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TERMS:

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THE DESERT MARCH.

A PASSAGE IN THE CAREER OF NAPOLEON. On the 11th of July, 1798, as the dying day with golden splendor tipped the mosques and minarets of Alexandria, a spirit-stirring bugle sounded from a large encampment beside the city walls, and at the same time the heavy boom of the evening-gun from the Kalipha's tower announced to the lazy Turk that the eagles of France had folded their stilet wings upon the shores of Egypt. The drums of France now beat to arms. The army of the east started to its feet. "To Cairo and the pyramids!" cried Savan. "To head the Bays of Mameluke!" cried the impatient Murat. "To find a home in the citizen-soldier!" cried the impatient grenadier. "To found an empire upon the ruin of centuries!" cried Napoleon, as he mounted his horse. "Soldiers of the republic, march!" "Long live the republic!" thundered along the martial line, as it broke into open columns, and moved onward, preceded by the guides. Soon the sentries, looking towards Dammanon, from the moss-decked tower of ages, saw the glittering files fade into the dim shadows of evening. A faint strain of martial music struck upon the ear, a hum as though a multitude had spoken, passed upon the breeze—Napoleon entered the desert!—Who can tell the sufferings of that weary march. The night sun passed away, and the vertical sun, unfaded by clouds, without a tree or shrub to offer a momentary shade, looked down upon the serried ranks of the army of the east. The leader and his generals now dismounted and endured the soldier's sufferings. Onward they march, a band of fierce and indomitable spirits—led by the conqueror of the Alps. Thirst could not come from the scorching sand offered them no beverage. Clouds of tormenting insects waited from the stony Nile, deterred them not. The Arab's yell at midnight was music to their ear. Onward, shouted the leader from the boundless highways of the desert, and onward rushed the tide of life. Around them what a prospect! They were fresh from the plains of sunny Italy—from the orange bowers upon the hill sides, gemmed with temples followed by genius, and cottages redolent with life and love. How changed the scene! On every side the desert, like an ocean waved in voiceless tide. The chrysalis fountain spring, led from the glimmering peak of Jura, dash'd before their thirsty eyes no more. The chestnut of Langouac and Provenc no longer wooed them no longer to its wining shrubs. All was sad, scorching wilderness, searching sad, with here and there the mirage, looming ahead like the breast of an inland lake, to tantalize their longing visions. Night came without twilight, cold and piercing, but brought no relief. Far in the distance, looming in giant proportions against the sunset west, the desert ship pursued its favorite course. And now the slayer's soldier laid down by his toil worn general to die. Black bread, teeming with vermin, sickened the voracious appetite, and the brackish water of the stagnant pool made the thirst still greater. It was not Lina and Murat occasionally lost their heads of themselves, and once, when boiling with rage, they dashed their face hats on the sands and trampled upon them before the soldiers. Napoleon dashed amid the throng with his mighty spirit flashing from his eagle eyes—"Generals," said he, "traitors! you have been mutinous in language; take care that I do not fulfil my duty. It is not your being six feet high that should save your being shot in a couple of hours!" The haughty Generals trembled before the master spirit, and shrunk away astounded. The soldiers, like all French soldiers, were light of heart. They soon forgot past sufferings. The present alone existed with them, and if the guides saw evidences of an Arab well at sunset, all was right. The song and merry tale awoke the sleepers from their dreams on the sands; and the hope of glory banished gloomy foreboding from the ranks. Cuffelli, who it was supposed advised Napoleon to embark in this wild crusade against the Mameluke, was a wooden-legged General, and as he hobbled past, the soldiers joked freely. "He is sure of having one foot in France," said they, "let what will happen." When their General was seen, as the column wound round the hills of sand, they pleasantly said— "He promised us seven acres of land, the

