

# THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

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

By the Board of Indian Missions.

LOUISVILLE, JULY, 1850.

Vol. V. No. 1.

## THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Under the patronage of the American Indian Mission Association.

### TERMS:

Twenty-five copies for one year, \$5 00  
Single copy, for one year, 25

### The Lone Indian.

"A white man gazing on the scene.  
Would up a lovely spot was here.  
And praise the leaves on bush and green.  
Between the hills so sheer.  
I like it not—I would the plain  
Lay in its tall old groves again."

DEWITT.

Powontamoo was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye never blinked in the sunbeam; and he leaped along the chase like the uniting waves of Niagara. Even when a lit's boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming bird on her rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to tom his high in his sinewy arms, and shout, "Look, Eagle-eye, look! and see the big hunting grounds of the Mohawks! Powontamoo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him, they will not speak dead; but as if the Great Spirit had breathed in them!"

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontamoo became a man; the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Ojage showed his white teeth with delight, when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk Eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous, and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveler. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughters in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them; and he would dance all with the stern ballad of a warrior, and he saw Soomeetah rise her long dark eye-lid. Then his heart melted beneath the burning glance of beauty. Soomeetah was the first of the Ojage. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up and shake off its dew-drops, after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say, "Soomeetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her (as), according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soomeetah has not seen all the warriors. She will wait with the bravest." The hunters told the young Eagle, that Sunny-eye of Ojage was beautiful as the bright birds in the heaving land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontamoo learned of these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his far-angled moccasins, and placed his feet, springy fast forward, on their broad and shells of his rich moccasins might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war song. If there was vanity in the act, there was likewise a cunning pride. Soomeetah heard of his haughty smile, resolved in her own heart that no Ojage should sit beside her, till she had seen the chief of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining shells to the young occupants of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright smiling eye to his, when he came near her; but when he said, "Will the Sunny eye look on the gift of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his feet never turned from the foe; the odor on her face is as the glowing sun on an unclouded twilight. Her voice was like the troubled sea of a storm, and the snow-red. The feet of Powontamoo are swift and warm to the feet of Soomeetah. She will watch the shells in the wigwam like the Mohawk Eagle." The quaking lever on her side, and of food her vision and panted came. She raised her timid eyes on the tamed food; and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

There was feasting and dancing, and the marriage song sung merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Ojage came among them. Powontamoo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fatter furs of the forest, and lead her with the ribbons and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked it not that the strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully, and said, "The mouse and the beaver will not live within compass of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, "The land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it." Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of his gun leveling the old trees of his forests. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had purchased dear his much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day, he left his home before the grey mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar-star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scored the breast of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontamoo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soomeetah; he did not speak to her boy; but, silent and sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the moccasins of his face betrayed the struggle on his mind.

The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her hand upon his heavy shoulder, as she said, "Why is the Eagle's eye on the earth? What has Soomeetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?" Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness departed, as he answered, "The Eagle has taken a snail to his nest; how can his young sleep in it?" The Indian boy, all unconscious of the freedom which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

The heart of the generous stranger was full of love to hunting. His hand trembled, as he placed it on the sleek black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee! the Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the burning ground of the Mohawks!" he exclaimed. Then he laid him, for an instant, in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and departed from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air; but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his subtle and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad, the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees, under which he had frolicked in infancy, spared in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of both? They formed the English tent, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the holy sacrifice-heaps of his people? The stones were taken to France in the last, which the intruder dared not call his own. Where was his father's grave? The azan, or's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where was his once powerful tribe? Also, in the white man's wars they had joined with the British, in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home; others had joined distant tribes, and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brethren, appeared to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English returned, the val now around the dying. "It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's God made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he is like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

When Powontamoo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the average generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her she must not ask the chief of his land put a woman's basket within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

The next day, when the young chief went out on a hunting expedition, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer. "Powow," said he, "your square has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over much." It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's language. "Listen, Buffalo-head!" roared he; and as he spoke he seized the shaggy pate of the mountain offender, and eyed him with the concentrated

vision of an ambushed rattle-snake. "Listen to the chiefs of the Mohawks! These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his curved-foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of Iroquois and Algonquins. The wigwams of the noble Delaware were thick, where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequot; and the Illinois, the Miami, and the warlike tribes like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man struck you then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightning! Go—shall the Sunny eye of Ojage ask the pale face for a basket?" He breathed out a quark, convulsive laugh, and his wild teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging pan her.

After that, his path was unmolested; for no one dared to awaken his wrath, but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild bear had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soomeetah sometimes begged him to join the remnant of the Ojage, and persuade them to go far off, towards the setting sun. Powontamoo replied, "This is the burial place of my fathers, and the Sunny-eye dared say no more."

At last, their boy sickened and died, of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. "He must lie near the water," said the desolate chief, "else the white man's horses will tread on him."

