

THE SEQUOYAN MEMORIAL

TRUTH, JUSTICE, FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND CHEROKEE IMPROVEMENT.

Vol. 1.

MALE SEMINARY, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1855.

No. 1.

No Excellence without Labor.

Behold the many wondrous works which have been wrought by the Supreme Being and recognize how completely he has adorned all these for the preservation and maintenance of his beloved creatures. Observe the brute traversing the extensive plains unconscious of the power that sustains him though daily supplied at the great bounteous table which has been set apart for his sustenance. The eagle that proudly perches himself on the craggy mountain peak is duly supplied with all means of support suitable to his nature. For all these multiplied gifts which the Almighty has bestowed upon the beast of the fields, the birds of the air, and the fishes inhabiting the deep, no labor does he require of them but supports them by his gratuitous bounty. Not so with man. He does not accomplish the end of his existence by wandering like the irrational brute and gazing upon the great scenes of Nature. A prize is ever placed before him which it will cost effort to obtain. It has been allotted to him from the creation of the world by Him who possesses all glory and unlimited power to labor long and arduously before he can reach the stage of life which exalts him with those who have arrayed themselves in the habiliments of honorable distinction. His moral, intellectual and physical education chiefly depends upon his own works. Rely upon it, no man by loving the paths of ease and inaction, can ever attain that point where he can joyfully exclaim, "I am rich, I am powerful, or I am honorable." Though such a man may occasionally put on the shoes of some rich dead relation, or by some chance wave of fortune receive a temporary elevation, it is only that he may be the more thoroughly despised for his laziness. Indolence has strangled thousands of her noble sons; still excellence stands in charming beauty upon her lofty summits and beckons the pilgrim of Earth, weary and worn to struggle up the steep ascent. As an illustration of mental power, exerted and unexerted, take two individuals with equal intellectual capacities, possessing the same opportunities of obtaining an elevated station among men, and mark the different results which they are continually presenting to us as they pursue the opposite destinies. The one stifling his consciousness of power, sinks into oblivion; the other accumulates power by struggling with opposition and disappointments. Behold him who, amid the wild forests of America, has caused his name immortal while the red or pale-faced man endures. By inventing an alphabet for his own dearly beloved nation, Sequoyan stands as a noble example of contorted exertion crowned with wonderful success. He merits a monument for his great undertaking—a living remembrance in the hearts of every true Cherokee. Many are the contrivance throughout the world, wrought out by man for his convenience and advantage.—Would we see one of the highest specimens of human skill, let us contrast the first rude attempt at navigation with the achievements of modern genius. Instead of the roughly excavated canoe, urged by the pliant oar, there has arisen the floating palaces which, with its own machinery, can stem successfully, both current and billow. Wherever we turn our attention to the achievements or research of man, whether in things of greater or less moment, this fact meets us—whenever the human mind is deter-

mined to surpass in excellence, it never becomes indolent, but rises sure as vapor till it reaches the destined spot. As he who daily carried the growing calf could eventually carry the full grown ox, so he who performs thoroughly the intellectual work of to-day, can succeed in the more difficult task of to-morrow. From the simple suggestion raised by the maturing of an apple, the mind of the matured philosopher pushing inquiry upon inquiry, at length evolved the grand principle which holds atom to atom and world to world. But it is in a moral point emphatically true, that there is no excellence without labor. Within a clamorous brood of depraved appetites and passions, without, untoward pleasures and evil associates, are continually enticing man to evil. Opportunities to do wrong, seem set as tests to prove the fixedness of principle—to show the true standard of man's character. He who would possess moral qualities worthy of admiration, must remember that "no one is good by chance." It is only by purity of heart, by correctness of motive, by unblemished deportment attained by strife and struggle that man can stand on the topmost pinnacle of earthly excellence. M.

POETRY.

To school-mates dear, to teachers kind,
To friends I bid adieu,
And I am truly proud to think
My friends are not a few.

I used to think, a pleasant thing
"T would be—how strange to tell—
When I, as free as air, should say
"To all of you, farewell."

My feelings now are not as then—
In bidding you adieu,
I know I part from old friends,
To join myself with new.

'Tis not so pleasant as I thought,
Nor is it strange to tell,
For though I'm free from rules of school
Then comes that word farewell.

The future now, all mixed with doubt;
Presents itself to view—
A happy time, I scarce expect,
Like that I spent with you.

When summoned to our daily tasks,
By ringing of the bell,
We had no time to ponder, then,
About the word farewell.

The pleasant scenes of four years past
Are present to my mind;
The scenes in school, and out of school,
Yes, all of them combined.

We roamed upon the mountain top
And wandered through the dell,
All heedless of the time to come,
When we must say farewell.

As every transient breeze that blows
May bring relations new,
So we, my friends, must surely part
Though you be kind and true.

And now adieu to all the scenes
That once I loved so well—
You surely will not wonder then,
'Tis hard to say farewell. N.

The Miser.

The miser is a curious animal that presumes to call himself a man, but though he has somewhat the resemblance, he deserves not the name. He is not only the pernicious and selfish creature he is generally thought to be, but he is also envious, malicious and full of hatred, for selfishness will naturally generate many things more detestable—if possible—than it is itself, that is, when it cannot be wholly

gratified, which indeed, never can be, so that the miser is always accompanied with something more to be despised than his selfishness. His desire of wealth is insatiable, and although he may have gained what he once considered wealth, still he strives after more. He hoards up every dime from his setting out in life to the very day of his death, yet he is never satisfied with his gain, nor would he be were he to live to the age of Methusalem, or were his life prolonged to the judgment day.

