

Ed. H. H. Ramsey

GWY
CHEROKEE



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From "Sad Tales and Glad Tales."

EXECUTION OF MAJOR ANDRE.

"We now return to our unfortunate captive. The wise and the brave had sat in judgement upon him. His case had been the subject of high, and deliberate, and affectionate consideration. The circumstances of his capture—his unqualified confessions—his earnest, though dignified requests, had been maturely, but sternly weighed. The nobleness of his nature, the lofty disinterestedness of his demeanor, the winning amenity of his manners, the importance of his rank, were all appreciated as they should be by soldiers—tried soldiers—when sitting under the severe sanctions of a war-council. When they issued from that council, the desolate doom of the prisoner was irrevocably fixed. He was to die.—Before another sun should go down, his ties on earth were to be severed. Meanwhile the subject of this melancholy decision was awaiting the result with all the calm and elevated feelings of a generous and undaunted soldier. He was ignorant of what might be the issue: but his knowledge of the rules of war led him so far to anticipate it, that he had in some degree become reconciled to his probable doom, from the very hopelessness of escaping from it. The agitation consequent upon the suddenness of his arrest, had subsided; and though his saddened mind reverted again to the scenes and associations we have seen him cling to from the beginning, yet there was less poignancy in his recollections, and less acuteness in the trials of his high and masculine sensibilities. The thought of death was a vain thought to him. He was prepared to meet it, in every honorable shape, in which a soldier expects and hopes something to meet it. It was the stigma upon his fame—the memory he should leave with man, that preyed upon his soul. It

was this that paled his cheek, and dewed his brow—it was this made his heart beat till he could hear it, in his solitude. If sometimes his sad glistening eye rested again on that precious gem, which before had absorbed, as it seemed, his very life, the kindest and bravest heart would spare him there, if a tear was seen to drop upon it; and the thought, possibly, of sacred and devoted passion—of long and holy love, with all its blessed hopes, and all its desolate bereavements, would accompany it as it fell, and hallow it forever.

There was yet one consolation that bore up the prisoner, even when he thought upon the memory he should bequeath to the world and to posterity. He hoped and trusted that he should meet an honorable death, and that his country would never blush at his epitaph. He had asked, he had besought, with a bursting heart, that if he must die, he might die like a man of honor. He had addressed the American Chieftain, in proud petition, for this last life boon of the condemned soldier.—He had addressed him in all the beautiful eloquence of his lofty mind, urged by a heart almost breaking in the integrity of its emotions. Need it be said that he roused all the sympathies of a bosom kindling with godlike purposes, and alive to every heavenly charity that can sanctify our nature? Can it be said, that the heart he appealed to would not have bid him God speed, even, with a father's blessing, to the arms of his country and his home, did that heart beat alone for himself, or did the fate of the victim involve only the single destiny of that great and devoted being? But there were stern duties arrayed against the kind spirit of forbearance and forgiveness. The voice of his suffering hand was imperious with him who guarded her in council, and led her in battle. That voice now called for justice and demanded that the crisis should not be forgotten. It was the cry of Liberty, and the sacrifice must not be withheld; it was the summons of Justice, and his death must accord with the crime of which the prisoner stood convicted.

During the days of his confinement, not a murmur escaped the captive, in the presence of his guard. A dignified composure distinguished his deportment—and the serenity of his mind was depicted in the tranquillity of his countenance. The last hours of his solitude were employed in those holy offices which friendship claims of us when the sands of life are running low. There were a few words to be said—a few prayers to be uttered, for those who were now dreaming of him on his path to glory. There were a few sad, sacred words to be breathed to a fond mother—to sisters that loved him—to some, perhaps, for whose sakes alone life was yet desirable, and to whose bosom he would now, as a last duty to himself, commit the reputation that was dearer to him than the air of Heaven.

It was in the midst of this latest and holiest occupation, that the prisoner was interrupted by the entrance of the guard officer. He came to announce the hour of execution. The young soldier looked up hastily from his paper. His eyes were fixed a moment upon his visitor—then slowly fell again—and he passed his hand across his brow, without betraying the least emotion—"Is it indeed so soon?" said he—"then I must hasten!" He finished the letter in perfect calmness, and having made all the little arrangements that he had anticipated, previous to the important event, he declared to the officer his readiness to attend him at the moment of his summons. He was then left once more alone.

Firm in the belief that he was now to die like a soldier, he felt the weight of his misfortune passing from his spirit. As he was relieved of this iron load, an unnatural elasticity seemed to be imparted to his bosom. His heart beat almost to suffocation, and

the tumultuous motion of that fountain of his system, certainly manifested an extraordinary degree of excitement. His last wish had been granted—his last hope was about to be realized—he was to find an honorable grave! Even that was enough to be thankful for! A few years, at best, and the same destiny would be his. "The pang," thought he, "is but the common one that man is heir to—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—

And if my young existence must be thus hastily sealed, thus severed forever, let fate do her worst, and finish her work with speed"—and he paced the apartment with an unflinching step, and a lofty and unbending air.

The silence that had been observed by the commander in chief towards the respectful but ardent solicitations of the prisoner, had led him to augur favorably of his success. His requests had not, indeed, passed unheeded—they had sunk deep—they had touched the finest and tenderest chords that ever vibrate in the bosom of virtue and bravery—they had appealed to the master feeling of a great heart, and they wrought upon it with a living power! The solicitation was listened to with a deepening interest—but that noble delicacy that actuates and animates none but elevated minds, forbade the answer. To grant the prayer was impossible—such was the iron law of those who came up to battle—to deny it was a sorrowful duty; and it was equally a trial to the soul of a generous enemy to throw back a solitary denial, or to wound the spirit of a devoted prisoner, by recapitulating the story of his dishonor in justification of his sentence. It was ordained, therefore, that he should remain in ignorance of his doom. For that very uncertainty, the unfortunate victim was now drawing his last and only consolation. The guard officer had now returned to accompany him forth, and we shall leave them together while we join the scene of preparation in which the spy was so soon to become conspicuous.

It was deep in the afternoon, when shadows threw themselves long over the earth, and the sun was about to sink into a thick, dull mass of clouds, when movements preparatory to the execution began to manifest themselves within the post. There was hurrying to and fro along the lines—and sad faces went by continually, and downcast looks were seen there—and every countenance wore the livery of deep and sorrowful feeling. It was evident that something mournful was about to transpire. The soldiers paced along the esplanade with low words and rapid steps—and now and then a tear might be seen to glisten—it was but for a moment—in the eye of the veteran. A large detachment of troops was paraded, and many of the general officers were already on horseback.—Great multitudes of people flocked in to witness the melancholy spectacle—but a wide silence pervaded the immense collection. With slow and struggling steps the confused and intermingled crowd of citizens and soldiers bent their way towards the appointed place, just beneath the brow of a green hill that sloped towards the river. There, clustered around the dim spot devoted to destruction, or sauntering over the adjacent ground, they waited the approach of the unhappy victim.

When the prisoner was led out, each arm locked in that of a subaltern, his step was uncommonly firm, and his expression unusually calm, and even exhilarated. The eloquent blood glowed to his temples, and a bright smile of satisfaction beamed from his countenance on all whom he recognized. The thought of death was dealing powerfully but kindly with him; for he saw that an honorable end was to be his—that his dying prayer was about to be granted. He thought—and the reflection sent yet new vigor into his throbbing arteries—he thought that

he saw some pledge of a kind and heroic memory in the sympathy that was breaking all around him, in the gaze of admiration that was fixed upon him, in the tearful eye, the agitated countenance, the respectful salutation, the sad farewell, and the low suppressed murmur as he passed on, as though something went by which it was sacrilege to disturb in its course through the thronging multitude. He saw the high tribute that was paid to his fortitude, in the silent look with which he was regarded; and he felt that his premature fate was not unwept even by his foes. Buoyed up by these lively demonstrations of feeling, he fancied himself a martyr in the cause he had undertaken to advance, and pressed forward with mounting emotions, as though in haste to seal his pilgrimage here, and commence the stainless career of his future fame. "The report," thought he, "that lays me low, will send forth an echo that shall never die."

