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From Blackwood for April.

HYMEN; OR THE GUILLOTINE.

Some fruits of the revolution now and then exhibit themselves in France. In those days the guillotine was the great master of society, and to escape from it became the business of life, as to die by it became little less than the law of nature. In the period of this confusion, one evening, as citizen Jacques Tissot, a *Federe* in one of the hovels of Paris, was buckling on his cartridge box, and getting his musket ready for the night's guard, he heard a tap at the door of his attic in the Marais. He opened the door, and saw a figure wrapped in a large cloak, and with a man's hat, standing outside.

"I want your assistance for a moment," said the stranger.

"Then you cannot have it," was the answer of Jacques, "for in five minutes more I must be on guard at the Hotel de Ville."

"I know that," said the stranger, "and I can tell you further, that you will be sent with a party in a covered wagon, at twelve to-night, on the St. Denis road, to bring back a prisoner."

"Well, what of that?" said Jacques, "if it is my duty, I must do it, that's all."

"Of course," said the stranger, "but as the night is cold, a handful of franks will do no harm either to you or your comrades; I have brought them to you." So saying, the stranger took out a purse and shook it dazlingly before the eye of *Federe*. Jacques was about to be indignant, but in the act he discovered that the purse vibrated in the fingers of a small and very pretty hand. Jacques's sagacity was awakened, whilst his fidelity was relaxed; and the results of the negotiation was, that the fair ambassador, the *Femme-de-Chambre* of the *Contesse de* —, should have the advantage of his services in obtaining ingress to the house where Madame *de la Contesse* was confined by order of Robespierre.

To pass further explanation, all turned out as had been expected. Jacques was drafted off with a party to bring the lady to the conciergerie, from which her next trip would inevitably have been to the scaffold. The night was tempestuous, and as dark as pitch. The half dozen rabble warriors who had formed the guard, were found carousing in the kitchen of the mansion, and very much disinclined to be relieved. The new reinforcement were equally disinclined to return while the prospect of such excellent fare, and a prodigious wood fire, was before them. There was even a difficulty in finding any one of the party disposed to keep guard at the gate, until Jacques volunteered, and gained great applause for his heroism in deserting the *cottes* and *vin de Bourgogne* which was at once so new and so tempting to the appetite of the sovereign people. He had not been long on guard, when in a new rush of rain, he heard the voice of the *femme-de-chambre* behind him; was informed of what he had to do, and began to do it, by gently depositing his musket on the ground, holding fast the line of a rope ladder, which was thrown out of an upper window, and receiving a descending form in his arms. The form was the countess disguised in the dress of one of her women, and taking advantage of the moment to effect her escape from the grasp of Robespierre. Unluckily, the vehicle in which she was to have been conveyed across the frontier had waited so long under the shelter of some neighboring trees, that its driver growing weary of the time, and sufficiently pelted by the tempest, had slipped in the kitchen, and being hospitably received by his brother *sans-cottes*, he was by this time dead drunk. The horses, like their master, tired of waiting, had also marched off, and when the *femme-de-chambre*, who had been sent to reconnoitre, returned with this disastrous intelligence, all seemed lost. In the meantime a flash of light from the kitchen window had shown Jacques that his present *protege* was a handsome brunette. His heart had been a little touched by the bright eyes of the *femme-de-chambre*, but the noble air touched at once his taste and his vanity, and he fell in love at the moment, according to the manner of Frenchmen. But what was to be done? In five minutes more the corporal who commanded the guard would march the whole party to Paris, and the fate of the handsome *Contesse* would be decided for life. The thought struck him that as the cart which brought him there remained, it would be much better employed in conveying the lady and himself across the frontier, than a party of ragamuffins, who were perfectly well accustomed to walk, back to their hovels. The idea was excellent, but the difficulty of such matters generally lies in the execution. The *Contesse*, the *femme-de-chambre*, and Jacques, got in the covered cart. A burst of whirlwind and a roar of thunder seemed to favor the project, and Jacques took up the reins with all the consciousness of a hero; but he was a bad charioteer, and after two or three rearings and plungings of the horse, the brute dashed in one of the windows with his head, and brought out the whole party. Jacques was caught with his companions. At other times this would have been a matter of drumhead court martial, and Jacques would have died in front of a dozen of the best shots of the corps. But he lived in days when the life of a *sans-cotte* was not to be taken for trifles, and the corporal only commanded him and his companions to be brought into the house, and there interrogated as to the purpose of their escapade. The *femme-de-chambre* was nearly dead with fright, but she was pretty, and the corporal's heart was melted. The *Contesse* was all but dead, and between fainting and fright could by no means rival her attendant; the disguise, too, was of the humblest kind, and the party of connoisseurs voted that the 'old woman' was no very striking evidence of the taste of their

