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FROM THE NATIONAL GAZETTE.

It is our intention, with regard to the calumnious charges which may be made against either of the candidates for the Presidency, to publish the direct refutations of them that shall be issued. Every American should wish to keep clear of the characters of men whom the nation has so much exalted and honored: the desire and endeavor to blacken them, would be a wrong to the country as well as an outrage upon charity, truth and honor. In pursuance of these ideas, we copy this morning a recent letter of General Jackson concerning a part of the case of the six militia men. No mind, not utterly depraved, will refuse to condemn such an expedient, as the forgery of a document for the purpose of aggravating the odium with which it has been attempted to invest that case. While even the slightest doubt hangs over the document in question, as to its authenticity, it ought not to have been circulated. The end does not sanctify the means, in politics any more than in other branches of human action. Forgery and slander do not properly belong to the cause of Mr. Adams: patriotism, fact, reason and decorum are our true auxiliaries.

From the Kentucky Gazette of August 3.
ROBERTSON SPRINGS, July 26, 1827.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 22nd inst. was handed to me, late last evening, and I hasten to answer the inquiries, as requested, in regard to the case of Harris and the other five militia men who were executed at Mobile.

The regiment to which these unfortunate men belonged, was received into the service by the order of the general government, was mustered for a six months tour, and was paid accordingly, for said service, as will appear by the muster and pay rolls, and by colonel Pipkin's report to me. These rolls, with colonel Pipkin's report, the proceedings and sentence of the court martial detailed for the trial, and all the circumstances connected with the subject, are, or ought to be, on record at Washington city, where, I have no doubt, Mr. Buckner has had a full opportunity of examining them. I confidently assert, that they stamp the allegations of Mr. Buckner with falsehood.

The letter which Mr. Buckner now makes use of, in order to injure my character, is well ascertained to be a forgery. It was first published by Binns, editor of the Democratic Press, purporting to be a letter from the unfortunate Harris to me. Now this man never wrote but one letter to me, that I ever saw, or heard of before this publication, and in that he acknowledged himself to be guilty of the enormous crimes charged against him, and stated his willingness to meet the just sentence of the Court. If Mr. Buckner was as desirous to cull the truth from the archives of the nation, as he is to pluck from me my hard earned reputation, he would have seen that General Winchester, who commanded at Mobile at the time that this Binn's letter is dated, made several communications to me after that date, and before he had any knowledge that the battle of New Orleans had been fought. Does not this circumstance show the impossibility of Mr. Harris having this knowledge at the time stated, and still more that he could have gained it in time to have made it a ground of application for mercy? The letters of General Winchester to me, show that he did not receive intelligence of the victory until the 17th January; this forged letter gives the intelligence to Mr. Harris two days before. Strange indeed, that Mr. Harris closely confined in jail should be so much earlier informed than the commandant of the post.

It would give me great pleasure to send you printed copies from the documents in my possession, properly certified, proving what I have here asserted; but it is impossible that this can be done within so short a period as that requested. I trust, however, that the statement here made will be sufficient, with all honourable men, to counteract the false impressions sought to be forced upon the free men of Kentucky, by Mr. Buckner.

As a public or private man, speaking of transactions which concern the reputation and characters of others, every man's feeling should remind him, that he ought to be guided by established facts, not by the hearsay of a party; and when he thus produces facts, or the least plausible ground upon which to bottom such charges, as those which you have recited, I pledge myself to be at all times ready to meet him at the bar of my country.

It may be proper to remark in conclusion, that the finding of the court, proves

conclusively that those men were legally in service—or otherwise, that they must have been acquitted. I approved of their condemnation, because they were the promoters and ring-leaders of the mutiny and desertions, committed at a period, when the safety of our Southern frontiers was threatened—at a period, which called for the most energetic measures, and when every nerve of the government was stretched in the defence of our liberties. When they violated the law in such an atrocious manner, the public good demanded their sacrifice. Had they have done their duty as faithful soldiers, their country would have rewarded them with its protection and gratitude.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant.

ANDREW JACKSON.

WILLIAM OWENS.

P. S. It will be recollected in the Revolutionary war, at a time of great trial, General Washington ordered deserters to be shot without trial. Captain Reed under this order, having arrested three, had one shot without trial, and his head brought to the General; but General Washington reprimanded Reed for not shooting the whole three. Gen. Green near Rudley's mill, South Carolina, says Gordon's history, had eight men hung, on one pole for desertion.—Johnson's life of Green says five, without court martial.—I only approved of the proceedings of a court composed of men who were the friends and neighbors of those to be tried by them.

