do we too often find the Indians on our frontiers to be the mere wrecks and remnants of once powerful tribes, who have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements, and sunk into precarious and vagabond existence. Poverty, repining and hopeless poverty, a canker of the mind unknown in savage life, corrodes their spirits, and blights every free and noble quality of their natures. They become drunken, indolent, feeble, thievish, and pusillanimous. They loiter, like vagrants, about the settlements, among spacious dwellings, replete with elaborate comforts, which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition. Luxury spreads its ample board before their eyes; but they are excluded from the banquet.—Plenty revels over the fields; but they are starving in the midst of its abundance: the whole wilderness has blossomed into a garden, but they feel as reptiles that infest it.

How different was their state, while yet the undisputed lords of the soil? Their wants were few, and the means of gratification within their reach. They saw every one round them sharing the same lot, enduring the same hardships, feeding on the same aliments, arrayed in the same rude garments. No roof then rose but it was open to the homeless stranger; no smoke curled among the trees but he was welcome to sit down by its fire, and join the hunter in his repast. 'For,' says an old historian of New England, 'their life is so void of care, and they are so loving also, that they make use of those things they enjoy as common goods, and are therein so compassionate, that rather than one should starve through want, they would starve all: thus do they pass their time merrily, not regarding our pomp, but are better content with their own, which some men esteem so meanly of.' Such were the Indians, whilst in the pride and energy of their primitive natures. They resemble those wild plants which thrive best in the shades of the forest, but shrink from the hand of cultivation, and perish beneath the influence of the sun.

In discussing the savage character, writers have been too prone to indulge in vulgar prejudice and passionate exaggeration, instead of the candid temper of true philosophy. They have not sufficiently considered the peculiar circumstances in which the Indians have been placed, and the peculiar principles under which they have been educated. No being acts more rigidly from rule than the Indian. His whole conduct is regulated according to some general maxims early implanted in his mind. The moral laws that govern him, are, to be sure, but few; but then he conforms to them all;—the white man abounds in laws of religion, morals, and manners; but how many does he violate!

A frequent ground of accusation against the Indians, is their disregard of treaties, and the treachery and wantonness with which, in time of apparent peace, they will suddenly fly to hostilities. The intercourse of the white men with the Indians, however, is too apt to be cold, distrustful, oppressive and insulting. They seldom treat them with that confidence and frankness which are indispensable to real friendship; nor is sufficient caution observed not to offend against those feelings of pride or superstition, which often prompt the Indians to hostility quicker than mere considerations of interest. The solitary savage feels silently but acutely. His sensibilities are not diffused over so wide a surface as those of the white man; but they run in steadier and deeper channels. His pride, his affections, his superstition, are all directed towards fewer objects; but the wounds inflicted on them, are proportionably severe, and furnish motives of hostility which we cannot sufficiently appreciate. Where a community is also limited in number, and forms one great patriarchal family, as in an Indian tribe, the injury of an individual, is the injury of the whole; and the sentiment of vengeance is almost instantaneously diffused. One council-fire is sufficient for the discussion and arrangement of a plan of hostilities. Here, all the fighting men and sages assemble. Eloquence and superstition combine to inflame the minds of the warriors.—The orator awakens their martial ardour, and they are wrought up to a kind of religious desperation by the visions of the prophet and the dreamer.

