

# Indian Advocate.

"And the Desert shall Rejoice and Blossom as the Rose."

BY THE BOARD OF INDIAN MISSIONS.

LOUISVILLE, AUGUST, 1851.

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## THE INDIAN ADVOCATE,

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### INDIAN SCENES.

The Northwestern papers have some interesting intelligence from the treaty ground up near the headwaters of the Mississippi, where commissioners, at the latest accounts, had been for two weeks gathering in the Indians for the purpose of negotiating sales of their lands. The treaty ground is at *Traverse des Sioux*. On the 4th ult., the Indians began to come in, the *Sioux* band, numbering about 200, being among the first. These Indians never having been victimized by whisky sellers, are described as better looking, better dressed, and cleaner, than the bands lower down the river. On the following Sunday, the Indians, then numbering about 1000, were remarkably quiet, though in the afternoon 250 of them engaged for a while in their favorite ball play. Of the hundreds of squaws present, it is stated not a dozen over sixteen years of age are unmarried. On the 12th, while the commissioners were awaiting the approach of thousands of the remoter bands, an Indian marriage took place in one of the marquee. The man was 30 years old, and the bride 14. Educated in seclusion at the Mission House, she came in, writes one, "trembling like a young felon." A Justice of the Peace performed the ceremony after the Episcopal form. A dinner and homestead followed. After this, 19 young Dakota girls, and 15 young men, held the virgin feast.

The vicinity of the treaty ground is described as a region of thunder storms, and the Indians who dislike rain and fear thunder, had a meeting to consider the matter, and see if they could not secure better weather. Withdrawing Thunder made a speech. He said the high water was unusual. The Great Spirit punished them. Something did not suit him. Their corn-fields were deluged, their young men could not hunt, because their powder was wet, and would not burn. He continued:

But we are poor, very poor. Our skin may be counted like the poles of a lodge-frame, through the skin. Corn will not grow without sunshine, and if we have nothing to eat, we must starve. Our horses are few. We thought they could run some; but even *Shane Wagon's* (Mr. Tyler's) horse can outrun our fastest building. Our dogs are lean, very lean. They are too poor to bark. They howl a little sometimes, but very feebly. We are glad our Father came up here with a little corn, and a little beef, and it may be a few slices of pork, for us to eat. We were very hungry, and we are yet. The red man is always hungry. The white young men are fat. They look very sleek and greedy. The reason is that the Great Spirit gives them more food. We do not like so much rain; it is more than there is any use of. [Holl! holl] Our tents are soaked with water. It pains us to have our women loaded down with wet baggage when we travel. We cannot bear it. It may be the elements drove this flood up the river when they came. The boats brought up a little corn, and a little beef, and it may be a slice of pork. They are welcome. [Holl! holl]

Finally, the orator said it was whispered to him in a dream that, if they had a round dance, it might appease the Red Spirit, stop the storm, and save them much trouble, lightning and rain. The story of the Thunder-bird, he said, which had been dashed upon the head of the Blue North river, and which had opened the fountain out of which the greatest corn, must be broken. Accordingly, the round dance took place in the afternoon. The commissioners and upwards of 1000 Indians were present. The dance was called a religious one. An area like that of a circus was enclosed by ropes. We give a full account of this Indian dance:

A pole was planted in the middle of the area, and on a large out of bark, designed to represent the Thunder-bird, being suspended by a string from its top. At each of the four angles of the pole were placed four poles, and on each of these poles a man was seated, and in the center pole was a little altar of white bread, in which was an eagle looking in, and with his feet marked and a wig of green grass on his head, who acted as a singer, and uttered incantations and prophecies with fervent

tunes, and beat the drum, and played on the Indian flute, and sang by turns, to regulate the various evolutions of the dance.

Before this altar, at the foot of the central pole, were various mystical emblems—the image of a running buffalo cut out of bark, with his legs stuck in the ground; also a pipe and a red stone, shaped something like a head, with some colored shavings, moss, or other material, on the cranium, to represent hair. This red stone is said to represent the Spirit of Evil to be appeased. At a signal given by the singer, the young men sprang through the gateway and commenced a circular dance, in procession, around the altar, who continued to sing and beat his drum, and occasionally changed the order of dancing, or afforded the dancers a respite, by blowing upon his flute. The dancing is the same sort of double-hop, or Shaker step, which we see in their medicine and scalp dances. After fifteen or twenty minutes of violent exercise, the dancers ran out of the ring, returning after a short respite.

In the third set, a few horsemen, in very gay fantastic costume, accompanied the procession of dancers within the area, by riding around outside of the enclosure. In the fourth and last set, a multitude of boys and girls joined the band of dancers in the area, and many more horsemen joined the cavalcade that rode swift and more swiftly around the area, some dressed in blue embroidered blouses, others in white; and every horseman, as he skidded and swiftly rode was a subject for the painter, the music quickening and the excited performers flying like a whirlwind of fantastic men and horses—an exhibition so rare and strange, that in New York a Welsh would make a fortune out of it in a month, so an equestrian show. Suddenly at the end of the fourth set, several riders were discharged at the poles upon which the Thunder-birds were suspended, casting them all instantly down; when the curtain fell, and all dispersed. So ended the Round dance—the most imposing exhibition, probably, that is ever seen among the Indians.

