

COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW GARDEN, 8th mo. 5th 1836.

To Jonathan Parker & Alfred Hanner :

I have been an observer for sometime of the course pursued by both of you, and I have discovered whenever one or both of you wish to effect an object, you begin by addressing the people of Guilford & then each abuses the other in circulars but always takes care to bring in his other matters. And thus each of thee gets a chance to say what he wants, and under the cloak of pretended hatred to carry your points—for it appears that thee secretly must assist each other.—I therefore charge thee with a combination to cajole the people and I will offer the evidence:

Hanner wants to be clerk at August court, and wants the justices to turn Woodburn out & put him in. Friend Jonathan at the August election, wants Dobbs Spaight elected governor, and the Van Buren cause to prevail. Well, he publishes on the 29 of July (7th mo. 1836, just before the election) a circular, published with reluctance, (Jonathan is that the truth?) to vindicate his character against the abuse and gross charges of the editors of the Patriot made against his character. I began to read the circular & read a piece about as long as my finger against Hanner when he was forgotten, and three long columns was filled up with praise to Van Buren, and dispraise to Dudley and White. I saw through it all in a moment; the circular did not tell what the abuse was, though it professed to answer the charges. I took up the Patriot and looked back for the abuse. Jonathan is named twice this year. On the 8th of June, the Patriot says that Jonathan never was a supporter of Jackson's administration. I knew that was no slander. I knew it was the truth and I thought he was right. Well I looked again on the 15th of June the Patriot says that Jonathan, up to that time, had always been an avowed opponent to Jackson's administration, opposed to the resolutions instructing Willie P. Mangum, in favor of Clay's land bill, in favor of distributing the revenue, opposed to caucuses; that he was a mail contractor and that they understood was promised extra allowances, and that the party at congress wanted him there. Well, I knew from what I heard Jonathan say, all was true but about the extra allowances & the getting into congress—I did not consider them truths slanderous, for if he got an extra allowance it was what thousands before him had got, and if he got into congress it could not slander him however much his opponents might consider it a slander on the district.—I could find nothing more in the Patriot on the subject.

I just set down and thought the whole matter over and come to the conclusion it was intended for a complete hoax—a take in by you both.
Alfred Hanner:

I shall address thee first, because least,—and I have less to say to thee. Jonathan has said hard things of thee and most of them are true. I will not tell thee of the frolics and debauches thee used to carry on in the clerk's office with the youngsters. We have punished thee and turned thee out and we will try to keep thee out for divers reasons. There has been insulting in thy office, thee might get so again. Thee did praise R. D. Spaight and was suspected of being for V. Buren. We wont trust our records to V. Buren men if we can help it; they hold the infidel doctrine that if the records don't suit they can expunge 'em—draw black lines round 'em, and write 'Expunged' by order of the court, through the records. Thee may say thee wont do it, thee would not obey such an order of the court, but take up thy records and walk out of court. Before thee had any Van Burenism in thee I believe thee would do so, for all the lawyers and every body admitted, rude and unpolite as thee was in thy office, thee was the best clerk in the state, and kept thy books more correctly. But Van Burenism is a strange thing, 'tis mighty queer. Tommy Benton, Billy Rives, and other great and ought to be good men swore to support the constitution. The constitution requires the senate to keep a journal; they did so. And, these men, after this oath tried to expunge that journal. They found out reasons to get round the oath.

Now see how dangerous such doctrine would be: Thee knows nothing about my Stanly place but hears it is a good tract of land and wants it. Thee calls thyself John Doe and calls me Richard Roe,—brings ejection against me for it. Well thee shows no title, and of course the jury say I am not guilty and thee so records it. I go home and go to work. Next court thee gets three Van Buren justices on the bench who construe their oaths as they understand 'em; suffice for instance, thee gets three Van Buren justices in Guilford—friend Jonathan Parker, Boaz Adams & Francis Simpson, Esqrs., on the bench, and thee tells 'em in thy suit last court a nasty bank whig jury found me not guilty and thee wants that word not expunged from the records. Thee calls over

the names of the jury—it being a Guilford jury, of course are all for White. The court pronounced it a jury composed of old federalists, Nullifiers and bank whigs, and the verdict a base libel on thy title—orders the word not to be expunged. Then it reads, I am guilty. Then they direct thee to issue a writ to take possession of my land to which thee is so justly entitled. Thee does so. Sheriff Doak comes to put me out of possession—apologizes, grins, looks ashamed, says it is a hard case, he knows it is wrong, but what can he do? he must obey the writ. James is a good and just man,—he does put me out, but he does it as kindly as he can—talks like a friend, but still turns me out and puts thee in.

