

THE WEEKLY GLEANER.

PRINTED BY H. S. NOBLE, SALEM, STOKES CO. NORTH-CAROLINA.....JOHN C. BLUM, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1829.

NO. 12.

The Weekly Gleaner

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per annum, if paid in advance; ONE DOLLAR and 25 CENTS, at the end of six months; but if not paid within the year, the price will be ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at fifty cents per square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for each succeeding week.

All letters on business must be POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

DUNCAN G. McRAE

INFORMS his friends that he has removed to Wilmington, and will be happy to serve them as COMMISSION AGENT, in the sale, purchase or shipment of Produce and Merchandise. Being advantageously situated for such business, having the Agency of the Cape-Fear Steam Boat Navigation Company, and some experience in the trade of Fayetteville and the back country, he flatters himself he will be able to give satisfaction.

Wilmington, 10th Feb. 1829.—6it13

Look at this!

THE Subscriber invites all those indebted to him to settle their accounts, either by discharging them with cash or giving their notes, on or before the 1st April next. M. Alexander Zevely, at the Post-office in Salem, will transact business for me. Those who neglect this notice, will compel me to resort to other means to collect my dues.

VAN N. ZEVELY.

Feb. 27, 1829.—5it13

The Members of the Stokes County Sunday School Union.

Are requested to attend the annual meeting of said Union on the last Saturday in March next, being the 28th, in the town of Salem, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The election of officers for the ensuing year will be held in the afternoon. Persons who are inclined to become members of the Union, are invited to attend on that day.

By order of the President,

JOHN C. BLUM, Sec'y.

February 14, 1829.

CHEROKEE PHOENIX,

And Indians' Advocate

THE Subscriber commenced the duties of his station, as editor of this paper, with a trembling hand and a reluctant heart. He had no experience to aid him, and but limited information to recommend him to the public. He has however progressed so far, generally, to the satisfaction of his readers, for which he is thankful. As the first volume of the Phoenix is on the eve of closing, the editor has thought best to advise the public that a new volume will be commenced next month, and that the great object of its founders, the benefit of the Cherokees, will still be assiduously pursued. It is unnecessary to repeat and particularize the principles under which the future numbers of the Phoenix will be conducted—the principles will be similar to those which have governed the past numbers. The paper is sacred to the cause of Indians, and the editor will feel himself especially bound as far as his time, talents and information will permit, to render it as instructive and entertaining as possible to his brethren, and endeavor to enlist the friendly feelings and sympathies of his subscribers abroad, in favor of the Aborigines.

As the present policy of the General Government, the removal of all the Indians beyond the limits of organized States or territories, is assuming an important aspect, the editor will feel himself bound to lay before his readers all that may be said on this subject, particularly the objections against the measures of the Government.

Particular attention will be given to judicious miscellany. Choice pieces on religion and morals, domestic economy, &c. will find a ready admittance in the Phoenix.

The original part of the paper will be rendered as interesting as the means of the editor will allow. Owing to a want of an assistant, it is impossible to devote a large portion of the paper to the Cherokee language, as the whole must be original.—The editor will however do what he can.

The friends of Indians are particularly called upon to assist in this undertaking by their subscriptions. Thus far, the Phoenix has been a dead expense to the proprietors. It is highly desirable that there should be sufficient patronage to secure it from like embarrassment in future.

ELIAS BOUDINOTT.

Silkworm's Eggs.

100,000 Eggs of the Silkworm are offered for sale, at Eighty Cents per thousand. Apply at the Printing-office. For applications from a distance, they can be put up in a letter and sent by mail, if applied for before the warm weather sets in.

DESULTORY.

From the Cherokee Phoenix.

INDIAN CLANS.—Most of our readers probably know what is meant by Indian clans. It is no more than a division of an Indian tribe into large families. We believe this custom is universal with the North American Indians. Among the Cherokees are seven clans, such as Wolf, Deer, Paint, &c. This simple division of the Cherokees formed the grand work by which marriages were regulated, and murder punished. A Cherokee could marry into any of the clans except two, that to which his father belongs, for all of that clan are his fathers and aunts, and that to which his mother belongs, for all of that clan are his brothers and sisters, a child invariably inheriting the clan of its mother. This custom, which originated from time immemorial, was observed with the greatest strictness. No law could be guarded and enforced with equal caution. In times past, the penalty annexed to it was not less than death. But it has scarcely, perhaps never been violated, except within a few years. Now it is invaded with impunity, though not to an equal extent with other customs of the Cherokees.