From the Boston Christian Observer, GERMANY.

### PERSECUTION OF THE BAPTIST.

The following letter from the devoted Orchen to the Primitive Church Magazine, England, is every thing from this distinguished man of God, will be read with deep interest. It will be seen that instant baptism is still alarmed at the success of the Baptists in Germany, and has resorted to its usual mode of defence—persecution.

HAMBURG, May 23 1851.

"I regret to say that my health has been of late very precarious. I need above all things entire rest, and that is not to be had here.

"Last Lord's-day our five missionary brethren were not apart to the work by prayer and the laying-on of hands; and to-day four of them have left us for spheres of labor.—Brethren and the Christian mission, Prussia in Pomerania, near Königsberg, and Labach. The other five remain here for a month or two, to assist us in visiting the students round Hamburg. All of them have our full confidence as humble and devoted men.

"The Lord is gradually, enriching our mission with additional laborers, and we are encouraged to hope many precious souls will be brought to the knowledge of Christ through their labors. Here, and in other places we still are favored with divine blessing, and many souls are converted to the Lord. But our trials are also coming upon us to try our patience; our brethren at Vienna, eleven in number, and six other individuals, who were assembled on April 26th, for the worship of God were all arrested and cast into prison. According to the latest intelligence, all but three of the brethren have been released from prison for the present, through the influence of a high person at Vienna. When the time of this matter will be we cannot tell; but we know that the Lord might, and will come down even this will turn to the furtherance of his cause.

The Swedish Baptists are about purchasing two trawlers of land in Minnesota, on which to build. For 25 years, these Indians have resided at Green Bay. They number about 3,000, and give the descendants of an ancient tribe of that name, and are mentioned in the history of the early settlement of the Northwest.

### "NOT ASHAMED OF MY CHAIN."

"The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain." Yes! we sympathize in that benediction too. God bless Onesiphorus and home with the riches of His love! We know but little of this Ephesian worthy, but that little makes us wish to know more. He was a genuine man—of that most ancient of all orders, "the order of husband." He was a faithful friend. He looked above appearances, or rather he regarded appearances in their true aspect. He recognized true nobility wherever he found it. He knew the image and superscription of his heavenly Master when stamped upon a soul, and honored it for that Master's sake.

How grateful is the recollection of the old wayward Apostle! He says that Onesiphorus "oft refreshed" him. As a cup of cold water to the gasping, fainting wayfarer of the desert, came that visit of his Ephesian brother unto Paul. When he arrived in Rome, he searches Paul out. He finds him in prison! "No man stood with him." The mind have turned their backs, and left him in the lion's paw. There he is—Nero's captive, but Jehovah's freed-man! There he is,—with an iron chain on that arm that waved over the Acropolis, and saved the philosophers of the Violet City into silence—that arm which made Felix tremble, and from which the viper fell off innocuous into the barbarians fire at Melita. That scarred and weather-beaten body in a cell! Like that modern Paul who wrote the Pilgrim's Progress, he is under bolts and bars. And thither comes Onesiphorus, with the refreshment of his fervid sympathy. He is not ashamed of his chain. No! he counts that a badge of glory, the livery of his once persecuted Master. It is a decoration. As Napoleon took the "grand cross of the Legion of Honor" on the breasts of those who fought most bravely and suffered the hardest hardships, so Nero put great distinction on the bold apostle when he had bound that chain upon his limbs. He would not have taken so much pains to tie up a coward. A smooth, popularly-hunting preacher is generally safe in "king's houses," but the Lutherans find their need in Wartburg castle. The Lollards and John Huss have their earnest voices smothered at the crackling stake amid fire and smoke—and the tongues of the bold John Baptists are only safe to Satan's tyrants, when "the head is brought on a charger."

It was a badge of honor, therefore, that Onesiphorus greeted the Apostle's chain. It spoke of holy continuity to Christ, and clanked out a eulogy, as Paul drew it over the cold prison floor. The treatment which Paul's Ephesian brother showed towards him and towards his chain, bespeaks our highest commendation.

### TO MOTHERS.

A mother's influence is not the forge and hammer that suddenly reforms the iron subjects. Her work is like the dew which softens the pure refreshing deposit, and fructifies the opening germ and tender blade. A mother who has failed to plant the earliest springs of feeling, to modify the first germination of thought, and to give character to the first affections, has most signally failed in her duty, and fearfully exposed her child to the empire creed of fonder passions that infect humanity.

It is not to be forgotten that not to do the mother's part, is to leave the *coldest* seed undone; but that is not all. Words grow where there is no cultivation, and the crab apples of envy, malice, ill-will, insubordination, anger, pride, &c., grow daily without grating. The mother may soothe her troubled conscience, and shield her heart to smother the pure wrong in her bosom by her unloved child, by a remembrance that she "is no real example, and taught the child no evil deed," but still such a deception will ill amend for a premeditated iniquity, and a stained soul. A mother who should permit her child to lay in the crucible, and punish for the lack of a mother's care, would scarcely be less a murderer than she who strangled it in its bed. The one was murder *en passant*, but no less murder for that. The other was only murder. So the mother who neglects her child's spiritual interests, and exposes him to the moral plagues which are already seated in his constitution, and which none can more modify than herself, is not less the destroyer of her child than she who builds him to the post-house of moral leprosy, and yields him a prey to ruin.