Selfishness would still rule him. Generations would rise and pass away while he would become more graying, envious, restless. The fire and ardor of youth might be quenched, his frame become enfeebled, and his eyes loose their lustre, but still that same desire, like an Etna or Vesuvius would burn within.

Among the numberless follies that man indulges in, there seems not one to be greater than his, for what wisdom is there in amassing wealth, if it is neither to profit the possessor nor any one else? But the miser fancies there is pleasure in looking upon his riches—and perhaps there may be—but surely it cannot be real. And as to its making him happy he had just as well be gathering little stones together all the days of his life in the expectation that the vast pile would at last make him a happy mortal.—His folly like a mirror reflects the image of a soul too little to admit higher enjoyments. One moment's consciousness of a generous act performed would overwhelm him, for he knows not what generosity is. So prejudiced towards himself, he cannot appreciate the higher pleasures resulting from striving to make others happy. Like the unlettered rustic who cannot appreciate the beauties of the finer arts and sciences, he is lost to the sympathy and sympathizing with others.—He knows not of the pleasure of "rejoicing with those who rejoice" or "of weeping with those who weep." He truly is solitary, but solitude brings him to content. He is very much like the hermit represented in the following lines:

"Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

He is remote from man; he passes his days with his god; but recollect that his god is mammon. No doubt he prays to him. All his pleasure is in his praise, but what a painful pleasure it must be, if he ever contemplates death, when he can neither remain with his own god nor go to the God of the hermit. This must indeed be the source of his greatest annoyance, when he reflects how imperfect have been his enjoyments here; that he has stunted himself in the comforts of life and send away the beggar empty from his door, and that after he has launched forth into a gloomy eternity, his wealth will be scattered to the four winds of the earth. P.

Ramble on the Illinois.

The bell rang, the morning clouds had passed away, and I set out to take a ramble upon the sunny banks of the beautiful Illinois. As we proceeded thither we passed the metropolis of our nation.—People were passing each other, going hither and thither, as though considerable business was going on. We then pursued our journey from thence passing through forests made vocal by the hoarse sound of the locust and the singing of birds. The stately oaks waved gracefully to the gentle breezes that swept over their lofty tops. Now and then a lone

squirrel might be seen scampering full-tail, over the meadow to his distant retreat. We next came to a deep ravine, scooped out perhaps, by the waters of Noah's flood, and has been gradually deepening ever since at each succeeding freshet.

Its sloping sides are covered with evergreens and many different kinds of oak. Proceeding thence, our path overhung with vines, blue-berries and fragrant, intertwined among beautiful undergrowth, until we arrived at the banks of the beautiful stream. We turned our course down the river along whose banks we loitered for sometime, our attention being attracted by the beautiful silvery trout that spouted beneath its crystal waters. Now and then the crane would start with a scream at our approach. At length we came to an impending cliff, that approaches the waters edge. We ascended this at a certain point with much difficulty for in many places it is almost perpendicular—not only almost but quite so.—Yes, hanging over, as I have already said, impending. The top of this cliff is crowned with cedar, pine and tall flowering grass. From this spot we had a commanding view of the surrounding forests, and the serpentine stream, whose waters glistened in the sunlight far below. After fasting long our eyes and minds with the beautiful, grand and sublime, we started homeward. After passing many houses in the forest, we at last came to the broad rolling prairie, on which we saw many flocks and herds grazing and beheld our Seminary home far off in the distance. Thither we hasten, for there within those walls we love to join in friendship, to gather mental flowers to decorate the mind. On reaching home we were invited in in music tones by the little bell to resume our studies. T.

The aged Cat.

A few months since as I and several of my school companions were taking an evening ramble in the neighborhood we came to a house where we were unacquainted, and while we were staying one another in the face and studying what excuse to give for our visit, our attention was attracted by an old cat that lay coiled upon the hearth-stone.—It seemed as if it were about to bid farewell to the scenes of earth; but on inquiry we were informed that it looked just as well then as it did ten years previous; that it was one of the first settlers of the Cherokee Nation; that the cat had withstood the storms of fifteen winters. Doubtless had it the power of speech might we have been edified with many strange cat stories by that aged pioneer. W.

Novelty.

I have often heard it said that a new broom sweeps clean, and from personal observation think that it is generally the case. So it is with most new societies, they kick up a terrible dust for a while it soon settles down again as the cause of excitement grows old. When the order of The Sons of Temperance was first organized in our Nation numbers eagerly rushed forward and were initiated into that order—an order which had sworn vengeance against King Alcohol—an order having for its motto "Love, Purity and Fidelity;" but alas! like the leaves of summer it flourished but for a season. Yes many of its members like the leaves of the forest trees have fallen off; but we are happy to say that there are many still faithful to the cause, and we sincerely hope they will endure to the end and flourish as the evergreen tree. W.

D. L. VANN, JOEL B. MAYES, EDITORS. CAMPBELL.

THURSDAY AUGUST 2, 1855.

It is common for most pin-hook editors to puff a little about their paper, but we'll only say buy a copy...

ELECTION.

The election will soon be here, we candidates for Principal Chief are John Ross and George Hicks...