The young mother did not weep; but her heart had received its death-wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker every day. One morning, Powontamoo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. "Will Soomeetah eat?" said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The food which was wont to bound forward to meet him, lay motionless and cold. He raised the blanket which gently concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny-eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other grasped the brands which the young Eagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek was rung from the bosom of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately, as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the neck-lace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put back the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy, laid the head of Soomeetah toward the rising sun, bespiced the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people.

Night was closing in, and still the bereaved Mohawk stood at the grave of Sunny-eye, as motionless as his cold inmate. A white man, as he passed, paused, and looked in pity on him. "Are you sick?" asked he. "Yes; me sick. Me very sick here," answered Powontamoo, laying his hand upon his swelling heart. "Will you go home?" "Home?" exclaimed the heart-broken chief, in tones so thrilling, that the white man started. Then slowly, and with a half vacant look, he added, "Yes; me go home. By and by me go home." Not another word would he speak; and the white man left him, and went his way. A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

The next day, a tree, which Soomeetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was straggling among the base stones, Powontamoo carefully untied it around the tree. "The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks," he said; "and now the Sunny-eye has her arms round him." He spoke in the wild music of his native tongue; but there was some to answer. "Yes; Powontamoo will go home," sighed he. "He will go where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it." One long, one lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers.

For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot he have

passed; but, just thirty years after the death of Soomeetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and was worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye; but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontamoo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to the grave of Sunny-eye, and the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Also, the white man's axe had levelled them. The tree he had planted was dead, and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, and withering, was fast to the ground. A deep green mist from the soil of the savage. For thirty wearisome years, he had watched that oak, with its stinging tendrils. They were the only things left in the wild world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chief. No light came now along the river, like a bird upon the wing. The Indian boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk, and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed, and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited only by stealth, during thousands and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn, the long line of heavy clouds, melting away to cover the coming sun, and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had last seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like Eagle and the Sunny eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering like my people. I wish I could give more see the trees standing thick as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sang the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food for his wife and children and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where a squaw and the passage of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bow string, snatched his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers and departed forever.

None ever knew where Powontamoo had his dying bed. The hunters from the west said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks were far off toward the rising sun, that he seemed like one who had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit.

THE LETTER OF DONOR GOOD.—A minister from the West was receiving contributions for some object of Christian benevolence after preaching in a church in New York, when a female approached him saying she was unprepared at that moment to aid him, but invited him to call at her residence for her contribution. On complying with the invitation she presented herself in the parlor, evidently just from some employment in the kitchen; but without apology or apparent confusion entered into conversation upon the object of his agency, and assured him that it would cause her gratification to contribute for its accomplishment. From all the circumstances of the case, especially from the plain appearance around him, the minister had formed his expectation of receiving a small sum, but was encouraged by the cheerfulness with which he delivered it would be afforded. Great therefore, was his astonishment when he found put into his hand a Bank note for one hundred dollars! Supposing it a mistake, he stammered out something to that effect, but the good lady assured him there was no mistake about it. "I have learned," said she, "that the children of God are for happier in combining liberality in the service of the Lord with industry and frugality in their temporal arrangements, than in expensive living, and a parsimonious wish of the needy cause of Christ. By economy I obtain the means to give for the spread of the gospel, and by Diligence I have much enjoyment in giving." Surely it is more blessed to give than to receive.

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

Edited by the Corresponding Secretary.

LOUISVILLE, JULY, 1850.

The Rooms of the AMERICAN INDIAN MISSION ASSOCIATION are at No. 22, Center Street, between Green and Walnut.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

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

Rev. SIDNEY DEER,

Cor. Secretary Am. Ind. Miss. Association,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Those containing remittances, to

CHARLES S. TUCKER

Treasurer Am. Ind. Miss. Association,

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 67 1/2 Main Street, and pay it there.

Agents for the Board.

Rev. V. B. Thornton, Gen. Agent for Georgia.

Rev. A. T. N. Vandiver, for Georgia.

Rev. G. B. Davis, for Alabama and Tennessee.

Rev. Andrew Moffat, for Mississippi.

Rev. S. H. Bundy, for Tennessee.

Comparative Claims of Objects of Benevolence.

The brethren I call upon are benevolent. Their principle is to give to every good cause—they do give indiscriminately—they give as much to one as to another cause. One remark on this point. 1. Every cause, though good in itself, has not the same demands upon Christian benevolence. For instance, the Indian Mission, aiming at the salvation of the warring tribes West of the Mississippi, has not the same claim as the China Mission, whose purpose is to carry the gospel to the largest and most populous empire on the earth. Its population numbers 400,000,000, and still China is local and circumscribed—its claims come far short of those of the Bible cause.—J. Van, Agent of Ky., and Foreign Bible Society.

