

# Maryland Gazette.

Annapolis, Thursday, April 24, 1828.

No. 17

State of Maryland,  
Anne Arundel County, Orphans  
Court, March 11th, 1828.  
On application by petition of  
John Shipley, administrator of  
the estate of John Forrest, late  
of Anne Arundel County, de-  
ceased, it is ordered, that  
the notice required by law  
against the said deceased, and  
the same be published once in  
each of the newspapers printed  
in one of the newspapers printed  
in Annapolis.

Thos. H. Hall,  
Reg. Wills, A. A. County.

Notice is hereby given  
That the subscriber of Anne  
Arundel county, hath obtained  
from the orphans court of Anne  
Arundel county, letters of ad-  
ministration on the personal estate  
of John Forrest, late of Anne-  
Arundel county, deceased. All persons  
claiming against the said deceased,  
are hereby warned to exhibit their  
claims with the vouchers thereof, to  
the subscriber, at or before the 1st  
day of November next, they may  
by law be excluded from all be-  
nefit of the said estate. Given  
under my hand and seal of office  
this 11th day of March, 1828.  
Thos. H. Hall,  
Reg. Wills, A. A. County.

State of Maryland,  
Anne Arundel County, Orphans  
Court, April 1st, 1828.  
On application, by petition of  
R. Thomas, administrator of  
the estate of John Forrest, late  
of Anne Arundel County, de-  
ceased, it is ordered, that  
the notice required by law  
against the said deceased, and  
the same be published once in each  
of the newspapers printed in  
Annapolis.

Thos. H. Hall, Reg. of Wills,  
A. A. County.

Notice is hereby given  
That the subscriber of Anne-  
Arundel county, hath obtained  
from the orphans court of Anne  
Arundel county, letters of ad-  
ministration on the personal estate  
of John Forrest, late of Anne-  
Arundel County, deceased. All persons  
claiming against the said de-  
ceased, are hereby warned to ex-  
hibit the vouchers thereof, to the  
subscriber, at or before the 1st  
day of October next, they may  
by law be excluded from all be-  
nefit of the said estate. Given  
under my hand and seal of office  
this 1st day of April, 1828.  
Thos. H. Hall, Reg. of Wills,  
A. A. County.

DR. DAVIS,  
Intends, on the first of January  
next, to open a Classical and Mathe-  
matical School at his dwelling near the  
Spring. The annual charges will be  
For Tuition, (stationary not in-  
cluded.)  
For Board, Lodging, Washing,  
Fuel & Candles, included, \$2  
Total.  
Quarterly payments in advance  
be expected,  
Nov. 15.

PROPOSAL  
FOR PRINTING  
The Journals of the Conven-  
tions of the Province of Mary-  
land,  
Held in the City of Annapolis, in  
the years 1774, 1775 and 1776.

IF Sufficient encouragement be  
furnished, the Subscriber proposes to  
publish, in one volume octavo, the  
Journals of the Conventions of the  
Province of Maryland in the years 1774, '75  
& '76. It is believed that there are  
more than two copies of these Jour-  
nals now extant; and from the circum-  
stances that they were printed in pam-  
phlet form, and unbound, it may be  
concluded that they, too, must in a  
few years be destroyed by the mere  
decay of time. These Journals are the  
authentic evidence of the Political  
History of Maryland, during that im-  
portant and unquiet period. Al-  
though we have, in abundance, histories  
of Maryland, as connected with the  
association of Provinces and Colonies,  
that time formed, for mutual-pro-  
tection against the improper assump-  
tion of power on the part of the Mother  
Country, yet none of these works em-  
brace what may be termed its Domestic  
Internal Political History.

This part of the history of Ma-  
ryland it should be her pride to  
hand down to posterity, not only on ac-  
count of its deep interest, but as a  
State Record of the voluntary sac-  
rifices, daring spirit, and determined  
solution, of her citizens, during  
that period of doubt and dismay.

Vol. LXXXIII.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
BY  
Jonas Green,  
No. 101, N. STREET, ANNAPOIS.  
Three Dollars per annum.

THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.  
The Press has just furnished a  
selection of the most popular  
songs, No. VI.—By H. R. Bush  
with words by Thomas Moore, Esq.  
The following is the list of the  
songs which are published in the  
Statesman, and which are  
now being sung in every  
part of the city.

