

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

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

By the Board of Indian Missions.

LOUISVILLE, APRIL, 1851.

Vol. V. No. 10.

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Under the patronage of the AMERICAN INDIAN MISSION ASSOCIATION.

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

"Lo, the poor Indian."

The history of the red man on this continent is full of the most touching incidents. Our Pilgrim Fathers, nearly two and a half centuries ago, found them in the wild enjoyment of their forest life, and then gradually disappearing from New England, until the name of but few of their chiefs remained to indicate their once powerful existence. From the Hudson to the great Lakes, from the waters of Erie, and Huron, and Michigan, to the Mississippi, and even to the Pacific, the same terrible and melancholy story of their extinction is every where engraven upon forest, and plain, and mountain. The age of gold had preceded the epoch of death to an entire race. Go southward and all is the same. The white man advances, and the red man recedes. War scatters its horrors for a while, and the native occupant of the land breathes with its smoke the air of independence; but the "Great Father" sends his "big men" to have a "talk" with the furnished and stricken warriors, and the "white path of peace" is entered upon by these pilgrims towards extinction and oblivion.

We hardly know how to characterize the emotions that have come over us in reading the speeches of certain Texan chiefs at a late "talk" near the San Sabá river. The bravest warriors of their race have at last yielded to the mandates of an inexorable necessity, and uttered their pangs in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The sternness of the savage is lost in the docility of the child. A spirit of resignation, almost as gentle and subdued as that of the Christian in the arms of death, takes the place of that defiant tone which has so long startled innocence from its repose, and palsied the muscles even of the strong. Here is the speech of Buffalo Hump: "We are poor, and we hope you will take pity on us." When was appeal more eloquent, more touching, more overpowering? Buffalo Hump is a Comanche chief. He is replying to the treaty propositions of the United States Agent:

"All my red brethren are the same—they have heard you talk with a big heart. My belly is full of love for you—my red brethren are the same. We hope in time that the white people and the red men will be the same. Since we have heard you talk we believe the Great Father has given you a big white heart to make a big white road to the house of the red man. We think you have told the truth, and believe there will be peace. We believe you have come to make the great white road of peace. If any drop of blood is found in it, we believe you have power to remove it. My red brethren here all believe the same. They love you, and hope you will not die. I want you to look at me and all my people here good. We are poor, and we hope you will take pity on us. The white man has taken our lands from us. We were once great, but now we are small. We see the great waters no more; our sun goes down in the earth. We have been friendly for a good while—we have been friendly since peace was first declared, and we will not tire. I will not take anything bad into my heart. I do not want to fight—I do not want war. My red brethren all believe you are not hiding any thing from them—that you do not speak with two tongues—that you are telling the truth. I hope you will let us have soon the prisoner who is among you. If we are brothers, you will let us have him. We agree to your talk in what you have said, and I have nothing more to say."

Oh-ki-to, chief of the Lipan, spoke: "Other white men came and covered our lands." What an epitome of the history of our dealings with the Indian!

"The Great Father has told me to be good. I was at the great talk long ago on the Brazos, and I call the Great Father, the Sun, and my Mother, the Moon, to witness that since that time I have been friendly toward the white man. Twenty-five years ago the first white man came among us. We then lived towards the sun, by the great waters. The white man said he came to seek his children—that he would give us his heart, and

he take mine, and that we would be the same people. We did so, and I now call on the earth and sun, which never lies, to hear me—that since that time I have been the same. After this there were other white men came, and covered our lands, but I have always been friendly. The white man has killed my people, and taken our lands from us, but we have since made peace, and the blood is wiped out and we are friendly. I have heard you talk of the "big tree" (the white man) and the "little bush" (the red man) and I hope the little bush may flourish under the big tree. My heart is made glad with your talk. I love peace—I love my wife, my children, and my horse. When I lie down, I want to be down in peace.

"All my red brethren are the same, and it makes us all feel glad that you have expressed to us the great white path of peace. I am resolved to walk in it. Some of my brethren may get out of it but I hope not. You talk of a line so that we may know our lands. We hope that you will not forget it, and that we may be friends. I have buried the tomahawk far in the earth, and I hope the grass may grow over it. Some of the tribes may dig it up, but I hope never to see it again. Some of my northern brethren may steal, and I cannot help it, but I will come in and tell you. I hope you will not blame my people for this. I hope you will let us live in this country—it is our home—I have lived in it since a little boy, and the graves of my ancestors are here."

A chief of the Caddoes made but a short speech. The head chief was absent, and the orator present had "but little to say." But what a power of emotion must have burst forth from every bosom, when he uttered these words: "You see we are poor, and often hungry." The buffalo and the antelope have nearly disappeared from our prairie, and the deer from among our hills, and we are left alone. I hope you will have pity on us."

We can give but one speech more. It is that of A-qu-quah, head chief of the Wampan: "The Great Spirit has made our hearts all the same, and we are all one people." Could a Christian have out spoken this Pagan?