We must confess that we read the foregoing extract, with great surprise, both from the circular manner in which the sweeping judgment is given, and the recklessness exhibited in the statements made, involving principles which have engaged the attention of some of our wisest and best of men; who have, after enjoying all the light which they could obtain, bearing upon the points in question, given their opinions with reserve and qualification. But in the above quotations, the comparative claims of the different objects of benevolence, demanding our attention, are stated with all the emphasis of downright certainty. Perhaps brother Niles may be better qualified to speak thus, respecting these momentous questions; but this is an age in which all are free to express their opinions, and men will in the exercise of this liberty, sometimes honestly and widely differ. And such, we have no doubt, will be the light in which the subject before us will be viewed; indeed, such is its present aspect; for so far as we are acquainted with the facts bearing upon the points at issue, we are compelled to recognize the decision of the Agent of the Kentucky and Foreign Bible Society; so far at least, as the Indians are concerned, and affirm that they have the first, the highest and strongest claim upon the benevolence of American Christians, of any other cause calling for its exercise. And in this opinion, we believe we are fully sustained by the verdict of all well informed persons. But we are willing to bear the truth of our statement upon facts; and having once briefly given our reasons for this affirmation, we will here reinvert them, only regretting that we have not room to enlarge our arguments, which we could do, by presenting many other weighty considerations. As regards the comparative claims of the China Mission, and Bible Society, we leave for the attention of those bearing the interests of these institutions in care. We are willing to bear the superior claims of Indian Missions, upon the essential of American liberality, upon the following arguments: 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 so far as we are capable of so doing. "Be good unto all men, as ye have opportunity," is the Divine rule of benevolence. All men, therefore, being a well substantiated 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, than 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 creatures to another, than we can the just legal rights of one person to another. In each instance the slightest rightful claimant must be satisfied.

It is of no small importance that American Christians understand fully what class of brethren 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 deprecates the position often assumed, that we are excusable for neglecting the Indians, because of the sparseness 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 error, only upon the principle of man's proneness to err, by permitting "Distance to lend sobriety 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 Institution. The Bible rule is this: "If a man shall cause a field or vineyard to be sown, and shall put in his seed, and shall fall in another man's field; of the BEST OF HIS OWN FIELD, AND OF 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 you stand convicted by a universal confession of "guilty."

Now there can be no claim which will justify a derivation from the principles of righteousness. The demand for "Restitution" is paramount to all others: "Of the best of his own vineyard, shall he make restitution." Until therefore it can be shown that we have committed a similar trespass against China or any other nation, to that which all acknowledge we have committed against the Indians, their claims upon the first and highest exercise of our benevolent exertions must ever remain unshaken. A principle of right is not abated by the relation of location or number; but stands immutable.

We hope that the next time the Agent of the Kentucky and Foreign Bible Society makes his report, he will be more judicious in making distinctions, or, if he still claims to be the judge in these matters, that he will see to it that his next decision is more strictly conformable to the facts involved.

Agents for Kentucky.

Brother Helm having declined entering into the service of the Board, we are very desirous of occupying the services of a good brother for this field. We shall be glad, therefore, to be informed of any one who could be secured for this work, with an eye to his duty as possible.

Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

We are indebted to Hon. Orlando Brown, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, for a copy of his Report for 1848-50. It is a well written document, embracing many new facts respecting the condition of the Indians, and also making many excellent suggestions regarding future operations. The report strongly urges the prompt continuance of the colonization system, as the only sure remedy for the suffering Indians; and also a large increase in the amount of sums applied annually for the civilization. Could the excellent suggestions of this report be speedily carried into operation, we should look for great results; and we do most sincerely hope that they will receive the prompt and favorable action of Congress.

Biblical Allusions.

Although our life has been unusually "cheerful" yet we can truly say, that "griefs and sorrows have followed us all the days of our life." Our afflictions have been comparatively light, and we have no uniformly seen the sanctifying hand of God in them all; that all murmurs of complaint have been changed to songs of praise. But during this month, we have felt in a peculiar manner, the chastening hand of the Almighty, in the first death of our household. A precious little daughter, "the light of our home," has been called home to the Kingdom of Heaven. We trust we do not murmur, nor despise the chastenings of God, but the rod seems heavy, and the Providence dark. We submit the prayers of our brethren in our bereavement.

Missouri Baptists Indian Mission Society.

It will be seen from the communication of brother D. Lykins, found in an other column, that the late anniversary meeting of this efficient auxiliary was a very deeply interesting one, and has given a new impulse to the cause of Indian Missions in this State. We are glad to see this; our Missouri brethren live in juxtaposition with the Indians, and they should extend to them directly the hand of love and Christian sympathy. We trust that the zeal and interest which they manifested will give to emigrants, who live in other and more distant States, the energetic and systematic plan, to aid in the benevolent work of Indian reform.

Remember the Indian.

