

From the Catholic Advocate.

SUGAR CREEK, MAY 26th 1843.

DEAR SIR,—I hasten, at your request, to give you some account of the past and present state of the United Nation of Chippewa, Ottawa, and Pottawattamie Indians at the Council Bluff sub-agency, relative to their advancement in agriculture and civilization, comparing them, at the same time with their separated brethren of this place; and although I feel at this time perfectly incompetent to do the subject justice, I hope that the few remarks I shall make will not prove unacceptable. I arrived at the Council Bluffs on the 24th day of August, 1838, where I found a very flourishing mission under the care of Rev. Fathers Vereydt and De Smet, two gentlemen of the Society of Jesus, who had been sent to that place some months previous. And, although they met with all the trials and difficulties attendant on the establishment of a mission among savages, they had by their indefatigable industry, (when I came) a school in operation for Indian children, an excellent Church, to which both whites and Indians crowded on Sunday and Holydays. Those were happy days, to see the red man bend his knee to his crucified Redeemer, and hear his praise sung in the different languages by these children of the forest. The school and mission flourished until the white man's fire-water was introduced into the Nation. The Father tried all means to stem the current, and to stop the introduction of spirits amongst the Indians, but there being no agent nearer than Liberty, a distance of near two hundred miles, the half-breeds and traders, by whom it had been introduced, laughed at their attempts, their threats of informing the superintendent of Indian affairs at St. Louis of the facts, and their prayers and sermons on the heinousness of the crime of giving a knife to a poor Indian to cut his throat with, were equally disregarded; whiskey poured into the country by the wagon load, and was sold not three hundred yards from the missionary station. The Fathers bore the outrage with patience, hoping that when the sub-agent who had just been appointed, Mr. C, came on, a stop would be put to this nefarious traffic, but they were mistaken in their expectations, if any difference was perceivable, it was that whiskey was cheaper than ever. The Sioux Indians, living about 150 miles north of the Bluffs, now commenced to be troublesome to our Indians, they had been down on a visit to us a short time previous, and were received every where with pleasure feasts, and dances became the order of the day; the Calumet was smoked, and all appeared on the best possible terms, they remained I think near a week amongst our Indians; after they returned to their country, some of them came back to steal horses, and killed one of the young men only one mile and a half from our village, where they had been so well received and treated: only a few weeks before. We immediately raised a party and pursued them; in the skirmish that followed, the Sioux killed another of our young men, and wounded a Sac. Only one of the Sioux was killed, and two badly wounded, but they escaped. Our Indians now commenced a disgraceful flight from their village near the mission, so that in a few days scarcely any person remained except a few half-breeds and French. An old Sioux chief of the Yankton band, with his wife and three children was on a visit to one of our principal chiefs, La Frambois. This family was in great danger as our Indians were determined to wreak their vengeance on them. The Chief, La Frambois, being unable to protect his visitors from the drunken Indians, placed them in charge of the Missionaries. Night after night was the mission house surrounded with Iowas, Otoes, Sacs and Pottawattomies thirsting for the blood of this poor family, yelling like fiends as they were; but the Fathers kept them at bay, and would not allow the family to be seen at all. The Indians tried all methods to get at them without success, when the dragoons came up to the Bluffs, under Col. Kearney, the Fathers gave up their charge to him. They were sent home with the exception of the old man, who died from sickness brought on by fright and close confinement; previous to his death he requested and received the Sacrament of Baptism.

The following summer our Indians took a hunt for Buffalo on their own land, but in the direction of the Sioux, and three were killed and one wounded. There was but five Sioux concealed, and these were all killed. These troubles, together with the whiskey which continued to inundate the country, operated