### HOME.

—Home, thy joys are passing lonely—  
—Jays no stranger heart can tell—

What a charm rests on the endearing name—my home! consecrated by domestic love, that golden key of human happiness. Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands; there a father welcomes, with fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lip the name of Jesus; and then a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home—sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful; our path may be strecked by sorrow and care; unkindness and frosts may wither the joyousness of the heart, efface the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears, yet, when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place in which it delights to linger, as the loved scene of childhood's home! It is the polar star of existence. What cheers the mariner, far away from his native land in a foreign port, or tossed upon the bounding billows as he paces the deck at midnight alone—what thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the loved ones far away at his own happy cottage; in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fire-side. In imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing the sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land, to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

Why rots that deep shade of sadness upon the stranger's brow as he stands amidst the familiar circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can afford; happy faces gather round him, and strive in vain to win a smile? Ah! he is thinking of his own sweet home, of the loved ones assembled within his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan, she, too, had a happy home; its loved ones are now sleeping in the cold and silent tomb. The gentle mother who watched over her infancy, and lushed her to sleep with a lullaby, which a mother only can give, who in girlhood days taught her of the Saviour, and tuned her youthful voice to sing praises to his name, has gone to the mansions of joy above, and is mingling her songs, and tuning her golden harp, with bright angels in heaven. Poor soul! she is now left to thread the golden path of life, a lonely, home-less wanderer.

Thus it is in this changing world. The objects most dear are snatched away. We are deprived of the friends whom we most love, and our cherished home is rendered desolate. "Passing away" is engraved on all things earthly. But there is a home that knows no change, where separation never takes place, where the sorrowing ones of this world may obtain relief for all their grief, and where the sighs and tears of earth are exchanged for unending songs of joy. This home is found in heaven.

In the shadowy past, there is one sweet reminiscence which the storms of life can never efface; it is the recollection of home. In the faded future, there is one bright star whose lustre never fades; it is the hope of home—of a heavenly home. —*Marietta Fisher.*

INSTRUCTION IS REVIVAL. Let not be forgotten that knowledge, is an important, and an indispensable ingredient of a well-formed Christian character. Zeal without knowledge, however sincere, is blind, and will soon die out, or run off the track—like a locomotive conducted by an unskillful man—and dash itself to pieces and kill the passengers.

Much *instructive* preaching should be mingled with revival sermons; and those who embrace religion should be urged to commune earnestly the study of the sacred Scriptures. If they only go to church, sing, pray and shout, if they neglect the word of God—if they drink not the sincere milk of the word—if they eat not this living bread from heaven, they will have a religious character *recedingly defective* and ill formed. They will never know the church nor God.—*Rev. Thayer.*

There is not a single person of Jewish descent, in the State Prison at Sing Sing. There are nearly eight hundred prisoners there at present. Tears derive its name from an Indian word, signifying beautiful.

# The Indian Advocate.

Edited by the Corresponding Secretary.

LOUISVILLE, AUGUST, 1881.

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 DYER.

Our Secretary Am. Ind. Miss. Association.

Those containing remittances, to CHARLES S. TECKER, Treasurer Am. Ind. Miss. Association.

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 109 Main Street, and pay it there.

## Agents for the Board.

REV. V. B. THORNTON.

General Secy Am. Ind. Miss. Association.

GREAT BRITAIN: REV. J. M. BENNETT, for Kentucky.

REV. G. B. DAVIS, for Alabama and Tennessee.

REV. I. P. HERRICK, for Mississippi.

REV. W. M. HANING, for Missouri.

REV. A. W. NUGENT, for Illinois and Indiana.

REV. REUBEN JONES, South Kentucky.

## EMBARRASMENTS OF THE BOARD.

We are deeply pained to be under the necessity of announcing that the Board are laboring under the most serious embarrassments for want of funds. Our Treasury is wholly exhausted, and some of our missionaries are destitute of means, small as they are when promptly paid, while we have no possible way to meet their just demands, unless the churches and brethren will answer liberally and promptly to this call of the Board for aid. Brethren, in the Ministry, we appeal to you in this extremity; give us the aid of your influence and labor by acting as voluntary agents for a Sabbath or two in your fields of labor. Take collections and subscriptions without delay, and forward them to our Treasurer, that we may be enabled to meet the wants of our suffering missionaries.

## MORE ENCOURAGEMENT.

In the midst of our pecuniary troubles, it is some relief to know that God is still working with us in the conversion of souls. Read the cheering intelligence from some of our stations in this number, and see if we have not good reason to go forward in the work which God has assigned us. A large number have been added to the churches under our care, and on other able and intelligent native preachers added to our ranks. The Board desire to take this good brother immediately into their service; his aid is greatly needed, as brother Potts is nearly worn out by long and hard service, and must have the assistance which he has so long and earnestly solicited. Who will come forward and pledge the hundred dollars for the support of brother Graves? Brother Graves is a Choctaw, and will labor in that section of the nation bordering on Red River, an important and most promising field. We hope to hear from some brother soon in a substantial communication.

