

Indian Advocate.

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

LOUISVILLE, MARCH, 1853.

VOLUME VII. NUMBER 3.

By the Board of Indian Missions.

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Civilized Rights.

BY J. DAVIS.

1. U'puk yet a man go to his
like a million man go to his
Mok men yet a man go to his
Oh men yet a man go to his
2. Mok men yet a man go to his
Kag he yet a man go to his
Haw he yet a man go to his
Haw he yet a man go to his
3. Iaty Chonah yet a man go to his
K he yet a man go to his
Mok men yet a man go to his
K he yet a man go to his
5. K he yet a man go to his
Oh he yet a man go to his
Oh he yet a man go to his
Oh he yet a man go to his

Translation of verse 1st.—"Go ye into all the world,"
he. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,"
he.

"I have spelled these words as nearly like they should be
pronounced as it is possible to write them."

For the Indian Advocate.

To Southern and Western Baptists.

KANSAS, Mo., March 2, 1853.

DEAR BROTHERS:—Suffer a word on Indian
Missions from a soldier of the cross. Thirty-one
years ago—then but a stripling—I entered the
Mission field, (Indiana,) and through all the
varied conflicts of hope and fear, success and de-
feat, toil and suffering, labored on until May of
last year, when my hands, now my hands, were
severed from the work—a stern necessity.

A retrospect of thirty years shows that God
has most signally blessed and prospered Indian
Missions. Witness the present number of Indian
converts, pupils in schools, advances in temporal
good, &c. The same retrospect shows no less
the pointing of the finger of God, in the increased
facilities for giving them the gospel. Note the
aid and favorable countenance of the United
States Government, the location of the border
rivers, the extension of the United States agency
system and laws to New Mexico, Utah, Califor-
nia and Oregon, where dwell our brethren—ar-
rivable, but perishing with our brethren to care for them,
to bring them to the fold of God—oh, how, where
they are being rooted from their homes and shot
down as the wild beasts—age, near to cure for them.

Every valley and plain, from this border to the
white-crested vane of the Pacific, has its burden
of heathen. In many instances are found strong
and populous tribes entirely accessible. But what
have we done? From Missouri river to Arkan-
sas—a vast country—not a Baptist Mission, save
one, can be found forty miles West of our bor-
der; and that one, for want of laborers, is per-
ishing.

But, brethren, Baptist Indian Missions are de-
clining—with all that is hopeful and cheering
in the past and in the future, of the Indian field,
positively declining. Tread not, if I do not, show
in language the established ranks of heathen in the
field; nor send I—small, in vision of the past,
the once still enemy of the Mission field, penetrated
by the progress of the "good man"—bringing down light
and blessing upon his little fold—but which light has departed, the good
man's power hushed in death, and moral dark-
ness again shut over the plain, and his tomb, and
they are heathen. It is so. But why should it be
so? I address those who have "knowledge of know-
ledge," have "compassion," who love Christ, who
would give their goods to the poor and their bod-
ies to be burned, if need be. Then why should
our heathen perish, the cause of Christ go back-

ward and not forward? Then why should we
longer disregard the finger of God pointing us
to this field? Will he never grow weary? Will
he never frown? Is it a light thing to deny the
Saviour in refusing to send the gospel to "every
creature"?

The Southern Convention and the Missionary
Union have assumed the responsibility of sending
the gospel to the heathen of "foreign" lands.
On the Indian Mission Association devolves the
duty and responsibility of sending the gospel to
the Indians of our own land. And if in this we
fail to perceive a delightful privilege to live and
labor for Christ, we cannot fail to recognize in it
a *DEBT* we owe to him.

Once, during the discussion, by a company of
believers, of a delicate question involving the
domestic happiness of an Indian convert, he, as
if impatient to know the Divine will, sprang upon
his feet: "Tell me," said he, "what the Al-
mighty commands; and whatever he bids, I will
do." His new-born spirit disdained to entertain
a question of sacrifice for Christ; and well did
his life prove, until death, the strength of his love
to God. We know the will of God and his com-
mands concerning our duty to the heathen.

The annual meeting of the American Indian
Mission Association is rapidly approaching.—
Shall we not, as with one heart and mind, resolve
that we will endeavor to more fully come up to
our duty in the work allotted to us. By so doing
we shall doubtless promote the prosperity of for-
eign Missions, with which we sympathize, and for
the success of which we delight and love to pray.
Let us grow warm in the churches, and let us
get right at home; for with like-warmness at
home, how can our Missions prosper? and with
"hidden treasure" in our tents, how can our
standard-bearers prevail? And let it be borne
in mind that there is as great a scarcity of "la-
borers" in the field, as there is of money in the
treasury. And be it remembered, too, that half
the devotion and zeal in the cause of Christ,
which is put forth in the cause of mammon, would
fill the world with joy, and the angels with weep-
ing for gladness.

Brother, stop—turn not away—pause, reflect.
How many Missionaries have we between the
Rocky Mountains and Missouri and Iowa?—how
many Mission stations?—how many poor, suffer-
ing, ignorant heathen, inhabiting this great coun-
try? Shall I say, two male Missionaries and
several female, all told? Shall I say two Mission
schools almost broken up for want of help? How
many new stations put into operation within the
above country, within the last ten years? Point
to one; the first one, yourself. Have we carried
the gospel beyond the bare verge of the red
man's land—and that to tribes partly civilized
and made easy of approach? Look and see. How
many long years of toil have been expended in
this work; and which, half accomplished, for want
of means to prosecute what was begun, now per-
ishes? I will not say. Then how many Bap-
tists fill the South and the great West? What
means has God placed in their hands? Millions
upon millions. Do they so love those millions as
to withhold the means—more than they love the
cause of Christ? No; we dare not say so. Is it
our happiness to know they love God and his
cause above the things of earth. And are they
enriched of that "bread" in their "Father's" house
on which their own souls feed? Let their own
childhood, when the wants of the heathen are
presented, reply. Then why should our Indian
Missions decline, and the needy, dependent on
us, perish? Surely there is wisdom and zeal
enough with our brethren about to attend the
annual meeting, to devise the means why these
things should not be so; and love enough for the
Saviour and his cause to enlist that wisdom and
zeal in putting our Missions in a better position

—one that will redound to the glory of God,
send rapidly the gospel to the perishing, and fill
the hearts of us all with gladness. Brethren,
will you think of these things?—will you say?

Affectionately, your brother in Christ,

J. LYKINS.

An Appeal in behalf of Indian Females.

