

DELAWARE JOURNAL.

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Vol. I.

TUESDAY, November 13, 1827.

No. 59.

NOTICE.

Persons wishing any sort of PRINTING done, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch; ADVERTISEMENTS inserted, or SUBSCRIPTIONS paid where there are no Agents appointed in their neighbourhood to receive them, will please apply, or direct to R. Porter and Son, No. 97, Market Street, Wilmington.

All communications, not of the above character, to be addressed to M. Bradford, Editor of the Delaware Journal, Wilmington.

This arrangement is made for the more regular and prompt execution of business.

THE DELAWARE JOURNAL is published on Tuesdays and Fridays, at four dollars per annum; two dollars every six months in advance. No paper to be discontinued, until arrears are paid.

Advertisements inserted on the usual terms—viz: One dollar for four insertions of sixteen lines, and so in proportion for every number of additional lines and insertions.

AGENTS.

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Notice

TO JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.
THE Justices of the Peace in the several counties of this State are hereby requested to make their returns of the fines, imposed by them, also the names of the Constables, who had the collection of said fines.

Those Justices of the Peace, who have neglected to make their returns for several years past, are requested to make a return of all the fines imposed by them since their last return.

Attention to this notice is requested, as a report will be made to the Legislature of all those who neglect to make their report according to Law.

Also the Road Commissioners of the County of New-Castle, who have not made their returns of the expenditures on Roads and Bridges, in their respective hundred for the year of 1826, are requested to forward them as soon as convenient.

S. WILLIAMS,

Auditor of Accounts State of Delaware.
Oct. 31st, 1827. 57—4t

BANK OF SMYRNA,

Nov. 1, 1827.

THE Directors of the Bank of Smyrna, have this day declared a dividend for the last six months, at the rate of six per cent a year: the same will be paid on or after the 8th Inst. By Order,

S. H. HODSON, Cashier. 57—4t

FOR SALE,

NINE Shares of Kennet Turnpike Stock. Inquire at the office of the Journal. 57—4t

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at No. 97, Market-Street, Wilmington.

The Columbian Almanac, For 1828.

Containing in addition to the usual Astronomical Calculations, Tables, &c. the Courts of the United States, and of Delaware and Maryland; a great variety of profitable and pleasing miscellaneous matter, among which is—

A Sailor's humorous ride in a milk-cart,
Yankee resolution in saving the mail,
Ingenious defence of a thief,
Dreams and signs interpreted,
Method of un-marrying the unhappy,
Definition of a Drunkard,
A little world,
Old maids, their unmentionable troubles,
Account of a novel courtship,
Anecdote of Paddy and his game cock,
The Irishman and his pig, &c. &c. &c.
Wonderful discoveries of the Microscope,
Humorous account of a Penn'a. Battalion Day,
Washington's arm, saved by a Quaker lady,
Ode to the gout,
RECEIPTS for curing the Gravel, curing Wens, making candles, removing grease spots from clothes, making vinegar, preserving pickles, preserving meats, &c. &c. &c.

The above Almanac, with an extensive assortment of others, German and English for sale by the Gross or Dozen, at the most reduced prices.

Nov. R. PORTER & SON.

* * * The pamphlet respecting the Bremer affair, and the history of Gen. Jackson's accusations against Mr. Clay, &c. &c. just received and for sale by the Publishers, No. 97, Market-Street.

From Dr. M-Henry's "Waltham."

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

'Twas noon, and mild and beautiful shone the day,
As from a cavern'd Eden and her sire,
An Indian-summer's soft and charms admire,
Which Freedom's law can more serenely cheer,
Than all the seasons of the circling year,
'Tis true, the wood's gay verdure is withdrawn,
'The faded leaves lie scatter'd o'er the lawn;
'Tis true, the maize, the pride of cultur'd fields,
No more is ting'd and tassell'd grandeur yields;
No more the wild warblers of the earlier year,
From woodland coverts, hills and valley cheer:
Yet the bright sun a kinder glory sheds,
O'er heaven's expanse a milder azure spreads,
Save when the ruddy morn, or balmy eve,
Through screens of downy mist his smiles receive,
Then fits th' ethereal gaze before the view,
And shows the morning scene in purple hue:
The mountain glimmers through the prospect dim,
Rocks, woods, and streams in fairy landscapes swim,
Morn sprightly zephyrs waltz in the shades,
And livelier wild-deer bound along the glades;
And fresher springs than summer heat allow,
Yield purer dews and sweeter murmurs now;
Now wand'ring birds in airy journeys rove;
And beasts, disporting, march in many a drove;
All animation joys to be alive,
And dying swarms a sweeter life revive!—
A sacred feeling, grateful and serene,
At nature's cheering gaze, and feeding green,
O'er man's pleas'd enlightning influence throws,
As of life's lamp burns brighter at its close,
And much he feels this P. nysylvanian charm,
Whose smiles the year's declining age can warm!