"Now all you white brethren are me standing here, and I take the Great Father to witness that I am going to tell the truth. I talk in the light, and the Great Father, the President, hears me. I was at Washington and saw the Great Father; and the Great Father told me to be good, to keep peace, that when he sent a good man among us, to believe him. We all believe you are good, and we listen to your talk. I took the great white road of peace long ago, and I am not yet tired. I have a small village on the Brazos, and some of my men are bad and sometimes steal from the white man. I have always done all I could to prevent it, but I am sometimes expect they will kill me; but I am not afraid: I will be good to the end. I know my heart has always been good toward the white man ever since I saw him a long time ago, and I will not change. I consider the white man the same as our own people: they have the same blood, live in the same earth, eat the same meat, drink the same water, and are the same."

"The Great Spirit has made our hearts all the same; all ought to be good and the same. Some of my red brethren Wicketaws live away over Red River. They sometimes steal horses and come to my town. It makes my heart cry. I sometimes try to take them. Since I first made peace I have found it the best, and I will try and keep it. I once fought much myself, but now live in peace and think of good. My red brethren here all determined to take the stolen horses and give them back to the white man. I am not afraid to talk to my people; they now hear me; they may kill me; you may hear of my death, but I am not afraid; I will not die. I will be good. I have heard your talk and like it, and have nothing more to say."

INDIAN NEWSPAPER.—The Dakota *Tribune*, *Miner*, or "Dakota Friend," is the title of a seven-by-twelve sheet published at Minnecoon, in the language of the Dakota Indians. It is a monthly, edited by the Dakota Mission. The March number contains a number of articles in the Indian tongue with English translation, and gives an interesting account of the Dakota tribe. There are now three Indian tribes in this country possessing types and printing-presses—the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Dakotas.

Indian Customs and Superstitions

A Californian correspondent of the Geneva Gazette, detailing the events of his overland journey, thus writes about some of the Indian tribes he encountered on the route:

A day's journey or a little more from the Indian village at the crossing of the Kansas, brings the traveler to the Pawnee country. This nation of Indians lays no claim to the least tint of civilization. They are truly barbarous in all their habits and customs. They are thenceless, thievish, filthy, and indolent. They either go entirely naked, or cover one shoulder and the body with the skin of some animal slain in the chase.

Their cowardice makes them friendly to the whites, but whenever they can get the advantage, they are blood thirsty and cruel.

The Patawatomies and Pawnee are frequently at war—indeed, almost constantly. Their mode of fighting is either by stalking behind trees and rocks, using their rifles, bows and arrows, or tomahawks, to the last advantage they can in close action—or they retire to the open plain, in which case they form in single file and make a perfect circle. The opposing party does the same. They begin their march, and when a warrior in marching, comes opposite to his foe he fires on him. Those of the opposite party do likewise—they continue the battle in this way, until one or the other party decays the storm of bullets ceases to endure longer, when a retreat is begun. But no two retreating parties, for but a few minutes elapse before their pursuers come on them like a trumpet, when death and destruction closes the scene. The conquering party returns with banners of triumph and horrid mutilation, each warrior having one or more scalps in his hand. The conquered returns to their people in silence and sadness.

Among their peculiarities is the burial of the dead. This is done by erecting a scaffold about eight feet from the ground, and placing the dead upon it, enclosed in a heavy skin and two blankets. Six or eight men then surround the scaffold, and each one of them holds a stick for a few days' march, and the choice tributes of the deceased. Many, I am told, attend the grave for several days and nights after burial, beseeching the soul or spirit of the deceased to be kind to them, and not use its newly-invented powers to their disadvantage. They think the soul can go where it pleases, and do whatever it likes, especially if well behaved in this life.

The Patawatomies bury in a sitting posture; the dead is placed in the grave facing to the East; by his side is his bow and some parched corn; sometimes a white dog is killed and placed at his feet. A hole is made through the earth laid over him, extending from his head to the West end of the grave. Through this hole the spirit is supposed to make its exit in from three to five days.

This tribe of Indians also believe that when the sun or moon is eclipsed, the evil spirit has gained a temporary possession of it and each flies to his gun and begin shooting at the eclipse for the purpose of frightening it away; and when it passes off they think they have succeeded.

A LIVE MEMBER.—An exchange paper furnishes a typographical anecdote worth repeating. The editor discovered, in reading the proof, that the types amounted that a certain good brother was made a member of a benevolent association by the payment of a sum of money. Of course the stray was changed for the appropriate letter. It is to be hoped that the "first impression" was a correct one. Live members are the right kind of members to add strength to any society.—*Murdinan.*

The Indians.

Our Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Hon. Luke Lea, has rendered to the Government an important and interesting document. He points out the prominent features in their present condition, and offers various recommendations for their improvement.

The grand curse is whiskey, introduced in unattended quantities, by unprincipled traders. The idle and migratory habits are also a fearful obstruction to any beneficial efforts among them.—*Mr. Lea says:*

It is indispensably necessary that they be placed in positions where they can be controlled and finally compelled by stern necessity to resort to agricultural labor or starve. Considering as the untamed Indian does, that labor is a degradation,

and that there is nothing worthy of his ambition but prowess in war, success in chase, and eloquence in council, it is only under such circumstances that his haughty pride can be subdued, and his wild energies trained to the more ennobling pursuits of civilized life. There should be assigned to each tribe, for a permanent home, a country adapted to agriculture, of limited extent and well defined boundaries, within which all, with occasional exceptions, should be compelled constantly to remain until such time as their general improvement and good conduct may supersede the necessity of such restrictions. In the meantime, the government should cause them to be supplied with stock, agricultural implements, and useful materials for clothing; encourage and assist them in the erection of comfortable dwellings, and secure to them the means and facilities of education, intellectual, moral, and religious. The application of their own funds to such purposes would be far better for them than the present system of paying the annuities in money which does substantial good to but few, while to the great majority it only furnishes the means and incentives to vicious and depraving indulgence, terminating in destitution and misery, and too frequently in premature death.