## NEW THEOLOGICAL BOOK STORE.

It gives us great pleasure to inform our readers, that Mr. Andrew Davidson has opened a well stocked theological Book Store in the Telegraph building, on Third Street near Market, and is now prepared to fill orders for any part of the South and West with promptness, and on as reasonable terms as can be afforded by any other house.

He will keep on hand a full stock of the standard works of all evangelical denominations, besides a full complement of the publications of Carter & Brothers, New York, which he will afford at their Eastern prices. Among his collection will be found all the standard Baptist authors, including G. H. Ball, Fuller and Williams. We advise our readers to give him a call.

## AGENTS FOR ILLINOIS AND INDIANA.

Rev. A. W. Nugent is duly authorized to act as agent of the Board in the states of Illinois and Indiana, and in this capacity he is most affectionately commended to the attention and liberality of the brethren.

## INDIAN TREATIES.

In our last issue, we took occasion to express our regret at the failure of the Commissioners to secure proper treaty stipulations with the Sioux; our remarks were based on the statements of the public prints. Since that time, reliable information has given quite a different aspect to the subject. It now appears that the agents sent by the Government have been fully successful in their mission, having secured treaties with the different chiefs and bands of this great and warlike tribe, by which they engage to relinquish large portions of the country which they have heretofore claimed as part of their hunting grounds, and confine themselves to certain specified limits, and also to conform to other conditions, which will render them more susceptible to the meliorating influences of civilization and Christianity. The Government has obliged herself to provide liberal means to advance their civil and social relations, and with the aid of the benevolent, the moral and intellectual well-being of the nation.

We trust that the greatest promptness will be used in the application of the benefits of these wise and benevolent stipulations, and that the poor Sioux will yet be saved from the ruin which has swept away so many tribes, and which seemed at one time to threaten them with so much certainty. We hope, in this good work, the liberality of our friends will be such that they shall be enabled to act a prompt and liberal part—part worthy of the Baptists of the South and West.

## ORDINATION OF A NATIVE CHOCTAW.

It will be seen, by a reference to the letter of Bro. Potts, that Henry Graves, a native Choctaw has been regularly set apart to the work of the gospel ministry. Brother Potts speaks of his qualifications in the highest terms, and of his ardent devotion to the work to which he has solemnly been set apart.

It has been one of the most cheering results of our operations, that so many of the prominent and intelligent natives have not only become converts to Christianity, but also preachers of the truth to their unconverted brethren. We have now the most efficient corps of native preachers ever known in the Indian country. May the Master greatly increase the number!

## NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Reprint Memorial for August and September. New York. E. F. Johnson.

The Memorial comes to us for the above two months, embellished with a beautiful engraving of the Crystal Palace, and a portrait of Rev. M. P. Jewett, of the Johnson Female Institute, Ala. The contents are also of a varied and instructive character.

Copy of the American Indian. New York. We acknowledge the reception of a number of this neatly printed weekly, and we have looked over it with much interest. Its Editor, Mr. George Copway, is a full blooded Chippewa Indian, who for many years, has devoted himself to awaken an interest in behalf of his suffering countrymen, in which he has succeeded in no little degree. He has finally concluded to establish this journal in the great metropolis of the country, as the most effectual way to accomplish his object, in which we hope he may eminently succeed.

The paper which he has issued is large and neatly printed on fine paper, and judging from the number before us, of a decided literary character, especially in Indian legends and incidents.

The subscription price is three dollars a year, and we hope that he will be liberally patronized for his own sake, but more especially for the cause which he so ably advocates.

Essays in a Series of Letters. By John Potts, New York. Carter & Brothers, 10th Street, No. 25.

It is quite unnecessary for us to say a word in commendation of the above work; it has passed the ordeal of the highest criticism, and has, with the other works of the author, become a part of the choicest English literature. The publishers have rendered a most valuable service to American readers, by placing these works within the reach of all classes. The above volume, containing the best of the author's essays, is sold at the low price of fifty cents, and can be had at the new and well stocked Theological Book Store of Mr. Andrew Davidson, in the Telegraph building, on Third Street, near Market, to whose politeness we are indebted for our copy.

Reprint, Public, No. 6 and 7. By J. Robinson, D. D., New York. E. F. Johnson.

These two numbers are parts of a work in progress of publication, which we have before noticed with favor.

## Missionary Intelligence.

### Creeks.

LETTER FROM REV. H. P. BUCKNER.

Dated July 7, 1881.

Seven Baptists—Fifteen asking Prayers—Series of Meetings—Indian Liberty—Prosperity of the Creeks.

We closed an interesting meeting at the Muskogee church to-day. All the ministers were present, as is our custom to be once a month. Elder Jacob baptised four. I preached from the words: "Happy is that people that is in such a case; yes, happy is that people whose God is the Lord!" This gave me an opportunity of contrasting the present temporal prosperity of the Creeks with their former condition, as well as with the condition of the tribes who have not as yet embraced the Gospel. I also endeavored to show how they might become interested in the covenant of Grace, so as to have the Lord for their God.

Fifteen came forward for prayer.