When first the wings of Love will brightly play,  
When first he comes to woo thee,  
There's a chance that he may fly away  
As fast as he flies to thee:  
While Friendship, that on foot she comes,  
No flights of fancy trying,  
Will therefore oft be found at home,  
When Love abroad is flying.  
Which shall it be?  
How shall I woo?  
Dear one, choose between the two  
But if neither feeling suits thy heart,  
Let's see (to please thee) whether  
We may not learn some precious art  
To mix their charms together—  
One feeling still more sweet to form  
From two so sweet already—  
A Friendship that, like Love, is warm,  
A Love, like Friendship, steady.  
Thus let it be,  
Thus let me woo:  
Dearest, thus we'll join the two."

IRISH BANKING.  
The Bank of Killarney.  
In the town of Killarney was one  
of these banks, the proprietor of which  
was a kind of Saddler, whose whole  
stock in that trade was not worth forty  
shillings, but which forty shillings, if  
even so much, was the entire amount of  
his capital in the banking concern.

Once accompanied a large party of  
English ladies and gentlemen to an  
enchanting spot, where having amused  
themselves for a few days, we were on  
the point of returning to Dublin, when  
one of the party recollected that he had  
in his possession a handful of the sad-  
dler's paper. Accordingly we all set  
out, by way of sport, to have them  
exchanged, our principal object being  
to see and converse with the proprie-  
tor of such a bank.

Having entered the shop, which barely  
sufficed to admit the wretched saddler  
company, we found the banking saddler  
at work, making a saddle. One  
of the gentlemen thus addressed him:  
"Good morning to you, sir; I presume  
you are the gentleman of the house?"  
"At your service, ladies and gentle-  
men," returned the saddler.  
"Is this, I understand, that the  
bank is kept?" continued my friend.  
"You are just right, sir," replied the  
mechanic; "this is the Killarney Bank,  
for want of a better."

My friend then said—"We are on  
the eve of quitting your town—and as  
we have some few of your notes, which  
will be of no manner of use to us else-  
where, will you give us cash for them?"  
The banker replied, "Cash! please your  
honour what is that? I have a beautiful  
saddle here as ever was put across a  
horse—good and cheap upon my say-  
so. How much of my notes have you  
sir, if you please?"

"There, sir," said he, "are no less than  
sixteen of your promises to pay, for  
the amount of some fifteen shillings  
and eight pence, sterling money."  
"By the powers, then, it's yer ho-  
nour may say that this; for if sterling  
means five to the back bone, it's the  
Killarney notes will keep out for the  
whole year round, without no chang-  
ing at all at all!"

"No doubt, no doubt," said our  
spokesman; "but we are on the eve of  
our departure, and shall require  
change on our journey."  
"Ye will require that same thing  
sure enough—but I vow to my God, I  
have no more silver money in the place  
now these four topenies and few har-  
purs, as isn't worth yer lordship's no-  
tice."

"Good Heaven, sir," returned the  
gentleman, "how is it possible that you  
can carry on the banking business on  
so slender a capital?"  
"O, by the hooky, airy enough, my  
dear," replied the banker; "the crea-  
tures are delighted to have my beau-  
tiful notes; for there is very little mo-  
ney stirring in these parts, in order to  
buy their pitatis and buttermilk with  
them; and may be a sheep and pig or  
two, now and then; and so the notes  
pass on from one to the other very  
comfortably."

"But you are continually liable to  
have them sent in upon you for their  
value," observed one of the company.  
"That's true enough, yer worship!"  
whenever any one of the farmers wants  
a horse collar, or a straddle or other har-  
ness—they brings me a handful of the  
papers; and it's myself never refuses to  
give them a good article in exchange."

"Do you mean to say then," conti-  
nued the gentleman, "that your notes  
are never required to be cashed?"  
"Cash'd!" cried the banker; "is it  
changed you mean?"  
"Certainly," replied the querist.  
"It's that same is a great expense to  
me! The creatures bring me back the  
notes when they get old and ragged,  
and it's myself never yet refused to  
change them for beautiful new ones,  
fresh from Dublin city; and I puts my  
name to them to make them go the  
faster."