The detachment, with their prisoner, had now reached the summit of the hill, and come suddenly in view of the ground which had been set apart for this distressing occasion. It was occupied by a gallows! With the rapidity of light every eye was turned upon the victim. His was fixed in frenzy on the dismal object that rose portentously out of the multitude.—He spake not a word—some powerful, rending emotion had taken possession of his bursting bosom. His hand flew to his heart—one look of anguish passed like a shadow over his face, and he fell lifeless into the arms of his guards. There was no voice heard in that immense crowd—but a confused tramping as of a vast concourse of people when they are rushing together.

The clouds had now cleared off from the horizon, and the sun was about going down, when the last rites were performed over the departed soldier. There was no pomp, or noise, or show. A small escort of troops marched quickly over the gravel, and stood before the door of the stone building from which the remains were to be carried. A single drum beat out a hollow note at distinct intervals, and the file sung sharp and mournfully. The coffin was at length borne out; and with slow step, inverted bayonets, and downcast eyes, the procession moved on. Many who cared not to join, stood behind in silent contemplation; and many, out of idle curiosity, lingered round, scarcely knowing why they were there. Behind some low, desolate buildings, which would scarcely shelter it from the storms of winter, the solitary grave was dug. Round this the soldiers crowded in silence. On either side they leaned upon their muskets, and hardly a breath was heard, as the book of prayer was opened, and the fervent supplication went up to Heaven. The scene was singularly impressive. Immediately round the grave, in the rear of the soldiers, some stood wrapped in gloomy attention; others, still behind, were seen eagerly gazing over the shoulders of those who had closed up before them.—Every cap was off, and every eye fixed. Still beyond, the sick were seen peeping out of the half opened door; and women and boys stood, with arms crossed upon their bosoms, before the miserable huts from which they had just issued. There, there was no moving—no noise—no roving of the looks—all were bent upon the speaker, who stood upon the brink of the cold grave, with his eye raised in adjuration to Heaven, and calling on the Father of Spirits with an eloquence so full, so powerful, so commanding, that his very soul seemed to mount up with his words. He ended. Then came the hurrying of the ceremony. At the quick command of the officer, the coffin was lowered—the guns were brought down—the steel rung—and in a moment it glittered again in the last sun beam. At a word, the death vol-

ley was fired off in the air—another followed, and then another—and the last was discharged into the grave. It was all over—the smoke curled slowly among the wet gravel, and settled down upon the coffin—'twas the war smoke embalming the soldier! The drum beat merrily and the files wheeled into the lines, just as the sun went down in his glory.

From the N. Y. Advertiser.

FRANCE.

The English Foreign Quarterly Review for November, 1827, contain the following curious statements in relation to the late revolutionary war.

France expended more blood than Britain in the late wars, but much less treasure; and she has come out of the contest burdened with only one third part of the debt which presses upon her rival. According to M. Dupin, the twelve campaigns, from 1803 to 1815, cost France one million of men, and 240 million sterling of money, or 20 millions per annum. The loss sustained by the invasions of 1814 and 1815, with the penalty imposed upon her at the peace, he estimates at 120 millions more. Applying the same scale to the twelve years from 1792 to 1803, we have 240 millions additional; and for the whole revolutionary wars, an expenditure of 600 millions of English money, and a million and a half, or two millions of men. The estimate of course, applies to the extra expenditure caused by the war beyond what would have been required in time of peace; but even thus restricted, it is very low so far as regards money. Though Britain was rarely a principal in the contest, the extra charges which she incurred in it are estimated at 1100 millions sterling, or nearly twice the sum expended by France. Of blood, on the other hand, we were less prodigal; for our loss in men certainly did not exceed one fourth of that of our enemy. The true account of the pecuniary losses of the two countries, however, is this. France laid out, comparatively speaking; little money; but she sustained a grievous injury in the destruction of her foreign trade, and the check given to industry and the spirit of improvement, by the want of raw materials, and the exhausting drafts of conscription on her active population. The rapid advances she has made since the peace, show how heavy was the load that previously shackled her powers, and arrested her progress. In Britain, on the contrary, the march of improvement, seemed rather to be quickened than retarded by the war; and hence, the peace, which has produced such a harvest of benefits to France made an immense sacrifice of human flesh, and had the development of her powers prevented. Britain suffered little immediate injury, but has accumulated a load of debt, which will press on her sources for some generations.

It must not be understood that the state of French industry was absolutely stationary during the war. The meliorations produced by the revolution carried forward in spite of prodigious impediments; but its progress was trifling compared with the amazing strides it has made since the peace.

In 1812 the quantity of wool worked up in the manufactories was 77,000,000 pounds, [English weight,] and in 1826 it was 110,000,000 pounds, of which 17,600,000 were foreign. In 1812 there were 22,800,000 pounds of cotton spun; in 1825 there were 61,600,000 pounds; and the latter period the yarn was made of much finer qualities, and was converted into various elegant fabrics, the manufacture of which was scarcely known in 1812.

In 1814 there were 100,000 tons of cast iron made in France, and in 1825 there were 160,000 tons, at the former period 1,000,000 tons of coal were extracted from the French mines, and at the latter period 1,500,000. The gunpowder consumed in

mining and other works of industry has risen since 1818 from 200,000 to 1,000,000 pounds. In pottery-ware, cutlery, jewelry, and glass, France has made vast improvements since the peace. The French jewellers worked up 3,500 pounds of gold, and 83,600 pounds of silver in 1818, and in 1825 no less than 9,020 pounds of gold, and 153,000 pounds of silver.

In 7 years between 1818 and 1825, the number of barge masters who convey goods on the rivers has risen from 105 to 286. In the same period the number of licensed voitures for the transportation of passengers and goods by land has increased from 6,670 to 14,225.

The stamp duties and the taxes on consumption have risen in the same period of 7 years 25 per cent, and the octrois, or duties levied on commodities at the gates of towns, have increased 40 per cent, though the number of towns subjected to the impost has been reduced from 2276, to 1349. The produce of the customs was 4,400,000l. in 1819, and 5,920,000l. in 1825. The revenue of the posts increased in the same period from \$952,000 to 1,100,000. On the other hand, the lottery, which is the deceitful resource of the thoughtless and the wretched yielded 872,000l. in 1820, and only 476,000l. in 1826.

But the most marvellous advances have been made in that art which ministers to the wants of our moral nature, and which affords the best index of the progress of knowledge, education, and mental activity.

In the 375 years from the invention of printing to 1814, the productions of the press in France had grown up to 45,600,000 sheets per annum, and in 12 years from 1814 to 1826, they had increased from 45,600,000 to 144,500,000; in other words, the advance has been twice as great in these 12 years, as the preceding 375.

From the Eclectic Review. HOTTENTOTS—POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

When Dr. Vanderkemp collected the Hottentots in the vicinity of Algoa Bay, they consisted for the most part of disorderly boars, who had been driven by oppression into a war of bitter hostility with the colonists; who still retain the wild indecent dress, and all the lawless, immoral, and indolent habits of savage life; and who had gained nothing from their acquaintance with Europeans but some of their worst vices. In 1825, however, Dr. Philip is enabled to describe these same people in the following terms:—

"Many of the Hottentots have now substantial, clean, and commodious houses, indicating a degree of comfort possessed by few of the frontier boars, and far surpassing the great body of English settlers. The sheep-skin caross, with its filthy accompaniments, has disappeared, and the great body of the people and of the children are clothed in British manufactures. The people belonging to Betheldorp are in the possession of fifty waggons; and this place, which was lately represented as the opprobrium of missions, is at the present moment a thriving and rapidly improving village. Instead of the indifference to each other's sufferings, and the exclusive selfishness generated by the oppressions they groaned under, and the vices which follow such a state of things, their conduct to each other is now marked with humanity and Christian affection, of which a beautiful line of almshouses (the only thing of the kind in the colony,) and their contributions to support their poor, furnish striking examples. In addition to their other exertions, a spacious school-room, valued at five thousand rix-dollars, in which the youth are taught to read, both in the English and Dutch languages, and many of them also instructed in writing and arithmetic, has been erected at the expense, and by the hands, of the Hottentots. A church of larger dimensions has recently been commenced. Betheldorp, moreover possesses the best blacksmith's shop on the frontier, or, indeed, in the colony.—Other trades, especially those of the mason, thatcher, sawyer, &c. are successfully followed by many inhabitants of Betheldorp. The inhabitants have besides, within the last two or three years, raised seven thousand rix-dollars, by gratuitous contributions from their hard-earned savings, to pay for a valuable farm, purchased in aid of the very inadequate resources of Betheldorp.