We would once more urge upon the brethren, the necessity and importance of remembering the Indian at their Association meetings. In this number of the Advocate will be found several pleasing calls for more aid; and there are other points where missionaries are imperiously demanded. The Board have gone beyond their means in supplying the destitute, and yet, most of the ripest harvest is waiting for want of the adequate number of laborers. Let not then, this appeal pass unheeded. See to it, that the cause of Indian Missions is well provided for in the distribution of your annual benevolence, and have it promptly sent to our Treasurer.

An Apology.

We have to apologize to some of our subscribers, who failed to receive their Advocates last month. Our edition being exhausted before our list was gone through with, although we had ordered a great increase on the previous issue; but subscriptions come in so unexpectedly, as to bring to pass the result above mentioned. We shall try and prevent a like occurrence in future, and yet, we hope that the friends of the Advocate will so bear themselves, as to make it necessary for us constantly to add to the number of our issues.

Death of the President.

A Nation is in mourning, for one of our political leaders has been called to discharge its summons to "heaven to the sad, and him who hath espoused it," but, peradventure, a greater will come upon us; and doubtless, our celestial neighbor of the nations has much to do by sending up the sum of our national guilt. Let this sin be removed by a prompt and liberal effort for their amelioration.

Our Publishers.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the card of Dr. H. & S. Simmons, printers, the publishers of the Advocate. They have made extensive arrangements in their new office, and are now prepared to execute jobs in their line, in any amount, and with dispatch. That the work will be well done, the best appreciation of our little done will abundantly testify.

The Western Baptist Theological Seminary Catalogue, by Dr. W. H. Burdette, is a valuable publication, containing a full and detailed account of the Seminary, its location, and facilities.

Notice of New Works.

The Life of Luther, with special reference to his earlier periods, and the opening events of the Reformation. By Baron Sear, D. D. Philadelphia, American S. S. Co.

We have had many biographies and sketches of the great Reformer, but a didacticism still existed. We desired to know more of the early and internal life of Luther. This we have embodied in the numerous letters and extracts compiled in the volume before us. We have read the work through with the deepest interest, and although somewhat familiar with the eventful life of this great man, we must own that we feel a greater veneration for his character, and think we have a much better understanding of the Reformation, which he was the principal instrument in producing, from a perusal of this volume.

The material in Dr. Sear's possession, is well arranged, and worked up in a terse and epigrammatic style, which leads the reader onward to the conclusion with an almost irresistible force. We cannot too highly commend the work to our readers. It can be obtained in this city, at the Depository, 108 Fourth Street.

Christian Review, July, 1850, New York, Colby and Ballard.

We took occasion, in our last, to speak of the excellence of the Review, under its present arrangement; but we think this number is a decided improvement on the former. Let the publishers but hold firmly on in their march of improvements, and success must crown their efforts.

We have not space to enable us to particularize the article, or we would delight to do so. Let our readers get the Review and examine for themselves.

The New Testament and Historical Arguments for Infant Baptism examined. By J. Perry Smith, A. M. Philadelphia, American Soc. Pub. Society.

A very candid and conclusive examination of this heavy volume of controversy; and Mr. Smith and the Publication Society have done the world a great service in thus dispelling the mists of sophistry which have so long obscured the path of Divine Truth. Let this work be widely circulated, and a blow will be dealt, that will greatly diminish the prevalence of the erroneous custom of Infant baptism.

Subscription of Missions.

The Washington Alliance, bound for Mainline, will sail from Boston, July 23d inst. The following missionaries are expected to embark and leave this country.—Mr. Kinnead and wife, Mr. Wade and wife, Mr. Vinton and wife, Mr. Brown and wife, Mr. Ward and wife, Mr. Whitney and wife, Dr. Deussen and wife, and Mr. Cotter, whose husband is already in the field whether the gem.

Mr. Ward and wife, and Mr. Whitney and wife are new missionaries. These brethren were called at Hamilton, and give much promise of usefulness from their qualifications for their work. They are to accompany Mr. Brown to Annas as their field of future labor. The other missionaries who sail with them go to Bermuda. Mr. Wade and wife, Mr. Vinton and wife are to be stationed in Mainline. Mr. Kinnead and Dr. Deussen, with their wives, are to plant themselves at Ave, the Capital of the Empire.

This by some is considered a doubtful and dangerous enterprise, but Mr. Kinnead is sanguine of success, and so is also Mr. Vinton, as we learned from his late address in this city, when speaking of Ave and the design to enter it. If any man can succeed there that man is Mr. Kinnead. He has already spent years there, and he knows full well what is there, and what he is to expect. His experience, his heroic courage, and his power, if sustained, all eminently qualify him for this station. Dr. Deussen, an excellent and skilled physician, and a sincere and devoted Christian, who was converted in India amid the persecutions, is to attend him, and we trust will do well to his credit. May God bless their lives and enable them, in that city of the "Great King," to shake the very foundations of idolatry.