We stigmatize the Indians, also, as cowardly and treacherous, because they use stratagem in warfare, in preference to open force; but, if courage intrinsically consists in the defiance of danger and pain, the life of the Indian is a continual exhibition of it. He lives in a state of perpetual hostility and risk. Peril and adventure are congenial to his nature; or, rather, seemed necessary to arouse his faculties, and give an interest to his existence. Surrounded by hostile tribes, whose mode of warfare is ambush and surprisal he is, always prepared for fight, and lives with his weapons in his hands. As the ship careers in fearful singleness through the solitudes of ocean,—as the bird mingles among clouds and storms, and wings its way, a mere speck, across the pathless fields of air, so the Indian holds his course, silent, solitary, but undaunted, through the boundless bosom of the wilderness. His expeditions may vie in distance and danger with the pilgrimage of the devotee, or the crusade of the knight errant. He traverses vast forests, exposed to the hazards of lonely sickness, of lurking enemies, and pining famine.—Stormy lakes, those great inland seas, are no obstacles to his wanderings; in his light canoe of bark, he sports, like a feather, on the waves, and darts with the swiftness of an arrow, down the roaring rapids of the rivers. His very subsistence is snatched from the midst of toil and peril. He gains his food by the hardships and dangers of the chase; he raps himself in the spoils of the bear, the panther, and the buffalo; and sleeps among the thunders of the cataract.

No hero of ancient or modern days can surpass the Indian in his lofty contempt of death, and the fortitude with which he sustains its cruelest infliction. Indeed, we here behold him rising superior to the white man, in consequence of his peculiar education. The latter rushes to glorious death at the cannon's mouth; the former calmly contemplates its approach, and triumphantly endures it, amidst the varied torments of surrounding foes, and the protracted agonies of fire. He even takes a pride in taunting his persecutors, and provoking their ingenuity of torture, and, as the devouring flames prey on his very vitals, and the flesh shrinks from the sinews, he raises his last song of triumph, breathing the defiance of an unconquered heart, and invoking the spirits of his fathers to witness that he dies without a groan.

Notwithstanding the obloquy with which the early historians have overshadowed the characters of the unfortunate natives, some bright gleams occasionally break through, which throw a degree of melancholy lustre on their memories. Facts are occasionally to be met with in the rude annals of the eastern provinces, which, though recorded with the colouring of prejudice and bigotry, yet speak for themselves, and will be dwelt on with applause and sympathy, when prejudice shall have passed away.

In one of the homely narratives of the Indian wars in New England, there is a touching account of the desolation carried into the tribe of the Pequod Indians. Humanity shrinks from the cold-blooded detail of indiscriminate butchery. In one place we read of the surprisal of an Indian fort in the night, when the wigwams were wrapped in flames, and the miserable inhabitants shot down and slain in attempting to escape, 'all being despatched and ended in the course of an hour.' After a series of similar transactions, 'our soldiers,' as the historian piously observes, being resolved 'by God's assistance to make a final destruction of them,' the unhappy savages being hunted from their homes and fortresses, and pursued with fire and sword, a scanty but gallant band, the sad remnant of the Pequod warriors, with their wives and children, took refuge in a swamp.

Burning with indignation, and rendered sullen by despair; with hearts bursting with grief at the destruction of their tribe, and spirits galled and sore at the fancied ignominy of their defeat, they refused to ask their lives at the hands of an insulting foe, and preferred death to submission.

As the night drew on, they were surrounded in their dismal retreat so as to render escape impracticable. Thus situated, the enemy 'plied them with shot all the time, by which means many were killed and buried in the mire.' In the darkness and fog that preceded the dawn of day, some few broke thro' the besiegers and escaped into the woods: 'the rest were left to the conquerors, of which many were killed in the swamp, like sullen dogs, who would rather, in their self-willedness, sit still and be shot through, or cut to pieces,' than implore for mercy. When the day broke upon this handfull of forlorn but dauntless spirits, the soldiers, we are told, entering the swamp, 'saw several heaps of them sitting close together, upon whom they discharged their pieces, laden with ten or twelve pistol bullets at a time; putting the muzzles of the pieces under the boughs, within a few yards of them; so as, besides those that were found dead many more were killed and sunk into the mire, and never were minded more by friend or foe.'

