

AMERICAN SENTIMENTS

We have pleasure in placing before our readers the following truly national effusion, called for by the occasion of the Celebration of the 4th inst. by a company in Chester county, in the state of Pennsylvania.

Mr. CHARLES MINER has been a uniform Federalist in his politics, but distinguished more by the truth and sweet simplicity of his moral illustrations, than by a party zeal. He is Editor of a newspaper called the *Village Recorder*, and was, at the last Election, the unsuccessful candidate for Congress in opposition to our worthy Republican friend, Dr. DARLINGTON. It is Mr. Miner who utters the noble sentiments below. Would that every unsuccessful candidate for office, and every party editor, would display the same temper and inculcate as sound doctrine! Then might we indeed say "We have called by different names brethren of the same principle.—" "We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists!" *Nat. Int.*

[After the 7th Toast, the President called on Mr. Miner for a volunteer.—Mr. M. prefaced the sentiment by the following observations, which at the request of the President he has furnished for publication.]

Mr. PRESIDENT: I shall obey your call with pleasure; and if it will not too much interrupt the flow of hilarity which prevails, I will offer some reasons for the sentiment which I give.

It cannot have escaped you, that, in the discussions growing out of the Missouri controversy, a dissolution of the Union was adverted to by zealous partisans on both sides the question. I confess to you, sir, that I cannot hear that subject spoken of, without feelings of horror and dismay. It sounds in my ear like a proposition of parricide. Such a measure, it is manifest, could not be effected without the most desolating civil wars; and should it be accomplished, would be followed by eternal contests between the neighboring tribes (for they would no longer deserve the name of states or nations.) Standing armies—oppressive taxes—the violation of public rights and private security—and finally, the subjugation of the whole by some military adventurer, would be the inevitable result. I tremble to look down this dark abyss of misery and ruin. Despotism throughout the earth would exult at the issue; while wise and patriotic men, to the latest generations, would hold our name in pity and in scorn.

I do not make these remarks because I apprehend that on any side there is a disposition deliberately to bring about a separation.—The man who should propose it, would be driven by public indignation from society. But rash and ambitious men—in moments of great excitement—flamed by passion, and reckless of consequences, may hereafter attempt the measure, if the mind of the people are not effectually guarded against it. The union of the states should be considered, like freedom of conscience, or the right of self defence, not for a moment to be brought in question. The Law of our Union should be impressed upon our children as of the most sacred and paramount obligation. Habits are more powerful than laws—sentiment is more operative than reason. I think, therefore, that law and reason should be fortified by habit and sentiment.—And the doctrine should be inculcated in our schools—from the press, and in our public assemblies; so that successive generations may grow up with the impression indelibly fixed in their minds—that the Union of the States is the fundamental law on which our freedom is based, and the only sure foundation of our prosperity and glory.

I shall not attempt formally to reason this matter, but I beg leave to repeat to you an old story:—An Indian Sachem, finding his life drawing to a close, called his children around him & holding out a bundle of rods bound firmly together, told his sons to break them. Each tried in his turn but was unable. He then separated them, and broke each rod, himself, with ease. "Thus," said he, "will it be with you my children. In union you will find safety—divided, your enemies will easily overpower you. These rods, firmly united, the efforts of strong men

could not break; but when separated a feeble old man could destroy them."

After the late collision, in which we differed so widely and so warmly from our southern friends, it may possibly be thought that something of prejudice against them may remain in our breasts. Throughout Pennsylvania, I am bold to say, that whatever difference of opinion may exist on some subjects, there is no general sentiment prevailing towards them than that of entire good will.

We are not only bound to the south by the cords of interest, but by the stronger ties of affection. We not only feel a satisfaction in the productiveness of her rice, sugar, cotton, and tobacco plantations, which contribute so largely to the national resources, but we participate in the pride of her chivalric character, and exult in the triumph of her eloquence and her arms. Her history and the fame of her heroes are the objects of our respect and veneration. The southern are a high spirited, mercurial people, distinguished by quickness of perception, rapidity of thought and celerity of movement; nice in their notions of honor, jealous of their rights, quick as lightning they flash when in collision—but "like the flint they shew a hasty spark and straight are cold again." Withal they are frank, generous, brave and hospitable, and in truth combine within themselves all the elements of a noble character. Their fathers and our fathers fought many a well contended field, side by side, for independence. Our Wayne, and the gallant soldiers of the Pennsylvania line, gathered laurels, which shall be ever green in the same bloody conflicts which immortalized Monroe, Lee, Morgan, Ickins, Campbell, Pinckney, Sumpter, & Marion.