Then thee begins to feel lordly and curse and swagger—calls me federalist, calls Phebe an old yaller bank whig wench, and my tittle babies damned little aristoc—rate. And that is all my land will cost thee under the operation of Van Burenism backed with the expunging power. And what is still more provoking? I dare not resist—it is done according to law. If this be law let me live where there is no law, then friend Hanner, when thus presuming on my pacific principles and dares to take possession of my land and about the time thee is tumbling Phebe and her children out of doors if I should break a few of thy bones and while doing it I might be provoked to slip out on oath, it will be like uncle Toby's—the accusing angel will blush when he gives it in, and the recording angel as he writes it down will drop a tear and blot it out forever.

I say thee shall not be clerk, for thee is suspected of being on the wrong side, although thee denies thee is, and says thee is opposed to the whole process of expunging. I forbid thee to name Jonathan, for whenever he wants to praise Van Buren he begins by abusing thee.

Jonathan Parker:

A few words to thee old friend. I call thee old friend, because from thy circular, to my mortification I discover thee has deserted thy old and long professed principles: deserted thy old friends, and deserted thy old state in an insolvent condition, and gone in pursuit of new gods and new idols. Thou hast deserted the poor, lowly, humble, but holy manger; and now thee worships at the shrine of a powerful fall treasury of some fifty millions. To the utter confusion of thy old Federal associates and friends, we find thee newly dyed in the wool, and by the magic influence of Van Burenism we find all thy former federal principles expunged, and out thee comes a flaming Jackson-Van Buren Democratic-Republican. And thee has made this expose of thyself in a circular in which thee pretends to defend thyself against charges made by Hanner, and thee does not deny but own that is, that thee had some promise of an extra allowance. Thee pays little or no attention to Hanner, but makes a great do about Spaight and Van Buren.

Jonathan, to my certain knowledge, thee is a new convert to the cause. I suppose thee thought it necessary to shout aloud or thy zeal and conversion might be doubted by thy new friends, for thy old ones never would have believed it, from any thing Hanner, David Worth, or any of thy old opponents would say of thee. David often told me thee was just such a man. I denied. He told me I was a man of observation, watch thee and judge for myself. I have done so, and from under thy own hand David will show he told the truth as well as Hanner. Jonathan, I am done with thee; I back out; I shall be ashamed to look David in the face after this circular; and thy old friends must hang their heads in confusion. Well, we had better give thee over to a reprobate cause at once than to offer an apology for thee, thy mind and thy principles are perverted, or thee is in thy dotage.

First let us examine thy circular on the presidential question: Thee says thee never voted for Andrew Jackson, but did vote for Crawford and Clay; but thee forgot to mention, thee likewise voted in 1828, for J. Q. Adams. Thee is against the United States Bank, voted for Clay's land Bill, thee is for distributing the surplus revenue, and thee says thee is for Van Buren and against Judge White.

Such a biggedly piggedly set of principles as this confession shows, few men in their senses ever before made. Thee, an old federalist, anti-war, anti-Bank, anti-republican, anti caucus man, voted for Crawford who was a leading Republican of the South, who was a strong supporter of the war, who acquired his greatest glory in his efforts in 1816, in extending the charter of the United States bank, and who was nominated by a self constituted caucus at Washinton, in which was one Martin Van Buren and a certain governor of North Carolina called Richard Dobbs Spaight. Jonathan, Crawford was for amalgamating the whites and the Indians; but our Nantucket friends were opposed to it, as they had inherited, as much aboriginal blood from great-grandfather Macy as they wanted, and the

rest of us considered ourselves dark enough any how, and that must be the reason why thee concealed from us thy vote until this time. I will not say thee did not vote for Crawford then, but I must be permitted to say I think thee is surely mistaken; I will do thee all justice for consistency when thee is so. Thee was for amalgamation then, and thee is for it now,—and on that principle thee supports R. M. Johnson.