AN INDIAN BREAKFAST.—On the 17th we were paddling along at daylight. On putting ashore for breakfast four Indians on horseback joined us. The moment they alighted, one set about hobbling their horses, another to gather small sticks, a third to make a fire, and a fourth to fetch fish. For this purpose the fisherman cut off a lot of his leather shirt, about the size of a bean; then pulling out two or three hairs from his horse's tail for a line, tied the bit of leather to one end of it, in the place of a hook or fly. Thus prepared he entered the river a little way, sat down on a stone, and began throwing the small fish, three and four inches long, on shore, just as fast as he pleased and while thus employed, another picked them up and threw them to wards the fire, while the third stood up around the fire, and the fourth sat down on a stone, and began to eat. The fish were small, and they were eaten up in a few minutes. The fisherman then sitting down swallowed them—heads, tails, bones, fins and all—in no time, just as one would swallow the yolk of an egg. Now all was but the work of a few minutes, and before our man had his kettle ready for the fire, the Indians were already eating their breakfast. When the fish had held the bit of leather, or bait, their teeth got entangled in it, so as to give him time to jerk them on shore, which was to us a new mode of angling; fire produced by two bits of wood, was also a novelty; but what surprised us most of all was the regularity with which they proceeded, and the quickness of the whole process, which actually took them less time than it has taken me to note it down.—*Ross's Adventures in Oregon.*

THE GRACE OF GIVING.—A cent a week. This is a small sum, but it amounts to fifty-two cents in a year—more than many church members are in the habit of annually giving for the spread of the Gospel, at home and abroad.

Five cents a week. Who, with a little economy, could not save this trifling sum, but five cent a week amounts to \$2 60 a year—which is considerably above the average contributions for benevolent objects.

Twenty-five cents a week. Very few are so poor that they cannot by practicing a self-denial, give twenty-five cents a week. But 25 cents a week amounts to \$13 000 a year.

The Apostolic rule seems to imply that a weekly collections should be made for benevolent objects. And if "the grace of giving" is a grace which deserves to be cultivated, it must needs be often brought into exercise. Nothing is said of the amount. This is to be regulated by the measure of prosperity which has been enjoyed under the good providence of God. But something is said of the spirit in which the gift is bestowed. To render it acceptable it must be given freely—not grudgingly.—*Watch & Observe.*

INDIAN CONTRIBUTION FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.—There is exhibiting in Boston an elegant saddle, the cloth part of which was most superbly worked with beads by a young Indian girl only fifteen years of age. It is intended for the world's fair.

67 According to tables made out from the census, of the Assistant Marshals, there are in the Commonwealth of Virginia, nearly 63,000 white persons over the age of twenty-one who cannot read and write.

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

Edited by the Corresponding Secretary.

LOUISVILLE, APRIL, 1851.

The office 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 DYER,
Cor. Secretary Am. Ind. Miss. Association.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Those containing remittances to:

CHARLES R. 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, 607 Main Street, and pay it there.

Agents for the Board.

Rev. V. R. Thornton, Gen. Agent for Georgia.
Rev. J. M. Bennett, for South Kentucky.
Rev. G. B. Davis, for Alabama and Tennessee.
Rev. Andrew Moffat, for Mississippi.
Rev. S. H. Bundy, for Tennessee.
Rev. John James, for Kentucky.
Rev. W. M. Manning, for Mississippi.

Help Wanted.

The Board are anxious to secure the services of a good brother and wife, to take charge of the domestic department of one of our large boarding schools in the Indian country. We want those who desire to go from love to the poor Indians, rather than to secure a living; those who are willing to labor, endure privations, and make sacrifices, and wait for pay, further than a comfortable support, until they receive their reward in heaven. If this should meet the eye of any such individuals, we wish them to write to the Board, when all particulars will be given, so as to enable all concerned to decide whether God has been guiding them in the way to the Indian country.

Our Duty to the Indians.

That the Indians have strong and peculiar claims upon us, involving our honor as a Nation, our philanthropy as individuals, and in which their inherent rights are concerned, there can be no doubt, it is a feature in public sentiment throughout the land. It is too late, in this most critical period in their history, to stop and inquire into the long contested point regarding our right to intrude upon their soil, and remove them from its possession. This question, in all its practical bearings, have been fully decided by proclaiming the law of expatriation. We have now a higher question to decide, for the failure of which we shall be held to answer at the throne of the Great Judge; a question which does not involve the right to a few acres of land, but a title to a seat in the kingdom of heaven, an inheritance which fadeeth not away. We have possession of their country, and we are bound, by the strongest ties of duty and humanity, to preserve them from further ruin, and to lead them to higher and nobler aims than success in the chase and in war, by giving them, in all their holy influences, the blessings of civilization and religion. Since their acquaintance with us, tribe after tribe has wasted away, until half of this continent is depopulated of its aboriginal inhabitants; and those who are left, by contact with the vicious of our population, have greatly degenerated from their primitive condition, and of consequence, become more hopeless in their misery. Time was, when it was thought wholly impracticable to improve their condition, or even to stay the tide which was sweeping them onward to destruction; but happily for them and us, these unfortunate mistakes have been fully corrected by the complete success which has attended the benevolent efforts of the Government and the Missionary Societies to mollerate their wretchedness.