This must be a most valuable company of missionaries; the most of them have been to these Southern shores before, and are brave and bold men. Let us all, as the friends of Christ, remember that in our sympathies and co-operation as they leave us for a life of toil and self-denial for the love of their heavenly Master. On this day especially let us remember them in our prayers, and entreat the God of Missions to give them a safe passage, and great success as they reach the end of their voyage and commence on their labor work. News of their safety to be published in this city, and then should our hearts be quickened, and our feet be set upon their path.—Christian Chronicle.

Missionary Intelligence.

CHEROKEE.

LETTER FROM REV. E. F. STEVENSON, Dated June 10th, 1850.

Meeting at Cherokee—Baptisms and Restorations—Nashoba Church Meeting—Restoration—Restorations—Baptism of Sister M. Intosh, Drew, and others—Synopsis of unpublished Reports—Baptism at Big Spring.

Three weeks have elapsed since the date of my last report. From that time until now, we have had many things to encourage us in our efforts to promote the interests of Christ's kingdom among the Indians.

On Sunday following the date of my last report, we visited Cherokee village, and preached two days and nights; which resulted in the restoration of several backsliders, and also in the baptism (by brother Jacob) of two, who were the only Creek members belonging to the Presbyterian church at the Kovvata Mission.

On the following Saturday and Sunday we attended the Nashville church meeting. On Saturday one was excluded, two restored, and seven received by experience as candidates for baptism. On Sunday we had the largest congregation that I have ever seen in any country at an ordinary church meeting. After preaching, this large congregation, with the exception of one man, repaired with us to the water, about one mile distant, and I baptized those who, on the preceding day, had declared their faith in Christ.

Among the baptized on that occasion were sisters Jane McIntosh, (consort of Elder D. N. McIntosh) and Delilah Drew, (consort of my friend Wm. Drew; at whose house I once preached in the Cherokee nation).

Sister McIntosh received the advantages of a liberal education at the Dwight (Presbyterian) Mission, Cherokee nation; and is the daughter of a Cherokee father and white mother. There is nothing in her natural temper or manner of life to distinguish her from an accomplished white woman.

Sister Drew has been a member of the Presbyterian church at the Dwight mission for several years, and came fifty miles to be baptized. She is the sister of brother D. N. McIntosh, and the niece and step-daughter of the present king of the Creek nation.

All that can be said of the accomplishments of sister McIntosh, will equally apply to sister Drew. At each of the above-mentioned meetings there were many who came forward and united with the church in prayer for their souls' salvation. To God be all the glory. In October I baptized into the fellowship of the Second church, one white man, two blacks, and two Creeks. December 25th I baptized five Creeks at the Nashville church. My reports of the above were never received at Louisville.

Brother PERRYMAN informs me that he baptized one on last Sunday at Big Spring.

LETTER FROM REV. A. WALLACE,

Addressed to the Editors of the Wallace Banner, Dated North Fork June 9th 1850.

Six Baptisms—Forty Members—Sending forth Laborers—Preaching arrangements—Furniture added to Elk Creek Church—Location of the Manual Labor School—Health, &c.

No field of labor has ever appeared more interesting to us than this. Our meetings have a growing interest—the last was the most encouraging we have had since we came into the nation. Eight were received for baptism, six of whom were baptized; others came forward for examination to whom we gave instruction and encouragement, but request them to seek for more light and evidence.

After baptism I preached a sermon directed particularly to the young people, in the absence of which about forty came forward to the minister's seat for prayer, much feeling was manifested in the congregation, and it seemed that God was there in truth. Our prayer meetings have a like encouraging appearance.

Whereas several members whose piety and talents have obtained the confidence and esteem of the church, and these we send out two and two to hold meetings in the towns and villages, where there are members, on the Lords day. They report every four weeks at the church meeting when they receive a new appointment. They are very useful in helping the members in order, and in respecting in the church the views of individuals and of neighboring churches and towns.

I preach three Sabbaths out of four at the North Fork church and in its branch. The fourth I preach at the Crossing of Elk Creek. We have a few members there and a growing little church, under the care of Bro. Bishop, a little further down the creek. I have been trying to visit them, but have been much embarrassed in my labors for want of an interpreter.

Fourteen have been added there since the first of April, and there appears to be a good degree of zeal and piety in the people.

We have agreed with the nation and government agent to locate the manual labor school, about six miles west of North Fork town, at a place we think the most suitable and healthy between the rivers. We have been waiting patiently an answer from the Board before, we proceeded further with our business. We are nearly fifty miles from a post office, which makes both letters and papers difficult to get. Our last Banner was dated the first of May. We are not certain that half the letters we write ever reach our friends. Some we have learned were long detained before they were mailed. There are some of the inconveniences we have to labor under here. It appears almost impossible to hurry business where two or three persons are connected with it.

We all enjoy good health except our little boy, who has had a severe turn of the hooping cough, and though nearly well of that, has strong symptoms of the chills and fever.