Can any one read this plain, unvarnished tale, without admiring the stern resolution, the unbending pride, the loftiness of spirit, that seemed to nerve the hearts of these self-taught heroes, and to raise them above the instinctive feeling of human nature? When the Gauls laid waste the city of Rome, they found the senators clothed in their robes and seated with stern tranquillity in their curule chairs, in this manner they suffered death without resistance or even supplication. Such conduct was, in them, applauded as noble and magnanimous—in the hapless Indians, it was reviled as obstinate and sullen. How truly are we the dupes of show and circumstance! How different is virtue, clothed in purple and enthroned in state, from virtue, naked and destitute, and perishing obscurely in a wilderness!

But I forbear to dwell on these gloomy pictures. The eastern tribes have long since disappeared; the forests that sheltered them have been laid low; and scarce any traces remain of them in the thickly settled states of New England, except here and there the Indian name of a village or a stream. And such must, sooner or later, be the fate of those other tribes which skirt the frontiers, and have occasionally been inveigled from their forests to mingle in the wars of the white men. In a little while they will go the way that their brethren have gone before.

The few hordes which still linger about the shores of Huron and Superior, and the tributary streams of the Mississippi, will share the fate of those tribes that once spread over Massachusetts and Connecticut, and lorded it along the proud banks of the Hudson; of that gigantic race, said to have existed on the borders of the Susquehanna; and of those various nations that flourished about the Potomac and Rappahannock, and that peopled the forests of the vast valley of Shenandoah.—They will vanish like a vapour from the face of the earth; and their very history will be lost in forgetfulness, and 'the places that now know them will know them no more for ever.' Or if perchance, some dubious memorial of them should survive, it may be in the romantic dreams of the poet, to people, in imagination, his glades and groves, like the fawns and satyrs and sylvan deities of antiquity.—But, should he venture upon the dark story of their wrongs and wretchedness; should he tell how they were invaded, corrupted, despoiled, driven from their native abodes and the sepulchres of their fathers; hunted like wild beasts about the earth, and sent down with violence and butchery to the grave—posterity will either turn with horror and incredulity from the tale, or blush with indignation at the inhumanity of their forefathers. 'We are driven back,' said an old warrior, 'until we can retreat no farther—our hatchets are broken, our bows are snapped, our fires are nearly extinguished—a little longer and the white man will cease to persecute us—for we shall cease to exist.'

Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS:
Thursday, July 31, 1834.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, Annapolis, July 18, 1834.

The Executive Council will meet on Wednesday, the sixth day of August next.

THO. CULBRETH, Clk.

Mr. Editor: I enclose you the following lines written on the death of General Lafayette, for publication. You can give them a place in your next paper if you think proper.

A great and good man has fallen. He had lived beyond the common age of man, and had arrived at that period of life when our strength is but labour and sorrow, when increasing bodily infirmities almost ask for the repose of death. His had been an eventful life—sometimes exalted to the summit of fame, then imprisoned in dungeons, he had tasted all the varieties of human existence.—To America he must be ever dear: When he first landed on her soil a young and gallant stranger, his devotion to that liberty for which he was contending, almost identified him with her sons; and when he left her an independent nation, it appeared as if his heart was divided between the land of his birth and the country of his adoption. It appears to me that a prouder triumph was never afforded to mortal than that which was accorded to him on his last visit to the shores of America.—The enthusiasm with which his arrival was hailed by all ranks and conditions of men, evinced the estimation in which he was held. It was not that parade only which the rulers of the people order for their favourites, and which the people, of necessity, accord—No, it was the voluntary homage of the heart.—Every heart felt, every tongue avowed it, and as he sojourned from east to west, and from north to south, assembled thousands vied with each other in the offerings of grateful affection to the nation's guest. How gladly would that nation have cherished him in her bosom until death, and then mingled his ashes with those of the father of his country. But it was not to be so—from his patriarchal domains at La Grange his spirit has taken its flight, and his earthly remains are entombed with those of her who was the companion of his youth, who shared with him voluntarily the privations and pains of imprisonment, and whose image no second love had supplanted in his bosom. He has fallen, venerated, admired, beloved—but we trust he will rise again at the resurrection of the just.