The Roseup is very anxious that our paper should be forthcoming! They are so afraid we will fail!

It appears that we have been more highly entertained with music this summer than our sisters of the neighboring institution...

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT. I appeal, in the name of our country's prosperity, to you who profess to be the teachers of our youth...

Our second teacher, S. E. Richardson, will return to Massachusetts at the expiration of this term...

May the smiles of heaven upon him ever rest, and he with peace and contentment last best.

We deem it unnecessary to mention anything with reference to the wheat crop, as it seems to be generally, and very agreeably known throughout the country...

Why is a good musician like a clock? Because he keeps time.

Yesterday you all showered out your dimes for thumb-papers made of Jewels, Diamonds, Money, Osages, and how much more willing should you be to shower them out for a paper that is large enough to wrap up your sheet and which is made up of cut stones, top stones and main beads.

It is still noised abroad that the Arkansas river retains the old position. "No navigation." Coffee, sugar, and tobacco cannot be had at the present condition of this "unfortunate river."

A lady once said: "I feel I am growing old for the want of somebody to tell me that I am as young as ever." Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in a loving word.

Times are very dull in the town of Tahlequah. The stocks of merchants have all become low; goods can't be had on account of low waters.

The Rev. Dr. Butler sent aunt a Beet to-day of astonishing shape and dimensions. Aunt had to give up the corn. It laid over all of her beets and beat all uncle ever raised.

Light-horse companies have been unusually plenty this season, at least they seem to be such; for they ride very thin, light-looking horses.

We are told that the drought has been very severe in Texas this season; the farmers are apprehensive of a failure in their crops.

The wise support themselves under affliction by wisdom, but fools by despair.

Recollections of the Past.

In looking back upon the many days that have passed since my first recollection, I am induced to give you a short sketch of my past history.

When I could first recollect I was but a very small boy, living with my parents, and a happier fellow than I, was never seen, for I knew not of the troubles that awaited me in the world.

At the age of six years I was first sent to school, where I have continued constantly ever since. The first day I entered I caught a flogging, which caused me to run off from school, to which school I went no longer.

to another school about eight miles from home, but the school being too full to receive me I was taken home again to spend my time in idleness. I did not however remain at home more than two weeks before I was taken off to a neighbor's to board and go to another school, and here I remained for some time.

The Seminaries.

Does not the heart of every Cherokee parent swell with emotions of pure delight, as he or she passes through the intervening Prairie and beholds on either side, one of the stately edifices which have been erected by the wisdom of our Nation...

Our young Friends, we have here a pleasant home, well supplied with everything that is requisite to make one contented and happy. Our teachers are kind and accommodating, and ever ready to impart to us useful knowledge—knowledge that will qualify us to perform the necessary transactions of life and prepare us to move in the high circles of society.

of those who have examined their lives for our good, would we realize honor upon our Nation and meet the great object for which we have been created...

- OFFICERS AND STUDENTS. Of the Cherokee Male Seminary. Board of Directors. Hon. John Ross, President.

- Charles H. Campbell, Flint. Ready Taylor, Going Snake. D. L. Vann, Saline. First Class.

- William W. Campbell, Flint. William J. Davis, Flint. J. Evans Foreman, Tahlequah. Moses C. Frye, Sequoyah. Joel B. Mayes, Flint. Lewis Ross, Tahlequah. Second Class.

- Alexander Carter, Tahlequah. Benj. W. Carter. Lowry V. Pack, Flint. Spencer S. Stevens, Going Snake. A. W. Timberlake, Flint. Benj. W. Trott, Going Snake. Third Class.

- George W. Adair, Flint. John E. Bean, Flint. H. Lincoln Foreman, Saline. George W. Loxley, Flint. Thompson McGee, Saline. M. T. C. Payne, Going Snake. Richard J. Ross, Saline. William S. Taper, Going Snake. Elisha P. Stover, Delaware. Lewis R. Thornton, Illinois. William R. Thornton, Going Snake. Fourth Class.

- High M. Adair, Flint. James Albert, Saline. Thomas Butler, Tahlequah. Rosa Carey, Delaware. Joel Cline, Going Snake. Thomas Clyre, Richard Griffin, Illinois. S. H. Gunter, Sequoyah. John B. Harlin, Flint. Henry Hicks, Going Snake. James Horseley, Delaware. Clayborne King, Sequoyah. William H. H. Mayes, Flint. Andrew J. Payne, (Wid.) Sequoyah. Clement Rogers, Going Snake. George Steer. Joseph P. Thompson, Delaware. Rider Williams, Going Snake. Anderson Wilson, Illinois. William C. Woodall, Delaware. John Woodall.

Summary. Resident Graduates, 3. First Class, 5. Second Class, 6. Third, 11. Fourth, 21. Total, 45.

Studies pursued during the past session.

GRADUATES. Latin—Virgil's Ovid; Greek, Xenophon's Anabasis.

FIRST CLASS. Geometry; Latin, Caesar; Intellectual Philosophy and Rhetoric.

SECOND CLASS. Latin—Arnold; Natural Philosophy, Physiology; Book-keeping.

FOURTH CLASS. Green's Analysis of Eng. Language, Arithmetic, Coburn's Mental and Greenleaf's, Mitchell's Geography, Reading, Penmanship, Russell's Elocution.

There have been also daily exercises in declamation and frequent exercises in English Composition.

