

THE STAR, AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

NO. 36

RALEIGH, N. C. FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1833

VOL XXIV

THE STAR,

And North Carolina Gazette,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

LAWRENCE & LEMAY.

TERMS.

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George Cornish.—Geo. Cornish, a native of London, was brought up to the sea. After making several voyages to the East Indies in the capacity of mate, he obtained the command of a ship in the country trade there, and passed many years of his life in sailing from one port to another of the Company's different settlements, and residing at intervals on shore with the superintendance of their commercial concerns. Having by these means raised a moderate fortune, and being now beyond the meridian of life, he felt a strong desire of retiring to his native country, and seeing his family & friends, concerning whom he had received no tidings for a long time. He realized his property, settled his affairs, and taking his passage for England, arrived in the Downs after an absence of sixteen years.

He immediately repaired to London, and went to the house of an only brother whom he had left possessed of a genteel place in a public office. He found that his brother was dead, and the family broken up; and he was directed to the house of one of his nieces, who was married and settled at a small distance from town. On making himself known, he was received with great respect and affection by the married niece, and a single sister who resided with her; to which good reception, the idea of his bringing back with him a large fortune, did not a little contribute. They pressed him in the most urgent manner to take up his abode there, and omitted nothing that could testify their dutiful regard to so near a relation. On his part, he was sincerely glad to see them, and presented them with some valuable Indian commodities which he had brought with him. They soon fell into conversation concerning the family events that had taken place during his long absence. Mutual condolences passed on the death of the father; the mother had been dead long before. The captain, in the warmth of his heart, declared his intention of befriending the survivors of the family, and his wishes of seeing the second sister as comfortably settled in the world as the first seemed to be.

"But (said he) are you two the only ones left? What is become of my little smiling play-fellow, Amelia? I remember her as if it were yesterday, coming behind my chair, and giving me a slight pull, and then running away that I might follow her for a kiss. I should be sorry if any thing had happened to her." "Alas, sir, (said the eldest niece) she has been the cause of an infinite deal of trouble to her friends! She was always a giddy girl, and her misconduct has proved her ruin. It would be happy if we could forget her!" "What then (said the uncle) has she dishonored herself? Poor creature!" "I cannot say (replied the niece) that she has done so in the worst sense of the word; but she has disgraced herself and her family by a hasty, foolish match with one beneath her, and it has ended, as might have been expected, in poverty and wretchedness." "I am glad (returned the captain) that it is no worse; for though I much disapprove of improper matches, yet young girls may fall into still greater evils, and where there is no crime there can be no irreparable disgrace. But who was the man, and what did my brother say to it?" "Why, sir, I cannot say, but it was partly my father's own fault; for he took a sort of liking to the young man, who was a drawing-master employed in the family, and would not forbid him the house after we had informed him of the danger of an attachment between Amelia and him. So when it was too late, he fell into a violent passion about it, which had no other effect than to drive the girl directly into her lover's arms. They married, and soon fell into difficulties. My father, of course, would do nothing for them; and when he died, he not only disinherited her, but made us promise no longer to look upon her as a sister." "And you did make that promise," said

the captain, in a tone of surprise and displeasure. "We would not disobey our parent (replied the other sister); but we have several times sent her relief in her necessities, though it was improper for us to see her." "And pray what is become of her at last—where is she now?" "Really, she and her husband have shifted their lodgings so often, that it is some time since we heard any thing about them." "Some time! how long?" "Perhaps half a year, or more." "Poor outcast! (cried the captain, in a sort of muttered half-voice) I have made no promise, however, to renounce thee. Be pleased, madam, (he continued, addressing himself gravely to the married niece) to favor me with the last direction you had to this unfortunate sister." She blushed, and looked confused; and at length, after a good deal of searching, presented it to her uncle. "But, my dear sir, said she, you will not think of leaving us to-day. My servant shall make all the inquiries you choose, and save you the trouble; and to-morrow you can ride to town, and do as you think proper." "My good niece, said the captain, I am but an indifferent sleeper, and I am afraid things would run in my head and keep me awake. Besides, I am naturally impatient, and love to do my business myself. You will excuse me, so saying, he took up his hat, and without much ceremony went out of the house, and took the road to town on foot, leaving his two nieces somewhat disconcerted.