very much against the missionaries. The villages were deserted and nothing remained to be done but remove the mission where they could do good, or remain there and do none. The superior of the Society, taking this view of the case, thought it best to remove the Fathers, which was done in August 1841; they were sent to this place, where they yet remain. —Never shall I forget the last sermon delivered by one of the Fathers the day before they started; he told the congregation that they were going to leave them on account of the whiskey and their deserting their village, telling them prophetically that after they, the missionaries, were gone, the place and people would come to nothing and even worse. How were these words verified? whiskey poured into the country faster than ever, for those that shame kept from the traffic, now that the Fathers were gone, had no check on them; all got into the trade—horses were bought for two gallons and a half of whiskey, that had cost the Indian, at the payment previous, forty dollars; blankets were from one to three pints, and every thing in proportion, and instead of hymns of praise and thanksgiving to the Great Spirit, nothing was now heard but the yellings of those misguided wretches. Murders were now almost of every day occurrence. Two men and one woman were burnt to death in their wigwam, whilst dead drunk, last summer. Any person that saw the Council Bluff in the years '38, '39, and '40, and goes there now, will see at a glance the absolute necessity of religious knowledge being imparted to the Indians, and this can never be done until the intercourse law is strictly enforced, and any infringement of it visited with condign punishment. I left the Bluffs on the 16th inst. After a journey of ten days I arrived at this place on the eve of the Ascension. I had heard this place and the Indians spoken of as a pattern for their red brethren to take example from, but if an Angel had appeared to me, I should not have been more agreeably surprised than I was when I first arrived. From the size of the fields, plantations, and the appearance of the nicely hewed log houses, I could really imagine that I was in a thick settlement of hard working white people. Passing through this agreeable scene, I soon arrived at the mission of the Fathers where I was warmly received as an old acquaintance; they have a male school for boys. The number of scholars according to the report of the Fathers for the year, is 42 regular and 66 irregular. The Female Seminary, under the direction of three Sisters of the Sacred Heart is in a flourishing condition, and according to the above, numbers 40 regular scholars and 72 irregular. The Church is 35 by 50 feet, and is in a very tottering condition, and will no doubt be blown down in some hurricane, which prevail in the country; the situation of it is delightful, commanding a fine prospect of the Sugar Creek Bottom. The day after I arrived being the feast of the Ascension, I entered the Church for the first time. I found it filled to overflowing with well behaved Indians. Coming as I had directly from a band of the same nation of Indians, I was struck dumb with the different appearance that every one bore to those of the Council Bluffs. There at every turn you meet with nothing but sets and hear nought but the drunken yells and songs of these poor miserable beings; how different was the scene before me, a Church filled with these children of the forest, bowing low before the altar of the Great Spirit. I was aroused from my reverie by a chant sung by these poor Indians to the Holy Mother of God in their own language; here, I said, is a feast for the soul of those who really wish to see the poor Indians advance from heathen darkness to the light of the Gospel of our Saviour. I have been in cities all over the United States, and never did I see a better behaved congregation of humble christians. High Mass was sung, and a discourse delivered suitable to the feast celebrated, by the Rev. Father Vereydt, and interpreted to the Indians, who seemed to devour the words as they fell from the lips of the interpreter; I was really edified, and feel confident that if I learned nothing from these poor Indians, they at least put me in mind of my duty towards God. There is a Catholic community here of from 1,100 to 1,200 souls, who will no more let a drop of whiskey come into their country than they would the small pox if they had the power to prevent that disease from coming. Every morning at six o'clock the bell rings for Mass, and they flock to the Church like their brethren of the Council Bluffs to the waggon load of whiskey where the trader is going to undersell his rival broth-

er of the top. In the evening they have their prayers and the litany of the Blessed Virgin sung.

I should really like to have a comparison drawn between the Baptist Mission, established by McCoy (at Pottawattamie Creek) some years before the Fathers came to this place, and the Catholic Mission here at present, together with an account of the funds received from time to time by both missions. I feel very willing to say that McCoy has received more dollars for his mission than there are hairs on the heads of his Indian converts. The mission of the Fathers, on the contrary have received very little aid from the community. This establishment is really worthy of the attention of the Catholic world; it is a mission which should be kept up, and without assistance from their Catholic friends it will be impossible to sustain it. If the mission was under the patronage of the government, as the Shawnee Mission is (Methodist) the Fathers could do very well without any other assistance than the prayers and good wishes of their friends. But this is not the case; as I said before, the Church is a very poor one, and will not contain half of those that come, and, therefore, a good substantial building is very much needed, and without funds it is impossible to have one put up. If a Protestant minister was in the Father's situation he would not be troubled long about it, he would soon be in the East raising contributions for the poor heathen as he is pleased to call them, but it is a well known fact that the Fathers are better able to say prayers than raise contributions. It is, therefore, highly necessary that some of their catholic friends should make a move on the subject, and see what can be done for this mission. Times are hard it is true, but without making any man poor he can spare a dollar. If an establishment, with such a start as this has got, falls through for want of a few dollars, the Pharisees will laugh in their sleeves, but the true christian of whatever denomination, will repent when it is too late. May God, in his infinite mercy, open your hearts and your purse strings in the sincere prayer of a

CONVERT.