"If he the whole party, finding it im-  
possible to restrain their mirth, set up  
a loud shout of laughter—upon which  
the banker thus continued—  
"Upon my say so, I'm right glad to  
find so worshipful a company enjoy  
their merriment, but's myself knows  
well the power of money it costs to  
get them engraved so beautiful, and to  
get them printed on such nice thick  
paper, say, 500 at a time."

"Do you mean to say then," conti-  
nued the gentleman, "that your notes  
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name to them to make them go the  
faster."

particular, to satisfy myself whether the  
wooden, who were the victims of them,  
were free and conscious agents. The  
spot appropriated to this purpose was  
on the margin of the river, immedi-  
ately opposite the house in which I lived.  
On the first occasion, the pile was in  
preparation when I arrived. It was  
constructed of rough billets of wood,  
and was about four feet high, and se-  
ven feet square. At each corner there  
was a slender pole, supporting a light  
frame, covered with small fuel, straw,  
and dry grass. The interval between  
the pile and the frame, which formed a  
sort of rude canopy, was about four feet.  
Three of the sides were closed up with  
matted straw, the fourth being left  
open as an entrance. The top of the  
pile, which formed the bottom of this  
interval, was spread with straw, and  
the inside had very much the appear-  
ance of the interior of a small hut.  
The procession with the widow arrived  
some after. There were altogether a-  
bout a hundred persons with her, con-  
sisting of the Brahmins, and the reti-  
nence who were furnished by the govern-  
ment. She was on horseback. She had  
garlands of flowers over her head and  
shoulders, and her face was besmeared  
with sandal wood. In one hand she  
held a looking glass, and in the other a  
lime stuck upon a dagger. Her dress,  
which was red, was of the common de-  
scription worn by the Hindoo women,  
called a saree. Where the wife is with  
the husband when he dies, she burns  
herself with the corpse; and in those  
cases where the husband dies at a dis-  
tance, she must have with her, on the  
pile, either some relic of his body, or  
some part of the dress he had on at the  
time of his death. In this instance,  
the husband had been a soldier, and had  
been killed at some distance from Poo-  
na. His widow had with her one of  
his shoes. She had quite a girlish ap-  
pearance, and could not have been  
more than seventeen or eighteen years  
old. Her countenance was of a com-  
mon cast, without any thing peculiar  
in its character or expression. It was  
grave and composed; and neither in  
her carriage, manner, nor gesture, did  
she betray the slightest degree of agi-  
tation or disturbance. She dismount-  
ed, and sat down at the edge of the ri-  
ver, and, with the assistance of the  
Brahmins, went through with some re-  
ligious ceremonies. She distributed  
flowers and sweetmeats, and although  
she spoke little, what she did say was  
in an easy and natural tone, and free  
from any apparent emotion. She did  
not seem to pay any attention to the  
preparation of the pile; but when she  
was told that it was ready, rose, and  
walked towards it. She there per-  
formed some other ceremonies, stand-  
ing on a stone, on which the out-  
line of two feet had been traced with  
chisel. In front of her was a large  
stone, which had been placed as a tem-  
porary altar; and on which a small fire  
had been lit. These ceremonies lasted  
about five minutes, and when they were  
over, she, of her own accord, approach-  
ed the pile, and mounted it without as-  
sistance. From the beginning to the  
end of this trying period, she was, to  
all outward appearance, entirely un-  
moved. Not the slightest emotion of  
any kind was perceptible. Her de-  
monstration was calm and placid; equal-  
ly free from hurry or reluctance. There  
was no effort, no impatience, no shrink-  
ing. To look at her, one would have  
supposed that she was engaged in some  
indifferent occupation; and although I  
was within a few yards of her, I could  
not, at any moment, detect, either in  
her voice or manner, or in the expres-  
sion of her countenance, the smallest  
appearance of constraint, or the least  
departure from the most entire self-  
possession. Certainly, she was not un-  
der the influence of any intoxicating  
drug, nor of any sort of stupefaction;  
and from first to last, I did not see any  
person persuading, exciting, or encour-  
aging her. She herself took the lead  
throughout, and did all that was to be  
done, of her own accord. When she  
was seated on the pile, she adjusted  
her dress with the same composure that  
she had all along maintained, and tak-  
ing from the hand of one of the attend-  
ants a taper, which had been lit at the  
temporary altar, she herself set fire to  
some pieces of linen, which had been  
suspended for the purpose from the  
frame above, and then, covering her  
head with the folds of her dress, she  
lay quietly and deliberately down. No  
fire was applied to the lower part of  
the pile; but the flames soon spread  
through the combustible materials on  
the frame. The attendants threw some  
oil on the ignited mass; and the strings  
by which the frame was attached to  
the posts being cut, it descended on  
the pile. The weight of it was insuf-  
ficient either to injure or confine the  
victim; but it served to conceal her en-  
tirely from view, and it brought the  
flames into immediate contact with  
the body of the pile. At the same mo-