rogue; how made out! he might have safely promised us a township; we would not have abused his good nature." The learned commission did not escape the satire of the light-hearted soldiers, and the jackasses that bore the philosopher's camp kettles and the scientific instruments, were called demi Savans.—Buttressed up to the throat in his gold-laced coat, with his burning sword under his arm—with a compressed lip and thoughtful look, the leader firmly trod at the head of his staff. He looked not to the right or left. The course was regularly laid down by the astronomer, and the amount of each day's march was laid before the commander-in-chief, ere the order of rest thundered along the weary line. The third day came, and the General began to be aware that the river of Egypt was at hand.—The arms of the careless wanderers were now inspected. Terrible as was the sun even here, still the iron law of military despotism was enforced. The uniforms of the stragglers were now brushed up—the ranks closed their files. The eagle waved in the centre, and the army in order of battle drew near the river Nile. Noon came, and all at once the river, the beautiful river, rolled in its majesty at the feet of the adventurers. At a little distance floated the florib, with the flag of the republic waving proudly o'er it; and green fields and waving groves, spread in beauty around them. "The Nile! the Nile!" thundered along the line, and then officers and men, without due consideration rushed headlong into its slimy waters. Not a soldier threw off his knapsack or stacked his musket. Water! Water! Oh, God, a drop of water! cried the weary and sick; nor did the cry cease, until the foremost soldiers having satisfied themselves, ministered to the wants of their fellows. The army soon reached Danhour, and encamped upon a field of grain. Chebreissa, the Mamelukes were at Chebreissa to dispute his progress, the leader gave the word, and the army moved upon the Nile, in solid squares.—A horseman splendidly dressed, with his turban waving gaily in the breeze, now hovered along the edge of the horizon, reining in his mettled steed.—Another and another appeared until a respectable number had mustered, and with a horrid yell rushed upon the advancing army. It was the onset of the Mamelukes, under Mourad Bey, and dearly did the Frenchmen suffer. Though near the Nile the soldiers were dying with thirst, and if one was adventurous enough to seek a draught from the swollen river, the next moment he was either pierced by the spear, or beheaded by a stroke of the scimitar from the Arab horseman. "Where is Cairo? it is but a city of mud huts," cried the ignorant sufferers; "if we are to die in the desert—if we are to thirst by the rivers and starve by the green pastures, let us die at once by the sword of the Mamelukes." "The Mamelukes—Chebreissa," cried a thousand voices, as the morning of the 15th dawned upon the Army of the French. Mourad Bey and his matchless cavalry awaited the approach of the weary squares, and soon the war cry of the horsemen struck upon the General's ear. The battle now commenced in earnest. The Mamelukes, fresh and powerful, on the most splendid horses of the East, glittering with gold and silver jewels, charged upon the squares of French infantry. Dreadful was the onset, terrible the meeting; death hung upon a blow, and destruction upon a horse's hoof. It was a battle of stern necessity on the part of the invaders. The desert and shame lay behind—Cairo and glory before—the cymbals of Mourad Bey clashed—the bugles sounded shrill, and the Mamelukes again threw themselves upon the solid square. When stabbed or wounded with a gunshot, the wild horseman of the desert clung to his steed, and he was dragged along to his ground, leading a bloody trail behind; he gashed his teeth in bitter hatred, and swept his flashing scimitar across the knees of the foremost ranks of the bisting squares. The Turkish fleet now attacked the French flotilla. Heavy cannon thundered up the Nile, and walked the echoes of the Pyramids; but after several hours, hard fighting, Mourad Bey pronounced the French to be invincible, leaving three hundred gory dead upon the battle field. The Turkish fleet at the same time hauled off in great distress, and the cannon's roar melted into the bugle's melodious note upon the arid plains of Chereissa. "Ha Murat!" said Napoleon, as he rode over the fields of the dead, and saw the wild dog feasting upon the turbaned corpses, "give me the Mameluke cavalry and the French infantry, and I will conquer the world." "You will conquer it without," said Murat, with a smile; "but see the columns wait." "Onward," said the leader, with a wave of his hand; "ten days, and I sup in Cairo." For eight days the army continued to advance, now resting amid the ruins of some ancient cit, and now cooling their thirst from the sluggish tide of some muddy stream. The General, too, as he had done throughout the march, hared in all things with the meanest soldier. His head rested upon the sand stone of the waste—his marquee was the jeweled canopy of Heaven—his lull the howl of the jackalls, and his reveille the yell of the skrimishing Mameluke. In squares six deep on each side, with the artillery at right angles, and the cavalry baggage and ammunition in the centre, the

