

# LIBERTY AND VOCATEE.

WHEN POWERS ARE ASSUMED WHICH HAVE NOT BEEN DELEGATED, A NULLIFICATION OF THE ACT IS THE RIGHTFUL REMEDY.—Jefferson.

GRAVES & SMILEY, EDITORS.

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## THE DEVOTED.

"It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady who being asked where her husband was when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hidden him. This confession caused her to be carried before the Governor who told her that nothing but confession would save her from the torture. 'And will that do?' said she. 'Yes,' replied the Governor. 'I will pass my word for safety on that condition.' 'Then,' replied she, 'I have hidden him in my heart.'

Stern faces were around her bent,  
And eyes of vengeful ire,  
And fearful were the words he spoke,  
Of torture, stake, and fire;  
Yet calmly in the midst she stood,  
With eye undimmed and clear,  
And though her lip and cheek were white,  
She breathed no sigh of fear.

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said:  
A half formed smile of scorn,  
That curled upon her haughty lip,  
Was back for answer borne—  
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again,  
In fiercer tones they said,  
And sternly pointed to the rack,  
All rusted o'er with red:

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free—  
But in a crimson flood,  
O'er pallid lip, and cheek and brow,  
Rushed up the burning blood!  
She spoke,—but proudly rose her tones,  
As when in hall or bower,  
The haughtiest chief that round her stood,  
Had meekly owned her power.

"My noble lord is placed within  
A safe and sure retreat!"  
"Now tell us where thou lady bright,  
As thou wouldst merely meet;  
Nor deem thy life can purchase his—  
He cannot 'scape our wrath,  
For many a warrior's watchful eye  
Is placed o'er every path—

"But thou may'st win his broad estate,  
To grace thy infant heir,  
And life and honor for thyself—  
So thou his haunts declare!"  
She laid her hand upon her heart:  
Her eye flashed proud and clear,  
And firmer grew her haughty tread—  
"My lord is hidden here!"

"And if you seek to view his form,  
Ye first must tear away,  
From round his secret dwelling place,  
These walls of living clay!"  
They quailed beneath her lofty glance—  
They silent turned aside,  
And left her all unharmed, amidst  
Her loveliness and pride!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### DISCOVERY OF MISSISSIPPI.

BY MANN BUTLER, ESQ.

On the 27th March, 1512, fourteen years after the discovery by Columbus of the main land of America, Ponce de Leon discovered Florida, in his romantic search for the fountain of youth. This was a spring, which was extensively believed at that day, to possess the virtue of renewing the wasted powers of life. Notwithstanding this charmed power in the waters of Florida, the discoverer died mortally wounded in a contest with the warlike natives. He was soon followed by various adventurers, British and Spanish. But Pamphilo de Narvaez and Henando de Soto, were the most distinguished. The former is supposed to have landed, on the 12th of April, 1529, near the bay, now called Apalachee. After passing six months in exploring Florida, he coasted the southern margin of this State, and the whole party, except four, were shipwrecked, near the mouth of the Mississippi. The survivors, after years of captivity and hardship among the Indians, reached the city of Mexico. De Soto, whose fame you so well commemorate, in one of the northern counties of the State, possibly in the path of his ancient exploration, next followed. This most remarkable adventurer, even at a time and in a nation of unsurpassed enterprise, as if destined to realize the wildest visions of romance, had participated with Pizarro in the conquest of Peru. He had realized, in that fairy work, every thing, it might well be supposed, that love of fame wealth could desire. Still this favorite of fortune, the pride of the knights of Old Castile, panted to entertain his heroic and wayward fate with the stately forests of Mississippi. His keen passion for adventure kindled at the news brought to Spain, by the surviving associates of Narvaez; and he easily obtained from the partiality and confidence of Charles the Fifth, then Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain and the Indies, the government of Cuba and of Florida.

