

Col Thomas P. Meigs
Washington

GWY
CHEROKEE



J. A. U. A.
PHENIX.

VOL. I.

NEW ECHOTA, WEDNESDAY JULY 30, 1828.

NO. 22.

EDITED BY ELIAS BOUDINOTT.

PRINTED WEEKLY BY

ISAAC H. HARRIS,

FOR THE CHEROKEE NATION.

At \$2.50 if paid in advance, \$3 in six months, or \$3.50 if paid at the end of the year.

To subscribers who can read only the Cherokee language the price will be \$2.00 in advance, or \$2.50 to be paid within the year.

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Advertisements will be inserted at seventy-five cents per square for the first insertion, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each continuance; longer ones in proportion.

All letters addressed to the Editor, post paid, will receive due attention.

GWY J. A. U. A. AD LSI JEC. G. I.
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DESCRIPTION OF CALCUTTA.

From Bishop Heber.

Calcutta when seen from the south, on which side it is built, round two sides of a great open plain, with the Ganges on the west, is a very noble city; with tall and stately houses, ornamented with Grecian pillars, and each for the most part surrounded by a little apology for a garden. The churches are not large, but very neat and even elegant buildings, and the government house is—to say the least of it, a more showy place than London has to produce. These are however, the front lines—behind them ranges the native town, deep black and dingy, with narrow, crooked streets, huts of earth baked in the sun, or of twisted bamboos, interspersed here and there with ruinous brick bazars, pools of dirty water, cocoa trees, and little gardens, and a few very large, very fine and generally very dirty houses of Grecian architecture, the residence of wealthy natives. There are some mosques of pretty architecture, and very neatly kept, and some pagodas, but mostly ruinous and decayed—the religion of the people being chiefly conspicuous in their worship of the Ganges, and in some ugly painted wooden or plaster idols, with all manner of heads and arms, which are set up in different parts of the city. Fill up this outline with a crowd of people in the streets beyond any thing to be seen even in London, some dressed in tawdry silks and brocades, more in white cotton garments, and most of all black and naked, except a scanty covering round the waste; besides figures of religious mendicants, with no clothing but their long hair and beards in elf locks, their faces painted white or yellow, their beads in one ghastly lean hand, and the other stretched out like a birds claw, to receive donations; marriage processions,

with the bride in a covered chair and the bridegroom on horse back, so swathed round with garlands as hardly to be seen; tradesmen sitting on the ground in the midst of their different commodities, and old men lookers on, perched naked as monkeys, on the roofs of the houses; carts drawn by oxen, and driven by wild looking men with thick sticks, so unmercifully used as to undeceive perfectly all our notions of braminal humanity; attendants with silver maces, pressing through the crowd before the carriage of some great man or other; no women seen except of the lowest class, and even these with heavy silver ornaments on their dusky arms and ankles; while coaches, covered up close with red cloth, are seen conveying the inmates of the neighboring seraglios to take what is called "the air;" a constant creaking of cart wheels, which are never greased in India, a constant clamour of voices, and an almost constant thumping and jungling of drums, cymbals, &c. in honor of some of their deities; and add to all this, a villainous smell of garlic, rancid cocoa-nut oil, sour butter, and stagnant ditches, and you will understand the sounds, sights and smells of what is called the "Black Town" of Calcutta. The singularity of this spectacle is best and least offensively enjoyed on a noble quay, which Lord Hastings built along the shore of the river, where the vessels of all forms and sizes, Arab, Indian, Malay, American, English—the crowds of Bramins and other Hindoos washing and saying their prayers, the lighted tapers, which toward sunset they throw in, and the broad bright stream which sweeps by them, guiltless of their impiety, and unconscious of their homage, afford a scene such as no European, and few Asiatic cities, can at all parallel in interest and singularity.

MURDERER'S CREEK.

The name of Murderer's Creek is said to be derived from the following incidents:

Little more than a century ago, the beautiful region watered by this stream, was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct or been incorporated with some other savage nation of the west. Three or four hundred yards from where the stream discharges itself into the Hudson, a white family of the name of Stacey, had established itself, in a log house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacey had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of little arts highly estimated by the savages. In particular, a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian called Naoman, who often came to his house and partook of his hospitality. The Indians never forgive injuries or forgot benefits.—The family consisted of Stacey, his wife, and two children, a boy and girl, the former five, the latter three years old.

One day Naoman, came to Stacy's log hut, in his absence, lighted his pipe and sat down. He looked very serious, sometimes sighed deeply but said not a word. Stacey's wife asked him what was the matter, and if he was sick. He shook his head, sighed, but said nothing, and soon went away. The next day he came again and behaved in the same manner.—Stacey's wife began to think strange of this, and related it to her husband, who advised her to urge the old man to an explanation the next time he came. Accordingly when he repeated his visit the day after, she was more importunate than usual. At last the old Indian said, "I am a red man, and the pale faces are our enemies; why should I speak?" But my husband and I are your friends; you have eaten salt with us a thousand times, and my children have sat on your knee as often. If you have any thing on your mind tell it me. "It will cost me my life if it is known, and the white faced-women are not

good at keeping secrets," replied Naoman. Try me, and see. "Will you swear by your Great Spirit, you will tell none but your husband?" I have none else to tell. "But will you swear?" I do swear by our Great Spirit, I tell none but my husband. "Not if my tribe should kill you for not telling?" Not if your tribe should kill me for not telling.

Naoman then proceeded to tell her that, owing to some encroachments of the white people below the mountains his tribe had become irritated, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach. That she must send for her husband, inform him of the danger, and as secretly and speedily as possible take their canoe, and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety. "Be quick, and do nothing that may excite suspicion," said Naoman as he departed. The good wife sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out, and meanwhile Stacey recollected his gun which had been left behind. He proceeded to the house and returned with it. All this took up considerable time, and precious time it proved to this poor family.