Faith the Root of all Achievements.
 Faith, in its more usual signification, is the belief in character, attributes and promises of the Supreme Being. But in its more general sense, it may be considered as the confidence which man reposes in the ability and veracity of his fellow man. This mutual trust with its effects upon mankind, socially, politically and morally, let us consider.

The human race presents to us a family of noble, social beings, naturally susceptible of great attainments, and whose combined efforts can work vast achievements, but must be bound together by the golden chain of fraternal love. Devoid of this, what power, individual or national, could exercise the grand authority of securing justice to the world? Who could claim the enjoyments of life, or feel secure in person or property, if in every man he met suspicion and distrust, saw an enemy to all his plans? A lack of faithful and trustworthy hands, in the more important duties will never fail to dissolve the grandest of institutions, on whatever scale of wisdom or power they may be constructed. Progress, civil, political or national, must at every step be supported by a power firm and constant as the brilliant sun in his unshaken orbit. Let the opposite of faith prevail, and social compacts would not only lose the charms which they possess, but would themselves crumble and totter. Literature and Science would be scattered as by the four winds of Heaven, and man, untutored by his predecessor, would stand a continual example of an isolated being at his best, but a splendid representation of Robinson Crusoe. Success to that progressive and enlightened feature of man often unfolding itself so brightly even on the dark crest of a war cloud as it heralds in Liberty, Justice and Civilization, is but the result of confiding active men, following vigilant and sagacious guides. Can we not with confident boldness affirm that the most extraordinary achievements of man, that the world can boast of, owe their existence to the unceasing toil, bold designs and high resolves of the praiseworthy leaders whose names and deeds are left inscribed in the brightest characters of the memories of all hearts? What would have been the present political condition of the world had such leaders been multiplied,—Alexander, Nero and Napoleon? No one half sane, would think of calling on Owen or Fourier to forge the bonds of social purity or of choosing as teachers of theology or divinity, Voltaire, Hume, or Gibbon, simply because they could neither give nor receive the pledge of confidence. Under such guidance, man would never have arisen from an ignorant and savage state, but he would have been a theatre of wild confusion and lawless baseness to the latest period of its existence. So bold and decisive action, combined with long continued firmness—cemented and crowned by the confidence expressed in the worth of fellow man.

To these we say the world owes all the wonder of its achievements and the beauty of its renown. Go with our literary men to the field of science, and learn that literature and science have not the mushroom existence of a single generation. Books piled upon books, well read and understood, are the treasures of the learned man, because the history of the past lies there before him. The mathematician follows: tables that have been the life work of another. The navigator is safely guided to his destined port by the chart and compass of him who has long slumbered, and the astronomer surveys the wonders of far off worlds through the telescope invented by another. The husbandman at his plough, the merchant at his counter, the citizen and patriot of every occupation, feel and acknowledge the power of faith. By this has man wrought a change upon the face of nature. By this, has he accomplished those quite unparalleled deeds which have truly met the approbation of God and man, and won for himself the privilege of enjoying the quiet slumbers of civilized peace, supported by a band of free brothers, faithful in maintaining a common interest and a common honor. How often do we, on the speedy wings of thought, return along the dim track

of the past, exploring the solitary fields where first was nourished the bud and bloomed the flower of knowledge! We love to search out the many illustrious names who, by their interest in human welfare, have aroused a slumbering world to appreciate the beauty and regularity, disgorged from the wild gulf of Chaos and Ignorance, so brightly displayed in the Philosophers, Orators, and Poets, who have charmed the world by their experiment, verse and eloquence. And while we consider the exalted position of these noble pioneers, we are impressed with the thought that each must work out this problem of life for himself—must drive his own car over the rough track of human existence: must determine whether he will work his way to eminence and renown, or cold self-neglect and base principle shall cause the noble blood of honorable ambition to cease its flow.

It is for each to determine whether the sullen wave of moral pollution shall sweep over them with its obnoxious flow, or surge in vain against the adamant wall of faithful firmness and undoubted integrity. Let us all pursue such a course that others may place a sure reliance in our integrity. Let our actions be right and our words inviolate.

To the Clouds.
 Ye massive clouds, in grandeur piled on high,
 Oh, ye that move majestic through the sky,
 Oh! lower now your heads, pour out the rain,
 To renovate the dying crops of grain.
 The brooks and creeks, and springs, are almost dry,
 And man with beasts and birds, and fish, must die—
 Unless the rain descends, and stops the dearth,
 And makes the sparkling springs gush forth from earth.
 The hills and dales so lately clad in green,
 Most dismal look, and gloomy to be seen.
 All nature seems to languish now,
 And man beholds the scene with clouded brow.
 We wish not lightning's flash, nor thunder's roll,
 That crashing shakes the earth from pole to pole;
 But may the rain descend in gentle showers,
 And make the earth to smile like Eden bowers.



ON A KNIFE.
 On Cane's 3rd of February, by the Rev. Secretary, Mr. JESSE WICKED to Miss JUDY TOMPSON, all of Going Snake District, Cherokee Nation.
 By the Rev. Abnaha-takke, on the 1st March, Mr. JESSE ARNOLD to Miss JANE TOMPSON, all of Going Snake Dist., C. N.
 At Park Hill, on the 31st of May, by the Rev. Stephen Foxman, Mr. MONROE KEYS to Miss LUCY HOYETT, all of the Cherokee Nation.
 At Dwight Mission, on the 21st of March, by the Rev. Mr. Wentz, Mr. ISAAC BREWER to Miss AGGY GUESS, a grand daughter of George Guess, the inventor of the Cherokee Alphabet; all of Sequoyah Dist., C. N.
 May they be guided thro' the "squally-tudes" of life,
 And live in bonds of love, as becomes a man and wife,
 And while their mutual love continues thus—and so,
 O' may they ne'er forget their corn and beans to grow.