Mrs. Wallace has closed her school, and will not resume it again till the first of September. This climate appears very favorable to her health; at least, this far her health is better than it was before she came.

LETTER FROM J. PERRYMAN, NATIVE PREACHER.

Dated Big Spring Town May 16th 1850.

Call for more help—Native Preachers—Five Baptisms at Big Spring—15 added by baptism to the 2d Baptist Church.

I write you again to urge the Board to send some help into this region. I have no more places to preach at; that I cannot fill them as I wish. I was the first to preach in the Creek language in the nation, which was in 1830; and I am now an old man, and my lungs are afflicted. "But woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel!" "for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

If the Board can I wish they would employ a native preacher; if not, then I hope they will employ a native preacher; and perhaps the native preachers do the most good, because they can preach in the native tongue, while our white brethren must have an interpreter. Our native preachers sometimes have to ride or walk five or six miles to night meetings, in the cold winter nights. Our people are not now able to support our poor native preachers, but I hope they will be able to do this soon.

Since my last letter, five have been baptized at Big Spring, and since January, I have baptized fourteen Creeks and one black into the 2d Baptist Church.

CHEROKEE.

LETTER FROM S. WASHINGTON, NATIVE PREACHER.

Dated Big Spring, April 25th 1850.

Afflictions—Interesting Meetings—Call for Aid.

After my last letter to you in November, I traveled about in my own neighborhood, until one week before the 25th of December, when I was afflicted with sore eyes, which continued on me for nearly two months. As soon as I was able to read my Bible, I held a meeting for religious talk at Cherokee, thirty miles from home. In the following week I called a meeting at my own house, which was numerously attended.

The people are generally glad to hear me, and were attended to my talk this year, than ever before, although they are generally ignorant and superstitious, notions of Christian names and feelings; in love with their wicked ways, so that it will require a great deal of work to effect any good among them.

If it can be done, it would give me a great deal of pleasure, for one or two white brethren to visit us.

CONSIDERATION NOW A HUMAN ORIGIN.—To me, when I look at this religion, taking its point of departure from the earliest period in the history of the race; when I see it compensating all that natural religion teaches, and introducing a new system in entire harmony with it, but which could not have been deduced from it; when I see it commanding itself to the attention of men, containing a perfect code of morals, meeting all his moral wants, and commanding the only true principles of economical and political science; when I see in it the best possible system of education and instruction for all the families; when I see how simple it is in its principles, and yet in how many thousand ways it mingles in with human affairs, and modifies them for good, so that it is adapted to become universal; when I see it giving an account of the transmission of all things, the agency of God, and consistent with reason; so me, when I look at all these things, it no more seems possible that the system of Christianity should have been originated or sustained by man than it does that the ocean should have been made by him.—Pres. Hays.

For the Indian Advocate.

The Missouri Baptist Indian Mission Society

DEAR BRO. DREW: At the repeated solicitation of the brethren composing the Board of the Mo. Indian, Missouri Society, I have just attended their annual meeting, held with the Bethel church, Boone county, Mo. Bethel is a large and wealthy church, and the meeting was one of deep interest. In the absence of Dr. Sherwood, Elder Kemp preached the introductory sermon. Bro. Kemp is an able preacher, and is deeply interested in the cause of Indian missions. And I firmly believe the cause of Indian missions has received an impulse at his meeting that will be felt all over the state. The brethren generally seem more impressed with its importance. Two or three years ago, they considered the raising of means as a doubtful experiment; now they say "we can" and "we will." That man of talent—the embodiment of gravity and humor, Bro. Ligon is up and doing, and in this part of the state he is a host.

Bro. Leslie, now of Lexington, Mo., late of Ky., also appears to be ardently engaged in the cause, and I doubt not will prove a very efficient helper. I have not specified these because they are all, but because they are older, and perhaps better known to you. Bro. Roth, of Dover, and Bro. Frisole, of Charleston, were; perhaps, not behind any.

The next meeting is to be held with the church at Dover. Bro. Frisole to preach the introduction sermon, Bro. Flood his alternate. The collection in money amounted to \$235, and some goods. The society will immediately send out an agent to collect more funds. I believe the brethren in Missouri intend to work.

Knowing the need of the Wen station, and the difficulty of obtaining supplies, the society paid me \$100, for which I gave my receipt, and have credited on my account herewith transmitted. I have not written the above for publication, but as notes for you to put in such form as you please.

I am as well on my way to the station from whence I will write more fully. Our need of means is very great. Provisions are scarce, and of great price. Flour \$10 per bush; Meal from \$100 to \$125 per bush. Very affectionately,

Yours, &c.

D. LYKINS.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.—The following beautiful sketch of the devotion of the brethren mother, should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every mother in a Christian land who does not watch over her children, and keep her daughters from the temptations of fashion and frivolity, as carefully as the pure Indian woman protects hers from the dangers of savage life.