The daily visits of old Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribe, who had accordingly paid particular attention to the movements of Stacy. One of the young Indians who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take their boat, ran to the little Indian village, about a mile off, and gave the alarm. Five Indians collected, ran down to the river side where their canoes were moored, jumped in and paddled after Stacey, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained on him so fast, that twice he dropt his paddle, and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him, that if he fired, and they were afterwards overtaken they would meet no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle, till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards of the shore, and carried back with shouts of yelling triumph.

When they got ashore, the Indians set fire to Stacey's house, and dragged himself, his wife and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among the rest, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chiefs among them, stated that some one of the tribe had undoubtedly been guilty of treason, in apprising Stacey, the white man, of the designs of the tribe, whereby they took the alarm, and had well nigh escaped.—He proposed to examine the prisoners, as to who gave the information. The old men assented to this, and Naoman among the rest. Stacey was first interrogated by one of the old men, who spoke English, and interpreted to the others. Stacey refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned, while at the same moment, two Indians stood threatening the two children with tomahawks in case she did not confess. She attempted to evade the truth, by declaring that she had a dream the night before which had alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly. "The Great Spirit never designs to talk in dreams to a white face," said the old Indian: "Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces. Speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them, ready to execute their bloody orders.

"Wilt thou name," said the old Indian, "the red man who betrayed his tribe. I will ask thee three times." The mother answered not.—"Wilt

thou name the traitor? This is the second time. The poor mother looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept; but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor? 'tis the third and last time. The agony of the mother waxed more bitter; again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless. A pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the next moment the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

"Stop," cried Naoman. All eyes were turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he in a tone of authority.—"White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. I am the traitor. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I that told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will. I am ready." A yell of indignation sounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank where he sat; shrouded his face with his mantle of skins and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow of the tomahawk.

But the sacrifice of Naoman, and the firmness of the Christian white woman, did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished—how, it is needless to say; and the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the pleasant stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called Murderer's Creek.—*New Mirror for Travellers.*

LEDYARD'S ACCOUNT OF THE NILE.

In a letter to Mr. Jefferson, Ledyard gives the following account of this river below Grand Cairo:

"You have heard and read much of the Nile, and so had I; but when I saw it I could not conceive it to be the same. What eyes do travellers see with?—Are they fools or rogues? For heaven's sake hear the plain truth about it. First—in regard to its size. Obvious comparisons in such cases are good. Do you know the river Connecticut? Of all the rivers I have seen, it most resembles that in size. It is a little wider, and may on that account compare better with the Thames. This is the mighty, the sovereign of rivers, the vast Nile, that has been metamorphosed into one of the wonders of the world. Let me be careful how I read, and above all how I read ancient history. You have heard and read too much of its inundations. If the thousands of large and small canals from it, and thousands of men and machines employed to transfer by artificial means the water of the Nile to the meadows on its banks—if this be the inundation that is meant, it is true; any other is false. It is not an inundating river. I came up the river on the 15th to the 20th of August, and about the 20th, the water will be at the height of the freshet. When I left the river, its banks were four, five or six feet above the water, and here in town I am told they expect the Nile to be only one or two feet higher at the most."

In his journal transmitted to the African Society, under date of August 14, 1783, he says—

"The view in sailing up the Nile is very confined, unless from the top of the mast, or some other eminence, and then it is an unbounded plain of excellent land, miserably cultivated, and interspersed with a great number of villages, both on its banks, and as far along the meadows as one can see in any direction. The river is also filled with boats passing and repassing—boats all of one kind and navigated in one manner, nearly also of one size, the largest carrying ten or fifteen tons.

On board of these boats are seen onions, watermelons, dates, sometimes a horse or camel, (which lies down in the boat,) sheep, goats, dogs, men and women. Towards evening and morning they have music."

From the Philadelphian.
PAPAL JURISDICTION IN AMERICA.

The following is a translation of a recent order from his holiness the Pope of Rome, addressed to Bishop Coowell, of this city. It is a singular specimen of papal authority exercised over the people of a free country.

"Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Sir—We have received the letters of your Grace written on the 14th of November, 1827—in which you reply to our epistle transmitted to you on the 11th of August. In our epistle in the name of our most holy Lord Pope, Leo, XII, your Grace was called to Rome, and you were informed that the apostolic administration of your diocese had been committed to R. P. D. Ambrose Marechal. Now I am charged to inform you, that R. P. D. Marechal, Archbishop of Baltimore, will undertake the administration on account of imperfect health. His holiness, therefore has committed again to the sacred congregation, the duty of informing you, that he expects from you this new testimony of obedience towards him and the apostolic seat, that without delay, (*omni mora relicta*) you repair to Rome, where you will be received with that benevolence which we fully demonstrated in our former letter. During your absence from the Diocese of Philadelphia, and until it may be otherwise ordered by the apostolic seat, R. D. William Matthews, Pastor of Washington, deputed by His Holiness as apostolic Vicar general, will assume the government. Finally, the Rev. William Vincent Harold and John Ryan, by the authority of our Most Holy Lord, are most importantly urged (*vehementissime excitatos esse*) to leave the Diocese of Philadelphia; and the sacred congregation has expressed its pleasure, that they repair to Cincinnati, and there execute the sacred function."