ment a variety of musical instruments  
were sounded, producing with the shouts  
of the attendants, a noise, through  
which no cries, even if any had issued  
from the pile, would have been distin-  
guished. The flames spread rapidly,  
and burned fiercely; and it was not long  
before the whole mass was reduced to  
a heap of glowing embers. No weight,  
nor ligature, nor constraint of any kind  
was used to retain the woman on the  
pile; nor was there any obstacle to pre-  
vent her springing from it, when she  
felt the approach of the flames. The  
smoke was evidently insufficient to pro-  
duce either suffocation or stupefaction;  
and I am satisfied that the victim was de-  
stroyed by the fire, and by the fire only.  
Throughout the whole of this scene,  
there were no outward appearances to  
excite horror; no struggle, no violence,  
none of the contortions or agonies of  
death. Not so in the other instance  
that I witnessed. On that occasion,  
the woman, who appeared to be about  
forty, was of a low condition of life.  
She was meanly dressed in soiled  
white clothes; and, when I arrived,  
was sitting close to the edge of the ri-  
ver. The corpse, which was that of  
an old man, was lying within a few  
yards of her, on one of those light  
beds used by the natives of India,  
with garlands of yellow flowers spread  
over it. The pile was similar to that  
already described. The widow, prob-  
ably from her age, and the course  
habit of her life, was more disposed to  
talk, and had an air of greater confi-  
dence, than the former young woman;  
but she seemed quite as firm and col-  
lected, and equally free from every  
appearance of fear and agitation. She  
had a very decided manner, and  
looked steadfastly bent upon her pur-  
pose. There was even a certain cheer-  
fulness about her; and the only symp-  
toms of impatience she betrayed, was  
when she missed the corpse of her  
husband, which, without her noticing  
it had been removed, while she was in  
conversation, to the pile.

In the former instance, the sufferer  
was alone. I could not discover that  
she had any relations with her. But  
in this case two children and a sister  
of the widow were present at the ce-  
remony. The children, who were ap-  
parently about five and seven years  
old, may not have fully understood  
what was passing before them; but  
even the sister was unmoved. She stood  
with one of the children in her arms,  
and the other by her side, within a  
few yards of her sister, but no act of  
recognition passed between them. The  
widow must have seen her child-  
ren, but she took no notice of them;  
and she was as evidently undisturbed  
by their presence as they were by her  
condition. She spoke to me and a  
gentleman who was with me, and  
asked us for money, which she distri-  
buted to those around her. When the  
pile was ready, she rose, and walked  
to it with a firm and easy step. There,  
as well as at the river side, she went  
through ceremonies similar to those  
observed in the former instance. Be-  
fore she mounted the pile, she turned  
round, and made an obeisance to me,  
to the Brahmins, and to the various  
persons who stood by; but still she  
took no notice of her children or sis-  
ter. Even at this moment, her coun-  
tenance and manner were entirely un-  
disturbed. She took her place calmly  
by the left side of the corpse, which  
had already been laid upon the pile;  
and having lit the pieces of linen at-  
tached to the frame above her, she col-  
orately cut the strings by which the  
frame was suspended; but only three  
of the corners fell, the fourth still re-  
mained attached to the upper part of  
the post. Attempts were made to  
loosen it, but before it could be moved,  
the flames had gained such height as  
to drive the attendants from the pile.  
The force that had been used, had,  
however, so much shaken the whole  
structure, that just as the flames  
reached the part of it where the vic-  
tim lay, the billets at one corner gave  
way, and the poor creature fell, her  
head resting on the ground, and the  
whole of the upper part of her body  
being exposed beyond the pile. She  
was scorched and disfigured by the  
fire, and must have been in the end  
of agonies unspeakable; but her  
fortitude never forsook her. Instead  
of rushing from the flames, she clang-  
ed with a convulsive grasp, to the corner  
with a convulsive grasp, to the corner  
post, and although the motion of her  
lips shewed that she was muttering  
something to herself, not one single  
cry escaped her. I saw no more. The  
attendants instantly cast billets of  
fire on her as she lay; a fresh heap  
was raised over her body, and the  
spreading of the flames soon consum-  
mated the sacrifice.