French army drew near the plain of Cairo. It was on the 19th of July, at daybreak, when a shot from the vanguard broke upon the laggard ear, and a peaked cloud seemed to rise from the Nile, and caught his eager eye as he gazed around the horizon. Napoleon and his staff, mounted on swift dromedaries, rode to the front of his columns. The night, on its black wings, passed swiftly among the mountains of Upper Egypt.—The sun rose in Eastern splendor from the desert and lit the sombre sands—a bright ray flashed upon the far, distant object. It was a spectacle never equalled in sublimity. The whole army exclaimed, as one man, "the Pyramids!" and as the squares advanced with martial music, a train of camels came tinkling round the base of the Sphinx an Arab horseman galloped out of sight behind the shade of the Gize, and the strain of the dying cymbals of the Mameluke melted away in the rosy light. Napoleon had passed the desert, and the time defying tombs of the Pharaohs flashed in the clear atmosphere before him.

PANTISOCRACY.

[Communicated to the National Intelligencer.] It is admitted on all hands, Messrs. Editors, that the being or becoming a citizen of the United States—whether naturally or by adoption—constitutes a man at once (even though unable, perhaps, to govern his wife or children or self) a complete politician, and able to decide not only what, in the matters that he knows least of, is best for this country, but for all others. Nay, so clear is the fact that even European nations are forced to acknowledge it. They see what an enormous growth of wisdom America has, far even beyond our own prodigious consumption; and instead of being offended at our meddling with their affairs, are delighted to get the fruits of our over production, of our superfluity of political sagacity. It is manifest, indeed, that the civilized earth is falling into a state of pupillage to us, and that after a while Providence itself will be able to show up the most of us, only look after us, while we regulate all the rest of the world, and deal out the duties and the fate of nations as Heaven's viceregents.

Of this expansive state of things Gen. Washington was too short sighted, far too little the great political philosopher, to have had any conception; for in that famous Farewell Address (his last great legacy of wisdom and patriotism) he inculcates it as the leading, the supreme rule of our foreign policy, that we were to shun mixing ourselves with the affairs of other nations, maintain friendship with all, but have entanglements with none. Of course, then, all these narrow notions of his are to go for nothing. It is our business to thrust ourselves into the internal affairs of all countries; they all desire, nay, expect it of us, and will take it most unkindly if we allow them to regulate their own matters in their own way.

It is evident that we are here to keep the earth in order, and are God's delegates for that purpose; we, to look after the rest of the world; and, in return for our taking so much trouble of Providence's hands, it will of course take such excellent care of ours that we need pay no attention to them.—Nature, if it is well known, does nothing in vain, and the enormous surplus of public discretion which has been bestowed upon us, so far beyond what we ever make use of at home, can only have been intended for exportation to other countries.

For some time human affairs have gone rather ill. To go back no further than to the time of Nebuchadnezzar, the grazer, that potentate treated the Jews very foully; and the matter ought to be set right. By Sesostris, by Alexander the Great, and finally by Titus, the Arabs, and many more, those poor Hebrews have been kicked and cuffed and buffeted without end. We ought, if there is any sympathy, any brotherhood, any care in us for the cause of human rights, to go and restore them to their sacred city—something that calls to us with the most sacred invitation, for (as every body knows) as soon as we shall have done that, the millennium is to commence.

Didn't Cyrus enslave Lydia and our republican brothers, the Ionians? And shall we suffer that wrong to freedom to remain unredressed, down to the present day? It is time to bestir ourselves, and take Asia Minor out of the hands of those barbarous Turks.

What right have the French to Gaul?—Why, they seized it from we can't exactly say whom, that had half expelled the Romans, who had taken it from the Gauls, who had wrested it from nobody precisely knows what people, who had got it none can say how. This is all the title that Jonny Crapaud has. We should at once declare it void. Let an ejectment be at once filed against Jonny Crapaud in the District Court of New York, Major Davazac and the Hon. John McKeon well feed to enforce it with their utmost jurisdictional skill, and we warrant Jonny Crapaud dished and ousted.

Then those poor fellows, the Italians: why will not Austria let them eat their maccaroni and play the fiddle in peace?—The mighty genius of American freedom should assert her insulted principles every where—in Italy, and by the Ganges—where Poland bleeds beneath the knout, and in farthest Siberia—on the Danube, by the creeping Don, where Meander winds, on the Amazon, and from the Yang-tze Kiang to the St. Lawrence.