D. MAURUS CARDINAL CAPELLARI.

Latest from Ceylon Mission.—A letter to a friend of ours from the Rev. Miron Winslow, Oodooville, (Ceylon,) January 7, 1828, states that the missionaries were all in comfortable health, but more or less affected by their labors and the heat of the climate. "In the Mission we continue to have some encouragement that our work is not in vain in the Lord, though its progress is slow. The number of natives admitted to the church scarcely exceeds 100; and though a number wish for admission, we shall not probably receive more than 16 or 18 for two or three months to come. These are to be admitted on the 24th inst. The Seminary is doing as well as could be expected. The students make good progress in mathematics, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, &c., and have made some attainments in geography and astronomy. The first class are to leave next September.—The number now in the Seminary is 67. In the Preparatory School there are 100, and in the Female Central School, 27. Our Common Schools are 93 in number, containing 3,311 boys and 952 girls. The expenses of all these [Common Schools] the last year was about \$2,500; and of our Boarding Establishments, more than \$3000, aside from buildings, &c. &c. But the good done is abundantly proportioned to the expense. To teach this degraded population even to read, and then to give them the Scriptures, what a light is poured in upon them? Heathenism will flee before it."

Comparing this statement with the last accounts contained in the Missionary Herald, dated four months previous, it appears that during this inter-

FOR THE COUNCIL. DANIEL GRIFFIN, JR., LITTLE TURTLE, EDWARD GUNTER, ANDREW ROSS.

FOR THE COMMITTEE. DANIEL MCCOY, RICHARD TAYLOR, JOHN F. BALDRIDGE.

FOR THE COUNCIL. NATHAN HICKS, CHARLES REECE, CUN-NE-QUOH-YO-GE, SLEEPING RABBIT, THOMAS NANON, TSU-NU-GE.

The following are Candidates for the ensuing General Council of the Cherokee Nation, to represent the District of Chickamauga.

FOR THE COMMITTEE. THOMAS FOREMAN, HAIR CONRAD.

FOR COUNCIL. JAMES BIGBEY, THOMAS FIELDS, YOUNG WOLF, JOHN WATTS, CRAWLING SNAKE, DEER-SQUAH-NE, DEER IN THE WATER.

The following are Candidates for the General Council of the Cherokee Nation to represent the District of Hickory Log.

FOR COMMITTEE. JOHN DUNCAN, JAMES DANIEL, GEORGE WATERS, SAMUEL DOWNING, GEORGE STILL, RACCOON, MOSES DOWNING, EDMUND DUNCAN.

FOR COUNCIL. MOSES PARRIS, JOHN R. DANIEL, JAMES DAUGHTERY, SLIM FELLOW, CHEWEA, RISING FAWN, TUCKQUO, GEORGE CARY, WM. PROCTER, YOUNG CHICKEN.

We are authorized to announce DAVID VANN, a Candidate for the Committee for High Tower District.

SPKS DREBA.—CH ASPGAY GA ERY P OFALI, TWO, SPKOP, ADSPAY, IS-TAYZ.

ILWQYZ.—SO-LLY, IUSAY, GCFEB, JZEY, GAI, JWE, URAY, HSO, M-LA, GSYZ DOLAOPRAY.

SPKS DREBA.—OFFP, JAL, GCFE, U-FJY, AI JUCZAR, GELFZ.

ILWQYZ.—OFMY, DOW, GAI JZY, DATALY, DORP DSGRAY, EYD, JYAYAY, DFCIZ.

HSZ DOLAOPRAY.

SPKS DREBA.—ACFE, GJJ, JAZZAYZ.

ILWQYZ.—JCY, HASSOF, GELAY, GELP, OSWOC, OFERZLAPZ.

D-SAZ DOLAOPRAY.

SPKS DREBA.—D-SAGRAYAY, ISAP.

ILWQYZ.—GELP, TOLOT, JATH, GQES, HAYAJ, YPERAZ, DREZ IC SE-CW.

NEW ECHOTA:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1828.

We publish to day Professor R's letter and two series of questions on the language and history of the Tsalagi Nation. Those on the language can be easily answered, and we hope to receive satisfactory communication on the subject from some one of our correspondents. In regard to traditions, we feel doubtful whether any can be collected which will shed any new light on our dark history, particularly as far back as 1000 years. Traditions are becoming unpopular, and there are now but few aged persons amongst us who regard them as our forefathers did. We have been desirous of obtaining them for the columns of our paper—if they do not afford any new light, they may afford some amusement. We will be thankful to our correspondents if they will send us any for insertion. Direct answers to Pro. R's questions on the history of the Tsalagi Nation will be thankfully received.

It has been extremely warm of late, and the crops which a few days ago appeared so very promising, are now suffering for want of rain.

We are happy to learn that there is every prospect of punctual and general attendance at each of the precincts in this District, on our election day, which is to be next Monday. Preparatory meetings have been held in Coosewaytee, Pine-log, and other places. This augurs well for the "success of our new Constitution."

There appears to be a want of public spirit in some of our leading and wealthy citizens. Though they possess the means of doing much good, by encouraging education, and the general improvement of the Nation they seem to stand aloof. This is our failing as a people, and we are sorry to say that some of the officers of our govern-

ment have been and are filled by persons of this description. From such leaders, who pay more regard to the acquisition of wealth than the good and interest of their country, we have no reason to expect any solid and permanent advantage. Is not our remark correct when it is considered that many (and some who were members of the Legislative body which established the press) possessing all requisite means, will not subscribe for the *Cherokee Phoenix*, which costs only two dollars and fifty cents a year. Who will encourage and uphold us, when our own citizens and patrons (they ill deserve the name) will not give us a helping hand?