Next Saturday there will be a church meeting at Chebecha, and one at Broken Arrow. Brethren Jacob and D. N. McIntosh will attend at the former place; Yatojiah and Lewis McIntosh at the latter; while I and some interpreter will hold a meeting at the Muskogee church. Next Wednesday night we have meeting at Bro. S. C. Brown's. On the 15th and 20th we will have meeting at Muskogee; and on the 25th and 27th at Broken Arrow. I trouble you with these appointments only that you may see we are not idle. Our Association will convene on the 10th day of September.

Since my last report Bro. D. N. McIntosh baptised three at Broken Arrow, making seven baptisms this month. We will constitute the Broken Arrow church on the 26th instant. It is very probable we will ordain Bro. Yatojiah to be their pastor.

We have received a visit from Bro. Holmes of the Choctaws, who preached to us twice with great acceptance. He left upon our minds an abiding conviction that he is a very pious and useful native preacher. Although he could not be with us at a regular meeting, yet our brethren contributed \$5 for his comfort, at an ordinary night meeting. They did this not because Bro. Holmes desired a gift, but because they wished fruit to abound to their account.

The Creeks are rapidly improving in agriculture. This year they will have a surplus of corn and cattle. Wheat, rye, oats, corn, potatoes, and, in fact, every kind of provision will be plentiful if it continues seasonable.

LETTER FROM REV. H. P. BUCKNER.

Dated July 20, 1881.

Funeral of Elizabeth Brown—Recollections of the last words of the deceased—Happy influence, of sanctified affliction—Numerous inquiries—Baptisms—Great entertainments—Apology for entertainments at Creek funerals—A false report corrected—More inquiries—Large and attentive congregations—Collection for the maintenance of an Association—Indian children contributing.

On the 15th inst. I preached the funeral of Elizabeth, infant daughter of Bro. B. C. Brown. She died some time in October last, before either of her parents had united with the church. Though she lacked seventeen days of being seven years old, at the time of her death, yet she seemed to have a knowledge of the Saviour, and was, by her own request, taken to our association on her dying bed, having been sanctified already nearly a year. Soon after the association, she called her father to the bed, and speaking faintly in Creek, and then in English, she bade her parents an affectionate farewell, telling them at the same time, that she was not afraid to die, and then gently fell asleep. There is abundant evidence that this affliction was sanctified to the good of her surviving relatives; for soon her mother united with the Muskogee Baptist church; then her father, and now her brother and sister are among the converts. The funeral services were preached from Matt. 23, 32. About seven hundred persons were present, who behaved themselves in a manner creditable to any refined nation on the globe. Twenty persons came forward for prayer, at the conclusion of the services; and two hundred dollars were returned to the fellowship of the church.

Gen. Betsy McIntosh, the principal chief, Joseph Durham, the national speaker, and Benjamin Marshall, all died, were all present, to lend their countenance in favor of the public worship of Almighty God. The deceased was a grand daughter of the principal chief, and by request, I officiated in the death of two of her sons, who were his daughters. After religious services were ended, at least six hundred green persons, besides many children, repaired to a spacious altar and partook of a rich

entertainment, furnished entirely at the expense of Bro. Brown. They sat down by tribes, at two o'clock precisely; and as fast as one meal was vacated it was occupied by another person, until half past four o'clock. From then, until an hour by sun, there were from fifteen to twenty eating all the time. The table was richly and bountifully furnished, and the cost of the entertainment, at the lowest estimate, was \$250.

As on a policy for such a course in this nation, allow me to say, that situated as we are here—without the means of accommodating visitors in our private homes; some coming a distance of thirty miles—we are compelled, from necessity, to have a dinner on such occasions. The most objectionable feature that I can see, is an effort to have the very best of everything, and a plenty left. This, however, goes to show the rapid march of civilization here, as well as the native liberality of the Creeks.

On Sunday I tried to correct a false report which had been widely circulated throughout the Creek nation, viz: "Ye have said, it is vain to serve God."—Mat. iii. 14. My method, (partly,) was to show,

1. That the report itself is false.
1. Because all that God has made observe His laws, but man only.
2. Because His laws are reasonable and right, and therefore we, his creatures, should observe them.
3. Because those nations only are blessed that observe his laws.
4. Because God, in His word, enjoins it. "Godliness, with contentment, is great gain." "Ye are my friends if ye do," &c. "Blessed are they that do his commandments," &c.
- II. Who circulate this report.
1. The devil started it. "Ye shall not surely die."
2. Infidels.
3. Universalists.
4. Backsliders tell you so.
5. Those who say that the Bible is true, and yet refuse to serve God themselves.
6. Many who do not believe what they say, tell you so; and even wrap themselves because they are enemies to the truth.

Lastly, the devil's missionaries here tell you that it is vain to serve God.

III. The awful punishment awaiting those who credit the report.

About eight hundred persons were present on this occasion, and thirty or more came forward for prayer. I do not think that I ever saw more apparent seriousness, or better attention to the preaching of the word. At the conclusion an opportunity was given for those who might wish to make a law will offering for the maintenance of our approaching association; whereupon \$28 00½ were contributed, without personal application to any one. It was peculiarly gratifying to see little Indian boys and girls going to their parents for something to contribute; then, with their own little fingers, depositing the same; afterwards, solemnly returning to their seats, as if to avoid observation.

LETTER FROM D. N. MCINTOSH, NATIVE PREACHER.