The people of this institution, who were formerly burdensome to the colonial government, when Dr. Vanderkemp commenced his labours among them, and in the condition of naked savages are at this time in the habit of paying in direct taxes, between two and three thousand rix-dollars, and are consumers of British goods to the amount of twenty thousand rix dollars per annum."

The description which has been given of Betheldorp, would apply with equal justice to the institutions of Pacaltsdorp and Theopois, though labouring under similar restrictions and disadvantages.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5, 1828.

GENTLEMEN—The enclosed sermon, translated from the Arabic, and delivered, I suppose by one of the Mufti, I send you for publication, under the impression it will afford to many of the readers of your valuable paper, some amusement, as well on account of his singularity as its novelty. Its elegance of style and lofty expressions surpass any composition on so small a scale I have ever seen.

Most respectfully, your ob't serv't.

A MAHOMETAN'S SERMON, DELIVERED AT ALGIERS.

The attributes of the Deity were the subject of the Priest's discourse; and, after some exordium, he elevated his voice, and exclaimed:

GOD ALONE IS IMMORTAL!

Abraham and Solomon have slept with their fathers; Cadajah, the first-born of faith; Ayesma, the beloved; Omar, the meek; Omri, the benevolent, the companions of the Apostle, and the sent of God himself; all died—but God, Most High, Most Holy, liveth forever! Infinites are to Him as the numerals of arithmetic to the sons of Adam! The earth shall vanish before the decrees of His eternal destiny; but He liveth and reigneth forever!

GOD ALONE IS OMNISCIENT!

Michael, whose wings are full of eyes, is blind before Him! The dark night unto Him is as the rays of morning; for he noticeth the creeping of the small ant, in the dark night, upon the black stone; and apprehendeth the motion of an atom in the open air.

GOD ALONE IS OMNIPOTENT!

He toucheth the immensity of space as a point; He moveth in the depths of the Ocean, and Mount Atlas is hidden by the sole of His foot! He breatheth fragrant odours to cheer the blessed in Paradise, and enliveneth the pallid frame in the profoundest hell!

GOD ALONE IS OMNIPOTENT!

He thought, and worlds were created; He frowned, and they dissolve into smoke; He smiteth, and the torments of the damned are suspended.—The thunderings of Hermon are the whisperings of His voice! The rustlings of His attire causeth lightning and an earthquake; and with the shadow of His garment He blotteth out the Sun!

GOD ALONE IS MERCIFUL!

When He forged His immutable decrees on the anvils of eternal wisdom, He tempered the miseries of the human race in the fountains of pity.—When He laid the foundations of the world, He dropped a tear upon the embryo miseries of unborn men; and that tear, falling through the immeasurable lapses of time, shall quench the glowing flames of the bottomless pit. He sent His Prophet into the world to enlighten the darkness of the tribes; and hath prepared the pavilions of the Hour for the repose of the true believers.

GOD ALONE IS JUST!

He chains the latent cause to the distant event, and binds them both immutably fast to the fitness of things.—He decreed the unbeliever to wander amid the whirlwind of error, and suited his soul to future torment. He promulgated the ineffable creed, and the germs of countless souls of believers which existed in the contemplation of the Deity, expanded at the sound.—His justice refreshed the faithful, while the damned spirits confessed it in despair.

GOD ALONE IS ONE!

Abraham, the faithful knew it; Moses declared it amidst the thunderings of Sinai; Jesus pronounced it; and the messenger of God, the sword of his vengeance, filled the world with that immutable truth. Surely there is one

GOD, IMMORTAL, OMNISCIENT, OMNIPRESENT, MOST MERCIFUL, and JUST, and Mahomet is his Apostle!

NEW ECHOTA: WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1828.

INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is the curse of mankind. It spreads desolation in societies and families. It is the parent of strife, the cause of diseases, and almost every species of misery. To the Indians, intemperance occasioned by the use of ardent spirits has been pernicious. It has been our shame in the eyes of other people, and has planted the common opinion, that the love of whiskey is a necessary trait of the Indian's character. Though this opinion is erroneous, yet the fact that intemperance is sadly prevalent and its effects awfully great among the Indians, we cannot deny. Among us, it has been a wide spreading evil. It has cost us lives, and a train of troubles. It has been an enemy to our national prosperity, industry, and intellectual improvement.—Even at this day, when it is generally conceded that we are the most civilized of all the Aborigine tribes, we see this enemy of all good stalking forth in triumph, carrying desolation and misery into families and neighborhoods. The murders committed in this Nation, with very few exceptions, are occasioned by intoxication. The only two public executions by hanging originated from the same cause. And what but whiskey produces all our accidents, all our strifes, fightings and stabblings?

It is to be lamented that ardent spirits should have ever been introduced among the Indians by the white man, but more so that, at this enlightened age, our intelligent citizens and the intelligent citizens of the neighboring states should encourage this worst of all poisons, by making it a subject of traffic. But is it not ten times more to be regretted, that professors of religion should engage in this trade of death? How is such conduct to be reconciled with Christian principles, and with the doctrine of universal benevolence?—Some of those who send whiskey here from Ten. we are credibly informed are professors of religion. How can they pray, "thy kingdom come," and desire the universal spread of the Gospel in heathen countries, particularly among their neighbors, the Indians, when they are sending death and destruction in our ranks? If this paper should ever meet the eyes of such persons, we would solemnly warn them of the mischief they are doing. Are you not aware that you are making a nation of drunkards? Are you not aware that you are causing deaths, murders, and a host of evils? To our fellow citizens, particularly professors of religion, who make it a business of trafficking in whiskey, we would say, what availeth all our professions of patriotism when we are encouraging an enemy of such notoriety? What availeth our feeble exertions to enlighten our more ignorant brethren, when we are feeding them with coals of fire, and strewing their path with deadly poison? To our Legislators and civil leaders who have not scrupled to deal in ardent spirits, we would say, what availeth all legislative acts to prevent intemperance, when some of our law givers are encouraging it by retailing whiskey.

Our Cherokee readers will bear with us when we speak so plain upon this important subject. It is a subject which ought to occupy the attention of every citizen who sincerely desire that we may become a happy and intelligent people. Intemperance forms the great obstacle, and it is the hope that the public sentiment of this Nation may be aroused to the removal of this obstacle, that we freely bring this subject before our readers. Something far more efficient must be done than has hitherto been attempted. The public mind must bear upon this evil. Legislative resolutions will effect but little, unless they are sustained by the united opinion of the intelligent and virtuous portion of the nation.

We would sincerely hope, while so much is doing abroad to arrest the progress of intemperance, the citizens of this nation will not be inattentive to the call of their country—the call is imperious—it cannot be misunderstood. The call is to the Christian, and to the patriot. If an enemy were to come among us in a warlike attitude, and commence, unprovoked, a work of destruction with our women and children, our property; and with our most sacred rights, what patriot is there who would countenance the enemy, and remain an idle spectator? But fellow citizens, we have an enemy among us, a far more dangerous enemy, because its progress is unobserved, and because it insinuates itself as a friend, but mark ye, deaths by violence, deaths by diseases and deaths by accidents, sickness and famine, profanity and irdecencies, and a host of other evils, are its trophies and triumphs.

We look with fond anticipation to the approaching session of the General Council. We hope there will be sufficient patriotism, and desire for the good of the Cherokee Nation among the members, to create acts against the introduction of ardent spirits.—The subject is important. It will not be unworthy their notice. Generations yet unborn may bless them for the decided stand which they may now take against the progress of intemperance.