And what Pennsylvanian, may, what American, is not proud to claim Laurens as his countryman? What bosom so cold as not to throb with rapture when the historian portrays the eloquence of Henry and of Randolph? American literature exhibits, with conscious pride, the works of Ramsay, Marshall, and of Wirt. And, while older nations boast of their heroes and statesmen, we may point to a phalanx in Virginia, with Washington at their head, and boldly challenge a comparison.

Southern statesmen, soldiers, and orators, crowd so fast on the recollection, that it is impossible to name them. But their fame is our common inheritance; and while the memorials of our nation shall endure it will not be forgotten that at Yorktown in Virginia, Cornwallis surrendered a numerous and well appointed army to Washington and his comrades in arms; or that at New-Orleans, Pakenham and his vaunted veterans, were signally overthrown by Jackson and his gallant followers, our brethren of the West and South.

As the result of these views I beg leave to give you—

"The United States—and the Citizens of the South—May our union be everlasting as our hills; and mutual good will, freedom, and prosperity, like our rivers, flow through the land in perpetual streams."

From the Connecticut Mirror.

There is living on the Island of Waohoo in the Pacific Ocean a black man, named Anthony Allen, from Schenectady in the state of New York. We thought the following account of him, which we copy from the manuscript journal of Mrs. Bingham, would be interesting to those, whose attention is turned to the subject of the Mission to the Sandwich Islands. It shows that the inhabitants of these islands, possessing a productive soil and one of the finest climates on the globe, only need the benefits of civilization and the consolations of religion to make them independent & happy.

"Yesterday we made our visit at Mr. Allen's. He has a native wife, and two pretty children, the eldest of whom he has taught his letters. He has been very kind in sending us potatoes, squashes, &c. every morning two bottles of goat's milk, and as often as once in two weeks a goat or kid neatly dressed, besides many other articles of food. He lives so far from us that we cannot benefit his family as we wish. The distance is about two miles. To avoid walking in the heat we made ourselves ready by ten, locked up our houses and set off.—A multitude had assembled by the time we were at the gate to attend us. Our little hand cart which we brought from Boston, the only wheels I believe on the island, served as a carriage for those to

whom the walk might prove too great.—It was an easy matter to get it drawn by the natives, shifting stage as often as we pleased.

"When we arrived at Mr. A's territories (which were a large inclosure surrounded by a high fence of poles, put into the ground after the native style) we found him at his gate waiting to give us a polite and cordial reception. Within the enclosure were his dwelling eating, and cooking houses; besides others for his numerous train and attendants.—There was also a well, a garden of squashes, and in one part a fold containing a cow, several sheep, and three hundred goats. After setting upon his table decanters, glasses, and wine and brandy for our refreshment, he begged to be excused while he could go and prepare dinner. His wife a pleasant looking native, kept her place in a little room adjoining upon her mats with her little ones. We could talk with her but little, but instructed her in sewing and made her a gown. She remained upon her mats while we went to dinner. The table was set in American style; the first course was what we call pot or sea pie, well prepared; that removed, boiled pork and fowls, cold meat and taro cakes, then baked pig, afterwards pudding, ending with wine and mellous. This was not missionary fare. All was neatly cooked and in order. We endeavored to make the afternoon as profitable as we could.—He expected to have had his children baptized, Mr. B. had sent him a letter upon the subject, the night before, and now by conversing with him alone, satisfied his mind that something more was necessary before his children could be thus given up to God. At the close of the afternoon, we had served up to us in China cups, good coffee and tried cakes. We then, with a present of pork in our little cart, set off for home. Our walk home was pleasant. The company out-travelled us and left Mr. B. and myself quite behind, and alone. While on the plain, back of the village a large company of natives approached us. At the first moment, womanish fear said, there is a heathen band approaching us, and we are solitary and alone. When the train reached us, we found it was headed by Capt. Joe, a native, who commands one of the King's schooners. He came up with eagerness to Mr. B. whom he seems to love, and shaking hands very heartily says, "how do you do, sir? I am very happy to see you, sir." Then bidding us good night, and telling us he should come and see us in the morning he left us. He is a pleasant youth, very active, speaks English very well, and has a most kind disposition, and I fondly hope his name may yet come into missionary communications, as a sharer in the blessings sent him and his nation.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE WEST

On Wednesday morning last, we had the satisfaction of receiving a very interesting letter from Henry R. Schoolcraft, author of a "Narrative Journal of Travels from Detroit Northwest, through the great chain of American Lakes to the sources of the Mississippi River," lately published in this city. Mr. S. is now traversing the region lying between Detroit and the Mississippi, south of his former route.