"How happy the Indian babe, born without shelter, amidst storms and ice! But fear nothing, for God has placed near him a guardian angel his own triumph over the severities of nature—the sentinel of maternity is by his side, and, so long as his mother breathes, he is safe. The squaw loves her child with insatiable passion; and if she does not manifest it by lively caresses, her tenderness is real, unfeeling, and constant. No savage mother ever treats her babe to a biting nurse; no savage mother ever put away her own child to suckle that of another. To the cradle, consisting of thin pieces of light wood, and gaily ornamented with the quills of the porcupine, and beads, and rattles, the nursing is firmly attached, and carefully wrapped in furs; and the infant, thus cradled, is held to the mother's back, is borne on the toughest burden; its eye now cheerfully flashes light, now accompanying with tears the wailings which the melody of the carrier cannot hush. Oh, while the squaw sits in the field, so hangs her child, as spring dew on blossoms, on the bough of the tree, that it may be rocked by the breeze from the hand of winds, and soothed to sleep by the hum of the birds. Does the mother die, the nursing—such is the Indian compassion, shares her grave."—George Burdett.

THE ITALIAN BISHOP.—An Italian bishop who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed without ever manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied, "It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of my eyes." His friends, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Must I tell you?" replied the bishop. "In whatever way I see. I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great happiness on earth is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and out to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look ahead on the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my eyes must stand, and how little reason I have to be murmuring, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."

For the Indian Advocate.

The Christian's Grave.

The following was communicated a short time ago by T. G. Voss, my obliging friend.

On the 25th August, 1849, towards evening, near the North Fork of the Canadian, and just below the Lower Salt Plains, we discovered at some distance a white flag. Supposing it to have been hoisted by some Camanches who had discovered us, and who wished to show their friendship to us, myself and a Shawnee started to it. On reaching it we discovered trails running to it from all directions, and for half a mile round the grass was beat down perfectly smooth. But not a soul was near. The flag was of blue and white, and about six feet high, tapering from the staff back nearly to a point, hoisted about twenty feet. Below the flag, hung a quantity of silver ornaments, such as bands, bracelets, and bow-knives. Below these again, hung on the north side of the staff, a shroud blanket, half red and half blue, bordered all round with hair and various kinds of feathers. On the east side, and being the west, hung a head-dress made of hair, horns and feathers, the cue of which was nearly six feet long, ornamented with silver bracelets and feathers of every variety from the Owl to the Eagle. And at the base of the staff lay a quantity of goods heaped up some three feet high, consisting of blankets, cloths, shrouding, drilling, heavy stripes, and various other kinds of cotton goods used by these people. I was told by the man who was with me, and on whose word I could rely, that this was the mode in which they disposed of the effects of their Chiefs who died in camp, and in time of peace, leaving them to be consumed by fire when the grass became dry enough to burn, returning in the morning, every two or three days to see they were not molested. The body of the deceased they placed on the top of the ground, in a sitting posture, or wrapped in a robe and laid on the ground. But when killed in battle they burn every thing belonging to them as soon as they hear of their death, at the same time killing the favorite war horse, with other horses, that they may be used in the world of spirits. Probably the body of the Chief was under the pile.

EMERSON'S PRECEPT.—No amount of men, or money, or organization, or means, can subjugate this world to the reign of Immanuel, till we have a thousand Christians enjoying the full measure of Christ's working within them, where we now have one, and till the spiritual family at large shall present to the eyes of the world that type of piety, which affords from the absolute triumph of the divine over the human. The carnal elements of our character must be quickened into glowing life, like the dead corpse of Ezekiel's vision, after the winds of the Spirit had animated them, before we can be at all qualified for organized, aggressive, and concentrated action against the evils of the God abandoned world. All that we do in the way of contriving or organizing, collecting, disbursing, speech making, anniversary holding, or in any extant mode of the kind, till a fuller development of the life of God in our souls is secured, is like the martial maneuvering of the children, as compared with an army in battle array. Some thank otherwise, I am sorry, regarding the piety of our churches, as needing direction into the channels of money giving, more than momentum and intensity in itself. And no doubt direction is necessary, but force and power from the deep embrasures of heavenly influence, are infinitely more needed. Our machinery is already in conceivable advance of our internal capacity for giving it action and efficiency. The shout of a King must be heard in the camp; a present God must be on his holy hill in Zion; and faith, and love, and immortal hope, and inexhaustible order, kindled by the fire coming down from above, must burn through all our churches, and run along the lines of every constituted phalanx, before we can realize a rapid movement towards the conquest of the world to Immanuel.—Dr. Church.