The colonization system has shown that they can be localized; the school system, that they can be educated; and the missionary enterprise, that they are susceptible of being reached by the influence of the gospel. What hinders, therefore, from going forward to care them from any further downward tendency? Nothing but the indifference and selfishness of professed Christians! It will certainly be chargeable upon the Christians of this day, in reference to the Indians: "Ye know your duty, but ye did it not." The awful consequences of this conduct, is plainly set forth—who will be so rash as to incur them?

Financial Secretary.

At the recent session of the Association, the Board were authorized to employ a Financial Secretary, whose special duty should be, to superintend the raising of funds, by securing agents, directing their operations, forming auxiliaries, and carrying the different sections of the country, in order to create an interest in behalf of Indian Missions; also to take the place of the Corresponding Secretary, when it is necessary for him to be absent.

In accordance with these instructions, the Board have appointed Rev. Y. R. Pitts, of Kentucky, as the Financial Secretary of the Association; and we feel perfectly well assured that it is only necessary to announce his name, to satisfy all who know him, that the Board have made a most happy selection. Brother Pitts combines as many of the requisite qualifications for the office as can be found in one person, and withal, he was among the first, and has remained one of the warmest friends of the Association. Brother Pitts has signified his willingness to accept this appointment, but is not certain that he can fully give himself to the work until the latter part of the year; in the meantime, however, he will do what he can.

Anniversary Meeting.

The eighth anniversary of the Association has just closed its session in this city. The attendance was not large, but very pleasant and profitable. Delegates were present from Kentucky, Indiana, Missouri, and the Indian Territory.

We will not here give a detail of the proceedings, as they will appear in full in the next number of the Advocate. Some of the acts of the session were deemed of great moment in the future operations of the Board, more especially a greatly modified plan in the school system heretofore pursued in the Indian country. This modification looks to a return to the spirit of the great commission, making the preaching of the Gospel the principal aim and object of the Association in future, and making schools, as they really are, helps in the work of civilization. Heretofore they have been viewed as the main dependence, and have received much the largest portion of the means appropriated for the good of the tribes, and employed the largest number of missionaries in their management. The Board of this Association will devote more of their means and employ a larger proportion of the missionaries in direct missionary work. This step has not been taken unadvisedly, but after a careful review of all the facts developed in the history of Indian missions, all pointing to the same conclusion, and illustrating the wisdom of the divine arrangement, in ordaining that the preaching of the gospel should be the "power of God unto salvation," among all nations.

Rev. Eliza Tucker, D. D.

Dr. Tucker, Pastor of the Baptist Church in Chicago, Illinois, arrived in this city on the 17th inst., on a visit to his son, the Treasurer of the Association, with whom he intends to spend most of the summer, with a view to improve his health. He has occupied the pulpit of the Walnut Street Baptist Church since his arrival, and as the church is without a pastor, we look for much aid from his valuable services during his stay with us.

Short Sermons.

We regret to say that the "Short Sermons" in this number is the last of the series which the author intends to write at present. They have been read with much interest, and, no doubt, profit also, and some of them have been extensively copied. We trust, at some future time, the author may be induced to resume his pen for the pleasure and instruction of our readers. We should be much pleased to see the series, herewith completed, in a more permanent form.

Literary Notices.

A Primary Astronomy, for Schools and Families, by Hiram Mattison, New York. Huntington & Co., Messrs & Lons. 1851.

We recognize in the author of this little elementary work, an old friend, who we know many persons as a worthy Methodist preacher, and we have, therefore, given the work a somewhat careful perusal, and although we are not much in the habit of ever going, except when our

"Eye is to a far away calling."

We think the author has given an excellent and simple description of celestial scenery, well adapted to beginners, and we recommend these engaged in teaching, to give the work a fair trial.

Christian Review, April, 1851.

An admirable number of an admirable work—worth its weight in gold, and yet can be secured, with three more of "the same sort," for three dollars a year; and every minister stands in his own light who does not have it making its quarterly visits to his study.

The Duties of American Citizens. By Rev. J. M. Peck.

This is an excellent and well-timed discourse, delivered by special request before the Legislature of the State of Illinois, on the 36th of January last. The author is well known from Maine to California, and therefore needs no commendation from us. We have read portions of the discourse, and intend soon to digest the whole, as the arguments, so far as we have been able to pursue the reasoning, appear to us to be conclusive, and effectually show up the folly of the "higher law" fanaticism. We hope it may have a wide circulation.

Reasons for becoming a Baptist. By W. L. Shack. Nashville, Tenn. Baptist Publication Society, 1838.

A well written little pamphlet, candid in argument, kind in spirit, and must carry conviction to every unprejudiced reader, that the author has adopted the only Scriptural mode of baptism.

South-Western Freeman.

This little volume is now ready for delivery, and has thus far received the unqualified approbation of the ministry and the press. Orders can be addressed to the publishers, Halls & Shannon, or the Editor of this paper.

Missionary Intelligence.

Choctaws.