While we complain of the coldness and inactive patriotism of some, we take pleasure in rendering, to a larger portion of our leading men, their proper and well merited due. Under the direction of such men, education will flourish, our *gwiy* school will not be permitted to languish and our infant institutions will be protected. Through their exertions we hope to see established in this place, a National School, where our youths will enjoy greater advantages than in the common Schools—where our future chiefs—our judges, and the guardians of our religious, moral and political interests will be reared.—Such an institution is greatly needed, and were it not that the public funds of the Nation are so small, necessary buildings would ere this have been commenced. We invite the attention of our citizens to this important subject. Now is the time when judicious efforts for the improvement of the Cherokees cannot go unrewarded, and pass away without any desirable effects.

The condition in which the nations of Europe stand in relation to each other at the present time, may be a subject of interesting speculation, especially to him who is disposed to pry into futurity. The real power of Europe is in but few hands. Russia, Austria, France, and Prussia, as long as they hold on to the Holy Alliance, can command the Continent, and Great Britain possess the supreme controul upon the water. The smaller powers are Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Portugal, the Swiss Republics, Savoy, Piedmont, Naples, and the Italian States. These nations are weak, & so distributed, that they are in great measure unable to help each other, in case of necessity, and at the same time are exposed to be subdued, and annexed to the more powerful states, whenever the latter may choose to dispose of them. So predominant are the ruling powers, that is the members of the Holy Alliance, that we scarcely hear the others named except when some trading vessel arrives from a port from one of them. Should Russia, Austria and Prussia, think it expedient to overrun Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, on the one side, or Turkey, Naples, the rest of Italy, and Switzerland on the other, the task would be an easy one, and they might portion their weaker neighbours among themselves with as much ease, and probably more, than they formerly divided Poland. Russia has extended her conquests far to the eastward. What shall prevent her, at some future day, from turning her course in an opposite direction, and taking possession of the countries bordering upon the Baltic, & commanding the passage into the northern sea? Austria was for a long period the deadly foe of the Swiss Republics, and she has for many years cast a wishful eye upon the coast of Italy, and the Gulph of Venice. By obtaining the command of the Adriatic Sea, and the neighbouring regions of Naples and Italy, she would at once become a maritime nation, and in process of time might prove to be strong upon the ocean, as well as powerful upon the land. France has always kept her eye upon Spain, and maintained an important influence in all her concerns: and she might be equally influential in Portugal, if the connection between that nation and Great Britain should be dissolved—an event, apparently, not very improbable. Prussia lies in the immediate neighbourhood of Holland, and with a little friendly assistance from Austria and Russia, might easily seize upon the Netherlands, and annex them to her own dominions, and in that way make herself also a maritime power. If to these we add, the conquest of Turkey by the Russians, and the removal of all the obstructions from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, we should complete a new geographical division of Europe, and divide the whole of the territory of that quarter of the globe under four gigantic sovereignties, uncontrolled and un-

controllable by any other earthly power, so long as they should keep up their union, and abide by the principles of their Holy Confederation.

This is certainly fanciful, and perhaps extravagant. We are not stating what is probable, but what is possible. Formerly, before the political systems of Europe were changed, and it was essential to the safety of the larger powers to uphold the smaller, the ideas we have suggested would have been wild and impracticable. But it is a subject of serious consideration, that such a distribution of the small nations might be made, if the large ones should deem it expedient. The large states are now bound together by a league, from which the small are fully excluded.—Who can foretell what may hereafter take place under such a combination? *New York Advertiser.*

Serious disturbance with the Indians.—We are sorry to learn, by several gentlemen from the Post of Arkansas, that a serious disturbance has recently arisen between some of the citizens of that place and a party of Indians, who were encamped in that vicinity, which unfortunately resulted in the death of two Choctaws, who were of the party. The particulars, as related to us, are briefly these: The Indians had procured a quantity of Whiskey, which they carried to a camp, on the South side of the Arkansas, opposite the town, where they became exceedingly drunk, and were very troublesome to a Frenchman, near whom they had encamped. In consequence of some threats which they made, he became alarmed, and went over to the Post, for assistance. A number of the citizens voluntarily returned with him for the purpose of affording him protection; and soon after they reached there, from some cause not known to us, two Choctaw Indians made an attack on Mr. Richmond Peeler, with their knives. One of them was shot down by him, and killed on the spot, and the other was knocked down and secured by Mr. Maxwell. These two were the only Choctaws who were of the party of thirty or forty warriors of that nation encamped within about twenty miles of the spot, the surviving Indian was confined and placed under the guard of two men—Peeler and a Frenchman named Francis Lafargue—with a view of preventing him from communicating the news of the death of his companion to the main party, before the people could have time collect in sufficient numbers to protect themselves from any retaliation that might be attempted by them. This Indian was carried across the river in the course of the night, & next morning was found dead—with his hands tied; and his head shockingly cut with an axe or hatchet—to all appearance most inhumanly murdered. The perpetrators of the deed are not known, though it is suspected that several were concerned in it. Peeler and Lafargue were arrested and committed by Eli J. Lewis, Esq.; but were subsequently brought before Judge Hall, on a writ of habeas corpus and admitted to bail, for their appearance at the next Superior Court, to answer such charge as might be exhibited against them at that term.

Serious apprehensions, we understand, are entertained by the citizens of that place, that the Choctaws will attempt to avenge the death of the two Indians; and guards have been kept out every night for some time past, to give the alarm on the least approach of danger.

This disturbance, we hope, will have the effect of causing the removal of all the numerous strolling parties of Indians, who are constantly prowling through the Territory, killing up the game, and committing petty depredations on the property of our citizens.