In May, 1539, all but 300 years ago, the Adelantado of Florida landed at the bay of

Espiritu Santo, the Tampa Bay of our modern topography. Hence, after establishing a depot at the bay of Achusi, the modern Pensacola, and concerting communications with his noble wife, whom he had left in charge of his government, at Havana, he proceeded into the interior.

Without expatiating on the desperate and gallant contests between the native sons of the forest, (most probably the ancestors of the Seminoles,) and their warlike invaders, I will merely select a few of the most prominent and interesting points, which have been identified in this, the boldest of the European explorations of Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas. Tuscaloosa, or Tuscaloosa, as it is now written, is first presented. He was, says the Peruvian historian, "one of the most politic, proud and warlike of the native chieftains of the south." He has left his name indelibly stamped in a river, and the capital of the neighboring State of Alabama. His territories must have comprised a great part of what are now the States of Alabama and Mississippi.

The Spaniards entered entered his town of Mauvila, (evidently the origin of Mobile,) which is supposed to have stood about the junction of the Tombecbee with the Alabama river. Here was the scene of one of the bloodiest battles between the natives and their invaders. The ruins of this town, sacked and burned by the Spaniards, became the tomb of the heroic chief of Tuscaloosa, and "several thousands of his subjects. The plain around the town was strewn with more than 2,500 bodies. Within the walls, the streets were blocked up by the dead." "In one building a thousand perished in the flames," "a greater part of them females." It is some compensation for this demonic havoc, that its authors did not entirely escape from the calamities they had brought upon these distant shores. Eighty-two Spaniards, as they were in armor of steel, perished, and forty-two Spanish horses were killed by the Indians, and mourned, "says the same historian," "as if they had been so many fellow-soldiers." The baggage and stores of the Spaniards were consumed in the flames of the town. The next point reached by the expedition, of immediate interest to us, is the province and town of Chicaza or Chickasaw. This is supposed to have been in the upper part of this State, on the western bank of the Yazoo, about 240 miles north-west of Mobile. Here the Spaniards experienced a desperate night attack from the Indians, losing many of their men and more of their horses, then unknown in America, and so precious to the invaders.

After many similar adventures, all testifying to the undaunted bravery and persevering fortitude in the natives, the Spanish party came in sight of the Mississippi, on the Rio Grande, as they called it. Below the lowest Chickasaw Bluff, the present site of Memphis, just ten miles above the northern limits of this State, is an ancient and convenient passage over the great river.\* Here De Soto is supposed to have crossed the Mississippi, and left the territory of our State. It does not comport with the purpose of this discourse to follow this gallant, but unfortunate wanderer beyond the limits of the Mississippi. I will barely mention, that, after penetrating to the highlands of White river, 200 miles from the Mississippi, to Little Prairie, the Salines and Hot Springs of Washita, the Spanish Captain reached the country about the mouth of Red river.—Here he sent out a party to explore the country farther to the south. The frequent bayous, the impassable canebrakes, and the dense woods, permitted them to proceed but 40 miles in eight days; thus obstructed, the party returned with the disheartening intelligence they had procured. This disappointment, added to the sorrows of his whole career in these regions, so different from his fate on the golden coast of Peru, and a defiance sent him by a tribe of Indians near Natchez, completed the work of melancholy, and broke the heart of De Soto. He fell a prey to a mortal disorder; and to conceal the body of the dauntless associate of Pizarro, the governor of Cuba and the first explorer of these south-western regions, "the corpse, wrapt in a mantle and in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the Mississippi." Thus the discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. "He had crossed the continent in search of gold," says the eloquent and most learned Bancroft, "and had found nothing so remarkable as his burial place." Three hundred, out of one thousand, who had embarked with De Soto, alone lived to return to Mexico and to his heart broken wife, the noble Bobadilla.

Having had occasion, a few days ago, to apprise our readers of the severe illness of Mr. Secretary POINSETT, so alarming to all his friends that his life was despaired of, we are happy now to be able to state that his disease has taken a favorable turn; that his health is improving; and it is hoped that he may be considered out of danger.—Nat. Int.

**THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Presbyterianism was not introduced into the United States as early as some other forms of Christianity. At the first settlement of the British Colonists in North America, Presbyterians were viewed with more favor, than other dissenters, by those in power in the mother country, and therefore had not the same inducement to abandon their native homes for the wild of America. Under the reign of Charles II. and some of his successors, they experienced a sad reverse, and were driven to seek shelter from the storm of persecution, by emigrating to America, near the close of the 17th century. Emigrating from Scotland and Ireland, some landed at Philadelphia, and the adjacent ports, and others at Charleston, S. C. Ministers of the Gospel accompanied them, and congregations were established, churches built, and Presbyteries organized; and the church assumed a regular form in America. A Presbytery was established in Charleston probably prior to the year 1780, and it was connected in some way with the established church of Scotland, and confined its operation to the sea-board and low country. The old White Meeting, now replaced by the Circular church, on the same site, was originally composed of Congregationalists and Presbyterians united, and choose its pastors from either denomination. The first three ministers of this church, prior to 1700, were Independents or Congregationalists, and the fourth and fifth were Presbyterians, viz: The Rev. Archibald Stone, from 1700 to 1704, and the Rev. Wm. Livingston, from 1704 to 1720, who are said to have been members of the Charleston Presbytery. Mr. Livingston was succeeded by Mr. Baussett, an independent minister from Massachusetts.—Under his administration, twelve families seceded, and formed the First Presbyterian Church in Charleston, on the model of the Church of Scotland. They built their house of worship 1731. This Presbytery exercised a supervision over several churches in the vicinity of Charleston.

The Philadelphia Presbytery was organized in 1704-1705, independent of any foreign connexion. Its members were located in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and the Northern Neck of Virginia. After Braddock's defeat in 1755, and the consequent exposure of the frontier to Indian ravages, many of the frontier inhabitants, who were Presbyterians, in connection with the Presbytery of Philadelphia, settled in North and South Carolina. Ministers accompanied or follow them, and Churches were established, and, in a few instances, Ministers attached to them, who retained their connexion with the Presbyterian Church, as organized in the middle States. This brings the history of Presbyterianism in the U. S. down in the organization of the Presbytery of Hanover, by the Synod of New York and Philadelphia in 1775.

The foregoing account is condensed from the first number of "The history of the rise and progress of the Presbyterian Church in the Presbytery of Bethel, embracing the Districts of Lancaster, York, Chester and Union," in this State, by John B. Davies, published in the Charleston Observer.—Courier.

**HOPE AND MEMORY.**—A babe lay in its cradle. A being with bright hair and a clear eye came and kissed it. Her name was Hope. Its mother denied it a cake, for which it cried; but Hope gave it of one in store for to-morrow. Its little mother gave it a flower, at which it clapped its hands joyfully, and Hope promised it fairer ones, which it should gather for itself.

The babe grew to a boy. He was amusing at the summer twilight. Another being, with a sweet, serious face, came and sat by him. Her name was Memory.—And she said, "Look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest."

The boy answered, "I see a short path bordered with flowers. Butterflies spread out gay wings, and birds sing among the shrubs. It seems to be the path where my feet have walked, for at the beginning of it is my own cradle."

"What art thou holding in thy hand?" asked Memory. And he answered, "a book which my mother gave me." "Come hither," said Memory with a gentle voice, "and I will teach thee how to get honey out of it, that shall be sweet when thy hair is gray."

The boy became a youth. Once, as he lay in his bed, Hope and Memory came to the pillow. Hope sang a merry song, like the lark when she rises from the nest to the skies. Afterwards, she said, "Follow me, and thou shalt have music in thy heart as sweet as the lay I sang thee."

But Memory said, "he shall be mine also. Hope, why need we contend? For as long as he keepeth virtue in his heart, we will be to him as sisters all his life long." So, he embraced Hope and Memory, and was beloved of them both.