Thee voted for Henry clay, who was the leader of the republican party in the war, and carried it though in spite of us federalists, because he was for a high tariff, and that suited us who did not own slaves, and because he was a great internal improvement man, and because he was a United States Bank man, for this Bank always pleased thee, as this money could not be shaved; and because he voted to reject the nomination of Martin Van Buren as minister to England.—Thee now votes for Martin Van Buren because he was a federalist in 1812, and against the war, tried to defeat the election of James Madison, turned Republican as soon as they were the strongest, was in favour of the war as soon as it got popular, because he turned against the United States Bank, when they refused on his petitions to give him a Branch at Albany, and because he opposed internal improvement as soon as he got the deposits removed into the New York banks where his own state could use the whole, because he is opposed to corporations and monopolies—stop, here, Jonathan, thee made a sad blunder: Van Buren is at the head of most of the corporations in New York, and that State has nearly as many as all the other States together. That State is indebted to him for the safety-fund system—which thee so much approves—by which all the corporations that will be obedient in politics to the Albany regency bind themselves to protect and aid each other, and combine to break any other corporation or individual who will not go with the Van Buren party by all of them making a run at the same individual at once. The United States bank used to aid the oppressed and lend them funds to meet their runs, and thus defeat Martin's designs. And then he drank a toast to old Virginia—The U. S. Bank, the monster must be put down

Jonathan, Henry Clay said Martin Van Buren was not fit to be trusted with our affairs in England and had him recalled. Thee said Henry was right and voted for him after he had said so, and thee voted against Martin even for Vice President. Thee now says Martin is fit to be trusted with all our affairs and fit to be president.—Thee says thee approves of Jackson's opposition to internal improvement and the Maysville road. Thee voted for Clay after he was in favour of both. Thee says thee was in favour of Clay's land bill; Jackson Vetoed it. Van says he will carry out Jackson's measures—he must veto it too. Yet thee is in favour of him. Jackson wants all the public lands given to the new States, and in substance recommends it. Van says he will carry out his measures,—if he does thy poor, old, insolvent State will only lose about fifty millions of dollars by the operation. Yet thee strikes up the tune of 'poor old horse let him die' and votes for Van. Thee says Van was in favour of the deposit bill. (That is a fact, he was in favour of the deposit part of it—because some of his pet deposit banks, were about to burst, and he wanted to shuffle them out of his hands into the hands of congress,—but he was greatly opposed to that part of the bill by which thy old insolvent State will get one million of dollars. Well might he cry out on the passage of the bill, in his despair, 'we are in a bad box,' for when pay day comes them pet banks will burst and the peoples money be lost. But the party took care to put the day off till after the election of president was over, least the people might see what a bad box they, (the people) were in.

'On consistency! thou art a jewel' fallen from Jonathan's crown never to be replaced! During the revolution thy friends were true to their King; since, I had hoped thee would be true to thy country.

Orders have issued to receive no money in the Land office but specie, and thee makes Jackson say this is to protect the poor man. What an overwhelming scheme of speculation! sixteen millions of revenue in specie, out of 23,000,000 is paid annually in the pet banks of N. Y., more than in all other parts of the Union: and New York speculators alone will now buy up all the public lands at their own price, as they are the only people who can command specie.

Thee admits White is honest and that is all thee says of him. For that reason, then, thee is opposed to him I suppose, and it is a sufficient reason in these degenerate times. But some of us for that very reason think he ought to be President, to cleanse the Augean stables, which Jackson promised to do, but has made worse. He is patriotic too, as shown on all occasions, and particularly in the last war when he left the bench and flew to the

relief of Jackson and his starving soldiers in the Indian country. He is talented, as shown at the bar, on the bench and in the Senate of the United States. Jack-proves it: He knew him well—he offered him the appointment of Secretary of War. He is not ambiguous, he declined it, and has declined more offices than Martin ever held. He is consistent—has always been a republican—opposed to the United States Bank and the tariff—and though we may not like some of his notions, we know he is no political weather-cock—and know where he is always to be found. Here is honesty—here are talents—here is want of ambition—and here is consistency: Let us crown the whole with our confidence. We are sorry, Jonathan, thy circular has put thee beyond the hope of redemption, or I would ask thee to join us.