From the Visitor and Telegraph.
LETTER FROM THE CHOCTAW MISSION.

[The subjoined article is an extract of a letter, recently received at this Office from Mr. Jewell, a Missionary stationed at Emmaus in the Choctaw Nation. The Choctaws reside in the State of Mississippi between the Tombigbee and Mississippi rivers; their population, is estimated at 20,000.—The mission was commenced in 1818. It has seven or eight stations. The one from which our correspondent writes, is near the Southern limit of the Choctaw country. The rapacious and cruel avarice of some of our citizens of whom he speaks, merits the indignant frown of every friend of justice and humanity—and that such men should be members of the church of Christ—should awaken Christians to call on God—and use the proper means to remove this cause of reproach.] His letter is dated—

EMMAUS, CHOCTAW NATION,
July 23, 1828.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps I ought to make some apology for having suffered so long a time to elapse, since written in you, especially considering your continued kindness in forwarding your valuable papers for the benefit of this station. I can however, plead no excuse for the long delay, but the constant pressure of business which is upon my hands, and the want of matter that would be interesting. It would be truly gratifying to me, would I interest you, as much as I am interested by your useful papers; but, situated as I am in the midst of a wilderness, there is little variety of circumstance to interest any person, unless the Great Head of the Church should condescend to bless our feeble efforts, to the salvation of some of these children of the forest; such an event would no doubt interest every real child of God, but alas, a labor of ten years in this dreary land, we have hardly as yet, been permitted to witness any thing like a revival among the people to whom we are sent. However, we are not left without some evidence that our labors are not in vain.

There have been several seasons of more than usual inquiry in regard to the things of eternity—at Elliot, Mayhew, Goshen, and Ai-ik-hunnah stations, and several souls at each of these places have been hopefully brought into the kingdom; and also several united with the church at Bethel, before that station was given up; but most of these converts, were whites and blacks, so that we can still number few from among the natives. When Missionaries see so little visible effect of their labors on the people for whose best good they have left home with all its endearments; it often suggests to them many solemn reflections. They often charge the whole to their unfaithfulness, incapacity, and want of proper qualifications for the work—not unfrequently they stop to compare the heathen among whom they labor, with those where other Missionaries are laboring, and try to find some social difference between them, which might operate as a barrier against their receiving the gospel. At other times, when they witness the Christian public, all awake in behalf of some mission which is very signally blessed; they are then apt to feel that the people of God almost forget them, and the poor heathen of their charge at the throne of grace. But when we are enabled to rise above every thing of a worldly nature, and view God as a Sovereign, and feel

that his promises cannot fail, but must be accomplished in his own time; it is then, we can go forward with confidence, though we should seem only to be beating the air.

The anxiety of many of the citizens of the United States to obtain the lands of the natives, I think has an unfavorable influence on the cause of missions among them; and besides, many of the white people circulate reports among the Indians, quite unfavorable to the mission; but we have no reason to expect any thing better, from people who contend that "might makes right;" and such people are not uncommon in this southern section of the country. Were it not for the prayers of the church, I should have no hope that these Indians would ever become evangelized, indeed I should sooner look for their extermination. If the United States Commissioners, who are appointed to make treaties with the Indians, have power to depose such chiefs as they cannot bribe, and then be permitted a few troops to awe the rest into compliance, I see not but the poor children of the forest must be doubly entombed in the wilderness beyond the rocky mountains. If it were only the people of the world who manifested such opposition to the welfare of the natives, it would be a matter of little surprise; but when we see men (as we frequently do in this vicinity) who profess to be the sincere followers of him, who freely laid down his life for the salvation of a ruined world, using all their influence to send these perishing fellow beings far beyond every state of civilization, and far beyond the means of instruction, we cannot but be astonished; and we are thereby often led to exclaim in the language of the Word of God, Surely "Righteousness has fallen in the street, and equity does not enter." But we do rejoice to learn that there are some, even in the halls of Congress, who can rise above a selfish policy and plead in behalf of suffering humanity.—Mr. Wood's speech is a noble instance of this; may the blessing of many ready to perish come upon him.

But I have doubtless already trespasted too long upon your time and patience, I will therefore only add, our sincerest thanks for your continued kindness in forwarding us your papers for so long a time; we do sincerely wish its continuance, although we feel ourselves unworthy of so valuable a donation.—In behalf of the Mission Family at Emmaus, I subscribe myself,

Your very ob't servant,
MARS JEWELL.

From the New York Observer. DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAM-BOAT SUN.

It will be recollected that in our paper of week before last, we copied an article from the New-York Enquirer, stating that the steam-boat Sun had arrived at this port on Sunday morning, and immediately proceeded with a large party to Coney Island; that we rebuked the Editor of the Enquirer for his remark, "Industry must prosper;" and that we called to these Sabbath-breakers, "Take heed, or we shall probably have to record, before long, some terrible disaster, which will make the ears of them who hear to tingle." We now invite their attention to the following article from the Daily Adv. of Wednesday last, giving an account of the total destruction of this very boat by fire; and we say again to Sabbath-breakers, Take heed! He who commanded, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy," has all the elements and all the ministers of vengeance at his control, and can let them loose when he will upon those who obey him not.

The steam-boat Sun, belonging to Messrs. Mowatts, of this city, was engaged to cruise off Sandy-hook on Monday, the 1st September, for the purpose of towing into port such vessels as might be off the coast, and enable them to arrive previous to 12 o'clock on that night, at which time the remaining sections of the Tariff go into effect. The Sun left the dock at four o'clock A. M. and at eight was off the Floating Light, about 15 miles outside of Sandy-hook. Soon after, spoke the ship Montano, from Hayre, and proceeded out to sea in pursuit of the ship George Canning, from Liverpool, which was then in sight. At 11 took her in tow, and continued with her about three hours; the wind was then blowing fresh at S. E. with a heavy sea running. The George Canning proceeded to the city, and the steam-

boat again put out to sea. At 2 o'clock, owing to some difficulty with the suction pipe, the fire was all put out; and in consequence of the heavy sea, the large stove chimney pipe fell overboard. Fire was again ignited, and sails were made from the awning; but was found that the boat was drifting on the breakers on the Long-Island shore. The boat was then to the eastward of the Floating Light, and every exertion was making to get her back to port.

It was soon discovered the boat was on fire, and an alarm was given that the boat was in flames. All hands repaired forward, and were engaged in throwing over wood. The fire gained rapidly, and soon made its appearance through the deck, port holes, and cabin windows. Signals of distress were hoisted; but the sea run so high that they were not observed by the Revenue Cutter or the pilot-boats, which were in sight. It was discovered that the boat would soon sink or blow up, notwithstanding the exertions of all on board. The boats were let down, and 32 in number got on board, and were towed by the steam-boat; for about twenty minutes she was going rapidly, her engines working, and the boat enveloped in flames. They continued to be towed by the boat, and did not cut from her until it was expected she would blow up, her engine being on the high-pressure principle. They were soon after discovered by Capt. Cahoon, of the Cutter, who immediately came to their assistance, and took them on board at seven o'clock, just before a violent squall came on, which must have sunk the boats, and all have perished.

The Cutter had to cruise until twelve o'clock, after which they were all brought to the city. The steam-boat pursued her course for about an hour after they left her in flames, with her machinery going until she sunk, in about ten fathoms water. Provisionally, the steam-boat did not take the passengers of the George Canning on board, as was contemplated. Had she done so, the boats could not have taken all on board, & there must have been a great destruction of lives. The passengers state that no blame can be attached to the captain, pilot, or crew, as they made every exertion to save the vessel.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq.