From the Balt. Republican.

DINNER TO ROGER B. TANEY.

Pursuant to previous arrangements, a vast number of the Jackson Republicans, of Baltimore, assembled on Thursday afternoon, at the Columbian Gardens, to partake of the civic feast in honour of this distinguished patriot.

At the appointed hour, the entrance to the pavilion was opened, and the company advanced to the music of a well arranged band to their places at the festive board. A vast canopy had been erected by the enterprizing proprietor of the Gardens, under which were disposed fifteen tables, calculated for the accommodation of one hundred persons each, and abundantly supplied with plain and substantial elements of good cheer. Over the seat appointed for the President of the day, was arranged a fine portrait of the venerable Jackson, emblazoned with that memorable sentence with which he so promptly rebuked the earliest whisper of the treasonable enterprize of nullification 'The Union, it must be preserved,' and surmounted with 'the stars of glory' upon 'Freedom's Flag,' to whose lustre himself has so largely contributed. On the right, was a full length picture of the Father of his country—and, on the left, in happy contrast, the resemblance of that 'great and well tried enthusiast' in the cause of liberty, from a foreign shore, over whose honoured grave we have so lately mingled our griefs. At the opposite end of the Pavilion, we remarked the Republican Motto, 'Truth is mighty, and will Prevail.' The whole was tastefully decorated with the Ensign of the Union.

In accordance with the peculiar principle of the occasion, the calm, rational and dignified approbation of a faithful public servant by the sovereign people, rendered necessary by the intemperate conduct of their faithless agents in the National Legislature, the committee of arrangements had prohibited the introduction of all spirituous liquors. The national beverage of cider and beer circulated freely, with wine to do honour to the toasts. It was, emphatically, a Republican feast, on the model of a Temperance Society. The following organization was adopted for the regulation of the festival.

PRINCIPAL TABLE.

William Krebs, President—supported by Upton S. Heath, on his right. A. Miltenberger, on his left.

Wm. G. Read,	presided at table	No 1
J. J. Graves,	do	2
Cornelius McLean,	do	3
William Frick,	do	4
Robert Barry,	do	5
Samuel Lucas,	do	6
Joshua Vansant,	do	7
J. E. Stansbury,	do	8
J. Heald,	do	9
James Thompson	do	10
D. C. Springer,	do	11
John F Hoss,	do	12
William H. Cole,	do	13
William G. Cook,	do	14

Among the invited guests, we were happy to recognize the Hon Benj. F. Butler, Attorney General of the United States, the Hon. Thos. H. Benton, of the Senate; the Honourables Wm. Allen, of Ohio; Isaac McKim; Francis Thomas; John Nelson; Chas. S. Sewell; Richard Spencer and Levin Gale, of Maryland; and G. W. Guildhart, of Mississippi.

The following were the regular toasts prepared for the occasion, and, as they were announced by the venerable chairman, and repeated at the different tables, were received with the most enthusiastic applause. It is due, however, to precision, to remark, that many more persons having assembled than seats had been prepared for, their numbers constantly accumulating as the festival progressed, the ordinary phraseology that 'the toasts were drunk,' cannot in strictness, apply. But if the bowl was neglected, there were yet copious libations from true hearts, brimming with patriotism and love of liberty—it was 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

1. *The People of the United States.*—Too enlightened to be deceived, by designing politicians; too honest and patriotic to submit to the most ignoble of all tyrannies—the tyranny of money.

2. *The President of the United States.*—Through proscription and intolerance, personal and political, under assaults more powerful and vindictive, than any heretofore known in party conflicts, he has, with that moral courage which so much distinguishes him, fearlessly grappled with the Bank of the United States, and finally succeeded in bringing the great question of Bank or no Bank in such a shape before the people, as to place it in their power to put it down now, and forever.

3. *The Vice President of the U. States*—Neither to be purchased, cajoled, nor driven.