When he arrived, he went without delay to the place mentioned, which was a by street near Soho. The people who kept the lodgings informed him, that the persons he inquired after had left them several months, and they did not know what was become of them. This threw the captain into great perplexity; but while he was considering what he should do next, the woman of the house recollected that Mr. Bland (that was the drawing-master's name) had been employed at a certain school, where information about him might possibly be obtained. Captain Cornish hastened away to the place, and was informed by the master of the school that such a man had, indeed, been engaged there, but had ceased to attend for some time past. "He was a very well behaved industrious young man, (added the master,) but in distressed circumstances, which prevented him from making that genteel appearance which we expect in all who attend our school; so I was obliged to dismiss him. It was a great force upon my feelings, I assure you, sir, to do so, but you know the thing could not be helped." The captain eyed him with indignant contempt, and said, "I suppose then, sir, your feelings never suffered you to inquire where this poor creature lodged, or what became of him afterwards?" "As to that, replied the master, every man knows his own business best, and my time is fully taken up with my own concerns; but I believe I have a note of the lodgings he then occupied—here it is." The captain took it, and turning on his heel, withdrew in silence. He posted away to the place, but there too had the mortification of learning that he was too late. The people, however, told him that they believed he might find the family he was seeking in a neighboring alley, at a lodging up three pair of stairs. The captain's heart sunk within him; however, taking a boy as a guide, he proceeded immediately to the spot. On going up the narrow creaking staircase, he met a man coming down it with a bed on his shoulders. At the top of the landing stood another, with a bundle of blankets and sheets. A woman with a child in her arms was expostulating with him, and he heard her exclaim, "Cruel! not to leave me one bed for myself and my poor children!" "Stop, said the captain to the man, set down those things." The man hesitated. The captain renewed his command in a peremptory tone; and thence advanced to the woman. They looked earnestly at each other. Through her pale and emaciated features he saw something of his little smile; and at length, in a faint voice, he addressed her, "Are you Amelia Cornish?" "That was my name," she replied. "I am your uncle," he cried, clasping her in his arms, and sobbing as if his heart would break. "My uncle!" said she, and fainted. He was just able to set her down on the only remaining chair, and take her child from her. Two other young children came running

up, and began to scream with terror. Amelia recovered herself. "Oh, Sir, what a situation you see me in!" "A situation, indeed! (said he) Poor forsaken creature! but you have one friend left."

He then asked what was become of her husband. She told him, that having fatigued himself with walking every day to a great distance for a little employment, that scarcely afforded him bread, he had fallen ill, and was now in an hospital, and that after having been obliged to sell most of their little furniture and clothes for present subsistence, their landlord had just seized their only remaining bed for some arrears of rent. The captain immediately discharged the debt, and causing the bed to be brought up again, dismissed the man. He then entered into a conversation with his niece about the events that had befallen her. "Alas! sir, (said she) I am sensible I was greatly to blame in disobeying my father, and leaving his roof as I did; but perhaps something might be alleged in my excuse—at least, years of calamity and distress may be an expiation. As to my husband, however, he has never given me the least cause of complaint—he has ever been kind and good, and what we have suffered has been through his fortune and not fault. To be sure, when we married, we did not consider how a family was to be maintained. His was a poor employment; and sickness and other accidents soon brought us to a state of poverty, from which we could never retrieve ourselves. He, poor man! was never idle when he could help it, and denied himself every indulgence in order to provide for the wants of me and the children. I did my part, too, as well as I was able. But my father's unrelenting severity made me quite heart broken; and, though my sisters two or three times gave us a little relief in our pressing necessities—for nothing else could have made me ask it in the manner I did—yet they would never permit me to see them, and for some time past have entirely abandoned us. I thought heaven had abandoned us too. The hour of extreme distress was come; but you have been sent for our comfort." "And your comfort, please God! I will be," cried the captain with energy. "You are my own dear child, and your little ones shall be mine too. Dry up your tears—better days, I hope, are approaching."