This gentleman, a Catholic—of course a warm advocate for Catholic emancipation, and no great friend to Wellington and Peel, was elected, at the late Hustings for the county of Clare, a member of Parliament, though opposed by the Rt. Hon. Vessey Fitzgerald, who is also a friend to Catholic emancipation, but who rendered himself unpopular by joining the administration. The Priests in expectation of a triumph, stood by the polls in full Canonicals with crucifixes in their hands. The chairing of Mr. O'C. is thus described in the London Times of July 14.—*Charleston Obs.*

Chairing of Mr. O'Connell.—The town of Ennis remained extremely crowded since Saturday, the freeholders residing at any distance having all remained for the chairing. Twelve was the hour appointed for its taking place, and at that time the town was one dense mass. The chair, about half past one, was drawn up to Mr. O'Connell's lodgings. On taking his seat, Mr. O'Connell's was loudly cheered—he addressed a few words to the people, exhorting them to be peaceable. He wore the medal of the order of Liberators suspended on a broad green ribbon. On his right side stood Mr. O'Gorman, and on his left, Mr. Steele—the remaining space in the car was filled by his principal friends, who assisted him in the contest. The procession then moved on with the greatest regularity and quietness in the following order:—

Roman Catholic clergymen on horseback, followed by about 2,000 freeholders, walking arm-in-arm; then the tradesmen, bearing, first two neatly executed models of a plough and harrow, hung with ears of young corn, and numerous flags, emblematic of their several crafts; then a large party bearing as flags the handkerchiefs which have been so fashionable during the contest, representing the "Man of the people" in the act of speaking; these were again followed by an immense body of freeholders; after whom came the chair; this was followed by at least 5,000 people.

In this order they proceeded round the town in perfect silence; not a

voice was raised, excepting when the chair stopped, and the signal given for a general cheer. The whole town was decorated with green flags and boughs of trees—some of the narrow streets looked more like groves than streets. Mr. O'Connell, long before he arrived at Clare, frequently appealed to the people, to allow him to leave the chair they were drawing, and to take his carriage which was in waiting, but it was not till they had passed two miles beyond it that they permitted him to do so, with many entreaties that he would suffer them to draw him into Limerick.

As the cavalcade approached within five miles of Limerick, small parties began to appear who had come from thence; these began rapidly to increase for the space of two miles, and at that distance there could not be less than 40,000 people in waiting to escort to their city the first Catholic returned to the United Parliament since the signing of the treaty at its gate. These were principally composed of the different trades—each craft bearing, as they did in Ennis, their own banners, most of them accompanied by a band of music, and carrying white wands ornamented with laurel leaves. On every part of the road where two trees happened to stand opposite, a festoon of green leaves interwoven with flowers was hung across the road, and where they could not be found, large trees, some forty feet high, were planted for the purpose. The Garryowen Boys mustered in great force; they mounted a large tree, nearly 30 feet high, in the branches of which sat a merry piper; this was safely secured on a car, and drawn by a horse. In Limerick we found every shop closed and the windows thronged with spectators.

On the spot where the termination of Thomond Bridge, on the Shannon, divides the counties of Limerick and Clare, and immediately on the spot where a square monument records the signature of the treaty of Limerick on its smooth tablet, a triumphal arch was thrown across the street. Here Mr. O'Connell was presented with a wreath of laurel and shamrocks, and bouquets of ribbands, by the different bodies of tradesmen, while two large cannons discharged at the moment announced his entrance to the city of Limerick. The new Members of Parliament addressed the people at great length, on the infraction of the celebrated treaty, which was signed where they stood. They then proceeded across the narrow bridge (Thomond,) the scene of so many contests between the Irish and the English, and entered the English town; thence over the new bridge to Swinburne's hotel where the procession stopped. Opposite the Commercial-buildings, which were crowded with spectators, they also halted, and here again Mr. O'Connell addressed the multitude. Several of the ships in the river had their colours flying, and discharged their guns.

Rain Storm in England.—From the 12th to the 15th of July, the neighborhood of Manchester was visited by the most boisterous and disagreeable weather ever known at that season of the year. Owing to the quantity of rain that fell the rivers in the neighborhood overflowed their banks. In the neighborhood of Stockport and Didsbury, two or three buildings were swept away, and a vast deal of injury was done to the stocks and machinery of several factories situated by the river side. Several bridges were also swept away, and the roads in many places became impassable. The whole of the lower parts of Cheshire, appear to have experienced almost a second deluge. In the neighborhoods of Warburton and Partington, the appearance was that of one wide expanse of water, and parties might be seen in boats sailing over corn-fields, which a few hours before promised to yield an abundant harvest. It is supposed, from a deliberate computation, that on the banks of the Weaver Navigation, extending from Frodsham Bridge to Northwich, not less than 300 acres of hay grass, have been destroyed or swept away. In the vicinity of Liverpool less damage had been done, though the meadows were entirely overflowed. At the Stanford Bridge, near Chester, all the surrounding meadows were under water, and men were wading in the fields up to their middle, with ropes in their hands, and endeavoring to secure the cattle.—The river Weaver, at Northwich, rose so high as to undermine the ware-

house of R. P. Hafeld, Esq. salt merchant, which fell with a tremendous crash. The lower stories of the houses were filled and stocks in the shop cellars floating about. A house in Witton-street fell down, and the water finally became so deep that boats were procured and launched in the streets, & many of the inhabitants were rescued from the 2d stories of their dwellings by means of ladders. In the vicinity of Glasgow immense quantities of rain fell, but the damage to the crops was not so great as in some other parts of the country. The flood in some places had been attended with the loss of life—several dead bodies had been picked up.

Sudden Death.—We are called to the mournful task of recording the sudden death of Mr. Stephen St. John, one of our most respectable inhabitants, who in a very solemn and unexpected manner was called to try the realities of another world during the last week. Up to the hour of his death Mr. St. John was in the full enjoyment of health and all the comforts of life. His constitution was uncommonly vigorous, and his manner of life had been such as to render him as it were secure from the sudden attacks of the insidious foe. But how frail the tie that binds us to this world. About five o'clock on the evening of his death he took his gun and went in pursuit of a flock of pigeons which he had discovered at a short distance. At evening he had not returned; and fearful of some accident, search was made, and his lifeless body was found in a field adjoining this office, his gun lying a few feet distant. There was no appearance of a single struggle; he had fallen in a fit, and in a moment perhaps, the silver cord was broken.—The jury of inquest returned a verdict of "Death by the visitation of God." The age of Mr. St. John was 66. He belonged to one of our most respectable families, and has often enjoyed the suffrages of his fellow citizens for important offices. Under any circumstances his death would have been widely felt, but its suddenness renders it still more deeply afflicting to his connexions and the extensive circle of his acquaintance.—*Norwalk Gaz.*

Villany.—On Wednesday morning, between 7 and 8 o'clock, two men entered the broker's office of Mr. Chapin, William street, corner of Wall street, with the intention, as it would seem, of committing a robbery. A lad, perhaps 15 years of age, had just opened the office. One of the villains kept his station near the entrance to the office, which is in the basement story and four or five steps lower than the side-walk, while the other after closing the back door, stepped around the counter, and drawing a sword from his cane presented it at the lad with some menacing language which is not recollected. The lad cried murder and instantly rushed out at the window, which fortunately was open, and kept up his cry. The villain, not less alarmed, dropped his cane and sword and fled, while his companion followed on crying, stop thief! stop thief! The main actor, however, was taken, as the associate probably will be. In the course of the day he was brought before the police where he was examined. He claimed to be a watchmaker, from Philadelphia. He gave his name as Thomas M. Smith, but Hays, who remembers the physiognomy of the culprit, believes his name to be Deans. He was fully committed for trial.

Jour. of Commerce.

Value of the British Colonies.—Mr. Mac Queen, in a letter to the Duke of Wellington, which appears in *Blackwood's Magazine*, says: "The following facts are with deference, submitted to your grace. These possessions take from Great Britain and Ireland, annually, for their internal consumption above 4,000,000l. the produce of the British soil and of British industry; they export annually to Great Britain, and Ireland, agricultural produce to the value of 9,000,000l. exclusive of freights and charges nearly 3,000,000l. additional, all of which latter sum, together with two-thirds of the produce, is again expended in this country on British labor and British supplies. These possessions give pertinent employment in the direct trade with the mother country, to 260,000 tons of British shipping.—The mother country draws nearly 7,000,000l. of revenue, annually, from their produce consumed in it, and they

add, yearly, nearly 3,000,000l. to the exports from Great Britain to foreign countries."