4. *The Memory of Washington.*

5. *Roger B. Taney*—The upright, enlightened and patriotic Statesman—the people will sustain him because he has been true to their decision, against calumny and a factious majority of the Senate, and true, above all, to the voice of conscience and the calls of duty.

6. *The Minority of the Senate of the United States*—They have nobly sustained themselves against fearful numbers and powerful talents; shamefully prostituted in vindicating the Bank, vituperating the President, and in the rejection of faithful public agents—regardless of the clearly manifested wishes of the people.

7. *The Memory of Thomas Jefferson*—Who early perceiving the dangers of such an institution as a Bank of the United States, emphatically declared that such powers 'ought not to be delegated to any body of men under the sun.'

8. *Thomas H. Benton*—In his opposition to the Bank, and his support of the Administration, he has evinced a firmness of purpose, a capacity and determination to overcome every difficulty, and a keen-sighted and indignant patriotism, which places him in the front rank of the defenders of the people, and entitles him to their lasting respect and gratitude.

9. *The Bank of the United States*—A monied aristocracy, wrong in theory and corrupt in practice—it is subversive of the principles of the Constitution, and dangerous to the liberties of the people—it ought not, and they have said it shall not, exist.

10. *The Majority of the House of Representatives of the U. S.*—Faithful to the sacred trust reposed in them; they have vindicated the course of the Administration, and sustained the interest and honour of the country.

11. *Wm. Allen, of Ohio*—His manly and enlightened support of the Administration of Andrew Jackson, entitles him to the thanks of the republicans of Baltimore.

12. *The Heads of the Departments.*—Confided in by our virtuous President, worthy of his confidence and the confidence of a free people.

13. *The People of Maryland*—May they soon feel the advantages of a free government, in the possession and enjoyment of an equality of political rights.

14. *Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney General of the United States.*—An accomplished gentleman—an eminent jurist—and orthodox republican. We hail him as an able advocate of the cause of the people, against an unconstitutional monopoly.

15. *Francis Thomas, of Maryland:*—An unyielding foe to corruption and an ardent friend to the true interests of the people—He boldly and skilfully met the monster in his den.

16. *Isaac M'Kim.*—A valuable and patriotic citizen, upon whom the venom of the opposition has been wasted. Surrounded by the evidences of his public spirit and munificent benevolence, the arrows of detraction fall harmless at his feet.

When the toast was at length announced, which embodied the sentiments of his approving fellow citizens towards the especial guest of the day,—that amiable and accomplished gentleman, whom to know, is to respect and love, and whose amenity of manners and simplicity of character might disarm the malice of envy herself—that highly gifted and enlightened counsellor, whose talents and integrity commanded the confidence of even bitter political adversaries in his native state; and the lustre of whose intelligence, like the sun blazing through a cloudless sky, only renders more evident to the sense, the spotless purity of his heart—that determined patriot, who, regardles of his own ease and the calls of a languid frame—regardless of a large and interesting family, dependent on his labours for support—regardless of those professional interests, which the station he held was so peculiarly calculated to promote, came boldly forward in his country's peril, threw himself, like the dauntless Roman, alone upon the bridge by which her foes were advancing—single handed kept them at bay, and foiled their approach 'till the Capitol was [illegible], and then though wounded, returned full armed to the ranks of his admiring countrymen:—

Mr Taney rose:

In his peculiarly plain and forcible language he pressed his gratitude for the compliment that had been paid him;—he could not, however, he said, consider himself as entitled to any credit beyond the faithful discharge of duties imposed by the will of a vast majority of his countrymen, in the assertion of great principles, essentially connected with the preservation of their liberties, which must depend upon their unwavering virtue, intelligence and resolution. He alluded to the dangerous attempts of a vast moneyed corporation, to possess itself of sovereign power over a nation of enlightened freemen, and the ruthless measures by which it endeavoured to accomplish its nefarious designs. He congratulated his countrymen on the firmness with which they had met the hour of trial, and on the success which had thus far crowned their devotion to their own and their country's rights. He warned them, emphatically, that the contest was not yet over—that the foe had not yet relinquished his enterprise, but was only gathering strength for a new and final encounter, when it hoped to find the country lulled into fancied security. He concluded his remarks by offering the following [illegible]:

The People of Baltimore.—Always [illegible] to the cause of Freedom.