comrade. Jacques acknowledged the fact, but demanded loftily 'whether it became a son of the republic to desert his wife?' The circle gathered round, and Jacques by degrees made them comprehend 'that Madame his wife, having heard of his being ordered on service, and not altogether approving of his spirit of adventure, had come from Paris with a female friend to ascertain the nature of the campaign. All this was understood *selon*; his comrades laughed, jokes were cut by the unmarried at the shackled condition of the benedicks; the married, if they did not hang down their heads, at least acknowledged that too vigilant wives were by no means uncommon affairs; and as the finish, it being reported that the rebel *Contesse* had swallowed opium, taken prussic acid, or drowned herself; or, at all events, not being discoverable, the party, with the corporal at their head, and followed by Jacques, his wife, and her female friend, mounted the cart and made their way to Paris.

The embarrassment of two or three was now considerable. But Jacques offered to set the matter right with the happiest facility. He had but one room, 'tis true, and the debate ended by his giving up the apartment to the lady and her attendant, and finding a retreat somewhere else. But those were not times when men might sleep where they pleased; and Robespierre's vigilance was the last thing which one of the 'free' would be safe in craving. A hint from a friend in the police informed Jacques that his sleeping out of his own chamber the night before, was known, and that a repetition of the offence would be regarded as *suspicious*; for, why should men sleep from home except for the purpose of conspiracy? A council of war was held accordingly in the attic. That Jacques must resume his chamber was clear, but where the *Contesse* was to look for another was the very reverse of clear. To stir out of Paris was impossible; to remain in the attic was impossible; and to go any where else was impossible. Tossed on the horns of three impossibilities at once, the genius of Napoleon himself might be perplexed. But when was woman ever puzzled on domestic questions? The *femme-de-chambre* cut the Gordian knot as if it were a silken thread; placing two very slight fingers on the curl that prettily dropped down her forehead.

"Voici," said she, "mi Ladi is a widow; disengaged therefore; not so rich as she was but still rich; and if she is denounced to the government she will be hurried to the Conciergerie, and from that, *ma foi*, to the guillotine without mercy. 'Horreur!'"

The word was echoed by the *Contesse* and Jacques. "Mais, *quoi faire*?" was the question of both at once. The *femme-de-chambre* proposed marriage, and as there was no time to spare, the *Contesse* saved her head by taking the husband and became like him a Republican.

From the New York Star.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

We frequently advert to this interesting subject because it has ever been strangely neglected, and is, nevertheless, one that, from its rare materials and remarkable moulds to which no other part of the earth furnishes a parallel, is a theme of fruitful inquiry, especially to the learned of Europe. One of the most intelligible articles we have perused on this subject is from the Natchez Free Trader, describing a recent scientific excursion to the wonderful mound ten miles from that city:

The distance of the mound from Natchez is about ten miles, bearing east north east. The road is one leading to Fayette through Selsertown. Leaving the village of Washington, and passing the residence of W. P. Mellen, Esq., on the right a mile and a half from the latter place, brought the company in view of the majestic mound, lifting its warlike bastions and tower in broad outline about a mile to the left of the main road to Selsertown. Turning down a lane at right angles to the great road, the plantation of Walter Irvin, sen. Esq., of Natchez, was reached—on which, and near the residence of Walter Irvin, jr. Esq., the mound is located.