Evening was now coming on, and it was too late to think of changing lodgings. The captain procured a neighbor to go out for some provisions and other necessities, and then took his leave, with a promise of being with his niece early the next morning. Indeed, as he proposed going to pay a visit to her husband, she was far from wishing to detain him longer. He went directly from thence to the hospital, and having got access to the apothecary, begged to be informed of the real state of his patient Bland. The apothecary told him that he labored under a slow fever, attended with extreme dejection of spirits, but that there were no signs of urgent danger. "If you will allow me to see him (said the captain) I believe I shall be able to administer a cordial more effectual, perhaps, than all your medicines." He was shewn up to the ward where the poor man lay, and seated by his bedside. "Mr. Bland (said he) I am a stranger to you, but I come to bring you some news of your family." The sick man roused himself, as it were, from a stupor, and fixed his eyes in silence on the captain. He proceeded—"Perhaps you may have heard of an uncle that your wife had in the East Indies—he is come home, and—and—I am he." Upon this he eagerly stretched out his hand, and taking that of Bland, which was thrust out of the bedclothes to meet it, gave it a cordial shake. The sick man's eyes glistened—he grasped the captain's hand with all his remaining strength, and drawing it to his mouth, kissed it with fervor. All he could say, was "God bless you!—be kind to poor Amelia!" "I will—I will (cried the captain) I will be a father to you all—Cheer up—keep up your spirits—all will be well!" He then, with a kind look and another shake of the hand, wished him a good night, and left the poor man lightened at once of half his disease.

The captain went home to the coffee-house where he lodged, got a light supper, and went early to bed. After meditating some time with heartfelt satisfaction on the work of

the day, he fell into a sweet sleep, which lasted till day-break. The next morning early he rose and sallied forth in search of furnished lodgings. After some inquiry, he met with a commodious set, in a pleasant airy situation, for which he agreed. He then drove to Amelia, and found her and her children neat and clean, as well drest as their poor wardrobe would admit. He embraced them with the utmost affection, and rejoiced Amelia's heart with a favourable account of her husband. He then told them to prepare for a ride with him. The children were overjoyed at the proposal, and they accompanied him down to the coach in high spirits.—Amelia scarcely knew what to think or expect. They drove first to a warehouse for ready made linen, where the captain made Amelia furnish herself with a complete set of every thing necessary for present use for the children and herself, not forgetting some shirts for her husband. Thence they went to a clothes shop, where the little boy was supplied with a jacket and trousers, a hat and great coat, and the girl with another great coat and a bonnet—both were made as happy as happy could be. They were next all furnished with new shoes. In short, they had not proceeded far, before the mother and three children were all in complete new habiliments, decent but not fine; while the old ones were all tied up in a great bundle, and destined for some family still poorer than they had been.

The captain then drove to the lodgings he had taken, and which he had directed to be put in thorough order.—He led Amelia up stairs, who knew not whether she was going. He brought her into a handsome parlor, and seated her in a chair. This my dear, said he, is your house. I hope, you will let me now and then come and see you in it. Amelia turned pale, and could not speak. At length a flood of tears came to her relief, and she suddenly threw herself at her uncle's feet, and poured out thanks and blessings in a broken voice. He raised her, and kindly kissing her and her children sipped a purse of gold into her hand and hurried down stairs.

He next went to the hospital, and found Mr. Bland sitting up in bed, and taking some food with apparent pleasure. He sat down by him. God bless you! sir, (said Bland) I see now it is all a reality, and not a dream. Your figure has been haunting me all night, and I had scarcely been able to satisfy myself whether I had really seen and spoke to you, or whether it was a fit of delirium. Yet my spirits have been lightened, and I have now been eating with a relish I have not experienced for many days past. But may I ask how is my poor Amelia and my little ones?—"They are well and happy, my good friend, (said the captain) and I hope you will soon be so along with them." The apothecary came up and felt his patient's pulse. "You are a lucky doctor, indeed, sir, (said he to Captain Cornish) you have cured the poor man of his fever. His pulse is as calm as my own." The captain consulted him about the safety of removing him, and the apothecary thought that there would be no hazard in doing it that very day. The captain waited the arrival of the physician, who confirmed the same opinion. A sedan chair was procured, and full directions being obtained for the future treatment, with the physician's promise to look after him, the captain walked before the chair to the new lodgings. On the knock at the door, Amelia looked out of the window, and seeing the chair, ran down, and met her uncle and husband in the passage. The poor man, not knowing where he was, and going wildly around him, was carried up stairs and placed upon a good bed, while his wife and children assembled round it. A glass of wine brought by the people of the house restored him to his recollection, when a most tender scene ensued, which the uncle closed as soon as he could, for fear of too much agitating the yet feeble organs of the sick man.