Respectfully,

ANDREW JACKSON.

NASHVILLE, July 17, 1827.

I, Robert W. Hart, Adjutant General of the first Brigade of Tennessee Militia, in the late Southern War, do certify that I was at the Encampment, within three miles of Mobile, in 1814, when a Court martial, of which Col. Peter Pipkin was President, was organized for the trial of certain militia men, who deserted from Fort Jackson, under the command of Col. Pipkin—that I remained at Mobile and the neighborhood until the business of the court martial was completed, and for some time afterwards. I was present at the execution of the six ringleaders adjudged to suffer the sentence of death; but I do certify that that part of the sentence of the court martial ordering the one half of the heads of a large number of the offenders to be shaved, and the offenders to be drummed out of camp, never was carried into effect, said delinquents having been pardoned by General Jackson, in obedience to which pardon each and every one was honorably discharged.

R. W. HART,

Adj. Gen. in the U. S. Service.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

The April No. of the *North American Review*, contains an able and highly interesting article on the subject of "employing Indians in civil warfare; in which the ingenious writer takes up the charges brought by the London Quarterly Review against our government, for supposed wrongs and cruelties against the primitive people of this country, and repels them with becoming spirit, and in the most clear and satisfactory manner. We have only room for the annexed specimen of Mr. MADISON's sentiments and feelings towards the Indians, and his fine genius in composition.

The talk of Mr. Madison to the Indians, in 1812, at the commencement of the war, contains sentiments so honorable to himself and his country, and so appropriately and beautifully expressed, that we shall submit to our readers a part of this interesting document. It may be considered as the manifesto of the American government, establishing the principles of its intercourse with its aboriginal neighbors in the critical circumstances, which imposed new duties upon both.—And the contrast between this course, and that pursued by the British government, must awaken reflections here and elsewhere, which although tardy, may yet be useful.

"The red people who live on the same great Island with the white people of the eighteen fires, are made by the same great Spirit out of the same earth, from parts of it differing in color only. My regard for all of my red children, has made me desirous that the bloody tomahawk should be buried between the Osages, the Cherokees, and the Choctaws. I wish also that the hands of the Shawnee and the Osages should be joined in my presence, as a pledge to cherish and observe the peace made at St. Lewis. This was a good peace for both. It is a chain that ought to bind them fast in friendship. Neither blood nor rust should ever be upon it.

"I am concerned that the war has so long been kept up by the Sacs and Foxes

against the Osages and Iowas. I now tell my red children here present, that this is bad for both parties. They must put under my feet their evil intentions against each other, and henceforward live in peace and good will; each hunting on their own soil.

"A father ought to give good advice to his children, and it is the duty of his children to hearken to it. The people composing the eighteen fires, are a great people. You have travelled through their country. You see they cover the land, as the stars fill the sky, and are as thick as the trees in your forests. Notwithstanding their great power, the British king has attacked them on the great water beyond which he lives. He robbed their ships and carried away the people belonging to them. Some of them he murdered. He has an old grudge against the eighteen fires, because when he tried to make them dig and plant for his people beyond the great water, not for themselves, they sent out warriors, who beat his warriors; they drove off the bad chiefs he had sent among them, and set up good chiefs of their own. The eighteen fires did this when they had not the strength which they now have. Their blows will now be much heavier, and will soon make him do them justice. It happened when the thirteen fires, now increased to eighteen, forced the British king to treat them as an independent nation, one little fire did not join them.—This he has held ever since. It is there that his agents and traders plot quarrels and wars between the eighteen fires and their brethren, and between one red tribe and another. Malden is the place where all the bad birds have their nests. There they are fed with the false tales against the eighteen fires, and sent out with bloody belts in their bills, to drop among the red people, who would otherwise remain at peace. It is for the good of all the red, as well as all the people of the eighteen fires, that a stop should be put to this mischief. Their warriors can do it. They are gone and going to Canada for this purpose. They want no help from their red brethren. They are strong enough without it. The British who are weak, are doing all they can by their bad birds, to decoy the red people into the war on their side. I warn all the red people to avoid the ruin this must bring upon them. And I say to you, my children, your father does not ask you to join his warriors. Sit still on your seats, and be witnesses that they are able to beat their enemies, & protect their red friends. This is the fatherly advice I give you.