Extracts from the Annual Report of Rev. R. D. Porro, Sup't. of Armstrong Academy.

Evangelical labors.—Number of Baptisms, Necessarily for more aid—Candidates for Baptism—Desire to labor among the people.

Since your last meeting, I have devoted all the time I could to evangelical labors. God has evidently blessed these labors to the good of souls. Many of our meetings have been of a deeply interesting character, young and old have felt the spiritual influence.

There have been added to the church, since your last meeting, seventy-four by Baptism, three by baptism of the sick, and seven.

Since your last meeting, I have been able to go among our people in consequence of having no one to assist me in secular affairs. Last fall I hired a man for that purpose, but he was taken sick and returned home. During his absence I have been confined at home, and I cannot say when I shall be able to resume my labors from home, as, in addition to all my other duties here, I expect to go into the school in a day or two, as Mr. Brown is very anxious to leave in consequence of the situation of his family; how long I shall be able to have this accumulation of labor I cannot say; I feel willing to do all I can for the good of the cause.

There are several at two of my preaching places waiting for Baptism.

I feel very anxious to be out among our people again and they are continually after me to visit them.

Creoles.

LETTER FROM REV. H. F. BUCKNER.

Dated March 19, 1851.

Ordination of D. N. McIntosh—Candidates for baptism—Great promise—Restoration of Health.

At the last regular meeting of the Muskogee Baptist Church, bro. D. N. McIntosh was ordained a Gospel minister according to the usual form.

By request of the church bro. Wallace was with us, and assisted in the solemn ceremony; and also preached for us on Saturday and Sunday, with much acceptance.

It seldom for me to speak of the labors of bro. McIntosh, as our brethren in the State have already become acquainted with his high qualifications for usefulness. At the same meeting two were baptized, and two received a candidate for baptism. On Sunday there was a very large congregation, and after commemorating the sufferings and death of Christ, the members engaged in singing a hymn, during which time much Christian joy and fellowship were manifest. We have had a long and severe winter which has greatly hindered our progress; but now "the time for the showing of black has come;" and we confidently hope that by God's blessing, we shall reap a harvest just during the approaching summer. I am happy to state to all who may feel interest in hearing that I have entirely regained my health, and that my wife and am are likewise in good health.

Poverty in California.—A writer from California, in the Southern Times says: "I believe there are more poor people in California, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in any part of the United States."

Facts of Indian History.

The Indians—Puritan of Land—America designed for a civilized people—Not born for Slaves—Their base Abolition.

Mr. Estlin:—I see no account of purchases of land in ten earliest settlements. The first was made at Jamestown Virginia, in 1607, and within two years, the design was entertained by the Indians to destroy all the whites; a daughter (Pocahontas) of the Emperor, disclosed the plot and the English were preserved. In 1636 a tract of country 10 by 15 miles was purchased, embracing Newhaven Connecticut, "for 13 cents, with privilege of planting and hunting on the lands." Large tracts were no doubt bought for very small sums, and the Indians unkindly treated.

But does the fact, that because a certain race of human beings are born on a continent, confer upon them the right of possession, to the exclusion of all others? I do not admit the claim of European monarchs, that is, that it was their right to give away the country to their subjects. But it is clear, History and observation make it so, that Providence designed America for something more important than the mere hunting grounds of a few millions of savages. God made the earth to be tilled—not run over merely, to catch, deer and the buffalo. Had not Europeans settled in the country, a people now industrious and better educated than the others, the mighty forest would never have been filled, nor the wide prairie made to yield their tribute in sustaining the wants of the world. Intelligence would not have been widely diffused. God designed that America should shed light on the science of government and bring the nations, long dominated over by despots, to enjoy rights that had been wrested from them for ages: as a theater on which it should be demonstrated that enlightened and virtuous men are capable of self-government, without the aid of king and prelatical bishops. The torch of Religious Liberty had never sent out its rays of light as it has since the days of Roger Williams. Then two facts in American history, enable and distinguish her—they present her on a high elevation to which the nations of the earth are looking with wonder and delight.

In 1513 Ferdinand, king of Spain declared "that the servitude of the Indians is warranted both by the laws of God and man." It is surprising that Protestants did not subject them to slavery. But they see a different race from the Africans, and will not do them—make servitude drudgery—servitude crushes their spirits and they pine away and become extinct in a few ages: the proof is abundant in the history of S. A. and Mexico. The Indian spurns the collar and fetter—he was born for freedom. He knows not fear. Three hundred Chickasaws in 1736 routed and put to rout 200 French and 400 Canadian Indians.

The fact that our aborigines cannot be reduced to slavery and rendered useful servants, shows the nobility of their origin, and pleads with the eloquence of nature's voice in behalf of their conversion to the Christian religion. They will become most efficient coadjutors in the Missionary enterprise.

Alcohol is their deadliest enemy—the passion for it is so strong that they will drink it, though convinced it would prove their death in 24 hours. Millions have wasted away under its withering influence—and many are still exposed to its dreadful curse. For gain the white man has engendered the appetite and cultivates it, that he may grow rich on an uncontrollable passion of the Indian. How base! how scandalous! The Choctaws, Creeks, and Chickasaws etc. have stringent laws against its being introduced into their countries; but it is smuggled in by women and mean whites, to the ruin of some. But the wild tribes oppose no barrier to its introduction—they perish by its poison more rapidly than by famine or disease. Thousands of the Kaws, Pawnees, and more Southern tribes die yearly through the curse of whiskey.