The appearance of the mound, approached from the Fayette road, is that of a long straight battery of earth with sloping, regular front and platform at the top, with some moderate elevations or towers upon the terrace, the whole of which is overlooked by an abrupt tower at the western end towards Natchez, rising nearly as high above the terrace or platform as that does above the circumjacent plain. The outline on the southern side, first approached, is of the most imposing and martial character. The traces of design are so apparent that every observer must involuntarily feel that this is other than a natural erection. So enormous a pile, either thrown up or carved from a primitive hill, in the singular shape in which time still spares it to remain, must have been the creation of heads that planned, and of countless multitude of hands that labored through long periods of time. The magnitude of the mound is such that its relative heights do not at first impress the visitor with their full proportions; but, after a struggle up the steep face of the mound to the broad terrace, which in its turn becomes the base of the great western tower and of four other smaller mounds or towers,—after a glance at the general outline of the foundation mound, which bears the resemblance of a parallelogram, having a regular southern side, and an irregular bastion front on the north,—and after walking over the terrace, which includes an area of about five acres, gazing up at the stern western tower, itself a parallelogram, (once perhaps a regular and a perfect one) of about five rods in length by three in breadth,—the mind becomes fully aware of the vastness of the creation and renders a full measure of homage to the proud unknown nation that left behind them such a mysterious hieroglyphic of power, speaking a language of grandeur, yet without a relief of a single word that the present age may translate into the elements of aboriginal history.

When walking on this vast terrace one can but think of thousands who trod the same earth centuries ago, of the battle songs that might have rolled along in thundering volumes into the still air above, of the chants over the dead, of the ceremonies of a wild and mysterious worship,—and of the dreadful hour, when before the tempest of battle, or the anger of pestilence, national power

melted away, and the surge of empire, in its flow to other lands, ebbed from this mural throne, leaving it voiceless and a desert.

The height of the great terrace from its base is forty-five feet by measurement, and of the great tower above the terrace, thirty-eight feet—making eighty-three feet in all, above the plain.

A full description of the cement that encases and preserves the bastions; of the remains of the supposed subterranean passage or covered way entering the bastion on the northern side, and penetrating nearly to the centre of the terrace; of the numerous and interesting remains of Indian pottery found on and beneath the surface, of the skeletons of aborigines found near the north eastern smaller tower, on the platform of the mound, and of the general features and probable uses of the mound, will be published in the next number (No. 12) of the Southwestern Journal.

The great length of time the skeletons had been immured, and the consequent rottenness of the bones prevented the gentleman from obtaining many perfect specimens of ethnology. Indeed, the hope of getting out a whole one, seemed almost abandoned, until the diggers came upon the lower limbs of a full sized male about a foot and a half below the present surface, from which considerable earth must have been washed in years past. These were followed up to the head, which by great care and dexterity, was taken unbroken from its grim pillow, by Mr. James Tooley, jr. This acquisition was hailed with acclamation, as its developments proved its aboriginal origin, and afforded some probability of what race the mound builders were. It was a compressed skull, after the Flat Head custom, but with a different fashion of compression. The forehead was truly peculiar and imposing, with a broad and lofty field of intellectuality—but with a sad falling off behind. Such a head should always have been turned edgewise in a hurricane. This skull after a careful cleaning, will be immersed in a chemical fluid, to preserve, if possible, and strengthen the parts entire. Drawings of it, we understand, are to be transmitted to the editor of the *Crania Americana* at Philadelphia.

We cannot, in justice to our own feeling, close this hasty sketch of an excursion so interesting and satisfactory to all concerned, without an expression of gratitude for the kindness and hospitality exhibited to the company by Walter Irvin, jr. Esq., and his excellent lady. A plenteous repast was furnished at their hospitable table, and a free permission was given to a scientific cohort, to trample down cotton, or to dig it up for the advancement of the science. Hands and implements were also furnished by the same gentleman and others.