Several days ago the question was suggested to
my mind, is it not your duty to contribute to the
treasury of the Lord? In no way can I more fully
satisfy the demands of my conscience than by
pleading before noble-minded and Christian donors
the cause of Indian females.

As *philanthropists merely*, ought we not to be
most ardently interested in a cause involving the
moral and physical redemption of so many sunken,
beaten and abandoned of our high nature?

As *Christians*, are not our deepest sympathies,
our most strenuous exertions emphatically called for
by a cause so identified with the progress and dis-
semination of the Gospel in this portion of the
heathen world as the elevation of Indian females?
Indian females have claims upon us on the impera-
tive ground of right. They are the less favored
offspring of the same transcendent parent, who in
his sovereignty makes us the instruments of im-
parting to them the blessings He so bountifully be-
stows upon us. The injunctions, the spirit of his
holy word, our relations to them, and their condi-
tion, all conspire to render this duty most impera-
tively binding.

To expatiate on the requisitions of God's word
would in me be arrogance, in regard to relative
claims and duties you are equally enlightened. On
the basis of personal observation, therefore, afford-
ed provisionally, I will humbly comment upon
their circumstances. From childhood to old age
their commingling woes, and their commingling
consequents follow in one somber train, and in
that train, most sadly prominent, are physical, moral
and eternal death. They are the daughters of
oppression, reared in the cradle of adversity, and
lulled by the siren song of ignorance and superstition.
No social liberty, no freedom in Christ Je-
sus, is here, but pervade to *condemnation of the worst*
of men.

With bowed heads I have seen them totter un-
der burdens at which, if similarly disproportioned to
his strength, the submissive ox would become rebel-
ious, and the meek camel of other climes would
expire. The finer feelings of their nature are de-
veloped only to become the pastime of children of
larger growth, of the other sex. When children,
mentally and physically, they are induced, and
frequently compelled by usage, to assume cares and
responsibilities burdensome to educated and Chris-
tian mothers mature in years. These burdens are,
with rare exceptions, unshared by the father and
husband, sympathetic emotions in his breast being
dormant or inert. Pleasure is the God of his in-
fantile, and what administrators to that is the pre-
dominant pursuit. His choice regards, his rare af-
fections must not be monopolized by one object,
such prodigality would be quite inconsistent with
his ideal superiority and his magnified inferiority of
the other sex. He stalks abroad in visionary con-
sequence, and in the exercise of his high prerogative,
woon and wins a second and frequently a third,
whilst the first object is left for months a prey,
either to those who would annihilate parallel to women's
nature, or to passions, which by education and in-
dulgence rage like the fren of Vesuvius. The
children of such circumstances are often constitu-
tionally delicate, and through the imperiousness of
nature die in infancy or early childhood, and thus
an additional source of unhappiness is opened. In
maternal fondness and solicitude, I doubt not they
are our equals, perhaps in many instances there is
a more ardent affection for their little ones, on
account of their love being less divided by numer-
ous objects, and the congeniality of their weak
sympathies with their apparently most entertaining
mother.

At the period our children commemorate us for
the self-sacrificing, denying labors involved in the
charge of them, the sons of the Indian mother are
lost to her. The tender and sacred ties which
ought to bind them to a mother's heart are severed,
and they throw themselves upon society, alien-
ated from home in the word, and those social endow-
ments so valued, so cherished, and so important to
the family compact are never realized. They are
perpetually exposed to the assaults of carnal, ever
ready to infect on them, and their little ones, the

deadly blow. In traveling, in their villages, in
the field, performing as drudgery, with a child upon
the back, they present a woe which kindles in
a flame all the ferocious malignity of passions
frenzied who live but to exult over savage triumphs
and glut their gormand passions with the blood of
their defenseless victims. Within a few miles of
us an inhuman butchery was perpetrated as ev-
idenced the history of a people. In one fatal
night were laid low by the hands of assassins, and
the majority of the number were women and chil-
dren. The assassins tasted their ingenuity to
make manifest the diabolical feelings which instigat-
ed them to such an act. One babe one of whom
I heard, was placed upon its funeral pile and in the
intensity of its agonies crawled a few inches
from it and expired. Mothers in Israel labor in
the Lord, is there not in oppression, in premature
age, in degradation, in the absence of joy, a bound-
ation here upon which to build a superstructure of
prayer, of alms, and of efforts, which like those of
Canaan, shall come up for a memorial before God?
By those unspeakable stores of tenderness,
of affection and devotion which dwell in woman's
heart; by the elevated position you occupy through
the influence of religion; as the companions, the
confidants, the help meets of the other sex, I would
appeal to your sympathies in behalf of stricken,
abused and brutalized females of the Red race.—
By the hopes, the fears, the yearnings, and the daily
strengthening ties a mother's heart only knows,
I assure you, Christian mothers, forget not the moth-
ers of heathenism, who are witnesses of their daugh-
ters sufferings under circumstances which admit of
little alleviation. The trials of heathenism have
few of the mitigations of civilization, and none of
Christianity. Truly—there is no balm in Gilead
no physician there.

Have you ever, dear friends, watched the dying,
and when expecting the stroke which was to sepa-
rate you from the companionship of those you lo-
rate, have you looked up and seen, by faith, the red
of love held and guided by a Father's hand, has
your poignant grief subsided, and a calm acquies-
cence in the will of Him who has said, all things
shall work together for good to those who love the
Lord, taken possession of your hearts? If in this
and other trials you have experienced the consolations
and supports of the Gospel of grace, forget not
those who in deep tribulation are destitute of this
antidote to grief, and let the cries, and the wails,
and the shrieks of the children, the widowed, the
friendless, the hungry, the naked, sound in their
ears, and reach your hearts, and stir the fountains
of love, and reach your hearts, and stir the fountains
of love. Re-implanted there by the Author of our
redemption—the desert shall blossom as the rose—the
exile of Lebanon shall be given unto it—the ex-
ultation of Carmel and Sharon—they shall see
the glory of the Lord and the exultation of our
God. When the ransom of the Lord return
and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy
upon their heads, may one ingredient in the can-
dour of joy be the fact, that through our instrumen-
tality, many of these heathen, sanctified in the name
of the Lord Jesus and by the spirit of our God, are
there to unite in the "sing to him, who wash
eth clean, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood
out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and
nation."—*Presbyterian of the West.*

WHAT A CHILD MAY DO.—The father of one of
the children in the Ragged School at King's Cross
was a drunken dastard, who had been violent for
five years by the city missionary, and apparently
with no success. After many efforts, he suc-
ceeded in inducing him to send his children to the
school. One little girl, when sufficiently instruct-
ed herself, read the Bible to her father, and after-
wards taught him to read it. He became a very
orderly reader of God's Word, and a regular at-
tendant at the house of God, and soon exchanged
his smock-coat for a coat. This poor man, full of
love, began to converse with his wife who accom-
panied him with his coat, and prevailed on him to
go with him to church. In a few weeks he in-
duced four others also to go with him to worship. His
wife for God exposed him to such persecution, but
he bore it all with Christian fortitude and patience.
Neither more, words, nor threats have moved him
from his purpose. The minister of the district has
admitted him to the Lord's Table, and has taken
great interest in him and his family. Here, then,
you see his father, and five more, all brought
to church by this little ragged girl—this little mis-
sionary at home! Can you do nothing?