Fort Wayne, (Indiana,) July 8th, 1821

"I reached Detroit on the 3d of July in the morning, and found Gov. Cass ready to proceed on the journey. We embarked at twelve o'clock of the same day, in a birch canoe (one of the same used on the former expedition) manned by six voyageurs, and dropping down the Detroit river into Lake Erie, coasted along its southern shores to the Maumee Bay, which receives the river of the same name (sometimes called the Miami of the Lake) at its head. We are now at the source of the Maumee river, which is formed by the junction of St. Mary and St. Joseph, the former of which interlocks with the Wabash, and the latter with the St. Joseph of Lake Michigan and the Kankekee of the Illinois. In ascending the Maumee, we have passed successively Fort Maumee, Fort Meigs, Fort Deposit, Fort Necessity, Wayne's Battle Ground, and Fort Defiance scenes which recall some of the most interesting events of three wars. The Maumee is a large and beautiful stream, meandering through a country of exuberant fertility and the most delightful appearance; and the tumult of war which has so often resounded through its lofty forests, is now succeeded by the peaceful sounds of agricultural industry.—Already a number of little detached settlements and villages are found upon its banks and emigration is progressing with a slow pace along its borders. A country which has been the theatre of the operations of the armies of Harmer, St. Clair, Wayne, Harrison, and Winchester, cannot be passed without exciting the most lively recollections in the bosom of every American citizen: and when to these we superadd, the natural appearances of a fine country, whose botanical, geological, and other traits are highly interesting, you will readily imagine that I have found it a rich field for remark. We are to proceed from this place by a portage of 9

miles into one of the highest navigable tributaries of the Wabash, descend that by Tippacanoe, Fort Harrison and Vincennes to the Ohio—thence to the junction of the latter with the Mississippi—up this by St. Genevieve, St. Louis, &c. to the Illinois, and turning up the latter, follow it out to its sources in the plains, from which we shall cross the celebrated portage to Chicago, where the treaty is appointed to be held on the 14th of August. It is probable that a greater collection of Indians will be drawn together at this place, than ever have been summoned under the authority of the United States. I expect to see the principal part of the Pottowatomies, Miami, Kickapoo, Ottoways, and Menomoniés, with fragments of other contiguous tribes who claim portions of the lands which are to be purchased. The opportunity that will be presented for observing the manners, customs, dress, and other distinguishing characteristics of these tribes, will consequently be very great. The journey, will also afford other subjects of remark that cannot fail to be interesting, and I shall be enabled to collect many new facts relative to the mineralogy, geology, topography, natural scenery, Indian history, and other subjects connected with the former, and present condition of the country."

"The Governor is only accompanied by his private secretary, and myself, who, together with the cook and six voyageurs, make up our party. The late rains have proved very favourable in ascending the Maumee, which is usually low at this season, and we are also informed that Wabash is in a fine stage for descending. Altogether, our voyage thus far has been very favourable and we shall reach the point of destination in season for the treaty.—I shall probably write to you again from St. Louis, or Chicago."

Mr. Schoolcraft has authorized us to say that he has in contemplation, on his return, to publish a second volume of travels, of about the same size as the one which lately appeared. We are confident that this intimation will be highly gratifying to the public. Very few American publications have been sought for with so much eagerness, and read with so much pleasure, as Mr. Schoolcraft's Narrative Journal. Eminent literary gentlemen, in different parts of the United States, have pronounced it to be one of the most interesting and valuable books which our country has produced. The author possesses all the qualifications requisite to constitute a scientific and enlightened traveller; and we sincerely rejoice he is collecting materials for a second volume.

He has gone forth on this expedition, as he did on his last, under the most favorable circumstances of obtaining an extensive and accurate knowledge of the interesting region, through which his tour will extend. His official connexion with the expedition, authorized by the national government will make him acquainted with all the transactions with the Indian tribes, and the society & friendship of the scientific Gov. Cass will facilitate in no small degree the accomplishment of his objects.—The narrative of his tour performed under such favorable auspices, will no doubt add to his well-earned reputation, and form another valuable accession to the science and literature of our country. *Albany Statesman.*

MAJOR ANDRE.

