

INDIANA PALLADIUM.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

The venerable Jefferson still lives, and retains his powers of mind and body to a remarkable degree. He yet writes, and his writings are yet marked with the same perspicuity of style and elevation of sentiment, that characterized his meridian of life. He is at this moment one of the most interesting objects our country affords. He does not belong to the present generation, but to one that has long since faded from the earth; and yet he stands amongst us a living monument of his own greatness and his country's fame. We cast our eyes upon him, and we behold at once the young and ardent patriot, uniting in council with our fathers to establish the liberties of our country; the bold politician writing a declaration of independence, which must either give freedom and prosperity to the nation, or, bring destruction upon himself; the wise statesman in the meridian of life presiding over a growing and a happy nation, and the venerable sage with silvery locks, far from the scenes of public life, keeping "the noiseless tenor of his way," and closing the last days of a long and eventful life in building up and fostering an extensive literary institution for the instruction of the generations who are to succeed us, in order that they may be qualified to preserve those institutions and political blessings, which, but for him, perhaps we might never have enjoyed. It is not strange that every word that drops from such a man should excite a deep interest, and that every letter drawn from him, on whatever subject, should be read with avidity. An interesting item for history is disclosed in the following correspondence, as it shows who were the original projectors of those splendid political edifices of modern days, called *Constitutions*.

Portland Argus.

FIRST MODERN WRITTEN CONSTITUTION.

Letter from A. B. Woodward to President Jefferson.

WASHINGTON, March 25, 1825.

SIR—I have the honor to enclose a facsimile copy of a letter received from President Madison.

He corrects an error into which he conceives I have fallen, in ascribing to you the first modern written constitution.

President Monroe, who carefully compared the constitution of Virginia with other documents known to have proceeded from your pen, was originally of opinion that my statement was substantially correct; being under an impression that though the draught was first offered by Mr. Mason at Williamsburgh, yet it was derived from a manuscript furnished by you, from Philadelphia. Since the perusal of the letter of President Madison, President Monroe waves somewhat from his first sentiments.

Written constitutions are great moral levers. Those of America undoubtedly produced the revolution of France. They are emancipating the southern continent of the western hemisphere. They are even pervading the domains of ancient liberty. They will eventually, change the whole aspect of human affairs upon this globe. The first which was prepared for practical use becomes, therefore—however rude, in the progress of time, its construction might, comparatively appear—an ethic phenomenon of no ordinary interest. Like the source of the Nile, which has attracted the attention of kings and nations, it is not so much the intrinsic magnificence of the object that excites the sensibility, as the contemplation of the resulting majesty and fertility.

I beg you, sir, to accept the repeated assurance of a veneration which increases with time and will end only with existence.

A. B. WOODWARD.

The Hon. President JEFFERSON.

Monticello, Virginia.

Letter from President Jefferson to Judge Woodward.

MONTICELLO, April 3, 1825.

DEAR SIR—Your favor of March 25, has been duly received. The fact is unquestionable, that the Bill of Rights and the Constitution of Virginia were drawn originally by George Mason, one of our really great men, and of the first order of greatness. The history of the preamble to the latter is as follows: I was at Philadelphia with Congress, and knowing that the convention of Virginia was engaged in forming a plan of government, I turned my mind to the same subject, and drew a sketch or outline of a constitution, with a preamble, which I sent to Mr. Pendleton, president of the convention, on the mere possibility that it might suggest something worth incorporation into that before the convention. He informed me afterwards by letter, that he received it on the day on which the committee of the whole had reported to the House the plan they had agreed to; that it had been so long in hand, so disputed, inch-

by inch, and the subject of so much altercation and debate, that they were worried with the contentions it had produced; and could not, from mere lassitude, have been induced to open the instrument again; but that, being pleased with the preamble to mine, they adopted it in the House by way of amendment to the report of the committee; and thus my preamble became tacked to the work of George Mason. The Constitution, with the preamble, was passed on the 29th of June, and the committee of Congress had, only the day before that, reported to that body the draught of the Declaration of Independence. The fact is, that preamble was prior in composition to the Declaration; and both having the same object, of justifying our separation from Great Britain, they used necessarily the same materials of justification; and hence their similarity.

Withdrawn by age from all other public services and attentions to public things, I am closing the last scenes of my life by fostering and fashioning an establishment for the instruction of those who are to come after us. I hope its influence on their virtue, freedom, fame and happiness will be salutary and permanent. The form and distribution of its structure are original and unique, the architecture chaste and classical, and the whole well worthy of attracting the curiosity of a visit. Should it so prove to yourself at any time, it will be a great gratification to me to see you once more at Monticello; and I pray you to be assured of my continued and high respect and esteem.

THOS. JEFFERSON.

The Hon. Judge Augustus B. Woodward.

Letter from President Madison, to Judge Woodward.

MONTPELIER, Sept. 11, 1824.

DEAR SIR—I have received, and return my thanks for, the printed communications accompanying your note of the 4th inst.

