 Fill their day both night and day:  
 Send the Herald—to proclaim the meek's lay.

B. A. T.

Too much you have Jesus—An Indian was seen years since brought before a magistrate in Connecticut, in a state of considerable inebriety, and instead of answering directly to the questions put by the Justice, merely muttered out—Your honor is very wise; very wise—your honor is very wise, I say.

Being unable to get any further answer from him, the Justice ordered him to be locked up till the next day, when John was brought before him for a further trial. "Why John," said the Justice, "you were as drunk as a bit, last night?" "Drunk!" ejaculated John. "You drank as a bear." When I asked you any question the only answer you made was—Your honor is very wise; very wise. "Did I call your honor wise?" said the Justice with a look of incredulity. "Yes," answered the prisoner. "Then," replied John, "I am now here drunk, and enough."

**Treat of the California Emigrants.**

PORT LARAMIE, NEBRASKA TERRITORY,  
 August 1st, 1849.

Fort Laramie, as a trading post, has ceased to be—it has doffed its peaceful garb and donned a cocked hat and regimentals, and is ready to deal hard knocks or extend the hand of friendship, as the case may require. After a careful reconnaissance of the surrounding country by the proper officers, it was found that the site of Fort Laramie was the only suitable point for a military post, and it was therefore purchased, or rather the Fort itself was, from the American Fur Company, for \$4,000.

The American Fur Company having sold Laramie, intend to erect a trading post at Scott's Bluff, some forty miles below.

The choicest has been committing great ravages amongst the Indians, and is still carrying them off daily. The Cheyennes say that over three hundred of their number have already died of it. The Scout have also attributed it. They attribute it to the whites, and say they brought it amongst them. This conviction on the part of the Indians was the cause, a few days since, of quite a tragical event in the vicinity of Scott's Bluff. A young Indian had just seen his father, mother, brother, and wife, breathe their last, which produced in him a sort of monomania, and, rushing from his lodge, he determined to kill the first white man he should meet—for which act he said he should suffer death, and would then join his friends in the happy hunting grounds of their tribe. The first person he met was a young man from St. Joseph, by the name of McDowell, formerly Sergeant Major in the Oregon Battalion, whom he fired at and shot dead. The Indians immediately took charge of him and executed him on the spot. Major Sanderson called the chiefs together, and, upon investigating the matter, found the facts as above stated.

From the West Journal.  
**An Indian at Plymouth.**

[The principal Hotel at Plymouth is named the Samsonet House. After the Indian chief who gave a frank welcome to the Pilgrims. Very recently a Chippeway chief with some of his tribe, visited Plymouth in the course of a tour, exhibiting the war-dance, etc. While there, he presented to the Pilgrim Hall his portrait in war costume painted by his son, and dictated the following admirable letter, which, I think, the friendly Samsonet would like to run from the dead and read:]

Brothers, We give our sincere thanks to the Great Spirit in allowing us to see you this day. Many winters and summers have gone by, since our fathers first saw each other in this place.

We have seen the rock, once our own, the rock that was the foundation for the first step your fathers made when they landed here, from the other side of the great waters.

Brothers, It is said that our fathers were in great fear of one another, when they first saw each other, but now we, their children, see one another with friendship, love and kindness.

Brothers, If our fathers have been enemies to each other, and have had many wars between them, we sincerely hope that we their children will never be so, but that we may live in peace with one another in this world, and forever in the other.

Brothers, If we should that your coming to America has been a great evil to us, it would be no other than speaking against the orders of the Great Spirit. The wisdom of his thoughts we cannot see with eyes of our minds. He does not see the cause of America being discovered by white men; seeing that there would have been no room for you all on the small island called England. He is kind to all his children. Your coming to our country is a general blessing to you, and we believe it is for our good too.

Brothers, We have been traveling four years among the whites in Europe, and in this country, and we have been treated very kindly indeed.

Brothers, May you and we always enjoy health and happy days.

Brothers, I present this picture to the Pilgrim Society, a representation of our dance before you this evening.