ON A KNIFE.
 On the 10th of April, Mr. JACKSON PAIN, aged about 16 years, a member of this Institution, having entered upon his four years course in March, at the beginning of the present session. His is the first and only death of any one while a student in this Institution.

"Tom GUBERPEA."—Not long since as I was passing through the neighborhood, I suddenly happened upon two little boys. The first question I asked them was: "What is your name?" when one of them turns round to his companion and says, "John, what is it, I believe I have forgotten a ready?" But after pausing for several moments, he himself replies, "My name is Tom Perry" when his companion says, "that is not his name, his name is Tom Guberpea, and the way he got his name, he stole all the daddy's Gubers."



THE ROSE OF CHEROKEE.
 Though Beauty deck the Spring in flowers
 Like Rainbows sleeping in the green,
 Or soft though moonlight's dewy showers
 May star-like glitter o'er the scene;
 Though passions young and warm may spring
 With rapture through the thrilling heart,
 Though Earth and Sea their treasures bring
 Combined with all that's prized in Art—
 Still, wanton Nature's dark-eyed child,
 Is far more dear to me—
 The sweetest flower that gems the wild
 Is the Rose of Cherokee.

Though far away 'neath orient skies
 Where clouds come not, nor sweep the storm,
 The maid may blush in rosy dyes
 Like hues upon the angel's form;
 The flashing light of jeweled fire—
 The wealth may shower o'er neck and arm
 Though soft, voluptuous, gay attire
 May heighten every dazzling charm,
 Still, wanton Nature's dark-eyed child,
 Is far more dear to me—
 The sweetest flower that gems the wild
 Is the Rose of Cherokee.

Though gorgeous flowers flame o'er their bed
 Adorned by Art's surpassing taste,
 Their fragrance and their blush-light shed
 When by the lips of ROSE are pressed,
 Though wild flowers spangling every green
 Woo all the stars from Heaven's blue deep
 Till eyes of love melt o'er the scene,
 And tears of bliss in silence weep—
 Still, wanton Nature's dark-eyed child
 Is far more bright to me—
 The sweetest flower that gems the wild
 Is the Rose of Cherokee.

My Little Knife.
 'Tis strange, but no more strange than true
 What once we scarce could bear
 We laugh as now with all our might
 As though we didn't care.
 There was an incident occurred
 Quite early in my life,
 And what I tell you now is true
 'Tis, DOUT MY LITT' KNIFE.

Although they called me "shav'er" then
 'Twas quite against my will
 I didn't believe a word they said
 Oho! nor do I still.
 Had no razor then nor be ard
 But waked a mighty strife
 With corn-sals, and all such things
 And WHITTLED WITH MY KNIFE.
 I loved a knife and lost but o'er
 I seen oze thousand plus
 And every time there was a loss
 My pa kicked up a fuss.
 How careful was I then to keep
 Just as I would my life
 The little thing I prized so high—
 MY KNIFE, MY POCKET KNIFE.

My brother gave me once a pretty one
 The blade was shining bright
 The handle made of tortoise shell,
 All spotted—black and white.
 Within my breast what hopes and fears
 Content in friendship strife,
 About my brothers precious gift,
 THE TORTOISE-HANDLE KNIFE.

I could not bear to lose a thing
 So worthy of my care
 Perio'd to think that if I should
 He had no more to spare—
 My cries were heard—my sister came
 Ask'd to save my life!
 She asked the cause of grief—said I—
 I'M FRAY'D I'LL LOSE MY KNIFE.

"Better be fifteen minutes too early than too late! Alas, what a crowd of sensations cluster around that ill-omened phrase! The disasters—how sad! The consequences—oh, who can trace them as they reach through all future time, and embosom themselves in the abyss of eternity!"

We insert the following Address delivered by JES. D. ALLEN on the last Anniversary Day, on the two Seminaries.

ADDRESS
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—As those whose thoughts and motives are imbued with the love of wisdom and refinement—whose bosoms swell and burn with the pure fire of patriotism, we have come together to pay our homage and due respect to this day. Though not in commemoration of victories, won on bloody battle-fields, nor the day on which some famous King mounted a tyrannical throne which we must sever, but with the noble spirit of freedom, we pay these tokens of joy and respect to the day on which our Nation made one bold step and a resolution to stand by the side of other enlightened Nations of the world, when she took the last step towards bursting asunder those fetters of ignorance which long bound her in prison. The day on which arose these two bright suns, as it were, whose rays were fully to penetrate that mist of ignorance which once clouded all the beauty and excellence of our land, and were to illuminate those bright gems of thought which had long been buried in the deep shade of mental darkness.

Then by this coming here, we have an object in view worthy of our sincerest veneration, our most manly actions, and lively demonstrations. This day demands from the bosom of every patriot a sentiment of true national pride; for this is the day on which she began to arm herself with the buckler and shield of wisdom, to battle for her Peace, for Freedom, and for Justice.