"On both occasions the indifference  
of the spectators was not less remark-  
able than the calmness and resolution  
of the victim. They looked on, or

REO BIRD—DEAD.  
Died, in prison, at Paire-du-Chien,  
on the night of the 16th February last,  
Wau-nig south Kaw, or the Red Bird,  
a White-bird of note. His free  
willness spirit could not bear the  
confinement of a narrow prison house,  
nor could his bulby be supported by  
the provisions usually dealt out on  
such occasions, they being so un-  
like those which he had gathered in his  
native forests. He was buried the next  
evening, in the presence of his fellow  
prisoners.

This was the chief who killed and  
scalped Gagner, and who was aided  
in the bloody adventure by the mis-  
erable looking Kewaw, or the Son,  
who scalped at the same time, an in-  
fant, and mangled it to savage sty-  
le. He is the same, who, together with  
his companion in guilt, voluntarily  
surrendered himself, last summer, at  
the portage of Fox and Out-comin  
rivers, and who was afterwards deliv-  
ered over by Major Wastler, to  
whom he gave himself up, to General  
Atkinson, who conveyed him and o-  
thers to Paire du Chien, to wait the  
pleasures of the law. From these,  
however, Red Bird was escaped.

This was an extraordinary man. In  
form and appearance he had few  
equals, white or red, and in the grace  
of action, of face, and of spirit, he  
was not surpassed. His character, too,  
had, during his whole life, and up to  
the period of his bloody adventure,  
been marked by all that was kind,  
and friendly, and faithful. His hospita-  
lity to the whites and to Indians was no-  
torious—and his means were ample.  
He was rich in traps and spears, in  
wampum, and all that constitutes the  
wealth of the hunter. He was highly  
distinguished and beloved in all the  
regions of the Northwest. But all his  
distinction was swallowed up and lost  
in one fell resolve—one act of guilt.  
But he rose, if not to innocence and  
life, yet high in general admiration  
and sympathy, in the voluntary sur-  
render which he made of himself, and  
in the manner of the act. No indi-  
vidual act was ever more imposing  
than was that act of self-devotion.  
His white dress of beautiful deerskin,  
fitting his elegantly proportioned  
frame, as if to shew the perfection &  
beauty of his finish; his war-pipe  
made fast to his breast, as if to in-  
dicate the attachment of his heart to  
the Indian's glory; his white flag—the  
emblem of peace—in one hand; and  
his calumet, or pipe of peace, in the  
other; and then the long line of the  
114 unarmed warriors, attending the  
self-devoted victim; and to crown all,  
his death song! All this was highly  
impressive; but it was over-matched by  
the calm, though commanding spirit,  
the grace and firmness of his steps,  
and majesty to every movement of the  
man, and grandeur of the ceremony.  
As he entered the portal of death,  
by a stepping firmly up, he said, by a  
manner forcible as language, "I give  
away myself—my life!"

clubs of London.]  
From Bishop Heber's Indian Journal.  
"During the time that I was at Poo-  
na, from November, 1809, to March,  
1811, there were four instances of wo-  
men who burned themselves on the  
death of their husbands. The first two  
I witnessed. I desired to ascertain the  
real circumstances with which those  
ceremonies were attended, and, in par-