The 8th toast called forth the acknowledgments of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, the Sampson of the Senate; the champion of popular rights, most dreaded and detested by those who sought their destruction—

"Safest he who stood aloof,
"When insupportable his foot advanced,
"Spurned them [illegible] by troops."

Mr. Benton thanked his hosts for the honor they had done him—they would appreciate, he said, the value he attached to it, when told informed them that he had postponed the departure of his family for the west, and should himself be compelled to accomplish a ride of [illegible] miles in less than 24 hours, for the pleasure of passing a brief space in the company of the democracy of Baltimore, and doing honour to his distinguished friend, to whom this dinner was given. He had been, he said, a witness of the eminent services rendered during the short term of his official career—he had witnessed the skill and energy with which he had baffled the furious assaults of that monster, the Bank of the United States.—He was a witness to the profound financial talent and enlightened political economy, with which the late Secretary had urged, and successfully the adoption, by the country, of a sound specie currency, which should displace the small notes, with which it was inundated, and fill the hard hands of honest industry with money worthy of it—gold and silver—money that would not easily wear out—money which would not fail, when its holder looked to enjoy a little rest from his labours.

He had been a witness, too, he added, of the virulence (unparallelled in his experience, and he was one of the oldest members of the Senate) with which, during the last seven months, the private and public character of his friend had been assailed; this, too, be it remembered, with regard to an officer, whose nomination was yet to come before the Senate, and there, under their oath of office, to receive full, candid, dispassionate and impartial consideration. He had witnessed even an indecent outrage upon the principles of the 19th century, and the feelings of a large number of the citizens of the state of Maryland and of the United States, in attacks upon his friend's *religious opinions.*—He had witnessed question after question, resolution after resolution thrust at the Secretary, all tending to inculpate him as a statesman or a man—and he had witnessed too, the unequalled calmness with which resolution after resolution had been met—he had witnessed with what crushing force every answer came—the downcast eyes—the pallid cheek—the quivering but hushed lip of baffled malice—the anxious effort to hide it from the people, by shuffling it away among the papers of a committee;—the spectacle, in fine, which the wisdom of antiquity had embodied in the fable of the viper, gnawing at the file—the object of the assault remaining uninjured, and the *bleeding jaws* of the assailants testifying the result of the encounter. He had witnessed, too, the frenzied eagerness with which, day after day, the nomination was called for of an officer, appointed in strictest accordance with the letter and spirit of the constitution, and whose commission was valid until the close of the session, in order that malice might glut itself with anticipated immolation.—He had witnessed a scene, which reminded him of the policy of oriental despotism; where, when power had doomed its victim, the black *Eunuch* proceeds, in silence, to strain the bow-string about his neck. So, too, when this wished-for nomination came, he witnessed how the mandate—he would not say of what Grand Seignor—was executed. The fiat had gone forth—the mutes strangled the devoted vizier.

He would add, that he could say more, without violating any principle which should regulate the intercourse of a gentleman with his opponents;—he could say, that if his friend did not, at this moment, fill any other office in the gift of the President and Senate, it was *Because he had refused it!!!* Mr. Benton went on to comment on a certain analogy between our modern Senatorial practice and that of the British Parliament. His auditors, though not all lawyers, were doubtless acquainted with the theory of Bills of attainder. When an individual happened to be obnoxious to the Ruling Power, it had often been the custom in Great Britain to despatch him by, what was called, a Bill of Pains and Penalties—by which his life was destroyed, his estate confiscated, his blood corrupted;—something of the same sort had been attempted, under the auspices of the Bank, by the Senate of the United States, towards both his