Dated Apple Town, Creek Nation, August, 4, 1881.

Interesting Meeting—Constitution of a Church—Baptisms.

I saw it down to give you an account of the most interesting meeting I have ever witnessed since I professed religion.

Last Friday morning I left my residence, in company with a Creek brother, for Broken Arrow Town, about thirty-five miles from here, for the purpose of attending a protracted meeting, commencing on Friday evening the 26th of August, to continue until Sabbath evening, the 31st. I had resolved, but a short distance from home, when I heard a voice behind me; on looking around I discovered it was brother Buckner, and immediately came to a halt and waited his approach, when I took him by the hand in token of these warm feelings that I have ever entertained for him since I embraced religion. Having two or three of us met together, we went on our way rejoicing. I was directed by us to go some out of our way by the residence of Elder Jacobs, and get in company with him, if he had not yet started. But on reaching his place, we found that he had left for the meeting; so we made but a short stay and proceeded on our journey. We had a distance of about fifteen miles to ride before reaching the settlement. The first place where we called after reaching the settlement was Elder Vannoy's, where we found Elder Jacobs and another brother, waiting our arrival. After making a few minutes, we were invited by our sister to dine, dinner was being ready. After dinner we continued our journey, leaving yet about seven miles to ride. After an hour and a half's ride from the time we dined, we reached the place desired, where we found quite a collection of camp. It being now about



## INDIAN ADVOCATE.

four o'clock in the evening, the balance of the day was spent in preparing camps for the reception of those who would come from a distance. Consequently our meeting did not commence until early candle light, but continued till about twelve in the night, when it closed with the understanding that they would all meet next morning under the camp at ten o'clock. The agreement was promptly attended to; for at the stated hour all were collected. The first thing to be attended to to-day, was the constitution of a church. Brother Backner preached previously, Elder Jacob examined the members, and I gave the charge, after which the hand of fellowship was extended, then Brother Backner led in prayer. Our meeting was then dismissed till after dinner.

The congregation met again about half after three in the afternoon. After the usual manner of proceeding, I made a few remarks, which were followed by an exhortation from Brother Backner, with a powerful effect upon the congregation. All of the brethren seemed to be filled with joy, even unto running over! It being now nearly dark, the congregation was dismissed for supper.

After the meeting of the people at night, Bro. Backner preached a very interesting sermon; then the door of the church was opened for applicants for baptism. Five came forward and expressed a desire to attach themselves to the church by baptism. Four of the number were received upon their experience and one was put off for some future time, with the request to continue praying. It being now about twelve in the night, our meeting was closed to commence next morning at two o'clock, and after preaching, the ordinance of baptism would be administered.

After two of the native preachers had preached, (Thomas McIntosh and L. Marshall,) the congregation remained to the water side, when Brother Backner and the candidates went down into the water, both he and they, and he baptized them, then they came up out of the water. The people went back to the camp, when the hand of fellowship was extended to those baptized. Then all the members shook hands, and thus closed one of the most interesting meetings I ever saw.

For the Indian Advocate.

"The Indian mission can never, I think, come upon a proper establishment, till some hands are purchased and the Indians brought to live together upon them."

Mr. Editor, this is the language of Whitefield in 1755 in a letter to the marquis of L.——. How exactly it accords with the present plan of evangelizing the Indians, though written nearly one hundred years ago! Most persons intimately acquainted with Indian character, especially at the South, where the best opportunities were enjoyed to become conversant with them approves this plan. As early as 1828 Isaac McCoy started from Michigan with six Potawatomi and Ottawa to explore the present Indian Territory. That excellent man traveled some thousands of miles in that western region and through his untiring efforts Congress passed the law, giving the three lands west of Missouri and Arkansas. No man told more industriously and under more sacrifices to accomplish the object which by so near his heart. He perceived that all attempts to benefit the tribes while surrounded by wicked whites, would be useless; hence he urged and labored for the scheme of colonization.

Many at the North opposed the plan with all their power of vindictiveness. That excellent man, Jeremiah Horne, was violent in his opposition, though no doubt honest in his views. He wrote several papers in the Washington papers, urging that existing treaties prevented the scheme. He regarded the Indians as independent nations, not, as they really were, under the supervision of the U. S. government. Northern papers carried and published from Jackson and other congressional men who voted for the plan, the contrary of the removal of the Indians, when the removal of their fathers, where in fact every tribe had removed frequently at their own option in quest of game and furs for their needs.

But the policy of the plan is most manifest in the comments and improvements of those who have emigrated from the East side of the Mississippi and from the Lake regions. Now they raise their own produce and much that they like to eat off. The Choctaw near Red river upon thousands of bags of cotton; the Cherokee, Chickasaw &c., live in comfortable houses—all the soil and become independent. These tribes live by themselves, like prevent the introduction, almost entirely of alcohol, the base of Indian life and poverty, which never could be done without the States.

All the Choctaw have not yet left Mississippi but companies arrive every spring in the Territory. One is struck with the difference in their appearance and that of the old natives: it is as great as that between a ship land of Guinea negroes,

just from the African coast, and the civilized blacks on a southern plantation. They seem not to know what economy means till they are settled on farms and live by tilling the soil. While surrounded by whites, their dependence is upon the chase and begging of their neighbors: when they arrive in the Territory, they are impressed with the fact that they must labor and that self will reap all the advantages of toil. The old settlers, though formerly idle and dissipated in their habits, have become industrious and sober, saving and thrifty people.

