



POETRY.

FROM THE GEORGIA ADVERTISER.

I love, but not to see the eye
Of beauty brighten when I speak;
I love, but not to hear the sigh
That drowns in tears a woman's cheek.

I love, but not the sparkling bowl
That moves on dissipation's board;
I love, but not to kiss the soul
Of man placed on his ill-got hoard.

I love, but not the breath of Spring
That kisses every blushing flower;
I love, but not to hear the ring
Of cannon in the midnight hour.

I love, but not to see the sky
Dress'd up in bright cerulean blue;
I love, but not to hear the lie
That travellers tell so oft—*mon dieu!*

I love, and many may reprove
And think I am a churlish elf;
I love, I must repeat, I love
Above all other things—MYSELF. Q.

Miscellaneous.

From the Norfolk Beacon.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

The following narrative was handed to us, a few days since for publication, by Mr. William Anderson, who is the subject of it. We had a long and interesting conversation with him, during which he communicated many facts and circumstances, leaving on our minds an entire conviction, that he has passed through the scenes which he describes. We may give some further particulars of his history in a future number. In the meantime, we will only say, that he is a man of strong, though uncultivated mind, of plain and unsophisticated manners, and possesses a very retentive memory, which has enabled him (though debarred the privilege of committing any fact to paper) during this involuntary exile from his country, to keep a register of events and occurrences so correctly, that he is willing to give them to the public under the sanction of an oath—having previously established his claims to credibility. He has left this place for Winchester, and we are in daily expectation of hearing of his safe arrival among his friends.

William Anderson, aged 37 years, (son of David Anderson, farmer,) a native of this state, was born at Chesnut Level, Frederick county, near Winchester. About 13th Jan. 1802, having entered into partnership with George Johnson, (a young man about his own age,) son of a farmer of the same name, also residing in Frederick county, they left the place of their nativity for Pittsburgh, whence they proceeded, with a number of flat bottomed boats, loaded with venison hams, bear skins, flour, whiskey, tobacco, and some cotton, down the Ohio to N. Orleans. Here, having sold their cargo, they purchased a brig called the *Hetsy*, of N. Orleans, navigated by capt. Geo. Edwards, and took in a cargo of flour and dry goods, for account of Mr. Geo. Morgan of N. Orleans, and Mr. Wm. Morgan, of N. York, and sailed from that port on the 10th Oct. of the same year, on a trading voyage, for Rio Janeiro, where they disposed of the cargo for specie; thence they were to proceed up the Red Sea, and down the Coromandel coast to Canton. On or about the 10th Oct. 1803, Anderson and Johnson, with 4 seamen and 2 negro boys, being ashore on a fowling excursion, on the Arabian shore, near Maculla, were captured by a party of wild Arabs. A and J. were separated from their companions and carried to the Persian Gulf, where they were sold to an Arab, who was the Scheik of Russelkaima, known in that country by the name of Scheik Abdallah, chief of the Wahabee Pirates.—What became of the seamen and negroes he cannot even conjecture. At-

ter acquiring a tolerably correct knowledge of the language, and becoming useful in the military service, they were treated with great kindness, and at the expiration of two years and a half, they were transferred, under strong recommendations, to the Gwicuar, Prince of Gozzeral, residing at Brodera, the chief town of that principality. They were now invested with a command in the army of the Gwicuar, and contended with the forces of the British East India Company, until the death of his son to the government, he made peace with the English, who demanded that Anderson and Johnson should be given to them. The demand however was not acceded to.

At this juncture the Mabratta states were engaged in active hostilities against the English, and Anderson and Johnson were sent to join the standard of Pesantrow Holkar, one of their chiefs. The Mahratta forces were very successful, until the general pacification of the European continent enabling the English to reinforce their army very considerably, the Mahrattas were unable longer to contend with them, and suffered a total defeat on the 25th of April, 1817, in a general engagement with the British under Gen. Malcolm, on the plains of Meedpoor, in which battle Johnson was killed. The Mahratta army being now completely put to the rout, and the English and their allies in full possession of the country, Anderson bethought himself of an expedient to make his escape, and for this purpose disguised himself in the character of a Mahometan pilgrim going to Mecca, and made his escape to Muscat, where he was seized by the Sultan, put on board the East India Company's brig *Vestal*, capt. Watson, and carried into Bombay.

Not finding any American consul, or American shipping at Bombay, he was compelled to work his passage on board the British East India ship *Hertfordshire*, capt. Hope, to Canton, and thence to the port of London, where he arrived about 17th or 18th Sept. last, and made known his circumstances to Col. Aspinwall, American consul at that port, who treated him with great kindness, and sent him home in the ship *Henry Clay*, capt. Gant, which arrived in Hampton Roads on the 3d inst. whence he came up to this place.—He feels filled with gratitude to a kind and merciful Providence, that he is once more permitted to tread his native soil, although in a very destitute condition. It is his intention to proceed immediately to the place of his birth, and as soon as circumstances will permit, to publish a correct narrative of the interesting scenes through which he has passed, during an exile of 18 years in a country where civilization is almost a stranger. He has ample materials for such a history, which in the hands of a man of erudition, would, he thinks, yield a volume no less gratifying to the curious than useful to the historian.