USURY LAWS.

The following table, taken from the "Laws of Trade," exhibits the legal rates of interest in the different States and Territories within the government of the United States, together with the punishment of usury, as provided by statute in each:

Maine—6 per cent; forfeit of the debt or claim.
New Hampshire—6 per cent; forfeit of three times the amount unlawfully taken.
Vermont—6 per cent; recovery in action, with costs.
Massachusetts—6 per cent; forfeit of threefold the usury.
Rhode Island—6 per cent; forfeit of the usury and interest on the debt.
Connecticut—6 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.
New York—7 per cent; usurious contracts void.
New Jersey—7 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.
Pennsylvania—6 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.
Delaware—6 per cent; forfeit of the whole debt.
Maryland—6 per cent; on tobacco contracts void.
Virginia—6 per cent; forfeit double the usury taken.
North Carolina—6 per cent; contracts for usury void; forfeit double the usury.
South Carolina—7 per cent, forfeit of interest and premium taken, with costs to debtor.
Georgia—8 per cent; forfeit three times the usury and contract void.
Alabama—8 per cent; forfeit of interest and usury.
Mississippi—8 per cent; by contracts as high as 10 per cent; usury recoverable in an action of debt.
Louisiana—5 per cent; bank interest 6; conventional as high as ten; beyond that contract void.
Tennessee—6 per cent; usurious contracts void.
Kentucky—6 per cent; usury may be recovered with costs.
Ohio—6 per cent; usurious contracts void.
Indiana—6 per cent; on written agreement may go as high as 10 per cent; penalty of usury, a fine of double the excess.
Illinois—6 per cent; threefold amount of the whole interest.
Missouri—6 per cent; by agreement as high as 10 per cent; if beyond forfeit of interest due, and of the usury taken.
Michigan—7 per cent; forfeit of the usury taken and one fourth of the debt.
Arkansas—6 per cent; by agreement, any rate not exceeding 10. Amount of usury recoverable, but contracts void.
District of Columbia—6 per cent; usurious contracts void.
Florida—8 per cent; forfeit of interest and excess in case of usury.
Wisconsin—7 per cent; by agreement, not exceeding 12. Forfeit treble the excess.
On debts or judgments in favor of the United States, interest is computed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum.

COMMANDER MACKENZIE.

We subjoin from the New York Journal of Commerce, a report of the examination of Captain McKeever, one of the Court Martial for the trial of Commander Mackenzie. Our readers will bear in mind, that shortly after the result of the trial was made known at Washington, many of the papers that were courted a part of the administration for benefits, roundly asserted that the vote of the Court Martial was really against the acquittal of the accused. And the Journal of Commerce declared, "that it had learned from an UNDOUBTED SOURCE that SEVEN out of the twelve were of the opinion that the charges, or some of them, had been proved."

The UNDOUBTED SOURCE whence the Journal of Commerce drew its information, was used pretty freely at Washington; and many who had believed in the innocence of Commander Mackenzie, were led by this "undoubted source" to believe that testimony had been adduced before the Court that did not reach the public eye, and that the technical acquittal amounted to a moral sentence of guilty of murder on the high seas. And the manner in which the President treated the finding of the Court seemed to confirm all this.

Commander Mackenzie made the assertion of the Journal of Commerce an occasion for a suit, which drew out the testimony of Captain McKeever.

Now there can be no doubt that some person, or persons, have, for the most wicked purpose, fabricated a falsehood—a falsehood that has already done great mischief, and which would have wrought much more, but for the spirited action of Commander Mackenzie.

Now who is this man! Who is the person whose position is such, that while he is uttering a falsehood, the editors of the Journal of Commerce are so deceived by his character and standing, as to pronounce him "an undoubted source?" Rumor may be overlooked, suspicions may cause it, and a love of gossip give it more extensive circulation; but in this instance, the origin is known, and is pronounced undoubted! Then who is it?

It will be seen by the subjoined, that the vote stood on the main question of murder, NINE for declaring that the charge was not proved, and three that the act was proven, but without malice, as Captain McKeever understood the vote.

And even the second charge, that of oppression in dragging the three persons, the vote stood nine that the charge was not proved, and three that it was.