It ought also to have the effect of bringing to punishment those who, for a little paltry lucre, are in the constant habit of selling spirituous liquors to the Indians, and thereby jeopardizing their own and their neighbor's lives. They are the principal instigators of these disturbances; and our grand jurors and all good citizens, ought to take every lawful means to cause the laws prohibiting illicit trade with the Indians to be rigidly enforced against them. A few examples would have a good effect in correcting this glaring and growing evil.—*Ark. Gaz.*

* The post rider on the route to Monroe C. H. informs us that he met a gentleman, a few days ago, who was direct from the Choctaw village on the Bayou Bartholomew, and was informed by him, that the

Choctaws were all removing from thence to Red River, and that they had no intention of avenging the death of their two brethren.

From the Newburg Index. STEAMBOAT TRAVELLING.

On Tuesday of last week, two gentlemen of Newburg, having business in New York and Albany, left here about 8 o'clock in the evening, and were in New-York in the morning.—After attending to their business until five in the afternoon, they went on board the New Philadelphia, and arrived at Albany by 6 o'clock next morning. They there attended to their business until 5 in the afternoon, when they took passage on board the same boat and arrived at the village at 12 o'clock at night, having been absent 54 hours, and in that time spent a day in New York, a day in Albany, and travelled 300 miles.—The travelling expenses of each individual amounted to \$3 25; a performance for cheapness and expedition, we believe, altogether unparalleled in the history of travelling.

A Tumour.—Doctor W. F. Cooper, of Sempronius, N. Y. has lately taken from the back of Joshua Vanaukin, of that town, a tumour, measuring in circumference thirty-nine inches, and weighing nineteen pounds and four ounces. The operation was performed in three and a half minutes.—This protuberance was situated between the hip and shoulder blade, bordering on the right side—it was first discovered twenty-seven years ago, then very small, since which time it has been constantly increasing; at first very gradually, but lately with great rapidity, increasing one half in four years. It is said the wound is now doing well, and the patient is in a fair way to recover.—*Roch. Albun.*

Solar Microscope.—We visited Mr. Nolen's exhibition of the Solar Microscope, at the corner of Seventh and Chesnut-streets, on Friday afternoon; and found him honored with a large company of young ladies, to whom he was unfolding the wonders of nature to their great admiration—especially when they saw a piece of very fine lace assume the appearance of gratings, with bars four or five inches in diameter.

A very fine cambric needle, appeared something like an awning post; and the dust from a fig, assumed life and animation, that were truly astonishing. The forms that this dust took, were very like the five banded armadillo of South America, from 10 to 15 inches in length; and they showed their strength and agility in a sharp contest for the chief seat on the point of a cambric needle, for which they contended with a most edifying earnestness.

A few drops of vinegar contained an eel of a most magnificent size—enough to serve a moderate eater through lent.

The crystallization of salts, was the most beautiful part of the exhibition—and of these, the Sal-Ammoniac and the Muriate of Barytes, were most attractive. This part of the exhibition is particularly worthy the attention of the citizens, and cannot fail of being both instructive and amusing.

Philad. Gaz.

Lusus Natura.—A Royal George peach tree, cultivated in the garden of the Rev. Mr. Howman, of Beccles produced, last season, rather a large fruit, three parts of which were peach and one part nectarine, quite distinct in appearance as well as in flavour.

Gardeners Mag.

The following are Candidates for the General Council of the Cherokee Nation to represent the District of Coosewaytee.

FOR THE COMMITTEE. WALTER ADAIR, JOHN RIDGE, ELIJAH HICKS, JOSEPH VANN, RISING FAWN, GEO. SANDERS, JOHN SANDERS.

FOR THE COUNCIL. MAJOR RIDGE, TE-SA-DASKI, JAMES FOSTER, JOHN FIELDS, JR. WATIE, GOO-LAH-TSE, DAH-YE-SKE, NE-GAH-WE, KA-E-TEE-HEE.

* The following are Candidates for the ensuing Legislature of the Cherokee Nation, to represent the District of Chattooga.

FOR THE COMMITTEE. RICHARD FIELDS, THOMAS WILSON,

NOTICE.

IN accordance with the resolution of the National Committee and Council, passed October 24th, 1827, requiring the Treasurer of the Cherokee Nation to call in all the money loaned out under the provisions of a previous act, on or before the first Monday of October next, I hereby give notice to all such as are indebted to the Treasury, to come and redeem their bonds by paying principal and interest, on the day that they become due; as such bonds cannot be renewed after the first Monday of October next. No indulgence will be given; and those who do not comply with the above requisition must expect to find their bonds in the hands of Officers.

JOHN MARTIN, Treas. of the Ch. Nat. New Echota, July 23, 1828.

The Examination of the School at Creek Path, under the superintendance of the Rev. William Potter, will take place on the Friday preceding the second Sabbath in August.

NOTICE.

TAKEN up on Tarripin Creek, by Zachariah Simmons, on the 19th inst. a BAY HORSE, with a small white on his forehead, about six years old, and five feet and two inches high, and without any brand. J. VANN, April 30th, 1828. 11-0.

POETRY.

MOTHER WHAT IS DEATH?

"Mother, how still the baby lies—
I cannot hear its breath:
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And set down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing?
They hushed me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies,
O mother, tell me how?"

"Daughter, do you remember dear,
The cold dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the easement here.
A wither'd worm, you thought?"

I told you that Almighty power
Could break the wither'd shell,
And show you in a future hour
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,
An empty shell it lies?
Now raise your wandering glance above,
To where you insect flies!"

"Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold—
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold!"

Oh, mother, now I know full well—
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from his broken cell,
On golden wings to range,

How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things."

THE EXILE AT REST.