"I have further advice for my red children. You see how the country of the eighteen fires is filled with people. They increase like the corn they put into the ground. They all have good houses to shelter them from all weather; good clothes suitable for all seasons; and as for food of all sorts, you see they have enough and to spare. No man, woman or child of the eighteen fires, ever perished for hunger. Compare all this with the condition of the red people. They are scattered here and there in handfuls. Their lodges are cold, leaky, and smoky. They have hard fare, and often not enough of it.

"Why this mighty difference? The reason, my red children, is plain. The white people breed cattle and sheep.—They plough the earth, and make it give them every thing they want. They spin and weave. Their hands and their hands make all the elements and productions of nature useful to them. Above all, the people of the eighteen fires live in constant peace and friendship. No Tomahawk has ever been raised by one against another. Not a drop of blood has ever touched the chain that holds them together as one family. All their belts are white belts. It is in your power to be like them. The ground that feeds one lodge by hunting, would feed a great band by the plough and the hoe. The Great Spirit has given you, like your white brethren, good heads to contrive, strong arms, and active bodies. Use them like your white brethren; not all at once, which is difficult, but by the little, and little and little, which is easy. Especially, live in peace with one another, like your white brethren of the eighteen fires; and like them, your little sparks will grow into great fires. You will be well fed, well clothed, dwell in good houses, and enjoy the happiness for which you, like them, were created. The Great Spirit is the friend of men of all colors. He made them to be friends of one another. The more they are so, the more he will be their friend. These are words of your father to his red children. The Great Spirit, who is the father of us all, approves them. Let them pass through the heart. Carry them home to your people. And as long as you remember this visit to your father of the eighteen fires, remember these are his last and best words to you."

From the Norfolk Herald.

A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

During a call which the U. S. North-Carolina made at Citadella, in the Island of Minorca, in April 1826, one of her officers picked up in a shoe-maker's shop in that place, a curious relic of our revolution, namely, a picture painted on glass, and well executed, dated London, 1775, designed by the tory artist to ridicule the patriotic spirit which had begun to show itself in the then colonies, in resisting the usurpations of the mother country. It purports to be a representation of "A Society of Ladies, at Edenton, in North Carolina,"—convened for the purpose of entering into a compact to abstain from the use of tea and British manufactures. That such an article should have been found in such a place, is not less a matter of curiosity than the picture itself, of which the following is an accurate description:

The picture represents on its left, the Lady Moderator, "fat, fair and forty," gorgeously attired according to the fashion of the day, seated at the end of a table, with an uplifted mallet in her right hand, as if in the act of calling to order a British officer who is attempting to ravish a kiss from the fair Secretary, seated a little way on to her right, whose youth and charms would seem to be an indisputable warrant for such boldness—though she punishes it by puncturing his audacious hand with the sharp point of her pen. On the left of the Moderator, is seated a lady of a remarkably modest demeanor, and by her dress supposed to be of high quality, who appears to be blushing at the scene we have just described. Behind the chair of the Moderator, stands a tall hard favoured female, stricken in years and coarsely habited, but with a cast of countenance expressive of great fortitude and resolution. Through this group is seen the round black face, thick lips, and flat nose, (with their accompanying vacant good natured smile,) of a female domestic, who is handing a china ink stand towards the table, upon a pretty coquettish waiter. The front of the picture shows an elderly matron in a snuff-colored silk gown, and black velvet bonnet, who has just risen from an old fashioned mahogany chair, and bending over the table, seems to be writing on a large scroll containing the following patriotic and spirited resolution:

"We the Ladies of Edenton do hereby solemnly engage not to conform to that pernicious custom of drinking Tea, or that we the aforesaid Ladies, will not promote the wear of any manufacture from England until such time that all Acts which tend to enslave this our native country, shall be repealed."

On the right of the picture, three ladies, whose appearance bespeaks them among the "beauty and fashion" of Edenton, are seen emptying the contents of their tea canisters into a couple of hats, of the olden cut, which are held by a sly, smirking old codger in a brown coat and red perriwig, perhaps charged by these patriotic dames with the office of consigning the hated emblem of British tyranny to the bottom of the Albatross, or to the flames. In the back ground, a merry old Joan cloaked and hooded, is seen already in possession of a succedanium for the interdicted article, which she is quaffing from an ample china punch bowl, with an expression of great satisfaction, while her neighbour, with the long eared cap and gypsy hat, and a half beseeching, half upbraiding physiognomy, is extending a hand to disengage it from her insatiable lips. In the foreground are two prostrate teacannisters, dishonoured by a dog, which is licking the cheek of an infant at play on the carpet, as if in token of approbation at seeing the child upset a waiter of tea china.