From the Western Review.

SKETCH OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

IN respect to the lesser morals, all savages in this region are hospitable. Even the enemy, whom they would have sought and slain, far from the cabins, who presents himself carelessly there, claims and receives their hospitality. They accord to the cabin hearth the inviolability of an asylum, and the honors and the sanctuary of an altar. A great number of instances are on record, of savages of hostile tribes, obnoxious to the most deadly revenge of particular warriors, presenting themselves on a sudden before those warriors, and opening their offered bosom to the knife. This undaunted heroism often disarms not only the purpose of revenge, but, with deep savage admiration, excites more generous feelings, and brings about a reconciliation and permanent peace between the contending tribes. That part of our character which they are the last to understand, and least prone to admire, that when our People have received in their villages a lavish and gratuitous hospitality, they, when returning the visit, should find that, with us strangers are lodged in taverns.

We have, by no means the same plenary faith in that tenacious remembrance of kindness, which historians have almost universally ascribed to them, as a trait nobly distinguishing them from other races. We entertain very little reliance upon the consistency of their friendship. We consider them treacherous and fickle in the extreme; early swayed from the views and purposes of yesterday, and constantly disposed to pay their court to the divinity of good fortune, and always ready to side with the strongest.—Were we in their power, and fortune, in reference to us, changing, we should make no calculations for the morrow, upon their views and purposes towards us to day.

They are well known for their voraciousness of appetite. They endure hunger and thirst, as they do suffering, pain, and death, with astonishing patience and constancy. When they kill a deer, a bear, or buffalo, after a long abstinence, they will devour an enormous quantity of the flesh. Their devoted and fatal attachment to ardent spirits is a matter of melancholy notoriety. In all their councils, talks, conferences with the officers of our Government from Lake Erie to the Rocky Mountains, their first and last request is whiskey. The feelings of honor and shame can be reached, in an Indian bosom, upon every other point but this. Decline as we may against the use of it, paint the ill effects of it as strongly as we choose, speak with as much contempt as we may of drunkards, their best and bravest still clamor for whiskey.

All words would be thrown away in attempting to portray, in just colours, the effects of general drunkenness upon such a race. It is, indeed, the heaviest curse which their intercourse with the whites has entailed upon them. Every obligation of duty, as philanthropists and Christians, imposes upon us every effort to prevent the complete and final expiration of this ill-fated race; and the inevitable consequence of their being allowed free access to the liquid poison of whiskey. We have elsewhere adverted to the stern and rigorous prohibitions of the Government, and the apparent fidelity with which these prohibitions are carried into effect. And yet, in some way or other, wherever Americans have access, Indians have whiskey. It is understood that the laws of the State Governments and the General Government are not exactly in coincidence and concert upon the subject of interdicting spirits to the Indians. This state of things ought not to exist. It is a fact of common notoriety, that, in the States, they find much less difficulty, in procuring whiskey than in the Territories. The duties of the States imperiously bind them to frame laws, and to see them executed, in unison with the severest interdictions of the General Government, and to unite with that to prevent these unhappy beings from exercising their suicidal propensities.

It has been inferred, because they make it a point not to express astonishment or curiosity in view of our improvements and arts, that they are destitute of the feelings of curiosity; and, because they seem to hold them in contempt and disdain, that they have no passion analogous to the cupidity,

vanity, or pride, of the whites. They are, unquestionably, among the proudest beings in the world. No people can generate the emphatic and characteristic sneer of pride quicker, or more strongly, on their countenances. It is their pride that induces them to affect this indifference: for, that it is affected we had numberless opportunities to discover. It is with them not only pride, but calculation, to hold in seeming contempt things which they are aware they cannot obtain and possess.