As to our candidates for Governor, thee has done the work for Dudley—thee has called him 'aristocrat,' and likewise told us he owned 100 or 200 slaves. Jonathan, did thee think such slang as this would do now a-days for us? I confess we have heretofore made a fool of thee by putting such implicit confidence in thee that thee only had to nod thy head or wave thy hand to make us take any course, however erroneous, thee thought proper, and if we seemed a little dilatory, thee only had to use certain tautonomic words to make us go to any extremity, such as 'Clay, Hanner, Worth, Mendham, Aristocracy, Monopoly, Bank, Internal Improvement'; and when thee had a point thee thought perfectly desperate, such as trying to carry Van Burenism through Guilford, thee would make thy last desperate effort and cry out 'Hamilton Edition!' and that always did the work. But, Jonathan, we have found out that thee is doubly honest: for every time we have made a fool of thee once, thee has made fools of us twice.

Why did thee, in thy circular, forget to say one single thing in favor of thy bird Governor Spaight? It was because after abusing him as much as the used to for his opposition to the West and the convention thee was ashamed to say any thing in his favor: it is a strange case, Jonathan that makes thee ashamed! Thee forgot to tell us he had descended from the line of nobility, that his father was Gov. Spaight who challenged John Stanley and was killed in a duel. Thee forgot to tell us that he owned about 400 slaves. Thee forgot to tell us how two or three winters ago when I carried my cider and apples and Phebe's cheese to Raleigh to sell and thee took me down to the palace to see the members meet, just as we were entering the gate an old black man with a gold hat band came near driving his carriage over us; and I asked thee who that was, and why he did not learn his driver better manners, and thee said it was Richard Dobbs Spaight, the Eastern men's candidate for Governor: that he was a great republican but could not walk to the House like other men, he was too rich, and that thee supposed in this free country these republicans thought they had a right to ride over we broad brim federalists as they pleased.—Thee took particular care not to tell that, and this is the democratic republican in the dust of whose chariot wheel thee wishes to trail! Thee forgot to tell us he was a nullifier.

Edward Dudley, thy 'aristocrat,' is the son of an old Onslow farmer, and tar, pitch and turpentine maker, called Kit Dudley, who raised him to hard work. He was a major in the last war in the regular army. He built the steam saw mill at Wilmington, and when I was down there sometime back with some notions to sell, I went to see the mill, I found a large, robust, good looking man, with a roundabout on so stiff with turpentine that a piece would have greased my waggon hub as well as a piece of bacon rind. The fireman told me that was gen. D. He did not look much like a general, except he looked like he could fight hard. I told him I wanted to see his thing,—he was very polite, stopped his business and showed me all the triggers about it. At last he pulled a string and off it went—I jumped back, fell over the fireman and skinned my shin against the wheel-barrow. After I got up by his help and found I was not hurt much, he apologized for not apprising me how it would blow, for he was only showing me how they let off the steam, and after I had come fairly to we set too and such a laugh as we did have. He again apologized very politely and I excused him of course. He asked me a heap of questions about the back country, and I soon found out he was a man of mighty good sense and I took my leave and went back to town. That evening after he had come home, greased his hands, and took soap and washed off the turpentine, and put on his 'tother clothes, he looked 'tother sort, like a real gentleman,' and I soon found out, from the attention they all paid him he was what he seemed to be. He found me in the street and wanted me to go and take a glass of wine with him at his house, which looked so fine that I was ashamed to go in, in my waggon clothes, and so begged to be excused,—but give him a drink of my cider, and he called up some other gentleman and we talked over the saw mill affair and had another hearty laugh; and they helped me get clear of my notions and I have not seen him since,—but Phebe declares if ever he comes in ten miles of our house I shall go and bring him to stay all night with us. Other folks says he was always a republican, but I intend to vote for this 'aristocrat.'

Jonathan, thee has had the management of all our public affairs for more than twenty years. During that time all the public lands about Raleigh have been sold, our Cherokee lands have been sold, we have been taxed, the money is all gone, thee says we have no improvements in the State, the State house is unfinished, and thee says the state is nearly insolvent. Thee has guarded our interests with a vengeance! Suppose thee employs a man to attend to thy affairs which he finds in a thriving condition and he reduces thee to insolvency, thee would certainly believe he wanted either honesty or judgment and it is more char-

atable to suppose the latter. Thee wants judgment any how, that is certain,—and from thy late course, I suspect thy political honesty.