The picture is marked "plate V." and must have been one of a series of the same description. The officer who discovered it immediately purchased it from the mender of soles, whose property it was, and presented it to Com. Rodgers, who we understand intends to present it to the Governor of North Carolina; a destiny which it well merits, however humble its pretensions may be as a work of art.

From the Liverpool Albion.

SKETCHES OF MADEIRA.

"Nam'd from her woods, which fragrant bowers adorn,
To fair Madeira's purple coast we turn:
Cyprus and Paphos, vales the smiling loves
Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;
A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
Venus might build her dearest temple there."

Camden's Lusitad.—Canto 5

Madeira, when closely examined, may be said to consist of one large mountain, whose branches rise every where from the sea towards the centre of the island, and there appear to unite in one point,

the height of which has been calculated at something more than a mile above the level of the water.

Almost every where the island presents an appearance beautiful and picturesque, even beyond imagination. In some parts immense rocks & lofty precipices, whose heights, when traversed, cannot fail bringing to recollection the poet's sublime description of danger:

"Whose limbs of giant mould,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round and hideous form
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steps
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep."

These are contrasted with deep excavations and perpendicular chasms whose sides are in some places bare, in others clothed with an infinite variety of alpine plants; in other parts are seen jutting ridges and beautiful valleys, intermixed with extensive hollows and ravines, containing vast torrent of water and innumerable cascades; the whole affording a greatly varied and sublime picture of the majestic works of nature.

The "scorching heat of summer, and the icy chill of winter," are here entirely unknown.—Spring and autumn seem to constitute the seasons; and flowers and fruit are produced in regular succession during the whole of the year.

This island grows a small quantity of corn, which is fine and large-grained; but, owing to the vineyards, it is scarcely equal to two months consumption; the inhabitants are, therefore, obliged to import large quantities of corn, flour, and rice, from North America, in exchange for their wines.

Potatoes, yams, eddoes, cucumbers, and melons, water-melons, and pumpkins are produced in great abundance; onions, also, grow to a surprising degree of perfection; I have, indeed, seen them of an immense size, and so mild, that it is as common to observe the peasant eating them raw, as it is in England to see him eating pears or apples, and, apparently, with quite as much relish. Of the last mentioned fruits there are many varieties, generally well flavored, and some of them uncommonly large.

Oranges, lemons, and lemons grow to a great size, and are, in some seasons, very plentiful.—The Madeira orange, when completely ripe, is without exception the most delicious fruit I ever tasted. Cherries, plums, nectarines, apricots and peaches are found in vast variety and abundance.—Indeed, the fruit last mentioned is so very plentiful and so little regarded, that it is a common practice of the natives to feed their pigs with it, to which, perhaps, in a great measure, the goodness of the pork may be attributed; for although it is not so fat as that of England, it infinitely exceeds ours in flavour.

Strawberries, red and white currants, bilberries, and raspberries, grow in cool situations, entirely without cultivation; and in the gardens of this island are found many plants and trees, which are natives of the tropical regions—such as the guava, banana, pomegranate, fig, mango, and pine-apple, which flourish almost without culture. The sugar cane is now but little cultivated; this branch of commerce has been transplanted to the Brazils; but the small quantity that is manufactured, I have been told, is uncommonly fine, and possesses a smell similar to that of violets.

Flowers carefully nursed in our green-houses, grow wild in the fields; and the hedges are composed of honey suckle, jasmine, roses, myrtles, and geranium, continually in bloom. In the meadows, the violet, fleur-de-lis, and lupin, and various other flowers, spring up spontaneously, and by their fragrance and variegated hues, yield a delight to the senses that no description can possibly do justice to. The road sides are nearly overrun with the prickly pear, or Indian fig, which grows to a very large size, and is common all over the island. The forest trees consist of the chestnut and walnut, which flourish in great luxuriance and beauty; they grow where the vine will not come to perfection, but are equally useful to the inhabitants, and their fruit sometimes forms an article of export to England.—The pine, too, is generally cultivated on the higher grounds, and grows to a size sufficiently large for domestic purposes. There is, also, a large tree, called Vinhatigo, the Laurus Indian of the Swedish naturalist; it grows in cool situations, and near the rivers, its wood bears a striking resemblance to mahogany; this is said to be a very long-lived tree. In the wild and deserted garden of a ruined villa, on the outskirts of Funchal, I remember to have seen one of these trees, which was so large that three of us, with arms extended, could not encompass its trunk. This noble tree, which was then flourishing & likely to exist many years, the natives say, (how truly, I know not,) was growing, and of a good size, when the island was first discovered.—