The Indian Advocate.

LOUISVILLE, MARCH, 1853.

Removal of the Rooms.

The Rooms of the Association have been removed to the corner of Third and Market streets, adjoining those occupied by the Western Recorder and Christian Repository; entrance on Third street.

Agents for the Board.

REV. T. R. PITTS,
General Secy. Am. Ind. Miss. Association
CHAS. S. TUCKER,
TREASURER

Rev. R. W. Thomas, Kentucky.
Rev. V. R. Thornton, Genl. Agent for Georgia.
Rev. W. M. Manning, for Mississippi.
Rev. A. G. Nugent, for Indiana and Illinois.
Rev. B. Kimbrough, Tennessee.
Rev. J. M. Ashburn, Georgia and South Carolina.
Rev. L. Comper, for Mississippi.

Special Notice!

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to
Our Secretary, Am. Ind. Miss. Association,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Those containing remittances, to

CHARLES S. TUCKER,
Treasurer Am. Ind. Miss. Association,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

It is also particularly requested of all persons coming to the city, having in charge money for the Association, that they call at the Treasurer's Office, 609 Main street, and pay it there.

Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the American Indian Mission Association will be held in the Baptist church of the city of Jackson, Mississippi, commencing on Thursday, April 16th, 1853.

The Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, Md., is appointed to preach the Introductory Sermon, and Rev. Dr. Lynd, of Covington, Ky., his alternates.

It is earnestly desired by the friends of the Mission, that there be a large assemblage present upon the occasion. Ample accommodation will be afforded in Jackson for all visitors.

The Approaching Anniversary.

In a number of respects will the approaching anniversary of the American Indian Mission Association be one of unusual importance. There is evidently at the present time a crisis in the affairs of the Society. The Board need the encouragement and advisory counsels of all its friends. A great work has been committed to its hands, but without proper success from the church, how can it be justly administered?

We would appeal to the friends of the Indian every where—to Baptists in all the States, especially in the South-west—to be represented at the next meeting. There is power in union, and in no manner can union be cemented so well as by conference and prayer. An impetus may be given to the work at the anniversary in Jackson which will place the mission to the Indians far beyond further jeopardy.

We would be gratified if our brethren of the press would call attention to the meeting.

Rev. W. W. Weeks.

The Rev. W. W. Weeks has been elected a member of the Board of Managers of this Association, *vide* A. W. La Rue, removed.

In making this announcement we cannot refrain from alluding to the very successful labors of Mr. Weeks, as a preacher and pastor in the West. He has had for some weeks charge of the Walnut Street Church in this city, and his ministrations thus far have been attended with unusual success. The congregation has largely increased in numbers—the church has been awakened, and there are visible tokens of a revived state of religion. Brother Weeks has already baptized six. We anticipate from his zeal and energy as well as experience, much benefit to the cause of Indian Missions, through his agency as a director.

CURIOUS, SUPPOSED—It is a shame when the church itself is a cemetery, where the living sleep above ground, as the dead do beneath.—P. Dr.

Good Tidings.

The present issue of our sheet contains an unusual amount of cheering intelligence from the various missionary stations. It will be seen that God has not withheld his smiling face from our brethren in the field—that he has graciously manifested his presence in their midst, and that the prospect for doing great things continues to brighten.

To the Board these evidences of success are highly encouraging, as indeed they must be to all who love the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom. And can it be possible, that now, when the harvest is white—when the fruits are teeming—that we shall be embarrassed in sending forth laborers—our energies crippled and resources withheld?

A Missionary Field.

A worthy planter in Mississippi has forwarded to the Treasurer the sum of twenty-five dollars, a portion of the proceeds of his "Missionary field." How many of our brethren have devoted certain portions of their substance to the cause, as in this instance? And who of them that could not? We earnestly commend this plan to the agricultural friends of our enterprise. The profits of a field, however small, will be something, and will be blessed. There will be a sacredness and beauty about the consecration, which Providence will not overlook. Upon that farmers land will descend the dews of heaven and the fruitful showers, graciously and abundantly. He will gather plentiful crops who bestows liberality of that which he possesses.

Rev. S. Wallace.

We have been highly gratified in meeting with brother Wallace, one of our most devoted missionaries to the Creek Indians. He has recently returned to the States for the purpose of consulting with the Board, concerning certain matters relating to his work.

Brother Wallace appears to have borne somewhat of the brunt of the battle, yet is offset in his zeal for the dying red men. He will visit some of the churches before he returns home, and also attend the annual meeting at Jackson.

At his request we make the following extract from a letter addressed by him to his colleague, brother Backner:

LOUISVILLE, March 10th, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER B.—I arrived in this city on Sabbath last, and on Wednesday evening had the pleasure of meeting the Indian Mission Board. I am gratified to find that it is composed of some of the most intelligent and business men of the place.

They all manifested a deep interest in the cause, and have lately contributed largely of their funds to meet the wants of the missionaries. They have also aimed to cut off the expenses of the Society at home, that the contributions may go directly to the object for which they were designed by the donors.

It is one thing to preach, it is another to manage financial matters; so every man to his calling. We think the Board has been very judiciously chosen, and that the missionaries in the field and the churches throughout the land, may feel perfectly assured that everything is managed in the most judicious manner. And as soon as an efficient Secretary can be had to devote his whole time to the work, everything will go on well, very well.

Yours ever,

S. WALLACE.

Rev. Sidney Dyer.

We are pleased to hear of the ministerial success of the former Secretary of this Society. His labors as pastor of the church at Indianapolis seem to be signally blessed of God. He has baptized every Sabbath since his removal thither.