From the New-York Columbian.

Mr. Spooner.—If the following narrative is of sufficient interest to occupy a place in your columns, you will oblige by the insertion.

PETER OTSAQUETTE was the son of a man of consideration among the Indians of our frontier. He belonged to the nation of the Oneidas, and was classed among a division of them designated by the appellation of the Wolf tribe. At the close of the revolutionary war, he was noticed by the Marquis de la Fayette, a nobleman who, to martial prowess and a noble zeal for liberty, united the most philanthropic feelings.—After the successful struggle for independence required only a formal acknowledgment from our oppressors to perfect it, it appeared as if the Marquis still aimed at the extension of further benefit to that country towards the emancipation of which he had so materially contributed. Viewing, therefore, this young savage with peculiar interest, and

anticipating the happy results to be derived from his moral regeneration, he determined to take him, though scarcely 12 years old, to France.—Peter arrived at that period when Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were in the zenith of their glory.—He was there taught every accomplishment of a gentleman; no care was spared in giving him every necessary instruction; and to this was added the study of music, drawing, and fencing; and he danced with a grace that a *Vestris* could not but admire. At about 18, his separation from a country in which he had spent his time so agreeably and so profitably, became necessary, and laden with favours from the Marquis, and the miniatures of those friends he had left behind, he departed for America, buoyed up, perhaps, with the idea that the deep ignorance in which the nation to which he belonged was buried, with that of the Indians of the whole continent, might be dispelled by his efforts, and he became the proud instrument of the civilization of thousands. He came, soon after his arrival, to the city of Albany—not the uncivilized savage—not with any of those marks which bespoke a birth in the forest, or years spent in prowling the wilds of an uncultivated country—but possessing a fine commanding figure, an expressive countenance, and an intelligent eye, with a face scarcely indicative of the race from which he was descended. He presented, at this period, an interesting spectacle. A child of the wilderness was beheld about to proceed to the home of his forefathers, having received the brilliant advantages of a cultivated mind, and on his way to impart the benefits which civilization had given him, to the nation that owned him. It was an opportunity for the philosopher to contemplate, and to reflect on the future good this young Indian might be the means of producing. Shortly after he arrived in Albany, where he visited the first families, he took advantage of Governor Clinton's journey to Fort Stanwix, to make a treaty with the Indians to return to his tribe. On the route, Otsaquette amused the company (among whom were the French minister, Count Moustiers, and several gentlemen of respectability) by his powers on various instruments of music. At Fort Stanwix, after a long absence of several years, he found himself again with the companions of his early days, who saw and recognized him; his friends and relations had not forgotten him, and he was welcomed to his home and to his blanket.

But that which occurred soon after his reception, led him to a too fearful anticipation of an unsuccessful project; for the Oneidas, as if they could not acknowledge Otsaquette attired in the dressed he appeared in before them, a mark which did not disclose his nation; and thinking he had assumed it as if ashamed of the garb and habiliments of his ancestors, tore it from him with a savage avidity and a fend-like ferociousness; daubed on the paint to which he had been so long unused, and clothed him with the uncouth garments that the tribe held sacred. Their fiery impetuosity in the performance of the act, showed but too well the bold stand they were about to take against the innovations they supposed Otsaquette was to be the agent of effecting against their customs and manners, which, from the venerable antiquity of their structure, it would be sacrilege to destroy. The reformed savage was taken back again to his native barbarity, and, as if to complete the climax of degradation to a mind just susceptible of its own powers, was married.

From that day, he was no longer the accomplished Indian, from whom every wish of philanthropy was expected to be realized; he became no longer the instrument by whose power the emancipation of his countrymen, from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition, was to be effected; from the day Otsaquette was again an inmate with the forest, he was once more buried in his original ob-

scurity, and his nation only viewed him as an equal; and even the liberal grant of the state failed of giving him that superior consideration among them which his civilization had procured for him with the rest of mankind.—The commanding pre-eminence acquired from which it was expected ambition would have sprung up, and acted as a double stimulant, from either the natural inferiority of the savage mind or the predetermination of his countrymen, became of no effect, and, in a little time, was destroyed. Otsaquette was lost! His moral perdition began from the hour he left Fort Stanwix. Scarcely three months had transpired, before intemperance had marked him for its own, and soon hurried him to the grave; and, as if the very transition had deadened all the finer feelings of his nature, the picture the Marquis gave him—the very picture of his affectionate friend himself, he parted with.

Original Language of the American Indians.

Lord Monbodo, who was esteemed one of the most profound critics in the ancient Languages, of any author, who has treated or written upon the philosophy of Language endeavors to prove that the Celtic or Gaelic, was the original language of all the Indians in North America, from the Esquimaux to the natives of Florida.