CENTRAL.

From the Foreign Missionary.

Visit to the Omahaws.

An Indian Festival.—The first Chief's visit and reflection on his country.—Wonderful preservation of the Omahaws.

After proceeding about two miles and a half, we reached an eminence overlooking the valley of the Pawnee, and in view of the Omahaw village, though still few miles distant. Here a number of disconsolate Indians were paying the last tribute of respect and office of duty, to one of their number who had died the day before. The individual we were informed, was a man of some notoriety among his people, particularly as an expert hunter, having himself killed fifty buffaloes while on the last summer's hunt. The body was interred in the earth after the English custom, but instead of filling the vault with earth as it used with us, a framework of wood, like a steep roof, was put round the mound, and this was surrounded with a heavy pile of earth from the prairie and, giving

the appearance of an oblong potato-heap. On the top of this pile was a bundle of provisions, and close by a wooden dish for water. Near to the grave, a squaw with her hoe appearing to be preparing the ground to plant some seeds, as their custom is. These provisions, they think are in some way beneficial to the spirit of the dead. Around the graves of many of the Iowas, corn, pumpkins, melons, etc. are cultivated, and left for the benefit of the spirits.

If in the future, the facied home of the poor Indian provided with game and pleasure, could be realized, the spirits of the disconsolate survivors, whose present existence seems to be but a doubtful strife against the waves of adversity which now lash over them. There were a number of mourners about the grave. They appeared sincere. Some were seated on the ground with heads bowed down. Others prostrate with their faces towards the earth; while one, directing his face towards the village and extending his voice, made "a great and sore lamentation."

In a half mile further we came to a small brook in the prairie, where we were met by the principle men of the nation, on their way to the Missouri river. We alighted from our horses, a fire was made, and the pipe immediately put to use among the chiefs and braves. We told them we were desirous of visiting them at their village, and would be pleased to talk with them on religious subjects, and give what instruction we could to them about their souls. The first chief, "Elk," said they would be glad to see us at the village when they were at home, but that he had become sorry and distressed at seeing so many men, wagons and teams travel through his country; that he was going to see the ferryman, who had promised to pay him for permission to land a few men and wagons on his land, but the ferryman had landed a great many, and now he wanted pay in proportion to the number he put over. He then, with regard to the California emigration, with some feeling said:—

"These white men are coming into our country in such numbers that they will drive off all the game, and leave our people to starve. Nor is this all; they bring with them, as they did last year, bad sickness, such as cholera, and kill our people. Nor is this all—every year they are coming in greater numbers—last year they were but few, this year many, and next year there will be more. The land will be so full that the Indian must travel." He concluded with an earnest request that all his white friends would help him all they could. At his earnest request we agreed to return in his service, provided he would bear our instructions at a suitable time.

The Omahaws have, for a long time, been a very afflicted nation; miserable poor, and wretchedly harassed by their enemies. A few years ago, a kind Providence almost miraculously provided this nation with food for an entire winter. Their enemies, the Sioux, had by storm driven them from their village and country, not giving them time to take a mouthful of provision. They encamped near the Missouri river, and in a barren country. To follow the buffalo would put them in reach of their enemies; winter was approaching, and starvation seemed inevitable. But in this extremity they found they were encamped near a large lake, which was well stored with fish, and in the bottom of which was found a great crop of what the Iowas call *chawa*, a nutritious root, a little like the wild potato. They also found that this lake could be drained into the Missouri river. Accordingly by the work of the squaws, a canal was cut deep enough to drain the lake several feet. This answered the double purpose of reaching the roots and thereby closely congregating the fish. As soon as the lake was dug round to the water's edge for the roots, and the fish had grown more scarce, the canal was cut a few feet deeper, which answered both purposes as before. In this way, by digging, digging and fishing, they subsisted the entire winter; and but for this, as were told by the Government agent and interpreter, they must have perished from starvation. Lakes and ponds are generally considered objectionable. Men avoid them stealthily and dangerously, but this one saved much people alive."

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

FAMINE IN MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul (Minn.) Register says, that the Indians above Crow Wing River are enduring extreme sufferings, and that many have perished from starvation. Those who know the facts have estimated that between five and seven hundred died from privation. It is said that the Chief "Hole in the Day," to whom they applied lately for advice, recommended them to acts of violence—among the rest, to burn into every house in which provisions could be had, and take forcible possession of them. A detachment of Chippewas which had arrived at St. Paul, with a view to lay before Gov. Ramsey the distressed condition of the nation, and to ask for relief.

Letters from Indian Boys.

The following letters were written by the two Indian youths whose names are signed at the bottom; and they are given in their own simple language. The penmanship of both is very good, but Edward H. Black's is much the best, and is far better than half of the full graduates of our Male and Female schools. These pupils have been under the careful instruction of sister Sarah A. Osgood, whose care, talent and faithfulness, is evinced by the great progress which they have made.

Accompanying these specimens of penmanship, we received several of needle work by the girls under her care, which are equally worthy of praise.