Rev. Dr. Brewster.—The friends of Missions will regret to learn, that the sight of this eminent and veteran missionary is rapidly failing. He is thought, says the Western Recorder, that he is not his voice, or both sight and voice. If he cannot see, he can not preach the Gospel.

Indian Poetry.

We give in another column a specimen of an Indian hymn written in the Creek dialect. Below we subjoin some stanzas of original poetry from the pen of a Cherokee. They exhibit the malting and genial influence of Christianity and civilization upon the heart of a child of the forest, and re-assure us of the possibility of elevating to the first rank of human kind, our red brethren in the West.

The Letter from Home.

How dear to the absent—a voice from the loved
Duly sealed by affection, and sent forth to roam,
It seeks out the object for whom it has roved,
And gladdens his bosom with tidings from home.
Society now has no pleasures so bright
As to draw forth a smile, while his pocket contains
A token of friendship from scenes of delight,
A home where his bosom's affection remains.

While its page is enhanced, no joys can afford
From the loved scenes of youth, his wandering mind,
No friends have been found whose love is more pure,
Than the dear ones to memory ever cherished.
The joys of his childhood its pages may bring
Aeons to his bosom, while boyhood's delights
Awakened in memory, again seems to ring;
And his own heart responds to the love it requires.

To emotions of friendship his heart thus signs,
Removes from affliction shall memory ring;
He warms his blessings—The love he brins
Would of 't see repeated—in letters from home.
CHENAUO.

Literary Notices.

BAPTIST LADY'S MAGAZINE.—We have received the prospectus of a publication to be entitled as above written. It is designed to make it a vehicle of moral and religious literature, especially adapted to the female taste. Proper editorial services have been secured, as well as an efficient corps of contributors. Each number will be handsomely embellished with steel engravings, and contain 41 pages of imperial octavo, double column size. The terms are \$2 in advance.

We wish this new and commendable enterprise very great success. There is certainly a want in our denominational literature, which this would fill.

Address J. T. Drake, Parkersburg, Virginia.

SOUTHERN ECLECTIC.—Mr. J. H. Fitten, late a Professor in Oglethorpe University, Ga., has commenced a large and handsomely printed monthly of eighty pages. It is styled the "Southern Eclectic" and is made up of the choicest articles from the foreign periodical literature. As there is no rival to this publication in the South, a liberal patronage should be extended to it. The editor certainly evinces a high order of discriminative taste and talent in his selections.

Address J. H. Fitten, Augusta, Georgia.—Terms \$2 per annum.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—We would be recent to our colors, and unjust to truth, did we not place the veteran Graham in the front rank of magicians. In his serene and yellow head he has grown quite corpulent, and presents in the largest and spiciest and best monthly in the United States. The price is \$3 for seventeen hundred and twenty-eight pages of choice literature.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.—In this highly embellished age, when the rage for pictures, among all classes, seems but the reflex of childish passion for toy books, it is well to gratify the appetite by sound and wholesome food. Mr. A. Montgomery, New York, publishes for \$3 per year, a magazine of the rarest interest and finest art. It is a gem.

TEMPERANCE.—A Division of the Sons of Temperance was organized at Holly Spring in Flint District, Cherokee Nation, upon Saturday night February the nineteenth. The institution of the Order at that place has commenced under the most favorable circumstances, and considering the character which is borne by those connected with it for intelligence and enterprise, the most complete success of the Division may be confidently expected.

The "Western Journal College" has been organized at Indian Creek, Mo. The Western Recorder has been that it is built upon "the most thorough and durable manner."

Missionary Intelligence.

NORTH FORK, CREEK NATION, Jan. 24, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER.—Brother Wallace having resolved to leave the Creek Nation, I have moved to North Fork for the purpose of taking charge of the Mission buildings, and also because it is a more destitute place than the Creek agency.

It was truly painful to take leave of my brethren and sister on the Arkansas; but this was greatly mitigated by the assurance that, if I live, I shall visit them at least every other church meeting. I never knew before how much I loved the Indians; and, indeed, I did not know how much I was beloved. Just as I concluded my farewell sermon, brother D. N. McIntosh placed in my hands a fine gold watch, with the injunction that I should always remember him. O my brethren, you are mistaken when you think I am here "without friends." "Without friends!"—Why I could not endure the thought. It is true that I left father and mother, homes and land, and that when I first came among these people I had no friends here; but having remained now four years, I could not leave without severing as strong ties as ever bound man to his fellow-man. Before coming to North Fork I consulted the church, and obtained the unanimous vote both of the members and citizens who were present on the occasion. Our cause is not as prosperous here as it is on the Arkansas, owing to a combination of causes; but I have every reason to believe that the day of our prosperity is not far removed. Brother and sister Wallace have suffered much from affliction, and after having served the Board faithfully for three years, feel constrained to leave. My prayers and sympathies go with them. I now expect to be left to fill the breach, as the only Baptist Missionary in the Creek Nation. Many temptations have been presented to me to quit the field, such as a kind offer of \$750 per annum to take charge of a neighborhood school, but I cannot consent to see 1000 Creek Baptists and 14,000 people without a Baptist Missionary, so long as it is in my power to supply them. If the Board could grant me an interpreter, subject to my command, I would now traverse, as far as possible, this entire nation—Until this is done, however, I will be cramped and circumscribed in all my efforts. I appeal to every man acquainted with this field of labor, to prove that it is absolutely necessary for a Missionary here to have an interpreter employed.

I must plead the trouble and inconvenience of moving 30 miles, as an excuse for having neglected to write for some time past. We have had several interesting meetings, and several additions to the church, since my last report. At our Christmas meeting on the Verdigris we received into our fellowship a minister from another denomination. Before he went down into the water, he gave, in the Creek language, the reasons for the change which he was about to make. We also received a native preacher from another denomination of brother Perryman's church.—The Lord has, without doubt, given this vineyard to the Baptists; but unless they cultivate it, he will surely give it to other husbandmen.

H. F. BUCKNER.

NORTH FORK, CREEK NATION, Feb. 5, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER.—I forwarded a report last week, since which time we have had a church meeting at North Fork.

I am happy to inform you that the prospects of our mission are evidently brightening. Mr. Broadnax, an aged white man, who has long been a resident among the Creeks, professed faith in Christ, and was received for baptism. Likewise a white woman, (Mrs. Smith.) These had both been members of another denomination, and will be baptized (if the Lord will) at our next church meeting. The farmer (Maj. Broadnax) has been a practicing physician ever since he came among the Indians—has an Indian family; and I learn that he has recently received an appointment from our agent, as a Government school-teacher. Conary John, and his wife Rebecca, also came forward, and it is expected that

INDIAN ADVOCATE.

they will be received for baptism at our next meeting. Several backsliders were reclaimed, and many came forward for prayer.