But it was the mutual law of clans as connected with murder, which rendered the custom savage and barbarous. We speak of what it was once, not as it is now, for the Cherokees, after experiencing sad effects from it, determined to, and did about twenty years ago in a solemn council, abolish it. From that time, murder has been considered a governmental crime. Previous to that, the following were too palpably true, viz:

The Cherokees as a nation, had nothing to do with murder.

Murder was punished upon the principle of retaliation.

It belonged to the clan of the murdered to revenge his death.

If the murderer fled, his brother or nearest relative was liable to suffer in his stead.

If a man killed his brother, he was amenable to no law or clan.

If the murderer (this however is known only by tradition) was not as respectable as the murdered, his relative, or a man of his clan of a more respectable standing was liable to suffer.

To kill, under any circumstance whatever, was considered murder, and punished accordingly.

Our readers will say, "those were savage laws indeed." They were, and the Cherokees were then to be pitied, for the above were not mere inoperative laws, but most rigorously executed. But we can now say with pleasure, that they are all repealed, and are remembered only as vestiges of ignorance and barbarism.

A village schoolmaster, one day asked a boy, who was about to leave school, to what trade his father intended to put him. The boy said he was to be a butcher. "Why surely," rejoined the master, "you won't like to kill poor sheep and lambs?" "No," said the urchin, "I should not like to kill poor uns, but I should like to kill fat uns."

Tit for Tat.—Mr. A. is a merchant; does a considerable business; Farmer G. came into his store the other day—it was a cold one—to trade off a few bushels of wheat, which is very high just at this time. The bargain was concluded, and the farmer was to take his pay in salt.—The store is as elastic as some merchants consciences. The bags of wheat were brought in, and the measuring of their contents commenced. All at once the merchant's feet were insufferably cold. As the grain was emptied into the measure, the merchant stamped violently around it,—to warm his feet. The poor farmer could not complain that the honest merchant should wish to promote circulation and get his feet warm, but his grain settled perceptibly with every stamp from the merchant's feet, and the six bushels he brought to market held out but five and a half on a second measurement. Old farmers sometimes 'know a thing or two.' Mr. G. said nothing; but proceeded to the measuring of the salt that he was to receive in pay for his wheat. The merchant's feet had got warm by this time; he was as light 'on the fantastic toe' as if he were walking on eggs. Not so with the farmer. As the salt began to run into the half-bushel, his feet were suddenly seized with the cold. Being a heavy rustic, he stamped vehemently. 'Tut, tut,' says the merchant, 'your jumping shakes down the salt too much!' 'No more than yours shook down my wheat, I guess, said the farmer.' When the business was completed, there was about an even trade between merchant A. and farmer G.

Verily, justice is sometimes done in the earth.—Gardiner Intel.

Unexpected Good Fortune.—A few days ago a poor weaver in Manchester, named David Lindsay, fell heir to an estate of about 1300,000 by decease of an uncle, Col. Lindsay, of the Mount near Cupar Fife, in Scotland. When the letter arrived, announcing this windfall to David, and 1150 to defray the expenses of his journey, with his wife and three children, to his country seat, he was sitting at his breakfast of butterless bread, and sugarless coffee. The demand of the postman, "four shillings and ninepence," completely stunned David, for his whole stock was 2s. A neighbor, however, assisted David in raising the wind. David's first question after reading the letter was, "what the D—I can I do wi' a' this siller!" He has, however, set out on his journey to the North.—[Edinburgh Paper.]

Tooth-Ache.—Put a piece of lime, about the size of a walnut, into a quart bottle of water; with this rinse the mouth two or three times a day, and clean the teeth, using this water every morning. If it taste strong, dilute it, for it should be just strong enough to taste the lime, no stronger. I was tormented with the tooth-ache for some weeks till I used this mixture, but have never had it since. A friend to whom I recommended it, and who was a great sufferer, has been equally fortunate; she attributed hers to rheumatism. After a few weeks, I asked her how the lime-water succeeded. "Oh," said she "I have never had the rheumatism since."—Hart. Jour.

Fame is as difficult to be preserved, as it was first to be acquired.