HARVEY INSTITUTE, Feb. 15th 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I sit down to write you these lines because I am grateful for your kindness in sending Missionaries to teach us to read good books. And not only to teach us to read good books, but the way to God. The Missionaries have traveled far from East, to tell the Indian about God, and it is for our good that you have now met to sing and pray, and to talk about the Indians: Do not weary in your good work. I have professed the religion of God. I sing and pray with my teachers and pupils every Sabbath. I think that these scholars when they grow up to be young men and women, will be useful to their friends, and that they may teach them the way to God. Some of them have no father nor mother, I have neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. I am very glad that I have friends among the whites to pray for me. But my friends, I have greater Father than all my friends. Sometimes I say to myself, where is my father and mother? are they in heaven, or in hell suffering in that lake of fire where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. And where will I be when I die? Shall I be parted from my father and mother, in that great day of His coming? Or shall we meet in heaven, with peace and joy, and sing praise to God in heaven with angels forever and ever. I am thirteen years of age, I go to school every day, and I love my teachers very much, I like to go to school to them. We get along very well in school, the boys and girls are learning fast, some of them have just come in school and others have learnt to read and write well.

March 22nd, 1851:—We lost one of our number about two weeks ago we think that he is gone to heaven, where God is, to be happy with the angels and sing praise to God forever. He is gone where there is no sorrow but where there is happiness and joy. About four weeks ago he met with us in school and learned with us, he will not come in school with us again, and he will not play and talk with us again, and we will not see him anymore until the last day when Christ comes, then we will see him and all our friends. And now my friends, we are yet alive while many of them have died around us and have gone to another world where there is no change. Then let us thank God for his goodness and be ready to die.

EDWARD H. BLACK.

HARVEY INSTITUTE, Feb. 15th, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I write a few lines to tell you how I feel towards Christians who have sent Missionaries here to keep school. I am glad to go to school and read books. I am learning tolerably fast. I have read in God's book that He looked down from heaven and He saw men that were doing good, and he sent his own Son into this world to die for sinners; and when he was in this world many people believed on Him, and before he went up to heaven he told his followers to go and preach the gospel to every creature in the world; that he became a Son of man, and whosoever believed on him should not perish but have eternal life; and at the last, He will come again to judge people, and those who do good He will take to heaven with Him, where is no more sorrow, but he will tell the wicked, "depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I know you not." Then there shall not be time for the wicked to turn unto Him; he will not hear us if we pray to him then. Our souls will be in that fire where is no rest for us; while those on the other hand shall be happy in heaven with God, and where they shall never part from each other. But there will not be many of this people, because they live their wicked ways better than the way of truth, that would lead them to their Father, where they come from. But we pray for them that God may turn their hearts from their sin to follow on Him, and they will be happy too with others in heaven. I am glad to see Christians sending Missionaries to the poor people, to tell them the word of God what He has done for them in this world.

MARCUS LINNEY.

Simplest Report.—Mr. James Leggett, who has recently on Snowing Mt., at Raccoon, has left by rail, proposing to the amount of about ninety thousand dollars, and the sum of twenty thousand is bestowed on various charitable religious societies.

For the Indian Advocate. SHORT MISSIONARY SERMONS BY REV. J. W. FENDLATER, A. M. NUMBER VIII.

THE LAST PRAYER OF DAVID.

And let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen. The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended.—Psalm lxxvi. 19-20.

The incipient organization of the kingdom of Christ was apparently unpromising; but the ultimate prosperity of this kingdom will be glorious indeed. To these two facts there is in the 16th verse of the Psalm before us a striking metaphorical allusion: "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." A small quantity of seed to produce a crop worthy of the reaper's attention! A handful of corn—a Scripture name for wheat. This handful of grain was to be sown not in a fertile soil, but in a sterile spot on the mountain top. Who could expect a harvest? Yet it is added, "the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." The crop will be so copious that the golden grain, in its majestic waving, will resemble the forests of Lebanon when agitated by the breezes of heaven. David, enraptured by this figurative description of the glories of the Messiah's kingdom, cried out, "Blessed be the Lord God who only doeth wondrous things. Let the whole earth be filled with his glory."

I. WHAT IS DENOTED BY THE GLORY HERE REFERRED TO?

It signifies a manifestation of the perfections of God—the tendency of this manifestation being to induce adoration of the divine character.

Creation proclaims the power and wisdom of God. In this sense the heavens declare his glory and the firmament shows the work of his hands. Jehovah's providential operations exhibit his glory. The eyes of all his creatures wait on him, and he gives them their meat in due season. As providential Governor of the world he exalts and abases individuals and nations. Kingdoms rise under his smiles, and fall under his frown. The gospel furnishes the most impressive display of the glory of God. Angels at the birth of the Messiah sang, "Glory to God in the highest." Paul speaks of "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord," and of the "glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." I have said the glory of God is a manifestation of his perfections. The more full the manifestation the more brilliant is the glory. The cross of Christ is the grand exponent of the Divine perfections. From it we learn that of God which nature in all her thousand utterances has never taught—can never teach. In the tragedy of Calvary there is an exhibition of the moral attributes of the Divine character which eclipses all other exhibitions. The glory of the cross must ever be "the glory that excelleth," and this glory must be made known through the gospel.