Among those who were restored, were some whose backsliding has been of great injury, and whose restoration will result in great good to the interests of this mission. I never saw more evident concern upon the subject of religion, than was manifested by almost the entire congregation on Sunday. While the interpreter was speaking, the people (many of them) would cry aloud.—The Creek Nation is, without doubt, the most interesting field occupied by Baptist Missionaries. I verily believe that if the Board could grant me an interpreter, and enable me to live without pecuniary embarrassment, I could baptize three hundred converts a year. This is now a large and important field, and demands that we should be liberal in our efforts to make it a fruitful one.

Next week I shall visit my old station at the Old Creek Agency, from which point you will hear from me again. In the mean time, I am, as ever,

Yours affectionately,

H. F. BUCKNER.

NORTH FORK, CREEK NATION, Feb. 1853.

DEAR BROTHERS:—I have just returned from a tour to the Muskogee Church—the field of my former labors. I was rejoiced to find that the brethren were still walking in the truth. The members assembled on Saturday night, for the purpose of transacting the usual business. Two were restored, one received by experience, and one excommunicated.

On Sunday morning, before the congregation were all assembled, we collected \$45 for our new meeting-house. It is gratifying to see how nobly these people exert themselves to defray the necessary expenses of the Church. The two 2nd chiefs, Gen. C. McIntosh and B. Marshall, were present, and each gave \$5. Sister Hawkins contributed \$5, and Mrs. Hagarty, a daughter of Gen. Wm. McIntosh, who was on a visit from Texas, also gave \$5. The congregation was quite large, more than filling our new meeting-house, and paid respectful attention to the preaching. At the conclusion of the sermon, quite a number came forward and united with us in prayer. We then repaired to the water's side, where we have been accustomed to pray, and I baptized two converts who had previously professed faith in Christ.

During this tour I conversed with several, who for a long time have been in the habit of coming forward for prayer, and was rejoiced to learn that they had a good hope of salvation through Christ. These, I trust, will soon follow the Saviour in baptism. Among others was a daughter of John Davis, who was a native (Baptist) preacher in 1835, and who published a translation of the gospel by John; the first, I believe, that was ever made in the Creek language. Turn to the first page of the Indian Advocate, and you will see a Creek hymn of his, which I send for the satisfaction of the curious.

Upon my return to North Fork, I find my family well, and also sister Wallace and the children. Our church meeting here is approaching, and we look with prayerful concern for a pleasant time.

Affectionately, &c.,

H. F. BUCKNER.

PORTAUF, Feb. 8, 1853.

To the American Indian Mission Board:

DEAR BROTHERS:—Last Lord's day the two ordinances were administered, for the first time, near the Big Sans Boine. Three days previous the weather had been very severe. The rain, snow and frost, made my travel on Friday and Saturday very trying. The Big Sans Boine was impassable, which kept these West of the stream from the meeting. We had, however, a good attendance. Six full-blood Choctaws were immersed, three of each sex. Afterwards the dying love of the Saviour was commemorated.—Often had I passed and re-passed this delightful spot, so suitable for a camp-ground—and often, too, with a sad heart—little thinking that I should witness what I did last Sabbath. What poor, blind, doubting creatures we are.

The candidates were asked if they wished the

ordinance to be postponed on account of the severity of the weather. Without a moment's hesitation, they wished to be immersed. The ice was then broken, and the liquid grave received these happy followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

My last meetings at Dog Creek, together with this first one of the kind on the Big Sans Boine, have afforded me greater encouragement than ever before since my removal from Philadelphia to the far West. Four more Choctaws will, God willing, be immersed at Dog Creek the first Sabbath in March. I ought to mention that brethren Shoonubley and Cass, and several others were with us, from Dog Creek, 25 miles South, notwithstanding the inclement weather. Our prospects brighten among the full-bloods. I may be prejudiced in favor of the Choctaws, but in all my intercourse with mankind, I have never witnessed more real dignity, cordiality, cheerfulness and solemnity, combined in the Christian profession. In their public worship they are "as serious as death and solemn as the grave." In their demeanor as men, they are as unreserved and happy as children; and in stability and courage they stand unsurpassed. While I was sitting by one of their large log fires, some sixteen feet long, and listening to their sweet, and I must say, most melodious singing, I felt as if I could say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." At night the bright and beautiful stars almost seemed to smile upon us. And above, infinitely above, these gems, these suns and worlds, the once crucified Jehovah sat enthroned, looking, no doubt, upon these wanderers of the forest with unchanging smiles of infinite love. Yes; and all nations shall call Him blessed.

Yours, affectionately,

JOSEPH MEDLEY.

WEA MISSION, January 27, 1853.

MR. KIRK—MY DEAR BROTHER:—Doubtless the friends of the Indian Mission remember that about one year ago, the afflictive hand of providence laid heavily upon this station, that while a few hearts bled, all mourned the deaths of our inestimable sisters, Lykins and Osgood. Then the Church was bereaved of two of her brightest ornaments, and those for whom they had labored and prayed, seemed comparatively friendless.—But it was not by the hand of an enemy they fell, but by the hand of Him who is able to sustain as well as afflict, and where he has taken away to restore many-fold.

On Sabbath eve, 9th inst., brother Lykins, after a very solemn and impressive sermon, invited any who might be impressed with the necessity of a preparation for death to give him their hand, when five inquirers came forward. Others were affected but did not present themselves. About 9 o'clock the meeting closed, but so deep was the feeling, that by request a prayer-meeting was held in a private room. It was about midnight when we retired.

The next evening the exercises were very interesting, and after the meeting was dismissed, some of the inquiring returned to the school-room to converse with brother Lykins.

On the 15th, five were received by the Church for baptism, of whom two were scholars; one of these was a little girl about twelve years old, who had been given to sister Osgood soon after the establishment of the mission. All the exercises of that meeting were interesting, but they became touchingly so when the right hand of fellowship was extended.

Amanda Pascal, the first convert at this station, was present, who went forward to welcome the converts. When she came to her brother, she tenderly reminded him of his youth, warned him against the temptations that would beset him at every turn, and exhorted him to trust in Christ as the only refuge. Then taking the little girl's hand, exhorting her to be faithful in watchfulness and prayer. And said she, pray for your mother and our father; let us be united in our prayers. O, Mary, if you feel as I do, you won't sleep to-night. Our teacher has gone before, I trust we'll meet her; but we are weak, all we can do is to trust in Jesus and pray."