Outrage.—A man calling himself Hamilton, alias Wilson, &c. who has been delivering lectures in the western country, has been convicted of a brutal assault on a young female, and sentenced by Judge Howell, at Canandaigua, N. Y. to five years hard labor in the State Prison, at Auburn.

The Brain.—This organ is larger in man than in other known animal.—Its general weight is, according to Soemering, 2lb. 5-12 oz. to 3lb. 3-4 oz. I have weighed several at 4lb. The Brain of Lord Byron (without its membranes) weighed 6lbs. and contained more medullary substance than ordinary.—*DeWhurst's Essay on the formation of Man.*

FATTENING SWINE.

According to the opinion of the Rev. Mr. Elliot, the best time in the year to shut up hogs to fatten them, is the month of August. I rather prefer the month of September, when it may be depended on, that they will not suffer at all by the heat in their confinement; and there will be time enough to make them fat, before the weather becomes extremely cold.

He that attempts to fatten his hogs in winter will be a loser; for it has been found by long experience, that they do not gain in their flesh near as fast in a frosty, as in a temperate season. I therefore take care to get them fit for the knife by the beginning or middle of December, and I should choose to kill them still earlier, were it not for the advantage of keeping the lean part of the pork for some time without salting; as it most commonly may be done by exposing it to frost, in the coolest part of a house.—But a very important question is, what food and what management is best in fattening swine? Peas answer well, when the price of them is low. But I am constrained to give the preference to Indian Corn. Let them be fed in September with green ears from the field. There is nothing they will devour more greedily than this corn, and even the cobs with it.

In Indian harvest, the unripe ears should be picked out, and given to the hogs that are fattening, without delay; or as fast as they can eat them; for it will do them four times as much good in this state, as it will after it is dried, it being difficult to dry it without its turning mouldy or rotten; so that they will scarcely eat any of it in this state, unless they be kept shorter of food than fattening hogs should be.

After the unripe corn is used, that which is ripened must be given them. If it be thought most convenient to feed them with corn of the preceding year, it should not be given them without soaking, or boiling, or grinding into meal. For they will not perfectly digest the hard kernels; it being often too hard for their teeth. It has been thought by good judges, that the corn will be at least a sixth part more advantage to the swine for soaking in water. But there is, if I mistake not, still more advantage in grinding it. What new corn is given them, may be in ears, as it is not hardened enough for grinding. I know of nothing that will fatten hogs faster than dough of meal and water. But as this is expensive food, the dough may be mixed with boiled potatoes, or boiled carrots.—They eat these mixtures as well as dough by itself; and it appears to make no material difference in the fattening. In this mixture barley meal will answer instead of Indian; which should be attended to in our more northern parts, where two bushels of barley may be as easily raised, as one of Indian corn. Both kinds of meal I have found to be a good mixture with boiled potatoes; but it should by all means be a little salted to give it a good relish.

While hogs are fattening, little or none of the wash from the kitchen should be given them. Their drink should be fair water, which they relish better than any other drink a good deal, when they are fed only on corn, or stiff dough. To prevent measles and other disorders in hogs, while they are fattening, and to increase their health and appetite, a dose or two of brimstone, or antimony, given them in their dough, is useful, and should not be neglected. Some change of food may be advisable, in every stage of their existence, as it always seems to increase their appetite. But while they are

fattening, laxative food in general should be avoided, as these animals are seldom known to suffer by costiveness, especially when they are full fed, but often from the contrary disorder. If they chance to be costive, a little rye will help them.

In feeding, steady care should be taken that not one meal should be missed, nor mis-timed, and their water should never be forgotten. They should always have as much food as they will eat up clean; but never more than that quantity, lest they de-file it and it be wasted. A little at a time and often, is a good rule.

If their skins be scurvy, or inclined to manginess, a little oil poured upon their backs, will cause it to come off. And some say a small mess of rye now and then, as a change in their food, is good against these and other disorders.

If the issues in the fore legs should chance to get stopped, every attempt to fatten them will be in vain. These, therefore, should be watched; and if found to be stopped, they should be rubbed open with corn cob.

Rubbing and currying their hides very frequently, is of advantage to keep up perspiration. It is grateful to the animals, as well as conducive to their health and growth. A proper scrubbing post in the middle of their pen will not be amiss. And during the whole time of their fattening, they should have plenty of litter.—They will lie the more dry and warm and will be more than paid for, by the increase of good manure.—*Deane.*

RI 3LSHLLLOEB DICHLE DRYPELZ, AD QPATA DRYW'A. OAG DRYW' OGB UHAP JAP HG, ORY AD JOLLOUOY P-AT. AQ DIZLIA GHK SGO HLLAOB H-RE W' DROUOANT. OAG AD QPATE-AT, OAG A OZP-AS. AD HSSD. DICHLE H DRYPELZ HLLLOEB, HG SZLHAA DH-CHL OGTES DIKLO-Y, SECCOIZ HSI DY-CO DYERY. P-RW'AG RRY HG. OAG DRY SHR, OGI SEGLTY. J-ARY Q-RQ OGYTY. YOG SGOW SHR, D-W TBO ELACQ-I HRO H-RE SQA-I AVZQ DRSSEAL. ATAI ECHASAI HRO H-RE T-CAI RRY DRSSEAL. OGYTY SGO-WWZ T-IR OGR RYRSQ-I OGYTY. T-GZ AAS O-ROAC OGI JEG T-ELP-AL-AL, TGZ SYBYO, ZLQ OATC T-ELP-AL-AL. WP OATS AD OGYTY DB HEG-AL-AL ZW T-ELC-AL-AL. D-4Z OAG OGYTY D-ELP-AL-AL WOT, OGYTY. OGYTY Q-SR O-AL O-AL-AL, YW-W TBO Q-AL-AL-AL O-IR OGYTY. SZQIAE OYSTERLO-Y SGOW KYR T-IP. O-AL-AL-AL, D-W T-BO H-RE DRY HG, DRYO RRY BO D-RE-RO. T-EL-AL OGYTY DRSSEAL, DSWA-AL-AL ISAI OGR OSHBY. OGYTY OGR ALYR-AL-AL. DRSSEAL OGYTY D-W TBO OGR SH RE. H-SZQIAW T-CAI O-AL-AL. OAG HG OGI OGYTY H-RE H-AL-AL HG SYATP-AY. DRYR-AY H-RY. Z-W OGR OGI HG, OZ OGYTY H-WQ OY-AL-AL OY-AT-AY. OAG O-AL-AL OGYTY DRSSEAL HG SH-AL-AL, O-AL-AL SGOW OGYTY. OAG O-AL-AL, D-RE-AL-AL OY-AL-AL OGYTY DRSSEAL O-AL-AL, T-EL-AL OGYTY OGYTY OGYTY T-BO SGO-AL-AL HG, SH-AL-AL H-AL-AL D-RE-AL-AL OGYTY. SH-AL-AL OGYTY DRSSEAL OGYTY OGYTY. OGYTY OGYTY, W-AL-AL D OGYTY OGYTY OGYTY, L-RE-AL-AL OGYTY OGYTY, R-AL-AL-AL SGO-AL-AL H-AL-AL-AL-AL-AL. H-AL-AL OGYTY OGYTY OGYTY OGYTY.

POCKET BOOK LOST.

ABOUT the middle of July last was stolen out of my Pocket at my house, a large Washed Leather POCKET-BOOK, containing one note on the State Bank of Georgia for \$10, one note of hand on Elijah Hicks for \$85, payable sometime in October next; a receipt of Henry Megy of the State of New York, for two notes on John Byers of the said State, and some other papers not recollected. To any person getting & delivering said Book, papers and money to me; I will give ten dollars, and five for the apprehension of the rogue.

I do hereby forwarn all persons from trading for said note of Elijah Hicks. And I also forwarn Elijah Hicks from paying said note to any person excepting myself.