When he awoke, they blessed him, and he gave a hand to each. He became a man and Hope girded him every morning

for his labor, and every night he supped at the table of Memory, with Knowledge for their guest.

At length, age found the man, and turned his temples white. To his dim eye, it seemed that the world was an altered place. But it was he himself who had changed, and the warm blood had grown cold in his veins.

Memory looked on him with grave and tender eyes, like a loving and long tried friend. She sat down by his elbow chair, and he said to her, "Thou has not kept faithfully some jewels that I entrusted to thee. I fear that they are lost."

She answered mournfully and meekly, "It may be so. The lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary, and fall asleep. Then, Time purloins my key.—But the gems that thou gavest me when life was new, see! I have lost none of them. They are as brilliant as when they first came into my hands."

Memory looked pitifully on him, as she ceased to speak, wishing to be forgiven.—But hope began to unfold a radiant wing which she had long worn concealed beneath her robe, and daily tried its strength in a heavenward flight.

The old man lay down to die. And as the soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. Memory ascended by its side, and went through the open gate of heaven. But Hope paused at the threshold. There she expired, like a rose faintly giving forth its last odour.

A glorious form bent over her. Her name was Immortal Happiness. Hope commended to her the soul which she had followed through the world. "Religion," she said, "planted in it such seeds as bear the fruit of heaven. It is thine for ever."

Her dying words were like the music of some breaking harp, mournful but sweet. And I heard the voice of angels saying, "Hope that is born of the earth must die, but Memory is eternal as the books from which men are judged.—The Girl's Book.

**ONE SOURCE OF SUICIDE.**—There is much good sense in the following, from the Portland Courier, and the latter part we recommend especially to the attention of the ladies:

We allude to the undue estimate of wealth, now pervading all ranks of society—from the Minister of Him who "had not where to lay his head," to the miser who secretly hoards and counts his tens and hundreds of thousands, all alike worship, in some way or other the mammon of this world. It is true they disavow this; but look at their splendidly furnished dwellings—their luxurious apartments, and judge. It is here, from the language of the fireside, in the atmosphere of home, where the most permanent impressions are always made, that our youth learn to attach an inordinate importance to the possession of wealth. Instead of training our young men to manly exercise and useful occupations, adapted to the spirit of our institutions, and calculated to form characters capable of upholding our dear bought liberties, they are reared in habits of indolence, effeminacy, and luxury.—Characters thus formed have little of the enterprise and fortitude essential to support them under misfortunes, and to enable them to bear up under the vicissitudes of life. When reverses overtake them, it is scarcely to be wondered that minds so constituted should yield to the temptation to self-destruction, as the readiest way to escape from difficulties. Such is the omnipotence of wealth, that we may look in vain for the republican simplicity, the manly independence, and contempt of hardships and poverty, that characterized our pilgrim ancestors. Formerly a young man of steady habits, of intelligent mind and proper enterprise, was considered worthy of a station in the best circles of society; now, these qualities seem totally disregarded, and the fair one bows down a willing worshipper to a heavy purse.—While worth and talents are but secondary recommendations, and money is the sine qua non in the eyes of the laids, is it strange that our young men should strain every nerve to secure this passport to all hearts? Where the opinions of society have made money a substitute for, if not superior to, virtue and genius, is it wonderful that the young aspirant, who finds himself, by untoward circumstances, reduced from affluence to poverty—from the sunshine of favor to the gloom of averted smiles and chilling politeness, should turn to the refuge of suicide?—We wish our ladies would exercise an elevated independence upon these subjects, and prove that they are as capable of appreciating worth as wealth. They may be sure, could they undergo a slight change in this respect, there would be fewer Old Maids; our young men would have greater inducements to marry, and less temptation to speculate, to gamble, and defraud; we should, in short, hear more of matrimony, and less of suicide.

A reprobate priest finding some difficulty in putting on his surplice, swore the devil was in it. Amen! said the clerk.