Here she has applied that noble specimen of labor which has won her an honorable name, and added that worth and dignity to her reputation, which will cause her name to be cherished in the brightest thoughts of the good and the wise. To win this glory, she plunged into the thirsty sword of war into the blood of her fellow-men, she reaped not her laurels off the tree of life, where the agonizing groans of death are mingled with the voice of triumph; but by the worthy and unerring energies of her peaceful and honest citizens, she has thus established her honor, her dignity and her wisdom. These achievements let us commemorate this day, for they are worthy of a Nation's Love, and a Nation's Honor. In honor to this triumph, let us touch those strings of feeling whose melodious music vibrates from the very bottom of our simple, yet manly hearts. As for what justice may be given to us by some curious and self-important reasoner, we heed not. Although we are devoid of the pomp and power such as Kings display on their mighty festive days, we may be unknown in history, chivalry or song, our number is few; our band is small in comparison with the many illustrious ones who have assembled on such occasions; yet, if our hearts are true and our motives are good, the true worth of this occasion will speak for itself. It will need not the music of eloquence to arouse our feelings and emotions to appreciate the importance of such a day, nor the reasoning of profound men to teach us new ambition; for how can the energetic and manly spirit of Cherokee-dom continue to slumber while thus the dreams of fields where she may leave marks of her worth and heroism.

But to perpetuate the noble design of this day, every heart must be filled with the love and gratitude which it owes to its country, we must ever reverence and respect these philanthropic deeds of our forefathers. And to give this day what it justly demands, and to prepare ourselves for receiving this wisdom and prosperity, and to sing a worthy song at its Anniversary, we must make our actions and lives exhibit us to the world as men of noble and excellent designs; and then this day will stand written indelibly upon the cherished memory of the ambitious, the energetic and the wise.

Interesting Debate.—The following subject is proposed for debate, at a meeting of a society at Rochester, N. Y.: "Who have the most to fear, the uninsured from fire, or the insured from the bursting of insurance companies?"

A Christmas Party

...the hour of five o'clock it... all persons were bent on having... Letter should "compos invidi" knows... for days and post-er their complex... mingled with the gentle sex... the day before that wished for eve... say "it's almost time to leave... on their eyes upon the clock were cast... each minute as it slowly passed... closed were they when supper came at ten... tabled you we sat in festal and etc... one of our friends had rendered the place too late... supper over, we all jumped up to leave... moment that, of players, I do believe... with his hand the teacher he took twice... quick we all sat down "as unto as nice"... his his escape, his the bible to k... and read a chapter from the sacred book... sides for us a solemn prayer he pray'd... hopes, perhaps, they'd be better made... danger than we heard the word amen... jumped up as just twenty-one and a... as they as before a stark we look... like Lee's wife, we did not backward look... at the place arrived, we did not halt... and softly none were turned to laps of salt... of both the windows lovely girls looked down... Oile some I saw did smile, others frowned... A thump, when everything was fixed right... Why asked us in to see the pleasing sight... I saw to a domestic all did go "et mesa"... for a wife refused to let us pass... I said me of an entrance passage round... were sure she said admittance would be found... Then through the hall and parlor we did go... As the will leads they sometimes have to show... As though we did the proper entrance find... Although it seemed that such was mine mind... And all the scene, how wondrous to behold!... Too wondrous far and grand to'er be told!... So! In my sure, of gifted speech, can tell... Of all we saw and heard, and do it well... At not by signs who have but mortal tongue... As never can be described or rightly sung... Upon his face beatific creatures, lovely, fair... With months ago we all did gaze and stare... Still gazing, gazing there transfixed we stood... And like the marble blocks or blocks of wood... And who, we asked, are those so heavenly fair... This stand so graceful in the windows there... They were but girls, at length we know full well... For soon we heard a tap upon the bell... They then did move and vanish out of sight... As if as falling meteors in the night... Thinking they did not close to us... Again we see them all engaged... Another sight we saw none can describe... Which did the hands of all eyes... Defiantly that seemed a cross a man's form... As if devotion in her heart were set... Around her shoulders hung her long black hair... And seemed to hide a face so brightly fair... But I could say is truly so... For I do not positively know... Commonly things I can I cannot tell... All that I deserve my notice yours will... I'll speak of all I saw, in length... Which was my mind beyond its strength... Amazed they, indeed, jaded, pale, and brown... For the first time in their lives they... And I had seen and waste my precious time... I had seen and waste my precious time... And I had seen and waste my precious time... So they're things long on eyes and minds... They have no set of requirements many kinds... And naturally they were something sacred... They were ready to crack and coals to eat... The particles came from the crystal spring... They were to be and sing and sing and played... A long I think as any of us stayed...