ILLUSTRATION KENTLAND.—Industry in humble and laborious occupations has been honored and exalted by the world's greatest benefactors: "In early life David kept his father's sheep; his life was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labor, yet, in the eyes of wise men, industry is truly honorable, and the most useful art the happiest. A life of labor is a man's natural condition, and most favorable to health and mental vigor. Bishop Hall says: "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the hand. God never allowed a man to do nothing." From the muck of industry have the world's great men been born. Rome was more than once saved by a man called from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. Jesus Christ himself, during the early part of his life, worked as a carpenter. His Apostles were chosen from amongst the busy and laborious fishermen."

DOCTRY.

Our Alms, How in Heaven.

How beautiful is the evening's gleam, When twilight drenches night, And glowingly the million rays...

We looked upon her sweet brow, Death's torch had made more fair, And in those glistening eyes...

The gleam of that spiritual earth, A night with starry skies, But O upon our eyes hearts...

We have for her the words, Her merry smile like truth— We watch to see her coming here...

Not when such thoughts lie on the soul, And tears overflow the eyes, And sorrow tremble on the lip...

From the Mercantile. A Missionary Example.

AS A LETTER FROM REV. W. DEAR, BISHOP BISHOP, CHINA.

In an article entitled "The pastor's relation to the missionary," we saw happy illustrations showing how men may rule by example...

As his disciples have given lessons to the world, not in word only, but by example. They are living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men...

But where are the teachers in Zion's land, who are copying by their example, onward to the conquest and the world's revival?

Paul, when would the western world have been Christianized? Had this been the plan of Jesus Christ, who would have believed the report of redemption?

With his disciples in teaching Christianity, its objects are either failed or enforced by the strength of its advocates. The truth of the gospel indeed remains unchanged, either by the good or the bad example of those who profess or preach it...

Jesus Christ when he came to redeem the world gave practical proof that he was sincere and earnest in the work. His early disciples furnished evidence, by their practice, that they believed what they preached.

"...And 'Doubt'—One upon a day on a Sunday afternoon, a lad was no way in his time that he did not get to the church-door till the congregation was coming out, and he said to the first man he met...

The Progress of Christianity.

BY REV. CHARLES ANSON.

The Christianity of the New Testament is impregnable and imperishable. It is, indeed, a pyramid, whose base covers the earth—whose summit penetrates the skies—and upon whose sides stand, illuminated characters, legible to all the inhabitants of the globe.

Christianity's founds her claims to general reception upon doctrines most abhorring to human pride, and facts calculated rather to repel than invite human credulity. Her cardinal doctrine, which all do but subscribe, is the justification of a sinner, his deliverance from the bondage of sin, and perfect happiness in heaven, through faith in a Saviour who himself fell a victim to his enemies, and expired as a sacrifice, under the infancy of the cross.

The cardinal fact of Christianity, without which all other facts lose their importance, is the resurrection from the dead of this same crucified Saviour—the promise, the pattern, and the pledge of the resurrection of his followers to eternal life.

Yet with such doctrines and facts did the religion of Jesus make its way through the world. Against the opposition of the multitude; against the interest, influence and craft of their priesthood; against the ridicule of wit, the reasoning of sages, the policy of cabinets, and the prowess of armies; against the axe, the cross and the stake, she extended her conquest from Jordan to the Atlantic shore.

Not shall his spreading Gospel rest, Till through the world thy truth has run; Till Christ has all the nations blessed That see the light or feel the sun.

From Osnouo.—It will be remembered that the Rev. Mr. Whitman, together with his lady and family, were massacred by the Indians at the mission above the Cascade, in the Kyanic country, Oregon, some time in the year 1847.

The heart of the goodness was in the death of heaven, which drew upon the earth, both light and darkness; the heart of the unrepentant is a desert of sand, which withereth with good seed, to show that fall, but smother them in his bosom, and produce nothing.

Illness of the Bible upon Nations.

Tell me where the Bible is, and where it is not, and I will write a moral geography of the world. I will show what, in all particulars, the physical condition of that people. One glance of your eye will inform you where the Bible is, and where it is not.

LOVE THE CREATOR AND NOT THE CREATOR.—Strange and sad are the unattractive, irrational exercises of human love. Men love to cross the things of earth, even when they are yet unseen and only hoped for; and yet love not themselves their souls, or their God.

Who is Rich?—"When I was young, as an old gentleman asked me, 'When is a person rich enough?' I replied, 'When he has a thousand pounds.' 'No.' 'When he has ten thousand?' I said, 'No.' 'A hundred thousand?' 'No.' 'When then?' 'When he has a little more than he has got, and that is never.'"

RECEIPTS.

Table with columns for location (e.g., Sabbath School, Louisville, Boston, Kansas) and amount received.

Total receipts, \$1197 06

WE have this day completed with us in business Mr. JAMES SULLIVAN for the last six years...

HULL & BROTHER, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

All now prepared to execute at this office, all kinds of a plain and ornamental printing.

Table listing various libraries and their holdings, including names like 'The British and Foreign Bible Society' and 'The American Bible Society'.