As regards their vanity, and that part of the species upon which it is supposed to operate with more force, we have not often had the fortune to contemplate a young squaw at her toilette. But from the studied arrangement of their calico jacket; from the glaring circles of vermilion on her plump and circular face; from the artificial manner in which her hair of intense black, is clubbed in a roll of the thickness of a man's wrist; from the long time which it takes her to complete these arrangements, from the manner in which she mimics, and ambles, and pays off her prettiest airs, after she has put on all her charms—we should, clearly infer that dress and personal ornaments occupy the same portion of her thoughts that they do of the fashionable women of civilized society.

A young Indian warrior is notoriously the most thorough going beau in the world. Bond street and Broadway furnish no subjects that will undergo as much crimping and confinement to appear in full dress. We are confident that we have observed such a character constantly occupied with his paints and his pocket glass full three hours, laying on his colours, and arranging his tresses, and contemplating, from time to time, with visible satisfaction, the progress of his growing attractions. When he has finished, the proud triumph of irresistible charms is in his eye.—The chiefs and warriors in full dress, have one, two, or three broad clasps of silver about their arms; generally jewels in their ears, and often in their nose, and nothing is more common than to see a thin circular piece of silver, the size of a dollar, depending from their noses, a little below their upper lip. This ornament, so painfully inconvenient, as it is evidently to them, so horribly ugly and disfiguring, seems to be the utmost finish of Indian taste. Painted Porcupine quills are twisted in their hair. Tails of Animals hang from their hair behind, or from the point where they were originally appended to the animal. A necklace of bear's or alligator's teeth, or claws of the bald eagle, hang loosely down, and an interior and smaller circle of large red beads, or, in default of them, a rosary of red hawthorns surrounds the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are ornamented with great numbers of little perforated cylindrical pieces of silver or brass, that omit a simultaneous tinkle, as the person walks. If to all this he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat of blue, faced with red, over the customary calico shirt, of the gaudiest colours that can be found, he lifts his feet high, and steps firmly on the ground, to give his tinklers an uniform and full sound, and apparently considers his person with as much complacency as the human bosom can be supposed to feel. This is a very curtailed view of an Indian beau. But every reader, competent to judge, will admit in fidelity, as far as it goes to the description of a young Indian warrior over the whole Mississippi valley, when prepared to take part in a public dance.

Strange as it may seem to our Atlantic readers, the sight of such an Indian is almost as rare a spectacle in this city [Cincinnati] as in Philadelphia or Boston.—But so many faithful prints of Indian figures and costume have recently been presented to the public, that most of those who have not seen the living subject, have the definitive views of the general outlines of Indian appearance. The males almost universally wear leggings in two distinct pieces, like the legs of pantaloons, fitted very tight from the loins to the ankles, generally of smoke tanned deerskin, and seamed with tassels or leather fringe; sometimes of blue cloth. Those who inhabit the regions beyond the range of the buffalo, wear a blanket, thrown loosely over their shoulders; and those who live in the region of that animal, wear its dressed skin in the same way. Their moccasins are ornamented, with extreme care, with different colored porcupine quills, arranged in lines and compartments. But, in the sultry months, they are often seen with no other dress than a piece of blue cloth, in the language of the country, 'stronding,' passed between the thighs, and brought round the loins.

In regions contiguous to the whites, they have generally a calico shirt, of the finest colors; and they are particularly attached to a long calico dress, resembling a morning gown.

The women wear a calico jacket, leggins not much unlike those of the men, and whenever they can afford it a blue broad cloth petticoat, made full, and bunching out, as if swelled with a hoop. We do not remember to have seen Indians, either male or female, affect any other colors than red or blue. The thick, heavy, black tresses of hair are parted from the centre of the forehead and crown, and skewered with a quill or a thorn, in a large club behind.

They have various dances, to which they seem extravagantly attached, and which often have, as did the dances of old time, a religious character. The aged council chiefs drum, with invariable gravity of countenance, and the young warriors dance with great vehemence, pounding their feet upon the ground like pestles of a powdermill. They pursue their vocation with a vigor which causes the perspiration to pour from their bodies. Toward the close, they wag their heads and make a kind of half whirl in their centre, cut a number of powerful and high flourishes, and then pause, shake their heads, clap their hand to their mouth, and emit a kind of scream,

broken into small jerky fragments of sound, by passing their hand by a rapid motion across their lips. This is the most characteristic of all Indian noises. It seems easy to imitate and yet we have heard Americans personate every part of an Indian dance with better and closer mimicry than this. They have the war, the feast, the scalp, and the big dance, and perhaps others, and tunes corresponding to the different purposes of these dances. In our ear, these tunes are exceedingly monotonous and uniform, running only thro' three or four notes, and constantly recurring to the same strain. The last note of this strain is to us terrible, when heard, as we have often heard it by night, ringing through the woods. The song, like the dance, breaks off by that broken yell which they make by the rapid motion of their hand over their mouths. In most of the tribes, the women take no part in the song. We remember only to have heard the women of the Sacs and Foxes join in the song; and they did it by chiming in a couple or three sharp notes, with a strong nasal twang at the last part of the tune.

WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

We have been politely favored by Gen. CLARK, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, with the perusal of a letter, written by Jedediah S. Smith, who has been for several years engaged in hunting and trapping in the Upper Missouri, and who has visited that extensive barren country on the West, not here before explored. From this letter, written in a plain style, we extract the following, which, we trust, will be found interesting to our readers.

[Missouri Republican.]

My situation has enabled me to collect information respecting a country which has been, measurably, veiled in obscurity, and unknown to the citizens of the United States. I allude to the country South West of the Great Salt Lake, and West of the Rocky mountains.

About the 22d of August, 1826, I left the great Salt Lake, accompanied with a party of fifteen men, for the purpose of exploring the country to the South West, which was then entirely unknown to me, and of which I could obtain no satisfactory information, from the Indians who inhabit the country on its North East borders. My general course on leaving the Lake, was S. W. and W. passing the Little Uta Lake, and ascending Ashley's River, which empties into it, where we found a nation of Indians, calling themselves Sumpatch, who were friendly disposed towards us. After leaving the Little Uta Lake, I found no further sign of Buffalo—there were, however, a few of the Antelope and Mountain Shees, and all abundance of Black Tailed Hares. Leaving Ashley's River, I passed over a range of mountains, S. E. and N. W. and struck a river, running S. W. which I named Adams River, in compliment to our President. The water of this river is of a muddy cast, and somewhat brackish. The country is mountainous to the East, and on the West are detached rocky hills and sandy plains. Passing down this river some distance, I fell in with a nation of Indians, calling themselves Pi. Uches. These Indians, as well as the Sumpatch, wear robes made of rabbit skins they raise corn and pumpkins, on which they principally subsist—except a few hares, very little game of any description is to be found. About ten days march further down, the river turns to the S. E. where, on the S. W. of it, there is a remarkable cave, the entrance to which is about ten or fifteen feet high; and five or six feet in width; after descending about fifteen feet, opens into a large and spacious room, with the roof, walls, and floor, of solid rock salt. (a piece of which I send you, with some other articles, which will be hereafter described.) I followed Adams river two days travel further, where it empties into the Seeds Keeder, which I crossed and went a south course down it, through a barren, rocky, and mountainous country. In this river are many shoals and rapids. Further down, a valley opens, from five to fifteen miles in width. The land on the river bank is fertile and timbered. I here found another tribe of Indians, who call themselves Amnuchiebes. They cultivate the soil, and raise corn, beans, pumpkins and melons in abundance, and also a little wheat and cotton. I was now nearly destitute of horses, and had learned what it was to do without food; I therefore concluded to remain here fifteen days, to recruit my men; and in the mean time, succeeded in changing my few remaining horses, and was enabled to purchase others, from a party of runaway Indians, who had stolen them from the Spaniards. I here obtained some information respecting the Spanish country, obtained two guides, recrossed the Seeds Keeder, and travelled a West course fifteen days, over a country of complete barrens, and frequently from morning until night without water. Crossed a salt plain eight miles wide and twenty long. On the surface of the ground is a crust of white salt, underneath is a layer of yellow sand, and beneath the sand a few inches, the salt again appears. The river Seeds Keeder, I have since learned, empties itself into the Gulf of California, about 80 miles from the Amnuchiebes, and is there called the Colorado.

On my arrival in the province of Upper California, I was eyed with suspicion, and was compelled to appear in the presence of the Governor, residing at St. Diego, from whence, by the assistance of some American gentlemen, (particularly Capt. W. H. Cunningham, of the ship Courier, from Boston.) I was enabled to obtain permission to return with my men, by the route I had come. I also obtained permission to purchase such supplies as I stood in need of. As the Governor would not permit me to travel up the sea coast towards Bolago, I proceeded eastward of the Spanish settlement. I then turned my course N. W. keeping from 150 to 200 miles from the sea coast. I travelled three hundred miles in this direction, through a country