for every object that presents itself to view... From chambers of the night... the minutest to the most gigantic, is worthy of... our attention; for from every one of these... we may learn lessons both delightful and... profitable... How sweet when Solinus sets us free... From chambers of the night... We, every thing in gladness see... And, joyous, hail the light... We welcome with feelings of delight the... gray visage of dawn as we desire the... of trees, and houses, and the giant-like... outlines of mountains in the distance while... mists and exhalations arise from their lowly... habitations and ascend to their ethereal... dwelling places. Alas! the messenger of... light speeds onward, we intently gaze upon... objects as they reveal themselves from be-... hind their misty shrouds, until at length... he peeping up from behind the Eastern hills... reveals his bright face, and casts his... radiant smiles upon every thing that meets... his gaze. He breathes new life into all na-... ture. The little birds sing their gladsome... songs at his approach; the fowls of the air... go in quest of food; flocks and herds arouse... themselves from their drowsy couches and... make themselves busy in procuring their... daily sustenance, and man as he enjoys his... sports and pastimes or goes to the duties... of life rejoices at all these things... When we behold nature's grander works... we are lost in delightful contemplation... Sublime thoughts dispel the petty cares... that occupied our minds, and we live for... the time being forgetful of the past. Re-... morse enters not to horror up our feelings... and we enjoy ourselves as did our first... parents in Paradise in days primeval, when... they communed with angels and the Al-... mighty... What beauty there is in a landscape... clothed in all the variegated verdure of... spring, and surely there must be grandeur... in the ocean especially when tossed by the... winds up into billows like moving moun-... tains; a scene arousing thoughts too big for... utterance; but perhaps could we say no... more we might repeat this line of the illus-... trious bard—Roll on thou deep and dark... blue ocean, roll! The scene of the setting... sun is grand, when sinking to rest, he casts... his last lingering rays upon the crest of... some mountain, or imparts his golden hues... to the clouds, which lighting up as with a... smile, cast a mellow light upon all below... Then night pulls down the curtain and the... scene is changed... Formation of Character... Much depends upon the character of an... individual in this world, as it will either be... his passport to secure his everlasting hap-... piness in heaven; or it will lead him to the... depths of eternal woe. It is necessary then... for youth to be careful so shun all that... would have a tendency to pernicious in-... fluence. The foundation of character ought... to be laid at home, and guarded by the... watchful eyes of a pious mother. We also... are in this institution are placed in a very... responsible position. Will we, who are... sometimes called "the hopes of the nation"... "the flowers of the country," will we... say, let the hopes of our parents, who... look to us with the deepest anxiety, be... blasted? Shall I be said that we were... educated in the Cherokee High Schools, to... be greater reprobates, or which is the same... thing, educated reprobates for helping in the... downfall of one country, that has done so... much for the education of her youth? If... any one of our students should prove a... recreant it would be better for him, had he... never been born. No, let it never be said... that we were educated to aid in the down-... fall of our country; but on the contrary that... we, with our vigor imbibed, have been... the means of upholding our nation, and... long after we have been laid in our graves... and are crumbled into dust may succeed-... ing generations look back to these institu-... tions as the very foundations of good am-... ong the Cherokees... We should recollect character is to be... formed, not only for this world, but for... eternity; that our very thoughts, as well as... words and actions, are registered by the... recording angel in Heaven; that they are... written in the very atmosphere we breathe... to be read by the assembled world as the... lust, great and awful day. A solemn... thought to think that every secret shall be... made known when all the inhabitants of... Earth, Hell and Heaven shall be assembled... before the King of kings and Lord of lords;... when every soul of man shall be judged... "according to the deeds done in the body"... Let the character be formed in opposi-... tion to every thing that is wrong, and no... matter then what the evils that surround... and how they will make but little impression... after death that character thus formed will... continue after expiring in goodness, to Him... who created the soul, through all altera-... tions. On the other hand, it is equally true... that character, but for after death neither... can there be redemption nor a fixed state... of misery, but increasing in wickedness the... souls punishment will forever increase in... intensity... In order to live as we should, and die as... we should, we must obey the admonitions of... conscience, and she will teach us right, but...

