

THE PATRIOT.

VOL. I.]

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1826.

[NO. 26

THE PATRIOT,

Is printed and published weekly by
T. EARLY STRANGE,

At Two Dollars per annum, payable within three months from the receipt of the first number, or Three Dollars after the expiration of that time.

No paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor; and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding 16 lines, neatly inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for every succeeding publication; those of greater length in the same proportion—Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

WESTERN TENNESSEE.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the North Carolina Journal, dated "Western Tennessee, August 29, 1826."

"There are some artificial curiosities in this country, which are calculated to arrest the attention of the inquisitive traveller.—They consist of several mounds, called here Indian

Mounds. The most remarkable are Mount Pinson and those in its neighborhood, situated in a level country, from eight to twelve miles above Jackson, and from one fourth of a mile to one mile and a half from Forked Deer. The elevation of Mount Pinson (as I was informed by a gentleman living near it) was taken by Judge Murphey, when he was in this country, and ascertained to be 78 feet. It appears nearly round to its base, and is so steep, it is with difficulty that, by the help of trees and shrubs growing upon its side, one can ascend to its summit. The top of this mound is table land, 70 feet square.—There are several others in this neighborhood of about one half the height of Mount Pinson, one of which has upon its top about one acre of table land. Several are denominated twin-mounds. These are united at the base, and are of a conical form, resembling 2 stacks of hay placed adjacent to each other. The summits of all these mounds, except the twin mounds, are table land of a square or oblong form; and, what is very remarkable, the lines by which they are bounded all vary exactly twenty-five degrees from the cardinal points. Upon the sides and tops of all of them are large trees, apparently the same age with the growth of the surrounding country. At the distance of about 150 yards from Mount Pinson, and at about the same distance from several other mounds, on every side the earth is raised about six feet high, in lines precisely corresponding with squares or oblongs upon their summits. In the middle of each of these lines an outlet or opening is left, about ten feet wide, which suggests the idea of its having been once occupied by a gate. Near some of these outlets or gateways, within the lines, a mound is raised overlooking the enclosure or breast-work, like a watch-tower. All these things lead an observer to suppose that these may have been fortifications.

About one mile and a half from Mount Pinson, on the plantation of Col. Thomas Henderson, late of Raleigh, are two mounds about 60 yards apart, and about 5 feet high; one of which is 150, and the other about 60 feet square. One of these is the site

for his mansion house; the other is within the enclosure of his garden, and upon which he is preparing a beautiful and picturesque summer house. Mounds from 5 to 8 feet high, are found in almost every section of the country, some of which are level upon the summit and others are more in the shape of a sugar-loaf. It is noted that all of them are placed near some spring or water course. Such has been the want of curiosity among the settlers of this country, that few if any of them have been opened. Some suppose them to have been cemeteries, while others assert, (but I cannot vouch for the fact,) that one was opened, not long ago, a few miles from Jackson, in which no signs were discovered of its having been a cemetery, but that some earthen and stone ware of very curious and ingenious workmanship was found in it. But were of this description, which is much superior to any manufactured or used by any of the present race of Indians inhabiting the western country, is found in very many places in this country. Many other things also indicate that this country was once inhabited by people much further advanced in the arts of civilization than the present race of Indians. It is said that the Chickasaws, who lately owned this country, can give no account of these mounds, nor have they any tradition concerning them. A person now living upon the Ohio, years among the Chickasaws and that a very old man of the tribe informed him, that when he was a boy, he had heard the old men of the nation say, that many moons ago, their people emigrated from the north, and warred with the people then inhabiting this country, conquered them, and drove them beyond the Mississippi; and they went and settled very far to the south. If it be true, that there is such a tradition among the Chickasaws, would the conjecture be very extravagant, that these were the race of people who inhabited Mexico, when that country was invaded by Cortes, and who were certainly much further advanced in civilization than others of the aborigines of North America? This is, however a very vague speculation.—Without more facts than we are yet in possession of, no rational conclusion upon the subject can be drawn."

MY NATIVE HOME.

The following lively and well told tale, is taken from "Scenes and Sketches of a soldier's Life in Ireland." The same author has published the previous part of his life, under the title of "Recollections of an Eventful Life," and making allowances for a soldier's ambition, to shine as a hero in literature, must have brought him a fairer share of honor than often falls to the lot of a private soldier.

"I had received letters from my parents since my return, they wished me to come home to see them. It was sometime before I could accomplish this; but at length it was effected, and having taken a seat on the coach, I set off on my journey home. On reaching Dublin I luckily found a vessel prepared to sail for Irvine, and securing a passage, I embarked next morning. The wind being favorable, we set sail and were soon fairly into the channel, holding on our course; the breeze continued steady all that day, and by night we had run a long way down the coast.

"Feeling little inclination to sleep, about midnight I came on deck; considering the season of the year, it was a delightful night; the moon shed her silver radiance over reposing nature, like the smile of a fond mother over

her sleeping infant, and as I gazed on her, sailing through the blue expanse of heaven, with her attendant train of sparkling orbs, I felt my mind soar beyond this earth and all its concerns

"Whoever gazed upon them shining,
And turning to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to fly away,
And mix in their eternal ray?"