There were also generous invitations extended to the returning savans, by W. P. Mellen, Esq., and others; which crowned a day of pleasing toil, with the exhilarations of friendship.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

ABNER KNEELAND.

For the purpose of exhibiting the true character of the offence, against good morals and the feelings of a christian community, for which Abner Kneeland was tried and convicted, as well as a more detailed argument against the petition for his pardon, we insert the following article from a correspondent. We regret that it is necessary, for the purpose of presenting the subject in its true light, to repeat language so offensive, and so repugnant, we doubt not to the feelings of every one of our readers. But as a portion of the friends of religion have joined in the cry of persecution and intolerance in the case, it is necessary that it should be known what the community are called upon to tolerate. We are aware that Mr. Kneeland has asserted that these offensive publications, with the exception of that which declares his disbelief in God, in Christ and in a future state, were inserted in his paper in his absence, and without his knowledge. We are also aware that there is ample testimony to prove that this allegation is untrue, and that all the offensive articles were not only published in Kneeland's paper, but that they were delivered by his own hand to the compositor.

We understand that the counter petition was handed in to the Governor and Council yesterday, bearing a great number of respectable signatures.

Three reasons against signing the Petition for Abner Kneeland's Pardon.

1. Because the petition states that Abner Kneeland was indicted for a libel in these words—'Universalists believe in a God which I do not, but believe that their God with all his moral attributes, (aside from nature itself) is nothing more than a chimerical of their own imagination'—as if this were the whole. Whereas, the libel really contained also these words, *which are omitted in the petition*—"I cannot pass over the subject of prayer without adverting to the curious and strange predicament that God is placed in, by listening to the unceasing and endless variety, and what is worse, contradictory petitions, that are every moment ascending up and down to him. I think the old Gentleman is more a subject of pity than General Jackson was during his late visit. His bowing and shaking was very arduous, but it was all one way, congratulatory and pleasing—but only that kind of God having no respite day or night." And in another place "It therefore appears to me that God must have an ear very different from any thing I can conceive of, to hear so many contradictory prayers all at once; and I am equally at a loss to conceive how he can recollect them all, and at what time they are apt to be answered. Perhaps he keeps a set of books and clerks to enter all the prayers in. But another difficulty presents itself, how could he inform all these clerks at one time what to enter? Besides, when could he find time to examine these books so as to answer all the petitions at the proper time?"

And in another place—"Universalists believe in Jesus Christ, which I do not, but believe that the whole story concerning him is as much fiction as that of the God Prometheus, the tragedy of whose death is said to have been acted on the stage at the theatre at Athens, 500 years before the Christian era." And in another place—"Universalists believe in miracles, which I do not, but believe that every pretension to them can either be accounted for on natural principles, or is to be attributed to mere trick and imposture." "Universalists believe in the resurrection of the

dead, in immortality and eternal life, which I do not, but believe that all life is mortal, and that death is an eternal extinction of life to the individual who possesses it, and that individual life ever was or ever will be eternal." This is copied from the indictment. There is another passage so indecent that it cannot be published. Now, the petition seems as if it contained the whole libel, when it actually contains only a part, which was thought sufficient to consider as a question of law, because it would support a conviction, even if the rest had been omitted. The record shows that he was indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced for the whole, and the petition informs the Governor that it was only for a small part.

2. The whole ground of the petition is, that the law ought not to be executed, because it is bad. This amounts to neither more nor less than this, that whenever in the opinion of a number of persons a law is bad, it is then to be no law. Laws enacted by the people, by their constituted representatives, are to be set aside by individual opinion. How can we tell what laws are to be in force and what are not? What is the use of a Legislature? This principle of not executing laws because some disapprove them, makes all law a matter of uncertainty, and threatens every right which every citizen holds under the law. We must give the loco-focos and destructives credit, that they have never gone so far as to say, that laws, when they are made, should not be laws, but only that such laws should not be made. If this petition were presented to the Legislature to repeal the law, that would be a different case; but it involves the principle that laws are to be rendered practically null without being repealed. That there is a power above the law to prevent its operation, while it is still a law. What will become of all law if this is true?