To appreciate your proposed expedient for a standard of measures and weights, would require more time than I could apply, and more mathematical science than I retain.

Justice will doubtless be done to it by competent judges.

I have given a hasty perusal to the observations "addressed to the Individual Citizen."

Although I cannot concur in some of them, I may say of all, that they merit every praise for the perspicuity, the precision, and the force with which they are presented to the public attention.

You have fallen into a mistake, in ascribing the Constitution of Virginia to Mr. Jefferson; as will be inferred from the anomalies on it in his "Notes on Virginia."

Its origin was with George Mason, who laid before the committee appointed to prepare a plan, a very broad outline, which was printed by the committee, for consideration; and after being varied on some points, and filled up, was reported to that convention, where a few further alterations gave it the form in which it now stands.

The Declaration of Rights was substantially, from the same hand.

The preamble to the constitution was probably derived, in a great measure, if not wholly, from the funds of Mr. Jefferson; the richness of which in such materials is seen in the Declaration of Independence, as well as elsewhere.

The plan of Mr. Jefferson, annexed to one of the editions of his "Notes on Virginia," was drawn up after the Revolutionary War, with a view to correct the faults of the existing constitution, as well as to obtain the authentic sanction of the people.

Your love of truth will excuse this little tribute to it, or rather would not excuse its omission.

With esteem and good wishes,

JAMES MADISON.

A. B. Woodward, Judge, &c.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

A young man fell in love with the daughter of a rich citizen of Paris, and his affection was returned. The father of the lady obliged her, however, to renounce her lover, and to marry another. A short time after her nuptials, the young wife fell ill and died. She was buried at Paris, twenty-four hours after her decease. Her first lover, incapable of resisting the desire he felt of seeing her for the last time, succeeded in gaining the sexton, who consented to open the tomb the same night. The young man threatened the latter to kill him if he committed the smallest indiscretion; after which he carried off the body, conveyed it to a neighbouring house, placed it near the fire, rubbed it with warm cloths, and tried all possible means of restoring to life the woman he adored. After some hours, he had the happiness to discover signs of life appear; she first began to emit gentle signs, and at last returned entirely to herself. As soon as she was entirely re-established in health, the two lovers, thus re-united by death, set out for England, whence they did not dare return till several years had elapsed. At

the young female for the pretended defunct; but her new husband found means to prove that she was really the same as had been buried, and demanded restitution of the fortune which belonged to her. The consequence was a most extraordinary law suit. The first husband persisted in asserting that she belonged to him, while the second affirmed she was dead as far as he was concerned, and that without his measures and exertions she would never have been restored to life.—The parliament, however, appeared to lean towards the title of the first husband; and this circumstance urged them to return to England, without awaiting the decision of the law suit. The particulars of this remarkable process are yet to be found in the journals of the Parliament.

After having reported a great number of similar examples, of other persons buried alive, Dr. Hufelan, a celebrated professor of Berlin, remarks that—"These examples ought to render us more circumspect, and induce us no longer to abandon bodies on the representation of the nurses, who very often pay no attention to a corpse after they believe it to be one. I remember one of these women once assuring me, some time after the interment of a man she had attended, that some of his family would shortly follow, because the defunct opened one eye in the coffin, which, according to her, was the certain sign of the death of another relative! After such a declaration, can it be doubted that innumerable victims have been prematurely buried, who might have otherwise enjoyed a long existence.

THE EYE.

In an interesting paper on "the Vision of Impressions on the Retina," Dr. Brewster of Edinburgh, makes the following remarks:

"When the eye is not exposed to the impressions of external objects, or when it is insensible to these impressions, in consequence of the mind being engrossed with its own operations, any object of mental contemplation which has either been called up by the memory or created by the imagination, will be seen as distinctly as if it had been formed from the vision of a real object. In examining these mental expressions, I have found that they follow the motions of the eyeball exactly like the spectral impressions of luminous objects, and that they resemble them also in their apparent immobility when the eyeball is displaced by an external force. If this result (which I state with much diffidence, from having only my own experience in its favor) shall be found generally true by others, it will follow that the objects of mental contemplation may be seen as distinctly as external objects—and will occupy the same local position in the axis of vision as if they had been formed by the agency of light.

"Hence all the phenomena of apparitions may depend upon the relative intensities of these two classes of impressions, and upon their manner of accidental combination. In perfect health, when the mind possesses a control over its powers, the impressions of its own creation either overpower or combine themselves with the impressions of external objects;—the mental spectra in the one case, appearing alone, while in the other they are seen projected among those external objects to which the eyeball is directed."

We copy from a Northern paper an account of the execution of a woman, which makes us shudder, and we present to our readers only because it may excite in them horror for this mode of punishment. The public hanging of a female would suit a barbarous age and nation:—It becomes not our times and country: it is either too revolting or affecting to operate upon either sex as an example in the spirit of the law. This instance illustrates its unprofitableness for society in all respects except the destruction of the culprit; a point at least questionable as to its public utility, especially in the case of a female, whom other inflictions might reform, however heinous her immediate guilt.