By Amelia's constant attention, assisted by proper help, Mr. Bland shortly recovered; and the whole family lost their sickly emaciated appearance, and became healthy and happy. The kind uncle was never long absent from them, and was always received with looks of pleasure and gratitude that penetrated his very soul. He obtained for Mr. Bland a good situation in the exercise of his profession, and took Amelia and her children into his special care. As to his other nieces, though he did not entirely break off his connection with them, but on the contrary, shewed them occasional marks of the kindness of a relation, yet he could never look upon them with true cordiality. And as they had so well kept their promise to their father of never treating Amelia as a sister while in her afflicted state, he took care not to tempt them to break it now she was in a favored condition.

From the Portland Daily Advertiser. Extract from a letter from a young Officer of the Army, dated Falls of St. Anthony, Upper Mississippi, June, 1833.

There is something novel and romantic in the idea of writing, as I am now doing, amid the roar of the great Mississippi Falls, seated on a broad rock, at their very foot, and surrounded by scenery so august and magnificent, that the dullest imagination could not fail to be inspired by it; and you, whom I am addressing my thoughts, more than 4000 miles distant from me. There can be no scenery in the world more splendid or magnificent than that of Upper Mississippi, especially of that portion of it above Prairie du Chien. The landscape here presents every variety of feature, from the champagne expanse of the green prairie to the abrupt and rugged bluff. These are often mingled in picturesque contrast, so that the eye is delighted, even while the mind is absorbed in that silent marvel, which such a view is calculated to inspire. Here, for the first time in my life, I beheld Indian villages in all their original rudeness, and their inhabitants unclothed or unimproved, as the case may be, by the influence of civilization. I assure you the sight of them proved always full of interest to me. The first we visited was Wabashaw's village, pleasantly situated on the Oselle, a fine rolling prairie, extending from the river about three miles back to the bluff or high land, but narrowing to the south, and passing through a gorge of the hills, until terminated by a towering bluff, which is conspicuous for many miles in the distance.

Upon this beautiful prairie, nature has lavished her treasures in full luxuriance—grass, every where, rich and heavy, and profusely studded with flowers. One who has never seen the Western prairies, (here universally pronounced *per ray rah*) can form no adequate idea of them from any description. Not even the sensation I experienced when first at sea, deep and thrilling as it was, affected me so much. Nature has never appeared to me in an aspect so replete with beauty and grandeur, as when I have stood in the midst of a prairie, upon a gentle eminence, surveying the broad expanse of waving green, ever varying in its shades, though uniform in its massive richness—while every breeze that passed over it, came loaded with fragrance from countless flowers, and no end, no boundary, to this amazing prospect save the wall of the arched heavens, in the horizon, which seemed to enclose the lovely scene, and shut it from the rest of creation.

But to pursue our journey up the river. The noise of escaping steam soon attracted attention at Wabashaw's village, and it was not long before we saw approaching a swarthy, muscular looking man, who afterwards proved to be the Adjutant General of the old chief. After friendly salutations, he accompanied us along the shore, mounted on a fine horse, and bedecked with all the finery and gaudy pertaining to the full dress of an Indian official; for though the one-eyed chief himself is too old or too lazy to dress himself every day, he insists upon the performance of this ceremony from his (so called) adjutant general. What with the high wooden saddle and other paraphernalia that covered the horse, the poor animal was almost overwhelmed with trappings. We soon approached the village, and heard the bustle of preparation there for our reception. First appeared a solitary horseman, then two—and then a motley assemblage of Indians came rushing forth on the prairie, some partially ornamented with feathers, some with a single blanket, and many without even this spare garment. Some rode their horses without bridles or saddles, and galloped on, like so many centaurs, shouting and yelling and urging their steeds to the utmost, till all were brought up at the edge of the prairie, and the shore was fairly lined with them. "How do do?" "How do do?" was the only English they knew, and only cry I could understand—and to every question we asked, and every observation we made, they echoed back, "How do do?" Our conversation was at length carried on by signs, which I found, to my surprise, were sufficient for all the intercourse we desired.