Thee voted for Clay and thee still believes 'he is a high minded, honorable and talented statesman,' surely thee must have confidence in his judgment and his principles. He is opposed to Martin Van Buren, and his principles as far as the North is from the South. Yet thee is in favor of Martin and his principles—'well, he is the fittest material in North Carolina, of which to make a Van Buren.' Thee can be at one election federalist, the next States banker, Tariffite, internal improvement man, caucus, proponent of a nullifier—nullifier—at the next election, and four years apart, we find thee a democratic republican who has just changed his political skin, and with it all his principles, bought at the foot stool of the powers that be, and shouting praises in favor of the nullifier candidate for governor. Verily, Verily, I say unto thee, Jonathan—the days of thy political influence are numbered, the magnaniam of thy son has been brilliant but it sets in clouds, and darkness must follow.

Fare thee—Fare thee—Fare thee—

A FRIEND.

To the editors of the Patriot: I request you under the pains and penalties of my displeasure to publish these remarks in your paper, your predecessor would have done it I hope you will.

A FRIEND.

FOR THE PATRIOT. MONEY.

Greensborough, August, 1836.

After calculating the inevitable and rancorous opposition I shall call down upon my head, I have this week concluded to propose and insist upon an innovation upon the financial policy of our government. Nor shall I proceed without an ancient and illustrious precedent.

Lycurgus, the celebrated Spartan lawgiver, who flourished about 612 years before the Christain era, seeing that money was the root of all evil, and the much cheating and lying it occasioned among his countrymen hit upon an ingenious plan to abolish the use of it almost entirely.—He enacted that money should be of no account. That is he made a law that there should be none but tremendous great iron money, of which, it would require a yoke of steers to haul a matter of two dollars. Pretty considerable cash— I should say.

Now, seeing president Jackson will not let us have the benefit of a United States bank—that Mr. Benton's golden prospects are all humbug and nonsense—that bank stockholders, generally, are rank aristocrats—and that our circulating medium is so light, fluctuating and uncertain,—my proposition is (with due deference to those who claim to be wiser than I am) to introduce the mammoth money of the aforesaid Lycurgus. It would certainly prevent many a squabble about trifles. It would effectually cure any hair-splitting old hunks, to be obliged to make change with great iron sixpences, as big as grindstones.—Ahem!—Great plan. ZEPHYRUS.

Wake Forest Institute.—We have received the Catalogue of Trustees, Faculty and Students of the Wake Forest Institute for 1836, from which we learn that there are about 120 students, and the institution is in a flourishing condition. The experiment of the manual labor system for North Carolina has been fairly tried, and the Trustees are satisfied that it is not only feasible, but that the happiest results may be anticipated. There is not a solitary student on the stock list, which proves that by the training to habits of industry and physical labor, health of body and vigor of mind are cultivated together. The system of government is paternal. The whole Institute forms one family and the instructors, and the students partake of their food at the same table. An education is furnished to the youth of the Institute, for precisely what it costs the Trustees to furnish instructors, board &c. which is \$ 100 per annum, subject to the deduction of the student's labor. The studies pursued are the English, Latin, Greek, French, Italian and Spanish languages, with all the various branches of science taught in our best seminaries.—Standard.

Men, by associating in large masses, as in camps, and in cities, improve their talents, but impair virtues, and I strengthen their minds but weaken their morals; thus a retrocession in the one, is too often the price they pay for a refinement in the other.

"COME AND TRY IT!"

WE have just received an additional supply of new JOB-TYPE, and are now prepared to execute Job-Printing with neatness, accuracy and despatch.—Give us a trial!

NEGROES—SALE!

THERE will be sold, on the 25th day of this month, at the dwelling-house of Elizabeth McMurry, near Col. H. C. Dick's, in this county, at public sale,

5 LIKELY NEGROES, to wit: Mary, Joe, Eliza, Maria and Fanny—the four last named are from 15 to 20 years of age, and are likely and valuable. The sale is made under the will of James McMurry, deceased, and by the consent of the legatees.—The title will be good. JOSEPH CLOSE, Executor. Guilford Co. N. C. August, 6th 1836, —1922.