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the
while,
His eagle flag unrolled—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone!—not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Bends o'er his dust;—nor wife nor son
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind his sea-girt rock, the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Has sunk;—and nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

High in his couch—the ocean flood
Far, far below, by storms is curled;
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps! the mountain cloud,
That night hangs round him, and the
breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here!—the far off world at last
Breathes free;—the hand that shook its
throne,
And to the earth its mitres cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there, from the pyramids,
And from Siberian wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills; a voice that bids
The world he eyed to mourn him? No:

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard here, is the sea-birds cry—
The mournful murmur of the surge—
The cloud's deep voice—the wind's low
sigh.

From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.
AN ANGEL VISIT.

On the evening of the thirty-first
of December, I had been cherishing
the humiliating and solemn reflec-
tions which are peculiarly suitable
to the close of the year, and endeavor-
ing to bring my mind to that view
of the past, best calculated to influence
the future. I had attempted to re-
call the prominent incidents of the
twelve months which had elapsed;
and, in this endeavor, I was led fre-
quently to regret how little my mem-
ory could retain even of that most im-
portant to be remembered. I could
not avoid, at such a period, looking
forward as well as backward, and an-
ticipating that fearful tribunal at
which no occurrence shall be forgot-
ten; whilst my imagination penetrated
into the distant destinies which shall
be dependent on its decisions. At
my usual hour retired to rest, but the
train of meditation I had pursued
was so appropriate, that imagination
continued it after sense had slumber-
ed. "In thoughts from the visions of
the night, when deep sleep falleth up-
on man." I was mentally concerned in
the following scene of interest:—

I imagined myself still adding, link
after link, to the chain of reflection,
the progress of which the time for
repose had interrupted; and whilst
thus engaged, I was aware that there
remained but a few moments to com-
plete the day. I heard the clock as
it tolled the knell of another year; and
as it rung slowly the appointed num-

ber, each note was followed a sting of
conscience, bitterly reproaching me
for my neglect of precious time.—

The last stroke was ringing in my
ears—painful as the groan announcing
the departure of a valuable friend—
when, notwithstanding the meditative,
posture in which I was sitting, I per-
ceived that the dimness of the apart-
ment became brighter; and on lifting
my eyes to discover the cause, I was
terrified at perceiving that another
being was with me in my seclusion.
I saw one before me whose form in-
deed was human; but the bright burn-
ing glance of his eye, and the splen-
dor which beamed forth, from every
part of his beautifully proportioned
form, convinced me, at a glance, that
it was no mortal being that I saw.—
The elevation of his brow gave digni-
ty of the highest order to his counte-
nance; but the most acute observa-
tion was indicated by his piercing eye,
and inexorable justice was imprinted
on his majestic features. A glitter-
ing phylactery encircled his head, up-
on which was written, as in letters of
fire "The Faithful One." Under
one arm he bore two volumes; in his
hand he held a pen. I instantly knew
the recording angel—the secretary of
the terrible tribunal of heaven. With
a trembling which convulsed my
frame, I heard his unearthly accents.
"Mortal," he said, "thou wast long-
ing to recall the events of the past
year—thou art permitted to gaze up-
on the record of the book of God.—
Peruse and be wise." As he spoke
thus he opened before me one of the
volumes which he had brought. In
fearful apprehension, I read in it my
own name, and recognised the history
of my own life during the past year,
with all its minutest particulars.—
Burning words were those which that
volume contained: all the actions and
circumstances of my life were regis-
tered under their respective heads in
that dreadful book. I was first struck
by the title "Mercies Received."—
Some were there the remembrance
of which I had retained—more which
were recalled after having been for-
gotten—but the far greater number
had never been noticed at all. Oh!
what a detail of preservations, and
deliverances, and invitations, and warn-
ings, and privileges and bestowments!
I remember that "Sabbaths" stood
out in very prominent characters, as
if they had been among the great-
est benefits. In observing the recap-
itulation, I could not but be struck
with one circumstance—it was, that
many dispensations, which I had con-
sidered curses, were enumerated
here as blessings. Many a wo which
had riven the heart—many a cup
whose bitterness seemed to designate
it as poison, was there, verifying the
language of the poet—"E'en crosses
from his sovereign hand, are blessings,
in disguise." Another catalogue was
there—it was the enumeration of
"transgressions." My hand trembles
as I remember them! What an im-
mense variety of classes! Indiffer-
ence—thoughtlessness—formality—
ingratitude—unbelief—sins against
the world—against the church—against
the sanctifier stood at the head of
their crowded battalions, as if for the
purpose of driving me to despair.—
Not one sin was forgotten there—neg-
lected Sabbaths—abused ordinances—
misimproved time—encouraged tempta-
tions;—there they stood, with no
excuse, no extenuation. There was
one very long class I remember well,
"Idle Words;" and then the passage
flashed like lightning across my mind—
"For every idle word that men speak,
they shall give account in the day of
judgment."

My supernatural visitant here ad-
dressed me—"Dost thou observe
how small a proportion thy sins of
commission bear to those of omission?"
as he spoke, he pointed me to instan-
ces in the page like the following:—
"I was hungry and thou gavest me no
meat?"—"I was thirsty and thou gav-
est me no drink?"—"I was sick and thou
didst not visit me?"—"I was conscience
stricken. In another part of the re-
cord I read the title "Duties perform-
ed." Alas! how small was their num-
ber! Humble as I had been accus-
tomed to think the estimate of my
good works, I was greatly disappoint-
ed to perceive that many perform-
ance on which I looked back on with
pride, were omitted, "because," my
visitor informed me, "the motive was
impure." It was, however, with feel-
ings of the most affecting gratification,
I read beneath this record, small as it
was, the following passage;—"Whoso-
ever shall give a cup of cold water

only in the name of a discipline, he
shall in no-wise lose his reward."