For instance, we were informed, on inquiry, that old Wabashaw was in his lodge at the village—too proud and dignified to meet even his allies any where but in his wigwam. At the village of "Big Thunder," on the east shore, we were saluted by some twenty Indians, seated like tailors on the bank, loading and discharging their rifles in irregular succession. Our captain Trogmorton (for we were in the steamboat *Warrior*, famous for her battle with the savages at "Bad Axe" last year, and for cutting off the retreat of Black Hawk's forces, across the river) had given me notice of the probability of a salute, and I had prepared some muskets found on board, (the identical ones used in that affair) and volley for volley we returned the martial civilities of our tawney friends. We soon came in view of Fort Snelling, situated on a high bluff, at the

junction of the St. Peters with the Mississippi. My first sight of it was but a glance—for an intervening point of land concealed it as suddenly from my view.—but this glance was like a talismanic shock to my heart;—for there, broadly floating against the blue sky, through a vista of woods I beheld the proud flag of my country! Imagine what feelings must have been born mine, after so long a travel in these western wilds,—what a throb of patriotic passion must have visited me, on beholding again the familiar, the much endeared vision, our country's banner, waving in sovereignty over a region which else had seemed unsubdued even by the all pervading march of human enterprise!

The Steamboat here touched ground,—and thus gave us earnest that we had at last reached the head of navigation of the great Mississippi. I have thus passed from the mouth of this mighty River to a point where I can toss a stone from one bank to another. The first thing after despatching my public duties at the garrison, and interchanging hospitable greetings with friends, was to gather from a coup d'œil, the widest view of the surrounding country; and this was best attained from the summit of a tower in an angle of the fort. The view was indeed glorious. Early on the following morning I set out in company with Lieut. Vail, to visit the Falls,—whence that I could easily hear from the Barracks. On our way Mr. Vail entertained me with anecdotes of the Indian character and country, while I reciprocated by telling him the news (only 3 months old) from the States. The mail arrives here not oftener than once a month. Our Steamboat had over taken the canoe returning with it from Prairie Du Chien, and (much to the satisfaction of the soldiers) we lifted it on board.

After crossing a beautiful Prairie, interspersed with noble ash and oak trees and well watered by streams from the lakes north of us, we suddenly stopped at the mouth of a picturesque glen. I was conducted through it for a short distance, when all at once was opened upon us one of the most beautiful and symmetrical waterfalls that can be imagined. This was the outlet of the lake; a small stream which is here precipitated over a circular shelf of rocks, presenting a concave wall of water to the eye and falling 45 feet into a regular basin below. After enjoying this sight for a short season, we pursued our route across the Prairie,—meeting occasionally, groups of Indian girls gathering strawberries, sometimes accompanied by their beaux; dressed with most particular niceness. The toilette, is, to these young fellows, a subject of no trifling interest. Hours are spent in this branch of their devotions, drawing now a streak of paint here conformable to a most fastidious taste, and another there, of the exact shade,—arranging the folds of their blankets so as to expose most advantageously the elegance of their persons; or posing their feathers at the most authentic angle, such are some of the elements of their toilet, and such their solicitude for the proper adaptation of them.

It is amusing to see them contemplating themselves in the small mirror they always wear suspended from their necks, with such complacency; but ridiculous as it seemed to me, I could not but recollect, on second thoughts, that we young Lotharios too, were not less prone to similar vanities, and, saving the difference of a purer or more refined taste in these things, our toilet hours were not more profitably spent.

If I had space, I would give you here, an amusing account of a Sioux courtship.—How Wabashaw's kish-kish-a-mush, won the affections of the young and beautiful squaw *Te-ra-rah pa-ge-we-tah*; how he struted before her in his gaudy plumage (for he was a warrior) without even a word said;—fill from an intuitive conviction of having achieved the conquest of her heart, by winning her silent admiration, he ventured to offer to her father, 100 Ratskins, 500 Wampum and 6 Blankets, for the possession of the straight-haired nymph, "*Hoxa*" ejaculated the patriarch:—which means, according to David Crockett, "go-ahead!"

Then addressing the damsel, (the courier utters, *Wash-a-we-wee-tish-a-mush* (I have bought you squaw) *Wash-te-mic* (I come) replies the maid, and immediately he led her triumphantly away, to cut the poles for their Wigwam; he to begin his character of a social despot, she hers of a submissive slave.

We soon reached the great Falls. The River enlarges considerably, and the St. Peters, and is a fourth of a