II. THE EARTH IS NOT FILLED WITH THE GLORY OF GOD.

This is the intimation of the text. There are millions of Pagans who know nothing of the true God. They worship senseless idols which they themselves have made. They see not the glory of God in the face of the crucified Nazarene. Also, they have not heard that the Lord of glory did, Mohammedans are infatuated with their system of imposture. They are involved in moral darkness, and this darkness can be dispelled only by the shining forth of the Divine glory.

The Jews are blinded. They as a nation regard Jesus Christ as an impostor. Of course they see not the glory of God in his cross.

What Roman Catholic country is filled with the glory of God? Many of the doctrines and practices of Romanism obscure the glory of God. And the Greek church is as superstitious as the Roman. How few in its corrupt communion understand the first principles of the oracles of God. The Indians of our own country are in a deplorable state. Numbers of them, it is true, have been converted to the Christian faith, but a large majority are in gross darkness. They have some confused conceptions of the Great Spirit, while they know nothing of God in Christ reconciling the world to himself. If I do not misinterpret the signs of the times they indicate not only the possibility but the probability of the extinction of many of the Indian tribes. Nothing, it seems to me, but the light of the gospel followed, as it invariably is, by the light of civilization, will perpetuate the existence of any of them.

Among Protestants how is the divine glory viewed? What abominable doctrines are believed! How have the ordinances of Jesus Christ been perverted from their original design! Into how many parties are the professed friends of Christ divided! Protestant nations are not sufficiently evangelized to abolish the infamous custom of war. The glory of God shines here and there, but it is only true that the whole earth is not filled with it. Darkness in most places covers the earth.

III. PRAYER FOR THE WORLD'S EVANGELIZATION.

THE SOLEMN AND DELIGHTFUL DUTY OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

It is here assumed as a fact that Christians will furnish the nations with the Bible, and the living ministry. Unless they do this they will virtually pray for God miraculously to fill the earth with his glory. "The seed is the word of God." The seed must be sown or there cannot be a crop. But where is sown the blessing of God is requisite to its germination and the production of a harvest. Hence the propriety of prayer.

1. Our prayers must recognize the transcendently important of the divine glory. We must desire the salvation of the world not merely because salvation involves the physical, intellectual, and moral amelioration of the condition of man, but we must desire it, chiefly, that God may be glorified. "Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The divine glory must be supremely dear to us. All other considerations must yield to it.

2. Our prayers must breathe the spirit of global philanthropy. We, when on our knees before God, should say, let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Prayer is not to be restricted to kingdoms, empires, or continents. Christians are to intercede with God for a world living in wickedness. Prayer for the world is highly appropriate. God has loved the world—Christ is the light of the world—the Spirit renews the world—and the gospel is to be preached in all the world. How manifest the propriety of prayer for the whole earth. There must be philanthropic intercession for man as man.

3. There must be intense earnestness in our prayers. David, in the text, submits to us the words, "Amen and amen." This denotes the deep anxiety of his heart. It is the fervent prayer that avails much. God's people have not yet learned how to pray. There is too little agonizing importunity at the throne of grace.

4. Our prayers must be imbued with a spiritual faith in the divine promises relative to the world's salvation. God says the heathen shall be given to the Messiah for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. What ground for confidence in prayer! In praying for the world's evangelization we ask God to do what he has promised to do.

5. Our last prayers should be that the whole earth may be filled with the glory of God. The text was David's last prayer. Jesus teaches us to say, "Thy kingdom come," before we ask for our daily bread. Our lives must be lives of prayer. And when the dying hour comes, the soul, as the last thing it does before its exit from the body, must collect all its energies—rally all its powers—and with an earnestness, rendered intensely solemn by the immediate presence of death, say, "let the whole earth be filled with his glory." The soul that thus prays in the expiring struggle will, as soon as that struggle is over, soar to that bright world which is filled with the glory of God.

Indian's Idea of Washington's Heaven.

"Among the modern beliefs engrained upon the ancient faith, there is one which is worthy of particular notice. It relates to Washington. According to their present belief, no white man ever reached the Indian heaven. Not having been created by the Great Spirit, no provisions were made for him in their scheme of theology. He was excluded both from heaven, and from the place of punishment. But an exception was made in favor of Washington. Because of his justice and benevolence to the Indian, he stood pre-eminent above all other white men. When by the peace of 1763, the Indians were abandoned by their English allies, and left to make their own terms with the American government, the Iroquois were more exposed to severer measures than the other tribes in their alliance.

At this critical moment Washington interfered in their behalf, as the protector of Indian rights, and the advocate of a policy towards them of the most enlightened humanity. After his death he was mourned by the Iroquois as a benefactor of their race, and his memory was cherished with reverence and affection. A belief was spread among them, that the Great Spirit had received him into a celestial residence upon the plains of heaven, the only white man whose noble deeds had entailed him thus heavenly favor. Just by the entrance of heaven is a walled enclosure, the ample grounds within which are laid out with avenues and shaded walks. Within this spacious mansion, constructed in a fashion of a fort. Every object in nature which could pledge a cultivated taste had been gathered in this blooming Eden, to render it a delightful dwelling-place for the immortal Washington. The faithful Indian, as he enters heaven, passes this enclosure. He sees and recognizes the illustrious inmate, as he waits to and fro in quiet meditation. But no word ever passes his lips. Dressed in his uniform; and in a state of perfect felicity, he is destined to remain through eternity in the military enjoyment of the celestial residence prepared for him by the Great Spirit.