3. It is a petition to the Governor and Council to use a power confided to them to prevent the operation of a law generally, not to relieve against any peculiar hardship in its operation, under particular circumstances. The Governor and Council are called by the reasons of the petition to decide that a law is bad and ought not to be executed, and by the pardoning power to interfere with its execution, not for a particular reason in the case, but because it ought not to be executed at all. Laws are to be made by two branches of the Legislature and approved by the Governor with the advice of the Council, and when they have thus become laws, the Governor and Council are to determine, that they are bad laws and shall not be executed. No doubt the pardoning power may be so abused as to do this, because it is discretionary; but was it ever intended that one branch of the Government should usurp upon the other two branches, and determine their laws to be bad and prevent their execution. Does not this produce the same effect as a repeal, and would it not have been better to have given the Governor and Council the direct power to repeal the laws, if the pardoning power is to be used to dispense with their execution, because they are bad. We have no fear that the Governor and Council will thus set the laws at naught, and we could never before this petition, have believed that any one would ask them to do it. We did not believe that such ignorance existed of the principles, not of our government only, but of all governments, as is shown in the attempt to array a special power of one branch against the general power of the whole. The purpose of the pardoning power is to relieve against a bad operation in a particular case of a law, which it takes for granted is generally good, not to set aside laws by deciding that they are bad. In this case, the whole government decide that the law is good, and one branch decides that it is bad and renders it null. The proper course is to show the Legislature that the law which they supposed to be good is really bad, and then it will be repealed, and not to set at naught the force of every law, by denying that any one should be executed, while it is law, especially as the proper use of the pardoning power relieves against particular evils, not one of which is stated to exist in the petition.

From the Newburyport Herald.

STATE PRISON ANECDOTES.

The following are interesting anecdotes of the management and influence over his prisoners, by Capt. Pillsbury, the excellent warden of the State Prison, at Wethersfield, Connecticut.

His moral power over the guilty is so remarkable, that prison-breakers who can be confined no where else, are sent to him to be charmed into staying their time out.

One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper into crime for seventeen years. Capt. Pillsbury told him when he came, that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. "It will be best," said he, "that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement, but we have never used it, and I should be very sorry to have to turn the key upon any body in it. You may range the place as freely as I do; if you trust me, I shall trust you." The man was sulky, and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Capt. Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length information was given to the Captain of this man's intention to break prison. The Captain called him and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it was now necessary for him to be locked in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the Captain, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand and a key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the Captain (who is a small, light man,) turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. "Now," said he, "I ask whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done every thing I could to make you happy, have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return. Is this kind? planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me —." The man burst into tears. "Sir," said he, "I have been a devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man." "Come, let us go back," said the Captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this time he began to open his heart to the Captain, and cheerfully ful-

filled his whole term of imprisonment, confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and all the facilities for doing so, which he imagined he saw.

The other case was of a criminal of the same character, who went so far as to make the actual attempt. He fell and hurt his ankle very much. The Captain had brought him and laid him on his bed, and had the ankle attended to, every one being forbidden to speak a word of reproach to the sufferer. The man was sullen, and would not say whether the bandaging of his ankle gave him pain or not. This was in the night, and every one returned to bed when this was done. But the Captain could not sleep. He was distressed at the attempt, and thought he could not do his duty to any man who would make it. He was afraid the man was in great pain. He rose, threw on his gown, and went with a lamp to his cell. The prisoner's face was turned to the wall, and his eyes were closed, but the traces of suffering were not to be mistaken. The Captain loosed and replaced the bandages, and went for his own pillow to rest the limb upon, the man neither speaking nor moving all the time. Just as he was shutting the door, the prisoner started up and called him back.