We may soon take the trouble, if we can find leisure, to investigate regularly the titles of Andre to the lavish panegyric and sympathy of Americans. Genuine history, as well as sound moral sentiment, is concerned in the question. Meanwhile, in order to divert the sensibilities of the New-York Editors, which seem to us to be excited in the wrong direction, we copy the following narrative, avouched by Major Gen. Hull, of Newton, from Hannah Adams' History of New-England: *Nat. Gaz.*

"The retreat of General Washington left the British in complete possession of Long Island. What would be their future operations, remained uncertain.—To obtain information of their situation, their strength and future movements, was of high importance. For this purpose, General Washington applied to Colonel Knowlton who commanded a regiment of light infantry, which formed the van of the American army, and desired him to adopt some mode of gaining the necessary information. Col. Knowlton communicated this request to Captain Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, who was then a captain in his regiment.

"This young officer, animated by a sense of duty, and considering that an opportunity presented itself, by which he might be useful to his country, at once offered himself a volunteer for this hazardous service. He passed in disguise to Long Island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations.

"In his attempt to return he was apprehended, carried before Sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was so clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views.

"Sir William Howe at once gave an order to the provost marshal to execute him the next morning.

"This order was accordingly executed, in a most unfeeling manner, and by a great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attendance he desired was refused him; a bible for a few moments devotion was not procured, although he requested it. Letters, which on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his mother, and other friends were destroyed; and this very extraordinary reason given by the provost marshal, that the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness.

"Unknown to all around him, without a single friend to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and as worthy a young man as America could boast; with this, as his dying observation, that he only lamented, that he had but one life to loose for his country."

"Although the manner of his execution will ever be abhorred by every friend to humanity and religion, yet there cannot be a question but that the sentence was conformable to the rules of war, and practice of nations in similar cases.

"Neither expectation of promotion, nor pecuniary reward, induced him to this attempt. A sense of duty, a hope that he might in this way be useful to his country, and an opinion, which he had adopted, that every kind of service necessary to the public good, became honourable, by being necessary, were the great motives which induced him to engage in the enterprize.

"Should a comparison be drawn between Major Andre and Hale, injustice would be done to the latter; should he not be placed on an equal ground with the former. While almost every historian of the American revolution has celebrated the virtues, and lamented the fate of Andre, Hale has remained unnoticed, and it is scarcely known that ever such a character existed.

"To the memory of Andre, his country have erected the most magnificent monuments, and bestowed on his family the highest honours and most liberal rewards. To the memory of Hale, not a stone has been erected, nor an inscription to preserve his ashes from insult."

ROBERT EMMET.

This young gentleman, it is well known, was of a very respectable family, was ardently attached to his country; and was possessed of talents & wealth, an amiable disposition and engaging manners. But it is not, we believe, as well known, that he had been a frequent visitor in the family of Mr. Curran, and had, without his knowledge, formed an attachment to his daughter. The unfortunate termination of young Emmet's life, and the incurable melancholy which ever afterwards preyed upon the mind of Miss Curran, form one of Mr. Irving's most beautiful "Sketches." And it is stated in the "Life of Curran," above mentioned, that Emmet even owed his apprehension and death to the ardency of his attachment. A few moments before his execution, he addressed a letter to the son of Mr. Curran, of which the following is an extract:

"If there was any one in the world in whose breast my death might be supposed not to stifle every spark of resentment, it might be you—I have injured the happiness of a sister you love, and was forbidden to give happiness to every one about her, instead of having her mind a prey to affliction. Oh! Richard, I have no excuse to offer you, but I meant the reverse; I intended as much happiness for Sarah as the most ardent love could have given her: I never did tell you how much I idolize her, it was not with a wild or unfounded passion, but it was an attachment increasing every hour, from an admiration of the purity of her mind, and respect for her talents. I did dwell in secret upon the prospect of our union, I did hope that success, while it afforded the opportunity of our union, might be the means of confirming an attachment which misfortune had called forth. I did look to honors for myself; praise I would have asked from the lips of no man; but would have wished to read in the glow of Sarah's countenance that her husband was respected. My love Sarah! it was not thus that I thought to have requited your affection. I had hoped to be a prop round which your affections might have clung and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has sapped it; and they have fallen over a grave.

"This is no time for affliction, I have had public motives to sustain my mind; and I have not suffered it to sink; but there have been moments in my imprisonment when my mind was so sunk by grief on her account, that death would have been a refuge. God bless you my dearest Richard—I am obliged to leave off immediately.

ROBERT EMMET.

This was written at 12 o'clock on the day of Mr. Emmet's execution; and the firmness and regularity of the original hand-writing contain a striking and affecting proof of the little influence which the approaching event exerted over his frame.