GEORGE HARLIN
Coosawaytee Cherokee Nation, August 18. 1828.—24-1f.

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. N.

POETRY.

A PARTING SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

When will ye think of me my friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the last red night, the farewell of
day,
From the rock and the river is passing a-
way—
When the air with a deep'ning hush is
fraught,
And the heart grows burden'd with tender
thought
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the rose of the mid-summer time
Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious prime;
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright
hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more
may tread:
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody;
When ye hear the voice of a mountain
stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream;
Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends;
Thus ever think of me!
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found,
So let it be!

From the Vermont Chronicle.

WHAT IS LIFE LIKE?

Like the shadow that declineth;
Like the transient flash that shineth;
Like the dreams with night that vanish;
Like the pleasures pain doth banish;
Like the joy of love in fleetness,
[But oh! how unlike its sweetness;]
Stranger such was life to me:
Shall it not be such to thee?

Like the broad and boundless ocean;
Like the billow's ceaseless motion;
Like the deep and silent river;
Rolling on its course for ever;
Like the mine's exhaustless treasure;
Like the gulf no eye can measure;
Stranger, such is life to me:
Must it not be such to thee?

ANECDOTE OF A DUELIST.

There is a French general, a man of fortune and of a highly respectable family, who has fought an almost incredible number of duels. It is a positively certain that he has killed as many persons as forty in different duels; and he is known to be so excellent a shot, that he can cut off the snuff of a candle at any distance to which a pistol will carry. Being conscious of this advantage, he values himself upon it, and will challenge upon the very slightest provocation. As, however, his character became known, he was avoided as much as possible; even the *café* he frequented lost some of its custom in consequence, and such persons as could not help seeing him there, studiously endeavored to take their meat on the other side of the room.—One day, by chance, there came in a stranger—a very fine young man of about twenty-two years of age; he was sitting with a newspaper in his hand when the General entered, but not in the seat he usually occupied, and therefore could not be said in any way to interfere with him. But the General was in a humour for defiance, and perhaps at that moment was in want of something by way of excitement. He walked up to the young man, and looked at him with an air of great impertinence. The other, however, was intent on his news, and did not observe him; but there was next a loud hem, and he raised his eyes.—The impertinent look was continued. The young man, at a loss to comprehend it, made an involuntary gesture of surprize. "What do you mean by that?" said the General: "surely I may look at you if I think proper?"—"Undoubtedly," replied the other; "but I thought you were offended."—"Perhaps I might, when I had a great lubber like you before my eyes," returned the General, in a contemptuous and teasing tone. The young man was perfectly astonished; but a little anger could hardly fail to be mixed with his reply. "Surely I have as much right to sit in a public *café* as yourself," said he, "in faith, have you? A pretty fellow, truly!" retorted the General, in the same irritating manner. "And I shall continue to sit here as long as it suits my convenience; so I beg that I may not be annoyed," added the young man, with a decided tone, and some slight indication of warmth. "Mighty fine!" said his tormentor, laughing at the same time in his face, and expressing as much contempt as he could by an

appropriate shrug. The poor fellow began to lose his patience at the wanton and inconceivable insult to which he found himself exposed, and he began to express his resentment. All he said was answered in a vexatious manner by the General, till at last he upbraided him in no very measured terms. The General then replied—"As you have thought fit to be so angry, young gentleman, we had better settle the matter to-morrow morning." They accordingly exchanged cards, and the meeting was appointed.

The young man left the *café*, as may be imagined, in some agitation; and, when he reflected on what passed, he could hardly believe that it was a reality. He seemed rather to have suffered from the delirium of a fever, than to have passed through an actual scene; the affront he had received was so totally unprovoked and causeless, that he could hardly persuade himself it had absolutely occurred; he could not bring himself to believe that he was now standing in jeopardy between life and death. In the mean time, his friends had heard of what had happened, and gave him additional information respecting the person who had challenged him. They told him of his character and exploits, and too truly convinced him that, according to the usual mode of firing, he could have no chance of his life. He was of course unwilling to fight with the odds so fearfully against him; and, being the party who received the challenge, he resolved to avail himself of the customary privilege of choosing his weapons. He therefore proposed, that one of the pistols should be loaded and the other unloaded, and that each party should choose them while they were covered with a napkin. The General consented. Accordingly they met on the appointed ground, and each drew his pistol.—The young man by right was to have the first fire. He fired. His had been the unloaded pistol. The general walked up to him, and tauntingly showed him his pistol. He held it up—turning it in all directions—boasted of his skill—asked him how far off he would wish him to stand. "For it is all the same to me," he said; "you may choose your own distance; I am quite sure of you. Perhaps, indeed, people might say it was a pity; you are certainly a fine young fellow; you have only just begun the world, and might perhaps do something in it. I have half a mind to let you go. Hey, what do you say to it? shall I? Do you think you are worth more than my powder and shot?" He went on in similar strain for about five minutes, playing with his victim as a cat does with a mouse, and holding him in suspense, just vibrating between life and death—sometimes directing his arguments towards the one, and sometimes towards the other. The seconds concluded that it was all a jest, and it was a sort of justifiable tormenting. The young man congratulated himself on his escape; when the General put his pistol close to his heart, pulled the trigger—and he fell down dead at his feet.

This General may be seen almost every day in the most fashionable part of Paris; and he is pointed out to strangers by the words "*Voilà l'assassin*."

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

From the Ladies Magazine.

Good humor is like the light which spreads every where; though like the light, too, it pleases most where it is least looked for. To carry on the resemblance, like that it will be sometimes obscured; but like that also, we cannot bear its being long absent.

Starts of petulance may be forgiven to prosperity; fits of fretfulness are natural to affliction; but what can be pleaded for harboring a passionate or peevish temper, easily provoked, and hardly pacified.

Where an easiness of temper is particularly prevalent, and the heart is uncommonly susceptible of warm emotions in the way of love and friendship, there, without question, a peculiar strain of prudence and fortitude is required to prevent a young person's being betrayed into great inconveniences and dangerous tendernesses.

Those who have a just sense of their own infirmities and failings, will be naturally of a forbearing and forgiving temper. The reverse of this is the offspring of pride. There is no act of kindness, no instance of condescension, which the self-diffident are not ready to perform.

Roughness and ferocity in man we often overlook, and are sometimes diverted with them: they always hurt us

when we find them in a woman. A loud voice, bold gestures, a daring countenance, and every mark of bravery may please in the former, when his courage is particularly called forth; but in female we wish to see only tenderness and love reigning: when they reign, very different effects will be produced by them.

Female modesty is often silent; female decorum is never bold; and true discretion dreads every thing the least ostentatious.

Were women to contemplate the fatal effects of avarice, ambition, vanity, luxury, the violence of love, and the fury of revenge, as appearing in the ruin of families, the devastation of provinces, and the fall of empires, they would, it is to be hoped, be less dazzled with those objects, and less affected by those occasions that are apt to foment such propensities which, in their situations, though not so consequential to others, are yet many times extremely degrading, as well as pernicious to themselves.

They are strangers to human nature who would affright the young by the frown of austerity. True religion ever was, & ever will be, of the friendly kind. It is not zeal, but bigotry that refuses to make allowance for juvenile sports and gayer tempers.

Cheerfulness is the most natural effect of real goodness; it is also its most powerful recommendation.—Wisdom is never so attractive as when she is arrayed in smiles.

A wife ought in reality to love her husband above all the world.

Great are the hazards which a young and handsome woman has to run who enters too deeply into a life of gaiety. The grave part of the world will censure her conduct, as arising from the levity of her mind; and the dissolute will form schemes for her destruction of that innocence which is the only true foundation of cheerfulness or vivacity.

The world's good opinion is necessary, as well as our own, to make us completely happy; but they must not be equally esteemed: those only have a sincere love for virtue, who adhere to it as strictly when disgrace follows it, as if popular applause & the greatest rewards were to be the consequence. In others it only shares the heart with vanity. Approbation will give pleasure to every person, but it should be looked upon as a valuable effect of, not as a worthy motive for, a virtuous action.