Yesterday, 23d inst., three others were baptized, one of whom was Amanda's husband.—When he was received in the Church her feelings seemed too deep for utterance—a feeling that stood for a while in silence, and then in broken accents said in a low voice, when you are persecuted will you remain faithful? It was a solemn meeting; and even the small children seemed interested.

And now though our Father has laid low with one hand, he is building up with the other, and causes us even in affliction to rejoice.

But all, both teachers and taught, need the prayers of those in a happier land. Dear children, friends who love the Indians, will you not remember us at a throne of grace? We trust you will, we claim this favor of you. Pray that the feeling now awakened in the hearts of a few may spread until it reaches every tent and wigwam of those who sit in the region and shadow of death, blinded by their own false ideas of the Great Spirit, even until it covers this great wilderness of sin and the darkness of superstition passes away in the brightness of the sun of righteousness.

No one can visit the Wea country without marking the improvement of the tribe since the establishment of the Mission. Then they were excessively intemperate. Now they are almost all members of the Temperance Society, and some of them members of the Church, who are now living witnesses of what has been accomplished through the instrumentality of the Mission. Others are now sleeping with their teachers, quietly awaiting the resurrection morn when they shall be raised spiritual bodies.

It is remarkable, and to those connected with the Mission interesting, that not one has died at this station in whose death we have not hope.—And have we not reason to believe that there is here a glorious harvest to be gathered in by the surviving friends of the mission, and that in answer to the prayers of the departed, this "dew shall blossom as the rose"? "They being dead yet speak." Affectionately,

ELIZA McCOY.

For the Indian Advocate.

The Condition of our Missionaries.

DEAR BROTHERS:—As I have spent some time among the Creek Indians as a trader, and have been an eye-witness of the privations and zeal of the missionaries under the patronage of your Board, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the good which is being accomplished by them, and also as an impartial observer to testify to their many afflictions, trials and wants.

I would state in the first place, that I am a Missionary Baptist, a deacon of the Missionary Chapel Church, Mount Zion Association, Benton county, Arkansas, and have recently emigrated from Cass county, Ga.

I have spent eight weeks in the field occupied by Revs. S. Wallace and H. F. Buckner.

When I first came to North Fork, I did not make myself known as a Baptist, that I might the better observe and judge for myself, but such was the interest in the churches, and such my own feelings after associating with the missionaries and brethren, that I could no longer conceal the relationship that I sustained to them.

I was sorry to learn that Rev. S. Wallace was soon to leave, and that too on account of the protracted ill-health of his family, and I should add for lack of a comfortable support.

Now, brethren, I know your missionaries, and I know some of the disadvantages under which they are compelled to live, for I have eaten at their tables and slept in their houses, and I am bound to testify that their salaries are not adequate to a comfortable support in this country, to say nothing of the approaching wants of age, and of the impossible task of raising a family so far from civilization and from the means of obtaining an education. I was surprised and grieved to observe the sacrifices which your missionaries are compelled to make in order to live in this country. I will just say, if you know how sin-

ter, Buckner and sister Wallace have to toil and spend their days here, it seems to me it would melt an adamant.

Tears have plowed many furrows down their cheeks since they left the States. The sisters have done honor to themselves and the mission cause ever since they landed in the nation. After I had an introduction to sister Buckner, she gave me a short account of her trials, troubles and witnesses, also the confidence she has in God for her support.

Brothers, language fails me to describe my feelings. It seemed to me she has a soul (if it were possible) big as a mountain. I feel sure that if the brethren could only see and know what I have witnessed, that they would not withhold their prayers and their aims.

It cannot be necessary that our missionaries should lack the comforts of life. It is undoubtedly enough that they should for their father and mother, houses and land, and it is only upon the supposition that we are unfaithful to them, and to God, that they must deny themselves the very necessities to a comfortable living.

But I would not reproach you. I know that it is with you (as it has been with me) you are not acquainted with the circumstances, and it is not the province of the missionaries to bear witness of the themselves. It requires three times the amount to make a family comfortable here than in the States. Provisions are very high and scarce, I am now selling salted pork at ten cents per pound; but a word to the wise is sufficient. I trust that the brethren everywhere will awake to a sense of their duty and obligations.

The Baptists here outnumber the members of all other denominations, and yet we now have but one missionary in this field, and have appropriated less money than any denomination that occupies it. The missionaries of other denominations live in comfortable houses, are comparatively well supplied with the necessities of life, and have each of them, I believe, an interpreter, while our missionaries live in uncomfortable houses, without adequate means, and without interpreters only as they can obtain the gratuitous labors of some of their brethren. Brethren, these things ought not to be. We have the honor, and we ought to furnish the means. I have been to several of brother Buckner's meetings, and have witnessed the effects of his ministry. I have seen the natives melted into tenderness under the sound of the glorious gospel; I have heard them weep aloud on account of their sins. I am quite sure that much good is effected amongst them by the efforts of our missionaries.

The cause of Christ seems to have received a new impulse. Many who have hitherto stood aloof, are now coming up to the help of the Lord. All seem to be well pleased with brother Buckner; indeed, he has lived and labored amongst them long enough to gain their confidence, and to convince them that he is seeking to promote their welfare and eternal happiness. I must not neglect to mention that there are several native preachers who are well calculated to render important aid. Gen. Chilly McIntosh is a brother whose praise is in all the churches, and his son William, both of whom are under the patronage of the Board. There are several colored brethren. I will not fail to name old Nero or Governor, who render important services. It would be well if the brethren in the States would employ one of these as interpreter for brother Buckner. They make the best interpreters; and I see that brother Buckner is frequently put to great inconvenience for lack of one. One hundred dollars per annum would, I should think, be sufficient to comply one; and what is that compared to our purses, and to the great inconvenience of being without an interpreter. The natives often leave the meeting-houses because there is no interpreter.

But I have already extended my remarks beyond the limits which I had intended. My interest in the cause of missions must be my apology. May the Great Head of the Church arouse us to a feeling sense of our obligations to the natives.

Your brother in Christ,

A. J. HUBBELL.

INDIAN ADVOCATE.

THE CROSS.