Whilst I gazed on many other simi-
lar records, such was the intense feel-
ing which seemed to be awakened
within me that my brain grew dizzy,
and my eye became dim. I was a-
wakened from this state by the touch
of my supernatural instructor, who
pointed me to the volume in which
I had read my own terrible history,
now closed, and bearing a seal on
which with sickening heart, I read the
inscription, "Reserved until the day
of judgment."—"And now," said the
angel, "my commission is completed.
Thou hast been permitted what was
never granted to man before.—What
thinkest thou of the record? Dost
thou not justly tremble? How many
a line is here, which, 'dying, you could
wish to blot!' I see you already
shuddering at the thought of the dis-
closure of this volume at the day of
Judgment, when an assembled world
shall listen to its contents.—But if
such be the record of one year, what
must be the guilt of your whole life?
Seek, then, an interest in the blood
of Christ, justified by which, you shall
indeed hear the repetition, but not to
condemnation. Pray that, when the
other books are opened, your name
may be found in the book of life. And
see the volume prepared for the his-
tory of another year: yet its page is
unsullied. Time is before thee—
seek, to improve it; privileges are
before thee; may they prove the gate
of heaven! judgment is before thee;
prepare to meet thy God." He turned
to depart; and as I seemed to
hear the rustling which announced his
flight, I awoke. Was it all a dream?

From the New York Courier.

STATISTICS OF TURKEY.

The appellation of "TURK" was
first adopted in the middle ages, as a
general title of honor to all the nations
composing the two principal branches
of Tartar and Mogul. The word
"Tur," as an adjective, signifies
"sublime and pre-eminent"—as a sub-
stantive, it means "a governor."

THE DIVAN.—This state council
meets twice a week, in the emperor's
palace, on Sundays and Thursdays.—
The grand vizier is the presiding offi-
cer; the six viziers of the bench, the
testerdar, or high treasurer, the Reis
Effendi, the commissioners of the ex-
chequer, and the military leaders
(the Agas,) compose the Divan. The
sultan does not enter the room, but
from an adjoining chamber he hears
all that passes.

On great occasions a general coun-
cil is convened; all the leading persons
of the empire are summoned—the
clergy, the military, and other officers,
and even the old and most experienced
soldiers attend. Such a Divan is
called "Ajk Divani."

THE GRAND VIZIER.—This officer
receives his appointment from the
sultan. He has the care of the whole
empire; he manages the revenue, ad-
ministers justice, (both in the civil
and criminal affairs) and commands
the armies. Upon his appointment,
the sultan puts into his hands the seal
of the empire, which is the badge of
his office, and which he always wears
on his breast. His income amounts
to six hundred thousand dollars a year,
exclusive of presents and other per-
quisites.

THE VIZIERS OF BENCH are styled
Bashaws of three horse-tails—three
horse-tails being carried before them
when they march.

BEGLER-BEG—A Begler-beg is a
viceroi with several provinces under
his command.

PACHAS.—Pachas (Bashaw) is a
governor under a Begler-beg; a San-
giac is a deputy governor.

THE REIS-EFFENDI is the lord
chancellor and secretary of state; the
name signifies "chief of the writers."

THE TESTERDAR is the high treas-
urer. The public treasury is never
touched, even by the sultan, except
in cases of the utmost emergency.—
The sultan has his private treasury,
which he uses at will. Some idea
may be formed of the enormous wealth
in the public treasury, which has been
accumulating under forty sultans, from
a statement of prince CANTEMIR.—
He says that, in his time, thirteen mil-
lions and a half of rix dollars were an-
nually returned to two treasuries.

THE MUFTI is the chief ecclesiast-
ic. His name signifies "an expound-
er of law"—he is consulted on all
emergencies. Should he commit treas-
on, he is punished in a curious man-
ner. He is put into a mortar, in one
of the seven towers, and there the law

expounder is pounded to death. Such
punishment has not been inflicted
since the reign of AMWRATH IV.

MUSSELMAN.—This term is a cor-
ruption of "Moslem," which signi-
fies "persons professing the doctrine
of Mahomet."

THE HORSE-TAILS.—Three horse
tails, surmounted by a golden ball,
form the military ensign of the Otto-
mans. Its origin was as follows:
One of their generals was at a loss
how to rally his men, their standards
having been lost in a fierce conflict.—
He cut off a horse's tail, and elevated
it on the point of a spear. His troops
renewed the fight, and came off con-
querors.

THE SUBLIME PORTE.—Constanti-
nople is styled "the Sublime Porte"—
the Porte of justice, majesty, and fel-
city." There have been various dis-
putes about the origin of this appella-
tion. Payne, an eminent Geographer
of the last century, says that it is de-
rived from the magnificent gate built
by Mahomet II. at the principal en-
trance of the Seraglio.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—It is wonderful
how little is generally known with
regard to this magnificent city. Its sit-
uation is the most delightful in the
world. With a harbor affording room
for a thousand ships—with the euxine
on its east, the natural current of the
wealth of Asia is through the Bospho-
rus; and with Marmora on its south
and west, the productions of Arabia,
Egypt, and Europe, are at the com-
mand of its commerce. In the hands
a commercial nation, it would soon be-
come the centre of the commercial
world. It is encompassed by walls,
which have 22 gates—six towards the
land, six along the port, and ten on the
Marmora; these have stairs and land-
ing places.

Constantinople, like Rome, is an
"urbe septicollis." Its seven hills
rise from the shore in the form of an
amphitheatre; gardens, cypress groves,
palaces, and mosques, rise one above
the other, and present a view worthy
of all admiration. The castle of the
seven towers is used as honorable
prison. A square tower stands in the
sea, memorable as the prison of Belis-
arius. Near this are a great many
cannon level with the water, and
guarding the entrance of the port and
Seraglio.