"Stop, sir. Was it all to see about my ankle that you have got up?"

"Yes, it was. I could not sleep for thinking of you!"

"And yet you never said a word of the way I have used you?"

"I do feel hurt with you, but I don't want to call you unkind while you are suffering as you are now."

The man was in an agony of shame and grief. All he asked was to be trusted again when he should have recovered. He was freely trusted, and gave his generous friend no anxiety on his behalf.

Capt. Pillsbury is the gentleman who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him speedily, sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him to shave him. The prisoner's hand trembled, but he went through it very well. When he had done, the Captain said, "I have been told that you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you." "God bless you, sir! You may," replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man.

Route from New York to Charleston, S. C.

This subject is now one of general inquiry, as travellers are determined to go south by land, or by an inland route, if it can be done speedily and safely. We have frequently adverted to the route by steamboat nearly the whole distance from New York to Norfolk via Baltimore, and from Norfolk to the Roanoke by railroad, and thence to Wilmington, N. C., whence, in 18 hours by steamboat, you reach Charleston. By referring to the advertisement, it will be perceived that there is another route entirely inland by railroad nearly the whole distance, and more direct, viz: through Baltimore, Washington, Fredericksburg, Richmond, and Petersburg, to the Roanoke and Wilmington, as before. You leave New York Sunday or Thursday evening, same night arrive at Washington, thence after sleeping comfortably on board the steamboat, which takes you to Fredericksburg, depart early the next morning for Richmond, and arrive the same night at Halifax, N. C., where you will take stages to Wilmington, and thence by steamboat again to Charleston, making three and a half days without loss of rest. Whether this route or the one by Norfolk is taken, the cities on both are equally interested in completing as speedily as possible the two main tracks of railroad—the one already nearly finished from Wilmington to Raleigh, the other which is to run direct from Raleigh to Charleston city.

It is a matter of not material moment, perhaps, which of the two is taken, but there is a route which must soon be completed from the Roanoke direct to Charleston by railroad, and that by the shortest cut. The whole country south from the Roanoke river is a dead, flat, hard bottom, purposely made for rail tracks as we should consider it. In the present old road, for example, from Norfolk, through Georgetown, S. C. to Charleston, there is one part of it a hard, perfectly level platform for 60 miles, and shaded the whole distance, if we remember, by fine heavy timber. There is also a similar beautiful course between Cheraw and Fayetteville. We merely throw out these suggestions. All we say in conclusion, is, the work must be done, and the States interested, including all between Charleston city and Maine, have the enterprise and the funds to do it effectually and speedily.—*Evening Star*.

QUAKER ECONOMY.—A Judge, on a journey, fell in company with a Quaker. "Sir," said the Judge, "how is it that you Quakers always have fat horses, and money in your pockets?"

Quaker. By and by I will tell thee. Shortly after they arrived at a tavern. The Judge called for a glass of biters, and urged the Quaker to drink; but he refused, saying "I have no need." He then called for two quarts of oats for his horse, and the Quaker for four for his.

Quaker. Now I will tell thee, we drink no spirits at the taverns. How much didst thou pay for the biters?

Judge. Sixpence.

Q. How much for the oats?

J. Sixpence.

Q. My oats cost me ninepence, and what good did the biters do thee?

J. They procured me an appetite.

Q. Abstinence procured me an appetite. Thus you see that we spend no more than thou, and our horses are fat. But I have not done with thee yet. I see silver buckles on thy shoes; how much did they cost?

J. Nine dollars.

Q. How long hast thou had them?

J. Eight years.

Q. Do they answer any better than my strings?

J. No.

Q. With nine dollars we should have bought live stock, and at the expiration of 8 years we should have had fifteen head of cattle. Here thou seest we can have money in our pockets. Instead of wearing silver on our shoes we have leather strings.—*Frederick Times*.

It is something like sunshine in a frost; very sharp, very bright, but very cold and uncomfortable.