Nat. Gaz.

PLATTSBURG, March 23.

Execution of Peggy Facto.—On Friday last, at an early hour, crowds of people began to collect in this village, from every point of the vicinity, to witness the execution of this unfortunate convict. Before noon, the period pointed out in the sentence, between which and two o'clock, the last act of the law was to be performed, the concourse had become very great.

At a few moments past 12 the prisoner was brought from the jail in a state of feebleness which required the assistance of the officers by whom she was placed in the vehicle prepared for the purpose: when the procession moved on; formed by the light infantry company under the command of Captain Sailly, and the rifle company commanded by Lieut. Cough; the whole under the command of Captain Baily. A crowd preceded and followed the cavalcade on foot and in wagons; the latter class were a great part of females of various ages, from the decrepitude of the grandmother down to

the rosy cheeked maiden in her teens, all eager to witness the rare show in which the death of a human being was to afford food for their curiosity. Many of these had come from a distance, in spite of the badness of the roads, which could scarcely be worse.

When the prisoner arrived at the gallows which was placed in a field west of the meeting house, she was taken from her wagon and placed upon the scaffold by her attendants—to whose honor may it be said—that none of them could refrain from tears. She was attended by Monsier Gireux, Roman Catholic Curate of St. Luke, who had come from his parish to attend her last moments. After having joined him in prayer, she declared she was innocent of the crime for which she was to suffer, [the murder of her infant child,] and that she forgave all her enemies. She was then lifted up by one of the officers, who was about to proceed to the performance of his duty, but on uttering a faint scream, excited either by terror or hysterical affection, he allowed her to be seated for a moment, when she became composed, and signified her readiness; upon which she was raised, and the cord adjusted; during which she again declared herself innocent, and prayed for the forgiveness of her enemies, and while in the utterance of these words, the bolt was pulled, the platform dropped, and with scarcely a convulsive motion, her soul was consigned to the land of spirits.

THE BOTTLE CONJURER OUTDONE.

At a small village, not 100 miles from Cheltenham, (the name we forbear mentioning out of compassion to its inhabitants,) one of the most complete hoaxes was played off, by a fellow who styled himself the Emperor of all the Conjurers, that we have heard of for a long time. He hired a room at the village ale-house for the evening, when, through the attractions held out in his bill, of which the following is a copy, the room was literally crammed; and five minutes before the exhibition was to have commenced, he decamped with the money received at the door, (probably jumped down his own throat,) and has not since been heard of. Three fellows accompanied the Conjurer when he hired the room, who most likely shared the plunder so easily filched from the unsuspecting dupes. "For one night only. Felix Daujampihratum, the Emperor of all Conjurers, begs leave to announce to the nobility, gentry and inhabitants, that he has just arrived with five Arabian Conjurers, which he intends to exhibit for this night only. Any attempt to describe their extraordinary performances must be needless, as the proprietor flatters himself that they must be seen to be believed. They are all brothers by the same father: their names, Muley, Bennassar, Abdallah, Mustapha, and Suckee. At the conclusion of their never-yet-equalled feats of slight of hand, legerdemain, &c. &c. they will take each a lighted torch in either hand, when lo! incredible to relate! Suckee, with the burning torches, will jump clean down Mustapha's throat, who in an instant, with equal dexterity, will pass down the throat of Abdallah, then Abdallah will jump down that of Bennassar, and Bennassar down his brother Muley's; who, lastly, notwithstanding he is encumbered with his four brothers and their four torches, will throw a flip flap Somerset down his own throat, and leave the audience in total darkness!—*Probatum est.*" English paper.

New-Orleans, March 25.

Good effects of Licensed Gambling Houses—A few days since, a young man of good character and respectable connections arrived in this city from our adjoining state, with 77 bales of cotton, the property of his family and friends.

After making sale of his cotton, and receiving his money, and when ready to depart to his friends, was beset by some of the runners of the gambling tables, and after the usual ceremony had passed, of intoxicating the unwary—the allurements of gain were too tempting—he proceeded from small sums to large, until the proceeds of his cotton had vanished. The anguish of the young man, when sobered to his right mind, was indescribable. He had been reposed with a trust, which not even his enemy could have suspected: that trust he had forfeited. He was determined not to brook the displeasure of his friends, and in a moment of thoughtlessness and anguish, repaid to a rendezvous and sealed his fate by enlisting as a common soldier. Thus were the fond hopes of parents and friends blasted in a moment, by a practice which is as disgraceful to our city, as to those who were the authors of a law, no better than an act to authorize swindling.

Preaching to Fishes.—Lady Morgan describes a picture in the Borghese palace at Rome, representing St. Anthony preaching to the fishes: "The salmon looks at the preacher with an edified face, and a cod, with his upturned eyes, seems anxiously seeking for the new light. The saint's ser-