SERAGLIO.—This word signifies "a
palace." It is a collection of palaces,
a mile and a half in compass, enclosed
by a strong wall, on which are several
watch-towers, where guard is kept
night and day. The principal gate is
of marble, and is called the Porte.—
The gardens are very extensive: the
buildings are of white stone, and
gilded turrets and spires, and shining
in surpassing splendor.

ST. SOPHIA.—The church of st.—
(Divine Wisdom) was built by Justin-
ian, in the 6th century. The dome is
113 feet in diameter, resting on arches,
supported by immense marble pillars,
and the staircase and pavement are
marble. Here is the tomb of the em-
peror Constantine.

The exchanges are splendid build-
ings, and the richest and rarest pro-
ductions of the east are daily sold in
them in large quantities. Add to
these the numerous mosques, the thirty
churches of the Greeks, and those of
the Armenians, the many private
palaces and public buildings, and you
have some idea of the opulence and
splendor of the capital of the great
Ottoman empire.

TO THE CONSCIENTIOUS RE- TAILER.

Have you not good and sufficient
reason for believing that the common
practice of vending ardent spirits by
the small quantity, has greatly increas-
ed the sin of drunkenness?

How can you conscientiously contin-
ue a practice which is productive of
so much evil?

How can you conscientiously en-
courage the use of New England Rum,
which by its cheapness, operates more
than any other single cause to multi-
ply the number of drunkards, and hur-
ry them to an untimely grave?

How can you conscientiously sell a
man rum, when you have reason to
believe that he has taken more than
he ought?

How can you furnish one with rum,
or other intoxicating spirits, when you
know that it will convert him into a
madman, and send him to abuse and
injure his family?

How can you sell a man ardent
spirits, when you clearly perceive
that he is wasting his property, and
reducing a worthy family to want?

How can you take a poor man's
fourpence or ninepence every day as
he gets it, when you have reason to
believe, his children are without a
morsel of bread, or wholly dependant
on charity?

How can you conscientiously furnish
a man with his jug of rum on Saturday
evening, when you have sufficient rea-
son to believe he will spend the Sab-
bath in drunkenness, or riot, and per-
haps call his neighbors in, to increase
the amount of wickedness?

How can you conscientiously assist
the man to this particular means of
self-murder, merely because he desires
it, when you would not, for your right
hand, sell him arsenic or laudanum for
the same purpose?

Above all, how can you conscienti-
ously encourage or even permit, incon-
siderate young men and boys to hang
about your store and drink, when you
must know that this is the high road
to intemperance, and they are beginning
to form a habit, which will, most
probably, end in their temporal and
eternal ruin?

Is it "doing to others as ye would
that they should do to you" to witness
the existence of any of the evils to
which the preceding questions allude,
and not use your influence to prevent
or remove them?

When you see the intemperate
perishing on your right hand and on
your left, does the solemn question
never occur, what influence have I
had in forming their character and
bringing upon them this ruin?

I speak, as to wise men. Judge ye
what I say.—Christian Mirror.

A Crazy Cow.—A cow was landed
from a sloop on the west side of the
city on Wednesday afternoon, which
by some accident had fallen over-
board. Shortly afterwards, she broke
away from those who had charge of
her, and ran furiously through the
streets, exhibiting unequivocal signs
of madness. Many persons were at-
tacked by her and much hurt. In
Mott-street a man and child were se-
riously injured, and one woman, we
learn, was killed. All attempts to
restrain the cow proved abortive, un-
til a fine, large bull-dog, the property
of one of our butchers, was produced.
He attacked her most heroically and
soon pinned her by the muzzle to the
ground, where he held her resolutely
until she was secured by ropes, when
she was easily carried off and pre-
vented from doing further mischief.

N. Y. Gazette.

Dog Pump.—At Orange Farm, two
miles from Baltimore, may be seen a
pump worked by a small pointer dog.
This pump is more than fifty feet in
length, and the working of it was heretofore
the fatiguing labor of two men.
To the dog it is mere play. He at
his pleasure, either walks, trots, or
lies down. When only walking, there
is a sufficient discharge of water for
all the purpose of a dairy. The water
never ceases to flow, but during
the very short intervals when the dog
may be lying down. From its thus
flowing, it has become very cold and
sweet; and it is thence believed, that
the water of most pumps would be
thus greatly improved. The principal
benefit, however, held out to the
community from this apparatus, is
that every farmer may have, at the
most convenient place, near his house,
a dairy as complete as if he had a
good spring on the identical spot.—
The water from the pump will, in-
deed, be more abundant, and general-
ly much colder than water from a
spring. The dog, to be kept in mo-
tion, requires not the attention of any
person; all that is necessary, is occa-
sionally to give him a drink. The
pointer has been selected only on ac-
count of his sprightliness. This appar-
atus costs only about \$35, and there-
fore it is within the reach of every
land-holder. It may, moreover, be
erected not only by all in the country,
but by many in our cities.—Farmer.

Greenock Anecdote.—A poor person
residing in Greenock, lately applied
to the magistrate to have two of his
children admitted on the poor's roll.
"How many have you?" said the wor-
thy Baillie. "Five-and-twenty, Sir,"
replied the petitioner. "Five-and-
twenty?" re-echoed the Baillie; "and
all by one wife?" Oh no, Sir," re-
plied the poor man, "I am wearing the
fourth!" Glasgow Free Press.

A machine by which a man may
strike 30,000 bricks per day has been
invented in Painsville, N. J.