"While I leaned over the ship's bow, watching the moonbeams dancing on the glassy bosom of the deep; my ears soothed with the rippling of the vessel as she urged her way through the waters—I felt as if shut out from the world, and emancipated from its laws and control.—At sea is the place for reflection and contemplation—there the memory, as if secure in her privacy, unlocks and draws forth her secret treasures, and broods over them with miser care.

"Before me the softened outline of the distant coast of Scotland could be seen, its rugged points bursting through the gauzy film with which they were enveloped; but the well known rock of Alisa stood forth in bold relief, its giant mass towering proudly above the waves, alike defying their fury and the hand of time; the sight of that rock which the emigrant associates with the farewell to his country, called forth in my bosom a tide of recollections. When I last saw it, I was returning, as now, from one of my wild adventures in search of happiness and fame, the result of both were nearly equal misery and disappointment: the last, however, had been the most severe lesson. And I was now, like the prodigal son, retracing my way from a far country, where I had been glad (literally) to feed on the husks which formed the food of the swine. My past life glided in review before my mind, and I could not help exclaiming what a fool have I been! I have bartered every privilege which was my birth right, in the pursuit of vain dreams of renown and happiness; setting aside the misery and hardship I have endured, has not the last 6 years of my life been a blank, that period of time employed in my education at home, what might I have not been? but my doom is fixed, I have sealed it myself—there was distraction in the thought.

"That day I landed at Irvine, and resolved to pursue my journey homeward without stopping. As I travelled along, I felt that tumultuous fluttering and overflowing of the heart and buoyancy of tread which every sensitive being must have felt on revisiting the land of his birth, after years of separation from all that was dear to him. The sun was setting when I reached the wood of —, it had been the haunt of many of my childish wanderings, there I had often roved, unconscious of where I was going. My soul awed with the deep shade that the trees cast around, I trod as if on holy ground, while the ceaseless hum of its insect inhabitants, mingled with the wail of the cushat, cherished the deep pensive feeling which the scene had excited in my bosom. It was here that I first learned to commune with my own heart, and my imagination first soared into the realms of fancy. Near its margin was the stream, on whose banks I have laid listening to its murmuring, my gaze fixed on the world, portrayed in its transparent bosom so beautiful, so bright I could scarcely believe it was not some world of spirituality, some realm of bliss. The scene was changed—winter had stripped it of all its attraction—the blast howled through the leafless trees and the stream that had meandered through the verdant plain, was now roaring down its channel with impetuous force. The scene was changed; but he who looked on it was not less so.

"Morning of life! too soon o'ercast—
Young days of bliss, too dear to lose—
Ah! whether have thy visions past
That brightened all my childish views?"

For never yet when poet's muse,
Or maiden's dream in bowers alone,
Where glorious visions more profuse—
Ah! whether have those visions gone?"

"I was roused from one of memory's sweetest dreams, by the distant sound of bells—they were those of my native city; I had often heard them at the same hour, they spoke of woe, devotion, and joy, and scenes long gone by. In this softened state of feeling, I entered the town, and heedless of the throng, I hurried to the home of my parents—reached the house—threw myself into their arms, and the first tumult of feeling over I sat down at the fireside, with my father on the one side, and my mother on the other, gazing affectionately upon me, while I talked of all I had seen, and all I had felt.

"Being tired after my journey, my mother suggested the propriety of my going to rest, and the tender hand that had often smoothed my pillow, again performed that office. I could not help comparing my situation with the nights that I had lain exposed to the storm with the cold earth for my bed, and I felt a lively impulse of gratitude (worth a thousand formal prayers) to the Divine Being who had watched over and protected me through every danger and brought me in safety to my home and my parents.

"While my mind was occupied in these reflections, my mother again entered my chamber to see if I wanted any thing.—Are you asleep, James? My eyes were shut and I did not reply. She stood over me with a light in her hand, gazing on my weather-beaten countenance.—My poor wanderer, she ejaculated, what must you have endured since last I saw you—danger and death has surrounded you fatigue and hunger attended you steps; but yet you have been kindly dealt with, mercifully preserved.—I return thee thanks, thou Almighty giver of every good for thy bounteous mercy to my poor boy—O guide him to thyself!" She stopped to kiss my forehead—her warm tears fell upon my face, my emotions became too strong for concealment, and afraid that she had disturbed my sleep, she softly left the room.

"Those who have felt the rude storms of adversity, and the endearing kindness of a mother, will appreciate my feelings."

From the Raleigh Register.

The Grand Jury of our late Superior Court, when they had finished the business before them, made a Report of certain matters in relation to the County Jail, which call for a remedy. They also complained of the increase of petty rogues and vagrants, and recommended to our Representatives in the next General Assembly to endeavour to obtain an Act to authorise such County Courts as think proper, to lay a tax in their several counties, for raising a sufficient sum of money to erect suitable Houses of Correction, in which may be placed Tread-mills, or some other mode adopted for employing idle, roguish and dissolute persons, who may be committed for temporary punishment, and so to amend our present laws as to provide for punishment by hard labour in such cases.

We should be glad if our Legislature would go still farther, and take a complete revision of our Criminal Code, correctly graduating the punishment, and providing a State Prison, sufficiently capacious to keep at hard labour, and mostly in solitary confinement, all the criminals which might be sent to it.—We know this subject has been more than once