Presented by SAMUELSON, done by him son WASHINGTON, Chippewas.

[There is another specimen of the native regard for their country, of which the Pilgrims have seen in the Pilgrim Hall, and it is a pretty enough to be compared in connection with the above:]

THE PILGRIM TO AMERICA, 1780.

By the late General Governor Thomas Pakenham, at Plymouth.

Samuelson says—King Philip desires to let you understand that he could not come to

the Court, for too his interpreter has a pain in his back that he could not travel so far, and Philip's sister is very sick. Philip would retreat that favor of you, and any of the Magistrates, if any English or Indians speak about any land, be busy you to give them no answer at all. The last summer he said that promise with you, that he would sell no land in seven years time, for that he would have no English trouble him before that time. He has not forgot that you promise him. He will come as soon as possible he can to speak with you, and so I rest your very loving friend, Pakenham, dwelling at Mount Hope Rock. (1663.)

[I must vary these prose extracts with one specimen of American poetry "two hundred years ago." Mrs. Standish was the gallant Bayard, the future mother of the Mayflower company, and one of his daughter's "embroidery hangs up in the Pilgrim Hall, at the bottom of which her needle has stitched the following lines:]

"Loth's Standish in my name  
 Lord guide my heart that I may do thy will;  
 Alas! my hands with such contrivance skill,  
 As may conduct to virtue road of shame  
 And I will give the glory to thy name."  
 —W.

**Prince Edward's Island.**

THE ISLAND.—A correspondent at furnished to the *Charlottetown Gazette* some rather curious particulars with respect to some Indians who have recently visited that city, having come there from Shodiac and Miramichi, in New Brunswick. There was among them a venerable chief, named Nokut, who was received and fed at North River by the Indians established in that locality, who expended for that purpose more than twenty dollars. The old chief died within the camp, the rest without. He bears with him a commission given to his grandfather by the King of France, with a large silver medal as the badge of his authority. These visitors brought some very sad news to their brethren, on the subject of a mortality which has decimated the Indians at a place called Napanee, not far from Montreal.

Entire families have perished, the number of deaths having amounted to thirty-four; the Indians believe that they have been committed deliberately by some white person. Questioned on this subject by the correspondent who gives us these details, the old chief said that on one year's day the Indians went from house to house, according to their custom, bringing good, and wishing a happy new year to the inmates; the Indian, according to the usage, brought out presents to the Indians, among them a quantity of flour and butter, and that those who ate of it almost immediately fell sick, and died. Two of the young men went to Amherst, in Nova Scotia, where one of them was seized with the same complaint; his companion brought a doctor—the Indian died, and a post mortem examination having taken place, the doctor pronounced him to have died of poison. The surviving Indian soon spread this information among his people. The correspondent says that the intelligence was brought to Prince Edward's Island about two months ago, by two Indians, who seem to have come expressly for the purpose.—*Montreal Courier.*

**RECEIPTS.**

From September 1868 to October 1869.

KENTUCKY.	
Mrs. M. Kitley,	61 00
Mrs. E. B. Scott,	1 00
State R. Stone,	1 00
Rev. B. Bole,	2 00
E. Wiggins,	4 00
Mill Creek Church,	6 25
M. Rowell,	1 00
J. Charles,	50
J. Lloyd,	1 00
J. Manning,	1 00
First Baptist Church, Lexington,	20 50
Sunday School of First Baptist Church, Lexington,	10 00
— 605 00	
ALABAMA.	
Balance of collections by Rev. G. R. Davis,	200 97
MISSISSIPPI.	
Rev. Am. Marsh, Mobile,	5 00
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
M. T. Marshall, for Ind. Advocate,	2 00
AMERICA.	
Rev. S. Simpson, for Ind. Advocate,	20
CANADA.	
First and Second African Churches, per Rev. J. T. Robert,	30 00
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
From Rev. F. A. Willard, collected in Portsmouth and Newbury,	125 00
Balance of collections by Rev. J. M. Ashburn in South Carolina, Virginia, and Washington,	600 50
Total receipts,	6200 00