The gospel too has a salutary influence on them, hundreds have professed the religion of Christ and been buried, as was their Master, in the Canadian, Red, and other rivers of the west. Several churches preach the gospel of salvation. Schools are flourishing. The Cherokees and Choctaws have each a newspaper, besides several conducted by missionaries. Byington, Jones, Smedley, Potts will be remembered for their self-denying labors.

The true friends of the Indian are now trying to induce Congress to locate a Territory in Oregon or further south east, upon which to collect all the wandering tribes and bring them into civilized and christian habits. Will any oppose this scheme?—See what civilization has done for a few tribes west of Missouri and Arkansas. Three-fourths of those from Mississippi would have been dead, they remained in that state with their old habits: removal was prolonged and saved life and changed the whole character of that people.

I am glad to perceive that McCoy in 1828, though he may never have heard of Whitefield's views expressed in 1755, so perfectly agreed with him.

In regard to the best plan of Indian reform, there was no disagreement between those self-denying soldiers of the cross, while laboring for man's salvation; in their present employment there is no discordant sentiment: heaven is their happy home.

### LETTER FROM REV. G. SEYMOUR.

*Indian Academy—Four Indian Students—Responsibility and expense of providing for all educating them—Number of the tribe—Their destiny—Sympathy for them.*

BRO. THOMAS A. SEYMOUR.—It is sometimes since I wrote you, but often have I thought of you as engaged in a praise-worthy experiment. How many minds have been moved and how many hearts touched and made to feel God alone knows, by the motive and noble and noble vision of the "Christian Register?"

I rejoice that the experiment has so well succeeded that its form is changed and enlarged and its issues more frequent. If useful before how much more so now, and hence how much greater its claim to patronage.

But I did not sit down to write a complimentary essay. But while writing on other business, my mind was naturally considering its bearing upon the church, and the world in general.

The all absorbing thoughts of my mind are in reference to the Indian Academy. The work of building up and firmly establishing the institution, has been constantly accumulating. The building, the furniture, the teachers, the scholars are all in their turn and place to be attended to.

What has just now awakened my solicitude, is the commitment of four children of the Cattaraugus Indian tribe, to our Institution for instruction. Two of them are girls, aged 11 and 13 years, daughters of Stephen Silverbrook the chief of the tribe, a third is a son of George Jamison; and the fourth a son of John King; both boys are aged 13 years. They are all full bloods and their friends are anxious that they should be educated with a view to become teachers, &c. Now these children will impose additional burden upon this institution. But shall we shrink from burden or responsibility? Will not the Christian and the philosopher generously assist us in the bearing of our burden? I cannot for a moment doubt, that a people who are liberally contributing to sustain the mission in foreign lands, will find it in their hearts to refuse to instruct those in their own country.

Now, the Cattaraugus tribe of Indians, have chosen upon us. Their location is in Western New York, and they shudder at the thought of leaving the graves of their Father's but they see that it is inevitable, and soon they will be forced to seek a new and strange home beyond the Mississippi. Their number is constantly diminishing, the tribe now numbers 1942. They have never had any schools I believe among them; and they are treated of by their white neighbors, just as you might expect a people to be treated, by others who were determined to drive them away and possess their lands. Shall they go away with their faces turned towards the declining sun, with their eyes gleaming with the tear drops, and uttering the mournful lament that, "nobody cares for my soul?" I have said to the Chief of the tribe, and to his brethren that I pitied them! With a searching look that

none but the Red man can give, they fathomed the depth of my sincerity, and replied "we will test your pity." And now relying upon the blessing of Almighty God and the liberality, charity, and generosity of the christian church, and the philanthropy of the world, I trust I shall prove my friendship sincere to the Red man.

These four children! What destiny awaits them! They are human beings—possess immortal souls. And Christ died for them! Remnants of the original possessors of fair America. Linger, to tell us of your once high, risen, and trembling as you behold approaching the annihilation of your race.

But my mind and pen, have gone beyond my intended task. Believe me yours truly in the fellowship of the Gospel.

Indian Academy, July 25, 1851.

### THE MISER WHO HAD A HEART.

"Uncle," said a sweet looking little girl the other day to a bluff old skinnut up town, who owns something like a square of houses and has a cool hundred thousand in the funds—"Pray tell me what is a miser?"

"A miser, eh?—why what put such a silly question as that in your head, child?"

"O, nothing in particular, uncle—only I heard Mr. Goodyear say as he went out the other day, when you refused to help build the new church, that he was afraid you was getting to be a miser—that's all, uncle."

"Poh, poh—go along to your lessons, Rosa." The old man was touched—he loved his blooming little niece, and notwithstanding her pertness, the thought of dependence upon him, and of poverty of her widowed mother, struck a cord that at once vibrated to his heart. He was confused, and his countenance exhibited tokens of the scarlet fever. He bawled about after his hat and cane, and hurried off down town at an hour earlier than usual.

"Why, Rosa, my child, what have you been saying to your uncle?" He's offended at something or other you have said or done."