From the Catholic Miscellany.

#### A Theory of Unity.

D'AUBIGNE, in quoting whom we take particular pleasure, remarks, in reference to the disputes between Luther and Carlsbadt respecting the Eucharist, that "here the Reformers diverge and form two separate camps." The illustration is aptly chosen, and applies to the present, as well as to the past sects of the Reformation.

They all are in the position of belligerents—they have encamped over against each other, and wage continually a 'barbarous civil war.' Occasionally they proclaim a truce to their domestic strife, and combine upon some indifferent project, in the hope of effecting an appearance of brotherly agreement, and of hiding their radical and interminable dissensions. Whenever this happens, the world is entertained with homilies upon the beauty of harmony among Protestants, and eke, the necessity of unity among christians. Eloquent addresses are delivered, and the assemblies are dismissed, after " fervent and earnest prayer, and benediction." The time of truce elapsed, the different denominations retire, each to its separate camp ground; ready to renew their perpetual squabbles, and flattering themselves that they have given to the world a practical demonstration of christian Unity. For example, the Courier of the 12th inst contains an account of "the second public meeting of the Society for promoting a due observance of the Lord's Day." The writer details, with some minuteness, the address of the Rev. Drs. Palmer and Brantly; and, although it might not be fair to consider those gentlemen fully committed for all of

the views that he has ascribed to them still we presume, that his report is sufficiently correct to warrant our commenting upon it. We extract a part of Dr. Palmer's remarks:

"Dr. PALMER, in advocating the society as a bond of union among christians, laid great and well founded stress upon the fact that, in the prayer of the Saviour, (John 17, 21,) this unity of christians was so made the burden of one of its petitions, as to convey the idea that this unity was necessary in order to cause the world to believe in the Saviour—"That they all may be one"—that the world may believe that thou hadst sent me." Dr. P. inquired whether this "unity" meant uniformity—that is a complete external agreement in every point of doctrine and mode of government and worship. He contended that it did not and could not, as this never had existed even under the eye of the great apostle and high priest of our faith—Christ himself. Nor was it to be expected that this should even entirely prevail. He insisted that the "unity" prayed for by the Saviour was the unity of the spirit, which led men to concur in the great fundamental doctrine of the gospel, and to cooperate, notwithstanding differences on minor points, in a concerted effort to glorify God and bless mankind by diffusing the knowledge of them, and thus to live and work together in the bond of peace. He trusted that even as in the Bible and the Tract Society, christians of all denominations had laboured harmoniously together, so this society would form another pedestal upon which another moral union would be erected. Such a state of things he believed would promote christian affection, banish prejudice and distrust, and induce the pious of all names to make use of the moral telescope instead of the microscope—to take large and expanded views, instead of little and narrow glimpses. He concluded by wishing success to the cause and soliciting the active co-operation of all present."

This scheme of amalgamating the various sects of Protestants may seem charitable and ingenious, but it is based upon a plain misconception of christian Unity, which is something very different from Protestant conventional union. The former exists in the R. Catholic church, whose members compose one body, believe in one Lord, have received one baptism, profess the same faith, are guided by the same spirit, and actuated by the same hope. The latter is represented by the Society for the observance of the Sabbath, or the Association for misrepresenting Catholicism, or any other heterogeneous combination of individuals, professing protestantism, who may choose to unite for a special purpose; however distinct the bodies to which they belong, and however different their speculations about "the great fundamental doctrine of the gospel," whatever that be.

BISHOP KENRICK IN THE FIELD.—We are delighted, says the U. S. Catholic Miscellany, at the announcement that this distinguished controversialist has determined to review the Letter of Bishop Hopkins. Fresh triumphs are in store for catholicity;