Higher, higher to the cross
May I timidly climb,
Like the friend whom Jesus loved,
There to view "that sight" sublime:
Nearer, nearer by the cross,
May I venture, though with fear,
As the three sad Marys stood—
Faith and Hope and Love, in tears!
Lower, lower at the cross,
May I in contrition fall;
Mockingly plead "Remember me,"
Ask to serve the "Lord of all!"
Longer, longer on the cross,
May I wonder all forgiven;
Live beneath its shadows here,
Bear it on my heart in hours!
Never, never from the cross,
May I in devotion move;
Watch "and wait upon Him there,
Look and lose myself in love!
Oh, the glory of the cross,
When around His head will shine
Crowns, like stars about the sun!
Greatest our Lord, "that night of nights!"

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the boundless land.
And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
No our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Off in sin to stray.
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.
Little deeds of mercy,
Sown by joyful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in hither lands.

"They that Honor Me, I will Honor."

"That is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay among the dust and paper of the sweepings.
"That's right," he said again; "always be honest, is the best policy."
"Should you say that?" asked the lad, timidly.
"Should I say what? that honesty is the best policy? Why, it's a time-honored old saying. I don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing—the spirit is rather narrow, I'll allow."
"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy; she said we should do right, because God approved it, without thinking what man would say—
The merchant turned abruptly toward the desk, and the thoughtful faced little lad resumed his duties.
In the course of the morning a rich and influential citizen called in the store. While conversing, he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is that a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, are bad—"
"Stop!" said the merchant, do you see that lad yonder?
"With that noble brow?"—yes, what of him?"
"He is remarkable."
"Yes, yes—that's what everybody tells me who has a boy to dispose of—no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."
"I was going to say," replied the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin—indeed, [the merchant colored.] he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws in goods, and I cannot touch him because in that respect—common prudence, you know, is—common—common prudence—ahem!"
The stranger made no answer, and the merchant hurried on to say—
"He was a parish orphan—taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot; no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times—his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Mr. that boy would have died rather than been dishonest. I can't account for it; upon my word I can't."
"Have you any claim upon him?"
"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed the boy's entirely too good for me."

"Then I'll adopt him; and if I have found one really honest boy, thank God!"

The little fellow rode home in a carriage and was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who had sat shivering in a cold corner, listening to the words of a poor old pious creature, who had been taught of the Spirit, became one of the best and greatest, divines that England ever produced.

"They that honor Me, I will honor."—*Oliver Branch.*

Missions among the American Indians.

Nothing can more paralyze efforts in any direction than a persuasion that effort will be ineffectual to secure its object. We are so constituted that the cheerfulness with which we undertake anything is in a great degree dependent on our faith in the probability of success. This principle is recognized in the Scriptures. We walk, indeed, not by sight, but by faith, but a work of faith is not a work undertaken without any prospect of success. It is undertaken with a *certainty* of success, based on the immutable promises of Him who "cannot deny himself." A ground of assurance which is uneven, is not therefore unequal. The electric fluid is invisible, but we have no doubt of its existence or of its force.

Now the command to evangelize all nations, though binding as a command, and enforced on the Christian by the weightiest motives of ingenious gratitude, is fortified and commended to our natural constitution by unconditional promises of divine aid and of ultimate success. Yet we are prone to suffer the deductions of our minds from present facts to outweigh our confidence in the power and veracity of our Lord, so that instead of enduring "as seeing him who is invisible," our spirits flag under the depressing sense of human weakness.

It is not intended by these general remarks, to admit as true all or the greater part of what has been uttered as to the difficulty of bringing the American Indians under the power of Christianity. But admitting the existence of peculiar obstacles, we are still bound to look at the case from the point of view attainable in the light of the Scriptures; and since those tribes are manifestly included in our Lord's perpetual commission to his disciples, and embraced in the terms of the accompanying promises, we are to consider which is the surest ground to go upon, a divine promise or a human deduction.

Missions among American Indians have ever had their peculiar difficulties. Some of these have sprung less from the native character of the race than from their condition. They have been pressed upon by an aggressive, rapacious civilization, unrestrained by the fear of God or the love of man. It has been fashionable to say that savage tribes cannot exist beside civilized races, and this is dignified by the name of a "natural law." The truth of the matter is that civilized men have never been either Christian or humane enough to *offer* savages tribes to exist by their side, and it is nothing more or less than blasphemy to lay to the charge of nature, that is, of God, the wrongs we and our fathers have inflicted.

The warlike character of the Indians has seriously obstructed their conversion and adoption of civilized habits. But they were no more warlike than our own Teutonic ancestors; and their propensities have been stimulated rather than repressed, by those who have been eager to enlist them in wars provoked by European policy for objects of which the Indians knew nothing.

"Savages cannot be reclaimed." This sentiment is uttered by the descendants of savages so imbruted, that their highest conception of the bliss of paradise was that of drinking blood out of the skulls of slaughtered enemies!

It is on grounds no more solid than these, that very many, and we fear that among them are many Christians—have allowed themselves to sink under the conviction that the American aborigines are doomed to extinction, that all efforts in their behalf is fruitless; and so to lose that measure of hope which is essential to the vigor of Christian effort. It may be that such is their doom; and it is true that our Saviour was delivered to death by the determinate counsel of God. But *what* had crucified the Son of God, and if the predicted fall on the Indian tribes, their blood will be required by him to whom vengeance belongs.

There are obstacles to the conversion of Indians, and so there are to the conversion of all Pagans. On the other hand there are some points in which these have decidedly the advantage of other Pagans. They have consciences, and what has been termed the religious "instincts;" and Indian minds were clearly and more easily developed than in most savage races. So far from being unspeakably stupid and unteachable, they have shown a remarkable readiness to accept truth. And these tendencies are not even checked by the degradation of their settlements, and their continued exposure to the wilderness, as colonial rapacity carried their hands

our current theories already often refused, would have been utterly silenced.

Facts are decisive on these points. As the result of missionary effort in Massachusetts previous to 1675, there were gathered fourteen settlements of Christian Indians, with a population of 3,600, twenty-four regular congregations and twenty-four Indian preachers. These settlements had homes in the English fashion, the people were addicted to agriculture and the peaceful arts, and had a strong thirst for education. The ravages of "Philip's war" extinguished their fair promise. They attempted to be neutral between their English benefactors and their pagan countrymen; they were suspected by both parties, and every man's hand was against them. Their settlements were ravaged, their hopes crushed, their progress fatally arrested, not because of their positive incapacity but of their relative weakness. The history of the Moravian missions is a history of successes rapidly gained, and then lost by an overmastering violence. The extinction of the reformation in Spain by the murderous rigor of the inquisition, proves as conclusively that Spaniards are naturally incapable of receiving the reformed faith, as the blasted hopes of missionaries to the Indian tribes prove their incapacity to receive the blessings of religion and civilization.