Lord Monbodo relates a number of curious circumstances, to support his opinion. He mentions, that when in France, he was acquainted with a French Jesuit, a man as celebrated for his veracity, as for his scientific and literary acquirements. That this French Jesuit told him of a fact, which he himself could attest, that one of his mission having lost his way in the woods, and strolled into the country of the Esquimaux, staid long enough to learn the language of that people; after which he came back again to his countrymen; and happening one day to go aboard a French ship at Quebec, he found there among the sailors a *Basque*, that is, a native of the country at the foot of the Pyrenean mountains on the side of France, whom, by his knowledge of the Esquimaux, language, he understood very well, and the Basque likewise understood him, so that they conversed together.—Now, the language which the Basques speak, Lord Monbodo tells us, is undoubtedly a dialect of the Celtic, and differs very little from the highlanders of Scotland. This account of Lord Monbodo seems also confirmed by a fact we have noticed in one of the late Scotch papers in regard to the Esquimaux who accompanied the expedition to the North Pole. On board of the vessel he was embarked, there was a Scotch highlander, a native of the island of Mull, one of the Hebrides, with whom in a few days time, he was able to converse fluently. Lord Monbodo seems, however, to think it very extraordinary, how the Celtic language should have found its way from Europe, or the northernmost parts of America, to a country so very remote as Florida, where, he says, there are the most positive proofs of the Gaelic language being spoken by many of the tribes. He mentions he was well acquainted with a gentleman from the highlanders of Scotland, who was several years in Florida, in a public character, and that the language there had the greatest affinity with the Gaelic, and particularly that their form of salutation, by which they ask you, *are you well?* is the very same. What is still more remarkable, in their war song, he discovered not only the sentiments, but several lines, the very same words as used in Ossian. The Indian names of several of the streams, brooks, mountains and rocks, are also the same which are given to similar objects in the highlands of Scotland.

Lord Monbodo appears to be a firm believer in the old reported story of America having been visited by a colony from Wales previous to the

discovery of Columbus. He says the fact is recorded by several Welch historians; and he speaks of it as one that cannot be contested. But, before the arrival of the Welch colony in the New World, Lord Monbodo says that America was visited by some Norwegians from Greenland; for, that the Norwegians having made a settlement in Greenland in the end of the tenth century, some adventurers from thence, in the beginning of the eleventh, discovered or rather visited North America, for as to the discovery of North America by Europeans Lord Monbodo regards that as an event as coeval with the siege of Troy. These Norwegians, who visited America in the eleventh century (Lord Monbodo tells us,) made a settlement about the mouth of the river St. Lawrence; where, having found the vine growing, they, from thence, called the country *Winland*. This is recorded in the annals of Iceland, which was peopled from Norway, and from thence the colony came that made the settlement in Greenland.

Lord Monbodo, in his excellent treatise on the origin and progress of language, as well as in some of his other writings, relates a vast number of curious and amusing circumstances on this subject. One, however, of the most remarkable is an account of an Indian Mummy, discovered in Florida, wrapped up in cloth, manufactured from the bark of trees, and adorned with hieroglyphic characters, precisely the same with characters engraved upon a metal plate found in an ancient burying ground, in one of the Hebrides Islands.—[*Petersb. Int.*]

Whatever wealth and honor may be worth to the living, they are nothing to the dead; nothing even to the dying! That decisive change sunders all the ties that bind a mortal to the world. The hour of dissolution is emphatically the hour of trial: Then, more than at any other period, the affrighted, agonized victim feels dependence and needs assistance: And if there be any thing of power to do this; any thing of power to abate the horrors and cheer the darkness of the death scene, the bestowment of that, more than any other token within the gift of Providence, ascertains who those are among the dwellers on the earth, whom the God of Heaven delights to favor and to honor. There is that of power to do this. The calm and tranquil, the rapturous and triumphant death of thousands is in proof of it.

The hope of eternal life; the sweet assurance of sin forgiven; the sight of heaven, breaking on the soul through the twilight of that long, dismal night, of which death seems but the commencement; there is something so precious, so consoling, so divine, in such an exit from the world, that were it attainable only by a life of perpetual martyrdom, I should still devoutly pray to God, *Let me, even on such terms, die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* Yes, even on such terms, I should account the good man blessed: Yes, even on such terms, I should covet the confessor's dungeon—I should covet the martyr's stake. DR. NOTT.

A Bon Mot.—Some thieves met a man, and after robbing him, bound him and laid him under a hedge; they presently after met another man, whom they also bound and laid on the other side of the hedge. The first presently exclaimed, with an heart rending sigh, "Oh! I am undone, I am undone!" upon which the other hawled out, and desired he would come and *undo* him also.

Why is a tallow chandler the most unfortunate of men? because all his deeds are *wick-ed*, and all his *wick-ed* deeds are brought to light.

When a man is in company with his superiors, it is more advisable to hear than speak—to reap than sow. Modesty is the chief ornament of youth; and has ever been esteemed a prepossession of rising merit.