**A NEW THEME FOR "EXCITATION."**—Just as the Canada fire has burned out, a new subject has sprung up, which, according to the Boston Times, is "to create a tremendous excitement in the Christian world." The immediate cause of this tremendous excitement that is to be, is a work written on the prophecies, by the Rev. Wm. Miller, of Hampton, New York.—The editor of the Times, who has read the work, says that it shows a depth of research in the prophetic portion of the scriptures, and a boldness of conception altogether astonishing. He thus sums up the author and his book:

"The Rev. author, if we are not mistaken, is a convert from Judaism, and like him who was brought up 'at the feet of Gamaliel,' possesses a thorough knowledge not only of the Levitical Law, but of the traditions of the Jewish fathers. The ground assumed by Rabbi Miller, in its principal features, is, that the second coming of Christ is identical with the destruction of the world, or rather its purification by fire from all its sinful elements, so as to render it a fit habitation for the Saints in Glory during the thousand years of millennial peace. This he constitutes the first resurrection. The prophecies relating to circumstances which are to happen previous to the consummation, he thinks, are now chiefly fulfilled, and that great event, which is to consume the wicked on the face of the earth will happen in the year 1843—only five years from the present! The Turkish Empire, he says, will come to an end in 1839, and the 'troublesome times' to the Christian religion, is all that remains to be fulfilled of the prophecies."

**LOCKED JAW.**—Several years ago, during a conversation in Newport, upon that dreadful malady, the Locked Jaw, an intelligent master of a vessel observed, that when he was at the Island of St. Eustatia, he had many cases of the Locked Jaw, and never lost a patient. On inquiry of the particular mode of treatment in which he had been successful, the physician replied that he had directed an application of warm lye, made as strong as possible; if the foot or hand was wounded, the same was dipped repeatedly into lye; and if a part of the body which could not be immersed in it, then in that case, the part affected to be bathed with flannels wrung out from the warm lye. In July last Captain Charles Gordon, of Newport, unfortunately jumped upon a scraggy pointed spike, which perforated his foot and foot, and he was taken home in the most excruciating torture—the attending physician could afford him no relief. Providentially, a lady, who heard the above conversation, recommended the warm lye bath, into which his foot was placed—within fifteen minutes the anguish was taken out; he went to bed and slept quietly. The application of lye was made for ten succeeding days, no pain, no uneasy sensation returned, but whilst incident to a common sore, and on the eleventh day, Captain Gordon walked abroad. [Newport Mercury.

We find in our foreign papers the following account of resuscitation after drowning. It deserves the attention of medical men.

A youth named Rice, having yesterday fallen in the basin, City-roads, quarter of an hour elapsed before he could be got out, when two surgeons attended, but after an hour's exertion, were unsuccessful in their attempts to restore the youth to life. A drunken man from the tap-room, waking from his sleep, and hearing that the medical men had failed, staggered into the room and said he could restore the boy, and applying his mouth to that of the youth (at the time closing the nostrils) by strong suction, as if drawing the breath from the patient, actually renovated him in a few minutes, to the astonishment of all present. This was the ninth person this individual had restored in a similar manner. This case has excited much speculation, and led to the conjecture that an instrument might be made to answer the means adopted in these instances of resuscitation which would be highly beneficial in every point of view.

A clergyman, catechising the youths of his parish, put the first question in the catechism to a girl—"Mary, what is your only consolation in life and death?" The poor girl smiled, and no doubt felt queer, but did not answer. The priest insisted: "Well, then," said she, "I must tell, it is the little shoemaker that wears a white jacket."

**Getting out of a Snarl.**—A son of Erin, laying hands on an innocent lamb of the field—on being asked what he was after, replied, coolly, "A body can't get a little wool to make some shoe thread, without being interrupted."

A map in this city, is so ugly that he cant sleep at nights, but is obliged to wake up every two hours to rest his face!—New Yorker.