If evidence is still sought for the faith that Indians may share in the present blessings and future hopes of Christian culture, it is plentifully furnished in the latter history of the tribes, especially of the Cherokees and Choctaws. These tribes, through the influence of the gospel, were making rapid progress upward in the scale of social life. Their forcible removal West of the Mississippi sent them once more into the wilderness. Their struggle with this hard adversity was severe, but they have nobly surmounted it. A report presented to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at its recent anniversary, by the Rev. S. B. Treat, bears unequivocal testimony to the value of missionary efforts among them. We will recite some of the facts it embodies.

In 1818 the Choctaws were a savage people—Polygamy and infanticide, war and intercaste debased them. When Mr. Kingsbury asked if there was a sober man among them, they said there was one. They are now a Christian nation, with an established government, engaged in agriculture and giving evidence on every side of comfort, thrift and progress. They prize education. They have a fund for the academic and collegiate training of young men: an annual appropriation of \$25,500 is made for the support of boarding schools, and the Sunday schools, even, are supported by the State. Their common schools are inadequate; but their white neighbors are far in the rear of the Choctaws, in every department of education. Intemperance has declined, and would be suppressed were it not for the introduction of whiskey from "the States." The "Maine law," so called, was substantially enacted by the Choctaw nation in 1823 and is now in force. About one in eight are Christian communicants, and they honor their profession by active piety and a large-hearted benevolence. To the churches under the care of the American Board 1613 converts were added in the last twelve years, an average of more than 134 annually. The statistics of other churches are not given.

The same remarks apply, in a stronger degree, to the Cherokees. Their endowments for education, their social advancement, place them in a higher position than any other tribe, and the strongest testimony to their civilization is borne by observers who had no relation to the missionaries that should involve a suspicion of partiality. Our own pages have borne testimony to the success of the gospel among other tribes, and the paper from which we derive the above facts is equally decisive and equally cheering in respect to the Seminoles and the Tuscaroras. *One-third* of the Tuscaroras are members of the mission church, and the moral and social state of the tribe compares favorably not only with that of other Indians, but of their neighboring neighbors in the State of New York.

Such facts as these refute the three conclusions of the report: 1. There is hope for the Indian. 2. The only hope of the Indian is the gospel. 3. Missions to the Indians have a strong claim upon our sympathies.

There is hope. The whole history of Indian civilization affirms it. The gospel alone can cure the Indian. The paper before us repeats, making but avoid any repetition of the observations that of the Missions has the conservative force of Christianity. Nothing else can cure that degenerate. Why should not their salvation depend on the hands of all Christians whose inheritance is ours in this grand field? Surely in their fallen state, and that it is a grand thing that we should do, with their impoverished condition. *Indian Missionary Magazine.*

MURDER.—We are pained to record several outrageous murders among the Cherokees, of recent occurrence. In commenting upon one of these, wherein the weapon used was a pistol, the *Indian editor*, somewhat facetiously remarks:

"We are not informed as to the names of the parties and have not as yet heard of the arrest of the murderer. We hope not to be deprived of this satisfaction, as pounding the life out of a man is a manner of getting rid of him which may be considered as an innovation upon the practice of the community, and shocks our conservative feelings. We had hoped the late law forbidding the carrying of weapons, would have some effect in diminishing a horrible species of crime among us, but if so, that effect is not yet visible. Though knives and pistols are interdicted, pistols are still left to discredit the humane intent of the Council. Should these in their turn be forbidden, the energy of our witty chivalry would doubtless turn the kitchen into an armory, and the innocent utensils of the farmer into weapons of battle. What does it matter that the sword is turned into the pruning hook, if the pruning hook is used as the sword."

The law forbidding the carrying of weapons, is a most excellent law if it can be carried into effect and be attended with the expected result. But it is found that this cannot be, it would perhaps be better to allow a free use of the fashionable implements for the destruction of life, so that the vicious portion of our people may kill themselves with at least some appearance of gentility!"

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE CHEROKEES.—In our town, says the editor of the *Talbott Advocate*, the day was taken up in a display of the Sons of Temperance. The Order met and marched and listened to excellent orations, and partook of a fine dinner with all the sobriety of cold water, calmed a little, perhaps, by the vivacity of hot coffee. The weather was extremely disagreeable though it was hardly dark or damp enough to darken the minds or dampen the hearts of the patriotic Sons of Temperance. The solemnity with which they marched around the Square, thinking no doubt of the arduous duties they were called upon to perform, and the cheerful alacrity with which they afterwards performed those duties, by an irresistible and simultaneous charge upon the dinner table was affecting to witness. The dinner was an excellent one, well served in-doors, and of course, everybody was satisfied.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD.—Considerable excitement has been lately occasioned in the Cherokee Nation by the reported discovery of gold in large quantities upon Horse Creek. The amount of a day's labor is said to be from ten to twelve dollars, and large numbers have gone out to the "diggings." The editor of the *Talbott Advocate*, very properly disapproves the excitement, since its effect will be to disturb the country by giving a false direction to labor.

AGRICULTURAL.—An Agricultural society has been organized in the Cherokee Nation, and the Hon. John Ross appointed President. This is a move in the right direction and we wish it great success.

RECEIPTS.

From February 25th to March 15th, 1852.

ARKANSAS.	
Wm. M. Jones.	\$2 50
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	
I. and J. McCaig.	100 00
TENNESSEE.	
J. R. Woolf.	\$276 00
J. P. Arnold, for Advocate.	2 00
	— 778 00
ILLINOIS.	
L. Holland.	\$1 00
William Hill.	1 00
Joseph Griffin.	3 00
	— 5 00
KENTUCKY.	
P. B. Bush, for E. Jones.	\$23 25
Miss Belle Porter.	25
W. B. B. B.	5 00
	— 53 50
PENNSYLVANIA.	
James Dunbar, Philadelphia.	1 00
MISSOURI.	
Joseph B. B.	\$25 00
James B. B., for Advocate.	1 00
Mr. B. W. Phillips, Treas. State Co.	117 71
	— 143 71
ALABAMA.	
A. A. Connelley.	\$3 00
W. Jenkins, Jr. Advocate.	1 00
	— 4 00
VIRGINIA.	
Mr. J. L. Buchanan.	\$5 00
Mr. S. A. Phillips.	7 00
	— 12 00
Total Receipts.	\$620 55