particular, to satisfy myself whether the  
wooden, who were the victims of them,  
were free and conscious agents. The  
spot appropriated to this purpose was  
on the margin of the river, immedi-  
ately opposite the house in which I lived.  
On the first occasion, the pile was in  
preparation when I arrived. It was  
constructed of rough billets of wood,  
and was about four feet high, and se-  
ven feet square. At each corner there  
was a slender pole, supporting a light  
frame, covered with small fuel, straw,  
and dry grass. The interval between  
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sort of rude canopy, was about four feet.  
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open as an entrance. The top of the  
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the inside had very much the appear-  
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shoulders, and her face was besmeared  
with sandal wood. In one hand she  
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moved. Not the slightest emotion of  
any kind was perceptible. Her de-  
monstration was calm and placid; equal-  
ly free from hurry or reluctance. There  
was no effort, no impatience, no shrink-  
ing. To look at her, one would have  
supposed that she was engaged in some  
indifferent occupation; and although I  
was within a few yards of her, I could  
not, at any moment, detect, either in  
her voice or manner, or in the expres-  
sion of her countenance, the smallest  
appearance of constraint, or the least  
departure from the most entire self-  
possession. Certainly, she was not un-  
der the influence of any intoxicating  
drug, nor of any sort of stupefaction;  
and from first to last, I did not see any  
person persuading, exciting, or encour-  
aging her. She herself took the lead  
throughout, and did all that was to be  
done, of her own accord. When she  
was seated on the pile, she adjusted  
her dress with the same composure that  
she had all along maintained, and tak-  
ing from the hand of one of the attend-  
ants a taper, which had been lit at the  
temporary altar, she herself set fire to  
some pieces of linen, which had been  
suspended for the purpose from the  
frame above, and then, covering her  
head with the folds of her dress, she  
lay quietly and deliberately down. No  
fire was applied to the lower part of  
the pile; but the flames soon spread  
through the combustible materials on  
the frame. The attendants threw some  
oil on the ignited mass; and the strings  
by which the frame was attached to  
the posts being cut, it descended on  
the pile. The weight of it was insuf-  
ficient either to injure or confine the  
victim; but it served to conceal her en-  
tirely from view, and it brought the  
flames into immediate contact with  
the body of the pile. At the same mo-

ment a variety of musical instruments  
were sounded, producing with the shouts  
of the attendants, a noise, through  
which no cries, even if any had issued  
from the pile, would have been distin-  
guished. The flames spread rapidly,  
and burned fiercely; and it was not long  
before the whole mass was reduced to  
a heap of glowing embers. No weight,  
nor ligature, nor constraint of any kind  
was used to retain the woman on the  
pile; nor was there any obstacle to pre-  
vent her springing from it, when she  
felt the approach of the flames. The  
smoke was evidently insufficient to pro-  
duce either suffocation or stupefaction;  
and I am satisfied that the victim was de-  
stroyed by the fire, and by the fire only.  
Throughout the whole of this scene,  
there were no outward appearances to  
excite horror; no struggle, no violence,  
none of the contortions or agonies of  
death. Not so in the other instance  
that I witnessed. On that occasion,  
the woman, who appeared to be about  
forty, was of a low condition of life.  
She was meanly dressed in soiled  
white clothes; and, when I arrived,  
was sitting close to the edge of the ri-  
ver. The corpse, which was that of  
an old man, was lying within a few  
yards of her, on one of those light  
beds used by the natives of India,  
with garlands of yellow flowers spread  
over it. The pile was similar to that  
already described. The widow, prob-  
ably from her age, and the course  
habit of her life, was more disposed to  
talk, and had an air of greater confi-  
dence, than the former young woman;  
but she seemed quite as firm and col-  
lected, and equally free from every  
appearance of fear and agitation. She  
had a very decided manner, and  
looked steadfastly bent upon her pur-  
pose. There was even a certain cheer-  
fulness about her; and the only symp-  
toms of impatience she betrayed, was  
when she missed the corpse of her  
husband, which, without her noticing  
it had been removed, while she was in  
conversation, to the pile.

In the former instance, the sufferer  
was alone. I could not discover that  
she had any relations with her. But  
in this case two children and a sister  
of the widow were present at the ce-  
remony. The children, who were ap-  
parently about five and seven years  
old, may not have fully understood  
what was passing before them; but  
even the sister was unmoved. She stood  
with one of the children in her arms,  
and the other by her side, within a  
few yards of her sister, but no act of  
recognition passed between them. The  
widow must have seen her child-  
ren, but she took no notice of them;  
and she was as evidently undisturbed  
by their presence as they were by her  
condition. She spoke to me and a  
gentleman who was with me, and  
asked us for money, which she distri-  
buted to those around her. When the  
pile was ready, she rose, and walked  
to it with a firm and easy step. There,  
as well as at the river side, she went  
through ceremonies similar to those  
observed in the former instance. Be-  
fore she mounted the pile, she turned  
round, and made an obeisance to me,  
to the Brahmins, and to the various  
persons who stood by; but still she  
took no notice of her children or sis-  
ter. Even at this moment, her coun-  
tenance and manner were entirely un-  
disturbed. She took her place calmly  
by the left side of the corpse, which  
had already been laid upon the pile;  
and having lit the pieces of linen at-  
tached to the frame above her, she col-  
orately cut the strings by which the  
frame was suspended; but only three  
of the corners fell, the fourth still re-  
mained attached to the upper part of  
the post. Attempts were made to  
loosen it, but before it could be moved,  
the flames had gained such height as  
to drive the attendants from the pile.  
The force that had been used, had,  
however, so much shaken the whole  
structure, that just as the flames  
reached the part of it where the vic-  
tim lay, the billets at one corner gave  
way, and the poor creature fell, her  
head resting on the ground, and the  
whole of the upper part of her body  
being exposed beyond the pile. She  
was scorched and disfigured by the  
fire, and must have been in the end  
of agonies unspeakable; but her  
fortitude never forsook her. Instead  
of rushing from the flames, she clang-  
ed with a convulsive grasp, to the corner  
with a convulsive grasp, to the corner  
post, and although the motion of her  
lips shewed that she was muttering  
something to herself, not one single  
cry escaped her. I saw no more. The  
attendants instantly cast billets of  
fire on her as she lay; a fresh heap  
was raised over her body, and the  
spreading of the flames soon consum-  
mated the sacrifice.

"On both occasions the indifference  
of the spectators was not less remark-  
able than the calmness and resolution  
of the victim. They looked on, or

REO BIRD—DEAD.  
Died, in prison, at Paire-du-Chien,  
on the night of the 16th February last,  
Wau-nig south Kaw, or the Red Bird,  
a White-bird of note. His free  
willness spirit could not bear the  
confinement of a narrow prison house,  
nor could his bulby be supported by  
the provisions usually dealt out on  
such occasions, they being so un-  
like those which he had gathered in his  
native forests. He was buried the next  
evening, in the presence of his fellow  
prisoners.

This was the chief who killed and  
scalped Gagner, and who was aided  
in the bloody adventure by the mis-  
erable looking Kewaw, or the Son,  
who scalped at the same time, an in-  
fant, and mangled it to savage sty-  
le. He is the same, who, together with  
his companion in guilt, voluntarily  
surrendered himself, last summer, at  
the portage of Fox and Out-comin  
rivers, and who was afterwards deliv-  
ered over by Major Wastler, to  
whom he gave himself up, to General  
Atkinson, who conveyed him and o-  
thers to Paire du Chien, to wait the  
pleasures of the law. From these,  
however, Red Bird was escaped.

This was an extraordinary man. In  
form and appearance he had few  
equals, white or red, and in the grace  
of action, of face, and of spirit, he  
was not surpassed. His character, too,  
had, during his whole life, and up to  
the period of his bloody adventure,  
been marked by all that was kind,  
and friendly, and faithful. His hospita-  
lity to the whites and to Indians was no-  
torious—and his means were ample.  
He was rich in traps and spears, in  
wampum, and all that constitutes the  
wealth of the hunter. He was highly  
distinguished and beloved in all the  
regions of the Northwest. But all his  
distinction was swallowed up and lost  
in one fell resolve—one act of guilt.  
But he rose, if not to innocence and  
life, yet high in general admiration  
and sympathy, in the voluntary sur-  
render which he made of himself, and  
in the manner of the act. No indi-  
vidual act was ever more imposing  
than was that act of self-devotion.  
His white dress of beautiful deerskin,  
fitting his elegantly proportioned  
frame, as if to shew the perfection &  
beauty of his finish; his war-pipe  
made fast to his breast, as if to in-  
dicate the attachment of his heart to  
the Indian's glory; his white flag—the  
emblem of peace—in one hand; and  
his calumet, or pipe of peace, in the  
other; and then the long line of the  
114 unarmed warriors, attending the  
self-devoted victim; and to crown all,  
his death song! All this was highly  
impressive; but it was over-matched by  
the calm, though commanding spirit,  
the grace and firmness of his steps,  
and majesty to every movement of the  
man, and grandeur of the ceremony.  
As he entered the portal of death,  
by a stepping firmly up, he said, by a  
manner forcible as language, "I give  
away myself—my life!"