"No, no, mother—I only asked him what a miser was—and he told me to go along to my lessons, that's all."

The timid and the heart-shaking mother, sobbed outright at what she thought the fatal imprudence of her child. She knew the hasty temper of her relative, and the thought of her own dependence and that of little Rosa upon him, quite overwhelmed her. She knew well his morbid passion, and had observed with anxiety how rapidly it was absorbing his better feeling, as age crept silently upon him.

"Oh, my child, you are thoughtless, and you have, I fear, greatly offended your uncle. He may turn us out of doors—and what then would become of us?"

"Never fear," said the lively little girl, "I'll at him, I'll bring and kiss him, until he forgives me and tells me what a miser is. He'll never turn us out, mother—never—he cannot be so naughty an uncle as that."

Sometime before the usual dinner hour, the old gentleman came along, stepped into the parlor, lagging a large bundle under his arm. Little Rosa flew to his side, anxiously watching her uncle's countenance, which she instantly perceived to lighten up with a smile of benevolence, but she did not say a word.

"Rosa, my dear," said the old man, after he had carefully opened his bundle, and displayed its rich contents upon the table—"Rosa, where's your mother?"

"There," continued the old gentleman, when the lady and little Rosa appeared, "there is a present for you, sister, and you, you little huzzy, there's one for you, but remember, Rosa, never believe any one who says your uncle's a miser."

Rosa spring into his arms, and the old man wept in the overflowing of his emotion. From that hour he has been a happier man. The innocent prattle of the little Rosa had kindled the spark of benevolence in his bosom. He found out that HE HAD A HEART.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Christianity wonders why they should be saved. Sinners wonder why they should not be saved. The sinner asks, "What have I done?" The Christian, "What have I not done?" The sinner says he does the best he can. The Christian knows he does not. Who was it that said, "Behold I am vile?" Was it Saul, Judas, or Jerusalem? No. It was Job—a perfect and upright; one that feared God, and eschewed evil."

FINE COLLECTION FOR MISSIONS IN OHIO.—It is stated in the Cincinnati Journal and Messenger, that the first preliminary contribution for foreign missionary purposes, in Ohio, was a collection of \$35.67, after a discourse by Luther Rice, in the city of Cincinnati, five years previous to the organization of the first Baptist church in that city.

### THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"Will you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger Le——, as he opened the door peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother. "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. Le—— was very ill—indeed, her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with her pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white, her eyes were growing dull and glazed. She was a widow and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, of kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's holy word, or repeated to him stories of good and wise men spoken of in its pages.

"Hush," said the lady who was watching beside her couch, "Your mother is too ill to hear you to-night." As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently on his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sob of her darling aroused her spirit, and turning to a friend she begged her to bring her little son and lay him on her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheeks and golden hair nestled beside the cold cheek of the dying mother.

"Roger my son, my darling child," said the dying mother, "repeat this verse after me, and never, never forget it. "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." The child repeated it two or three times distinctly and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold and almost rigid features before him, and went quietly to his couch. The next morning he sought, as usual, his mother, but found her still and cold.

This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it—the probably never will. He has grown to be a man—and now occupies a post of honor in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

PROGRESS IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.—A remarkable Chinese work has just been published by Kiating, a late cadet minister, in which he declares, that having examined the religion practiced by Western men, he has found it all *very good*, and this, too, after he has set forth the incarnation, the atonement, and the necessity of repentance in the following manner: "Jesus, Western nations designate, the Saviour of the world. The books translated by Western men, narrate the actions he wrought with great perspicuity. His religion regards the worship of God and repenting of sins, as its essentials, and its teaching is, that in this world there is only this one creating, celestial God, who has power to will all things and create all things, who is everywhere present, and knows all things. Because, when looking down on the earth he commiserated mankind, he commanded his ruling Son Jesus to descend and to be born into this dusty, tellsome world. He gave up his body to save the world; he died, and rose again to life; and many were the miracles he wrought. Those who believe in him do not wear images put in public places, or in their private rooms; they purify their hearts and repent of their errors, and turning their faces towards the God of creation, (the creating God,) in the empty space, (the firmament, the sky,) they kneel and worship, beg forgiveness of their sins, and implore blessings."

This is full of encouragement in respect to China. It shows that the gospel is making unseen progress, and that the way of the Lord is preparing.

MISSOURI INDIANS.—A society was formed in Wales, we learn, in November 1847, for the evangelization and civilization of the Indians in New South, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Their missionary, Mr. S. V. Bond, has devoted special attention to the Missions of whom there are about 1,000 in New Brunswick. The British and Foreign Bible Society has engaged to publish a version of the Scriptures in their language, as soon as it shall be prepared. The Gospel of Luke is already translated. It has been supposed that the Indians were entirely under Roman Catholic influence, but the effect with them thus far is very happy.

DOES A WAVE along the Shore.—A Government train of Potawatomi Indians from Marquette passed through our city on Monday. They are the remnants of the tribe on their way to the new hunting grounds at the far North-west. So they pass away. There is nothing recorded in the night—the last of that proud and powerful race, broken in spirit and corrupt in blood, passing from shore to shore, towards the last remaining remnant of their inheritance by the white man.—Honorable exception is not for them.—*Knoxville Democrat.*