If a man and woman do not truly love each other, where can the prospect of felicity be in the marriage state? They may, perhaps, be equally amiable; yet, from a dissimilarity of sentiment, they may not experience happiness. It is necessary that a coincidence of opinions should subsist, to create the harmony of souls.

A Faithful Physician.—"I do not profess," said a physician, "to be a religious man myself; indeed, my practice seldom allows me an opportunity so much as to hear a sermon: but I make it a rule never to allow a patient to remain ignorant of his danger; though by my adherence to this rule, I have, in numberless instances, incurred the displeasure of my best friends. I will give you an instance, which occurred but a few days ago. I was consulted by a lady, who was bro't from —; and I saw her case was hopeless. I therefore said, 'Madam, do you wish me candidly to give you my opinion of your case?' She started, shuddered and was silent. I repeated my question; and she replied 'Why, yes; I came to you for that purpose.'" "Then, Madam," said I, "I am sorry to have to say, that I believe nothing can be done for you. I do not know to what denomination of Christians you belong, but my advice to you is, send for one of your Clergy, and make the best of his advice and attentions during the few days you have to live." She replied, "My pain is too severe to allow me to think on those subjects now." I called, in a day or two, and I saw that she was dying; and was just in the same state of mind. I therefore said, "Madam do you know that you are dying?"—She replied as before, "My sufferings are too severe to allow me to think of preparing for death now!" and, alas! she died."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The following curious circumstance occurred a little time since at Tottenham. A person who had mispent his time in search of the philosopher's stone, having left his laboratory open

his servant took the opportunity to attempt discovering the object of her master's study. Her attention was engaged by the furnace, in which were several substances. Her curiosity induced her to stir and try to bring out some of the materials with a very large spoon, which was always used at dinner. To her great confusion and surprize, it melted and fell to bottom. Terrified by the circumstance, she flew from the room. Her master soon returned, and on extinguishing his chemical fire, was delighted to find a mass of pure silver in his furnace. Now he imagined he was successful in the great object of his past life, and that he should soon realize a fortune by converting the baser into pure metal; and, on the strength of this idea, he invited a large party to dine with him the next day, for the purpose of communicating his good fortune. He did not sleep all that night, for joy. The next day he saw his table decked with the most costly viands; his friends congratulated him on every side. In the midst of this triumph he missed the large silver spoon, and asked where it was. The servant now confessed she had been induced to try to extract the materials from the furnace with it, and that it melted from her hand. The poor philosopher turned pale—the harmony of the day was disturbed—his friends retreated—and he still lies in a disconsolate state.

ANOMALY OF VISION.

A child 7 years of age, the son of a distinguished artist, commenced taking lessons in drawing from his father; but it may be imagined how great the parent's surprize was, at finding all the objects which the child represented upside down. It was first supposed that the child might be practising this inversion of objects in joke, but he affirmed that he drew the objects as they appeared to him; and as the drawings were, in other respects, very accurate, there was no reason for doubting the child's word. Every time the object was turned, before he took a sketch of it, he represented it in the natural position, showing that the sensation received by the eye corresponded perfectly with the inversion formed on the retina.

This state of vision continued more than a year, after which time the child began to see objects in their natural position. Many analogous cases have been observed; a very distinguished lawyer, for instance, saw, for some time, objects inverted; the houses appeared to him to rest on the roofs—men to walk on their heads, &c. This aberration of vision depended on a disturbed state of the digestive organs, and disappeared with the cause which gave it origin. Doctor Wolloston, after considerable exercise of body and mind, suddenly found that he could see but one half of the figure of persons whom he met, as well as other objects which came before him. Dr. Crawford relates the history of a woman who was attacked with a slight hemiplegia of the left side, who, from that period, could see but half an object, not even after the power of motion had been restored to the paralysed side. Another person had, for several years, a derangement in the right eye, to which every single object was represented multiplied seven or eight times. [Lancet.]

SNAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

FRANKLIN, (Tenn.)

July 18.

We have been informed by two respectable gentlemen, that some time about the 4th of the present inst. perhaps on that very glorious day, a man by the name of Hicks living in the neighborhood of Nolensville, this in co. caught, on some small wager, 15 snakes in about twice that number of minutes, from a neighboring stream called Mill Creek. He had what he called a *diver* to assist him, whose duty it was to turn over the rocks, when woe betide any unfortunate water Moccasin (no matter how great his size, or how terrific his appearance) who was lurking below: quick as tho't Hicks would pounce upon him; nab him some where near the head, and by no very friendly pressure cause him to open his mouth, when he would bind him with some convenient strip of pawpaw bark round the under jaw and proceed on in the hunt. We have heard of a man living in one of the new counties of the Western District, who killed one hundred in a day, and pronounced it "no great snaking at that." Truly after the late exploit of Hicks, we are inclined to the same opinion.

Why, the snake *killer* was a mere retail dealer to the catcher.

Advantages of an empty purse.—People may talk as they please about independence. Your only real independent man is he of the empty purse. What is the rise or fall of stocks to him. What cares he for commercial failures? What for commotions, revolutions, the decline and fall of empires;—Nothing. He smiles at the robber by night and the tax-gatherer by day, and regards the exciseman and pick-pocket with equal indifference.

Arnold.—Arnold, who on the capture of Major Andre, had escaped, was immediately appointed a brigadier general in the service of Great Britain. But, though his new companions had wished to profit by the treason; they viewed the traitor with contempt.—"What treatment," inquired Arnold from a British officer, "am I to expect, should the rebels make me their prisoner." "They will cut off," replied the officer, "the leg that was wounded at Saratoga, and bury it with all the honors of war but, having no respect for the rest of your body, they will hang it on a gibbet"—*Grimshaw's United States.*

A well drawn Conclusion.—Abul-
da, the Arabian philosopher of the desert, being asked how he came to know there was a God. "In the same way," said he, "that I know, by the prints that are made in the sand, whether a man or a beast has passed before me. Do not," he added, "the heavens, by the splendour of the stars; the world, by the infinity of the waves that it rolls, sufficiently make known the power and the greatness of their author?"

Travelling Dentists.—A writer in the Albany Daily Advertiser, who signs himself a sufferer, cautions the public against a set of persons generally called "travelling dentists," and who are frequently grossly ignorant of their business, and exorbitant in their demands. He says—"One of these gentlemen, now in this city, charged a lady, a few days since, only seventy-five dollars for setting three teeth; another \$20 for two; a third \$25 for plugging two teeth and scraping the rest, (about one hour's labour); and a gentleman \$30 for merely scraping teeth!"

The "New York Mirror for Travellers" states that the city of New York contains one hundred churches, one hundred lottery offices, six theatres, twenty-two banks, good and bad, forty three insurance offices, solvent and insolvent, one university, one academy of arts, one Athenium, one public library, two medical colleges, &c. &c. and is also renowned as an "eating city," containing at least a thousand cooks, who are "eminent in the science of gastronomy."

Figure of Speech.—The Editor of the Yankee, after exposing one of Mr. Walsh's plagiarisms from Burke—remarks, "He might as well hope to hide a thunderbolt in a snow-bank, as one of Edmund Burke's thoughts in a page of Robert Walsh, Junior, Esquire."

HYPOCRITICAL DEVOTION.

A preacher who kept a huckster shop; was heard one day to say to his shopman, "John, have you watered the rum?" "Yes." "Have you sanded the brown sugar?" "Yes." "Then, like good Christians, let us go to prayers."

REQUISITES FOR GOING TO LAW.

A lady asked an old uncle, who had been an attorney, but left off business, what were the requisites for going to law; to which he replied: Why, niece, it depends upon a number of circumstances. In the first place, you must have a good cause. Secondly, a good attorney. Thirdly, a good counsel. Fourthly, good evidence.—Fifthly, a good jury. Sixthly, a good judge. And lastly, good luck.

HOW TO AVOID DANGER.

"The best way," said Sir Boyle Roche, "to avoid danger is to meet it plump."

FORGETFULNESS.

A rogue asked charity, on pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked him, with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "Five years, madam."