if we do not, she will finally censure her... munitions until we are prostrated on the... bed of sickness, when she will visit us with... all the honors of remorse, to punish us for... our disobedience. How solemn the thought... that we are endowed with such a faculty... that we can never be disarmed from it;... that it goes with us through all the scenes... of life in company or alone, "admonishing... warning, reproving and recording," and... a source of happiness or misery it will abide... with us forever... No sin can be of trifling consequence for... the least as well as the greatest, is a viola-... tion of an obligation more sacred and awful... than we can conceive, must bring punish-... ment more terrible than we can compre-... hend. Hence, it is the duty of every one... to enquire with the deepest solicitude... whether there is any way of escape from... punishment; or whether there is any way for... moral reformation has been revealed by the... Being against whom we have sinned and... if any such revelation has been made it is... our most solemn duty to conform our lives... to such principles as shall enable us to avail... ourselves of its provisions. Having done... this we will at last shine forth in the lustre... of unsullied virtue... Necessity mother of Invention... After the fall of man it became necessary... for him to labor, to live by the sweat of his... brow. No longer was he supplied as other... animals with the necessaries of life; but... means were given him whereby he might... supply himself, and instead of the instinctive... powers by which other living creatures... were distinguished he was furnished with... reasoning faculties; his bosom burned with... passions suited to a rational being, such as... would open his eyes to see his own wants... In the first ages of the world man slumbered... under the dark pall of ignorance and... superstition. All things were wrapped in... mystery; no monuments of art were reared... to attract his attention; no histories had... then been written, by the perusal of which... he might delight and inform himself. All... creation was in silence, as it were, while... science slept in obscurity... As a stranger upon this earth, man was... ignorant of the station he occupied, intro-... ducing himself to trees and rocks, he hailed... them as companions and revered them as... gods. Such was once the condition of... the human family, such would now be its... condition had not man been urged by the... never ceasing cries of necessity, to burst... the bands of ignorance that bound him... down in that low and degrading condition... where he looked upon the toad and other... creeping things with reverential awe; if his... life were at their disposal. Now man views... himself in a different light. The brilliant... rays of science have dispelled the darkness... that enveloped the world, and man is... enabled to behold the station he was des-... tined to occupy, and he perceives the... relations he sustains to the inferior creation... by which he is surrounded... The animals to which he once paid... reverence, are no longer looked upon in... the light they once were, but if it is his will... they must serve him. Not only has neces-... sity been the means of enlightening the... mind of man, but all the noble monuments... of art that embellish the world, and all in-... ventions that have facilitated labor are her... offspring. She cherished them in their in-... fant state and has made it the duty of every... generation of man to add something to for-... mer improvements. The bark canoe which... once hovered around the shores, has been... transformed into ships, which bid opposi-... tion to the angry waves of the ocean. A... few years ago our rivers were covered with... keels and flat-boats, which were the only... means of conveying merchandise from one... country to another; now go to the banks... of the famous Mississippi and behold the... proud, stately of a floating palace as it glides... majestically up that stream, regardless of... the current which it has to overcome, and... you will be ready to exclaim, "What secret... is there, wrapped in mystery that cannot... be revealed, when necessity demands?"... Be Economical... Learn to live within the bounds of... your income, as well as you possibly... can, without going in debt for articles... that you do not need, and you will... not only feel your independence, but... will be more certain of gaining the... approbation of the community in which... you live... There is a maxim doubtless familiar... to many, that "They who live by their... own labor see the most pleasure," and... how could it be otherwise when our... souls feel that he is at peace with his own... conscience and knows that his wants... have been honestly supplied. This... peace of conscience is always the re-... ward of diligence and economy, suf-... ficient in themselves to make the heart... of any one swell with noble emotions... when he knows that he is under no... obligations to friends, for the favor... conferred of obtaining "a little credit..."

How many hundreds of persons have... ruined their rising fortunes, and... even their characters, by foolishly run-... ning in debt for every trash "and fool-... ish notion" that they fancied they... could not get along without. Yes if... fair promises to discharge all such... debts, are of any avail; their notions... they will have, so they plunge heels... over head in debt, without first asking... themselves how they were to get out... again... Did our merchants refuse to give... credit to all who ask, there would be... more industry in the country; for every... one would be compelled to have some... employment by which to gain a liveli-... hood. And instead of "loafing... abroad," and robbing others of their... labor they would be at home engaged... in some laudable pursuit. I said robbing... because there is not one half of those... who are most willing to obtain... favors in this manner, who ever think... of paying their debts at the time of... their contraction. Often liquidation... is not made before they have been... "dunned" a half a dozen times, and... perhaps not until they have made... their appearance at court... Were the merchant's to pay instead... of the credit system, his business would... be more profitable, and he would have... no occasion to fear of becoming a... bankrupt from not doing a business... sufficient to clear his own expenses... In this way there would be fewer law-... suits, less quarreling, and lawyers un-... able to get employment, would be... obliged to follow some other calling;... consequently there would be less... spending, and every one would feel... that his labor is his own, and not to... be spent for the benefit of others... The debtor, if he makes any thing... cannot justly call it his own, for he... continually has a dread on his mind... of his enormous bills that have been... contracted, and that too, in a foolish... manner. How much better off then... would every one be to live according... to his income and use as man anything... I... To the Caged Parrot... All birds have legs and some have quills... With legs they all can walk;... And nearly all have beaks or bills... And some they say can talk... But if there's one beneath the sun... The parrot that must be... For parrots prate at every one... And every thing they see... But you Poor Polly that caged so long... As close as you can be... But prattle now, you know no song... They ought to set you free... Y... Fox what was Man Created?... When we are led to contemplate the... laws by which nature's orbs are moved with... such regular and never ceasing harmony... in their courses, we are ready to inquire... the cause. To such a question we can... only say that the universe is as vast ma-... chine, designed by the Author of nature to... produce some great end. We see of the... effects of their movements as alternate light... and darkness, the change of seasons, &c.,... &c. Now these effects produced are nec-... essary for the existence of man; for under... his present constitution, he could not live... were these changes to cease, therefore we... conclude that the end for which they were... intended to be happiness and existence of... man. We know at least there was nothing... made in vain, for He who made all things... tells us so... The sun which rolls his bright car from... East to West, day after day, raises all living... creation from slumber with his health in-... spiring rays, so essential to the happiness... and well-being of man. The silver moon... who glides so majestically through the... heavens, has his own peculiar office; and so... in fact has all nature, both animate and in-... animate, all, all seems to have a tendency... towards satisfying the wants of man, and... exalting him above the rest of nature's... works. If then all creation governed by... such powerful and immutable laws was in-... tended for the promotion of man's happi-... ness, surely man was intended for some... high and noble purpose. But after all, being... a free agent, he can render himself... either happy or miserable. Blessed with... an intellect, that intellect must be exerted... in wisdom if he wishes to be happy, and... this, we doubt not, to be the wish of all... No man must not think that he has no part... to act in securing his own happiness, for... even one who knows something about human... affairs, all the world's a stage, and the men... and women merely players; that each one... has many parts to act, and to do this re-... quires much care if he would act them well... be an honor to himself, a blessing to the... human race and worthy of the God in whose... image he was created... W...