United States Gazette.

SUPREME COURT.

ALEX. SLIDELL MACKENZIE VS. DAVID HALE ET AL.

An order having been made in this cause on the 22d day of May instant to examine Isaac McKeever, Esq., a Captain in the Navy of the United States, as a witness de bene esse on the part of the plaintiff, a summons was issued in pursuance of such order, and both the said order and the said summons being made returnable before his Honor William Kent, Circuit Judge, on Wednesday, the 24th day of May, the parties by their Counsel as well as the said witness, attended before the Circuit Judge, at the time aforesaid. And the said witness thereupon asking for an adjournment to advise upon his duty in the premises, the said examination was adjourned to Tuesday the 30th day of May, at half past 6 o'clock, P. M., at the residence of the said Circuit Judge. At which last mentioned time and place, the parties by their counsel, as well as the said witness, attended before the Circuit Judge, and the plaintiff's counsel then put the following question, the witness being first sworn in the cause.

First. What is your name, age, and profession or occupation? Do you know the parties in this suit, or either of them, and whom?

The witness answered, reserving his right to object to the course of proceeding or to any question that might subsequently be put.

Answer, Isaac McKeever, age forty-eight, Captain in the Navy of the United States. I know the plaintiff. I do not know either of the defendants.

Second. Were you a member of the Court Martial convened at Brooklyn in or about the month of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty three, for the trial of Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, and did you act in that capacity? Were you present on the twenty eighth day of March 1843, or thereabouts, when the said Court Martial came to a decision upon the matters submitted to them?

Answer. I was a member of such Court Martial; I was present at the time referred to.

Third. How many members of the Court were present, and what were their names?

Answer. Twelve—Captains Downes, Read, Bolton, Sloat, Turner, Storer, Myself Paigen, Gwinn, Wyman, and Commanders Ogdin and Shubrick.

Fourth. What was the vote of the said Court upon the first charge, to wit, that alleging that the said Alexander Slidell Mackenzie had been guilty of murder on board a United States vessel on the high seas? It being intended hereby to inquire how many votes were given in the affirmative, that the said charge was proven; and how many in the negative, that the said charge was not proven. Please to state how you know the fact.

Answer. I answer from memory; nine members voted that the charge was not proven, three that the charge was proven. It is possible that on this charge eight voted that the charge was not proven, and four that it was proven. But my strong impression is, that on all the charges the vote stood nine for not proven, three for proven.

For there were four who voted that this charge was proven, one of the four also voted that the act was justified by necessity.

J. McKEEVER.

Cross examined by the Counsel for the defendants—

Q. How was the vote of the several members taken?

A. Viva voce.

Q. Was it audibly pronounced by each in your hearing as it was given?

A. It was.

Q. Are you entirely sure that as to the first charge the vote stood nine to three?

A. Yes—I am. J. McKEEVER.

Sworn before me, 5th day of June, 1843.

Wm. Kent, Circuit Judge.

THE TARIFF.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

It may well be doubted, says the Boston Atlas, whether any measure ever before won its way so successfully into public favor, as the Tariff Law, that, with so much difficulty, and in the face of so many obstacles, was triumphantly carried through by the last Congress. Notwithstanding a few faults that may easily be remedied, its success and its beneficial influence have been remarkable. Of this every day is bringing us new evidence and additional testimonials. No more striking proof of that need be asked than the manner in which the fierce opponents of the late tariff are now asserting their own words. See the Journal of Commerce, now compelled to admit that its prophetic warnings, of its bad effect in enhancing the prices of manufactures, have all been falsified, and that by the aid of a tariff ensuring safety to our manufactures, we are now able to compete most successfully with foreigners in their own markets! This is one of the most marked and speedy instances of benefit ever known in a public measure. And so staggering its influence upon the opponents of protection, that they know not how to attempt to explain away so clear a refutation of their false prophecies. They grope and stumble about like a man in the dark, unknowing what new fact they may strike their head against next.

So, too, with the New York Evening Post—we hear but little now in that quarter, of its oft repeated cry of repeal. For the present, at least that war cry is hushed. In its place we find in passing indications of returning sanity. In the N. Y. Evening Post of March 7th, may be found the following: