

# N. Carolina Constitutionalist,

## PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE AND STATE GAZETTE.

"THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS—THE SHIELD OF FREEDOM—THE SCOURGE OF TYRANTS"

BY CHARLES R. RAMSAY.

RALEIGH, N. C. OCTOBER 29, 1833.

VOLUME 2—NUMBER 49.

### The Constitutionalist

Is published every Tuesday morning, at Three Dollars per annum, one half payable in advance, or Three Dollars and fifty cents if not paid until the termination of the year. Advertisements inserted at 50 cents per square, for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one.

All letters addressed to the Editor on business connected with the establishment, must be post paid, or they will not be taken out of the office.

### POETRY.

#### THE UNFORGIVEN.

By WILLIAM W. ARTHUR.

Her form of life, unclouded rose,  
And Fancy fondly dreamed,  
That each succeeding day would close  
Bright, as the present seemed;  
And youth exulting, longed to share  
A world, which to her eyes,  
Appeared so beautiful—so fair—  
A thornless paradise.

That world she tried—youth's witchery,  
Hope's fairy spells were gone,  
And all the stern reality  
Of earthly cares came on—  
Visions that shone in childhood's eye  
Delusive past away,  
As twilight shadows phantoms fly  
Before the blaze of day.

Friend after friend around her dropped,  
Joy after joy decayed,  
Till all she loved and all she hoped,  
In the cold earth were laid,  
And in the gloom of nature's strife,  
Those deep distresses shed;  
The host of woe—the soul of life—  
The light of reason fled.

And 'twas a piteous sight to gaze  
On that sad, pallid cheek,  
Which erst in sprigues happier days,  
Blushed with the roses' streak;  
To meet the glances of that eye,  
And in its phrenzy glare,  
Head hope's expiring agony  
The triumph of despair.

For hers was not a flickering grief,  
With gleams of joy between,  
To yield the anguish'd heart relief,  
That wildly throbb'd within;  
But ceaseless as that throb, the cry,  
Of thrilling anguish rose,  
"Oh mine are griefs that never die,  
Mine are eternal woes."

Poor maniac! thy unhappy fate  
Hath call'd forth many a tear,  
From those whose with whom thou first didst set  
Out in life's gay career.  
The proud thy marked the generous glow  
Which warm'd thy noble heart;  
They weeping, gaze upon thee now,  
The wreck of what thou wert.

But cease afflicted one, to think  
Thy destiny is fixed,  
Though it has been thy lot to drink  
Life's bitterest cup unmixed,  
Yet there is one whose gracious ear  
Doth thy wails incline;  
He marks thy tears, He hears thy prayer,  
The sinner's friend is thine.

And manna, o'er thy sorrowing soul  
A glorious dawn shall burst,  
Visions of happiness shall roll  
More lasting than the first,  
The light of heaven's eternal day  
The mental darkness chase;  
Despair and anguish flee away,  
And all be calm and peace.

#### SONG OF THE SIOUX LOVERS.

By FRANK BEVERLY.]

Gay moonlight is dancing  
O'er forest and glen,  
And her bright beams are kissing  
My sweet's silver hair;  
As she strikes the green heather  
Oh! will you be my neighbor,  
Impatient—Azala!  
To hear thee away.

Where the silver-haired wild doe  
Leads forth her fleet fawn,  
To the crystal wave fountain,  
At summer's red dawn;  
Where wanders the heathfox,  
O'er the dew's angled sea;  
The wigan blaze gleameth,  
Azala—for thee.

There wild flowers are blooming,  
And garlands I'll twine,  
For those dark locks that cluster,  
Like grapes from the vine,  
And the silver-necked lake swan  
Sings the love thy my bow,  
That his soft downy plumage  
May shadow thy brow.

A wooer would wed thee—  
Once first in the light;  
But his brow is now furrowed,  
And his thin locks are white;  
The strength of the "all elk,"  
The dark hawk's star eye,  
Aye, all that he once was,  
Now maiden, can I.

Though his long canoe leap to  
The light paddle's stroke,  
Though his steeds are as many  
As the leaves on the oak,  
As my shallows will leave him  
With his plumed braves behind,  
As my flaxen mane courses  
As feather than wind.

Then haste thee Azala!  
Beneath yon elm tree,  
Where is saddled,  
And waiting for thee,  
For hence he will bear us,  
Long ere peep of day,  
As seated—my fond one,  
Whoop! brave steed away!

### Miscellaneous.

#### VISIT TO LAFAYETTE

We copy from our countryman, Mr. CUSHING'S, tour in France, &c. the following interesting account of his visit to the venerable soldier of Liberty, the excellent LAFAYETTE:—*Nat. Intel.*

If there is any chapter in an ancient or modern story, which presents a more captivating picture of honorable old age, in the full fruition of the just rewards of a well spent life, than is furnished in the following narrative of a visit to LaGrange, we have never met with it. It is from the pen of the late Mrs. Cushing, of Newburyport:

"On Thursday, October 8th, we received a second call from Gen. Lafayette, who offered us two vacant seats in his carriage with himself and grand daughter, to go to LaGrange on the following day. The kind offer, we were of course happy to avail ourselves of, and the next morning at eleven o'clock, were on our way to that spot, which above all others I most desired to see. Our ride was a delightful one, as, indeed, how could it fail to be? The General conversed a great deal, and his open, unaffected manner banished all restraint. His grand daughter, Madame Perier, the daughter of Mr. Geo. W. Lafayette, I found a most intelligent and interesting lady, gentle, unpretending and amiable in her deportment. She has been two years married, and resides near Grenoble; to which place her grandfather had made his recent journey, partly for the purpose of visiting her family, and of bringing her back with him to LaGrange.

"In passing through the several villages, the people in the streets, at seeing the General's carriage pass, raised their hats with the greatest respect, though they could not see his face or person. "As we entered the boundaries of LaGrange, now, cried the General, we are upon American ground. In a few minutes the turrets of the ancient chateau appeared in sight, and we soon drove through the portal and entered a court, three sides of which are occupied by the castle, the remaining one opening upon a beautiful park. The portal is cut through a part of the building, and this on the outer side is covered with ivy, which was planted by Fox, when visiting Gen. Lafayette, after the peace of Amiens.

"When the carriage stopped at the door, we found all the family assembled there, ready to welcome their revered parent. They all embraced him affectionately, and he then introduced his guests, whom they received with cordial politeness.

"We now ascended to the saloon, where a bright and cheerful fire shed an air of comfort and hospitality around the apartment. It is a circular room, handsomely but simply furnished. Around the walls are suspended portraits of Gen. Greene, Mr. Monroe, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Jefferson, and Madison. At the opposite side of the room is a pedestal with a bronze bust of Washington, made at the time he was in the army.

"After remaining here a short time, we were conducted to our own apartment, in which a fire was also burning and every thing disposed for our reception. This room was hung with various prints of scenes in America.

"At six o'clock the bell rang for dinner, and we repaired to the saloon, where the numerous family of the house and a few temporary visitors were already assembled. Descending to the dining room situated upon the lower floor, we found a table abundantly spread with meats and vegetables, almost exclusively the product of the farm; and the fruits which formed the dessert, were all the General's own raising. And the cheerfulness and hilarity which reigned around the hospitable board, gave additional richness to the repast.

"It was at this time, that Madame Perier made me acquainted with the names of the family, and their relationship to each other, and I shall mention them here. There were, first, the eldest daughter of the General, Madame de la Tour Maubourg, and her youngest daughter Jenny. Next Madame Lasteurie, who has one son, Jules, and three daughters. The eldest, Pauline, is married to the Count de Remusat, and has an infant son named Pierre. Her husband was with her at LaGrange. The second daughter is named Malanie, and the third Octavine. There were three daughters of George W. Lafayette, who, with his wife and two young sons, Oscar and Edmund, were now absent. The eldest daughter Natalie, wife of M. Augustin Perier, had with her a little girl, Octavine, about ten months old. Her sisters are Matilda and Clementine. Madame de la Tour Maubourg has still another daughter, Celestine, who is married to Baron de Brigade, and has four children. This is, I believe, a correct list of all the family of the excellent General, who appeared among them like the patriarch of the flock, and fully real-

ized all my ideas of that ancient and venerable character.

"Having finished dinner, we returned to the parlor, and the evening passed in general and agreeable conversation.

"At ten o'clock the next morning we again met at the breakfast table, and afterwards took a walk around the domain. The General first conducted us to a pretty little building, with painted windows, in which was placed the Whitehall boat, called the American Star, presented to him at New York. Thence to an enclosure, where were a beautiful American stag and a doe presented to him from the *Jardin des Plantes*, but of American parentage. We then entered a large yard, surrounded by the buildings of the farm, at one side of which was the aviary, containing a number of very curious and beautiful birds, then we were conducted to the various sheep folds, which enclosed flocks of merinoes, amounting, in the whole to a thousand, all remarkable for the fineness and beauty of their wool. "Entering the farm house, we were shown two fine cool dairies, placed half underground, and like all other apartments which I saw, remarkably clean and nice.

"After having seen all the different parts of the farm we walked into the woods, which are beautifully laid out, in the General's own taste; and a great number of the trees were planted by his own hand. Our walk terminated at a pretty little artificial lake, with an island in the midst of it, and a pleasure boat was sailing. Returning to the Chateau, we took a run over the beautiful lawn in front of it, with trees so planted in groups, as to afford open vistas between them. After this we all separated, to pursue whatever occupation we chose.

"And this is one of the great charms of LaGrange; all are left at liberty to go and come as they please, without any of the restraints of ordinary visiting. You may read or write—walk, sail, or as the one or the other is most agreeable to your taste, until the dinner bells give the signal for again uniting. It seems to make no the slightest difference in the arrangements of the family, whether there are twenty guests or only one. All that come are cordially welcomed, and they have only to make themselves as happy, as the numerous attraction of the place enable them to be.

"At dinner we were pleased to meet Mr. Levasseur who, with two other French gentlemen, had arrived during the day. The evening was spent in music and dancing, the young ladies taking turns to play for each other. The room appropriated for these purposes, possesses quite as many memorials of America as the adjoining saloon. The most conspicuous on one side was the Star Spangled Banner, suspended between the portraits of Washington and Franklin, the latter painted by Madame Perier. There were also busts of J. Q. Adams and Mr. Monroe, a portrait of the commander of the Brandywine, the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address.

"After breakfast the next morning, we were shown the little room, which they called the museum, filled with presents made to the General in America. There were a number of Indian dresses and canoes, a beautiful mahogany model of the celebrated water works near Philadelphia, a little box of bird's eye maple, containing water from the Erie canal, a birch bark box filled with maple sugar, collections of shells, and other curiosities too numerous to mention.

"We then followed to the library, which adjoins the general's sleeping chamber. Just outside the door of this room is a small picture of the prison at Olmutz, and the jailer unlocking the door of the cell in which the general was confined. The bedchamber was adorned with prints and paintings of different kinds: some of them portraits of personal and family friends, and others of public characters, such as General Jackson, Henry Clay, William H. Crawford and others. There were likewise prints of the Hancock house, of Mr. Adam's residence at Yorktown, and the picture of a scene at Yorktown with the figures of Washington, Lincoln, and Lafayette, among others represented in it. Upon a table was placed a splendid silver urn, a present from the officers of the Brandywine. On one side was seen the harbor of New York, at the moment of the General's departure and the ship just setting sail. On the other was the open tomb of Washington, and three persons about to descend into it, namely, General Lafayette, his son, and Mr. Levasseur.

"The library is a handsome circular room, containing a large number of beautiful books, conveniently arranged in open book cases, and consisting of all the most popular French, English, and American works, ancient and modern. Beneath these were other cases, the doors so ingeniously contrived as perfectly to resemble ranges of books. In these were kept splendid specimens of binding and printing, executed in the United States; and

large drawers full of testimonials of affection and regard, which the General had received at different periods of his life; all which he seemed to value very highly, and to exhibit with the utmost pleasure.

"In the first drawer he opened, among a variety of pretty little boxes, was a pocket Testament, bound in red Morocco, which he said a pious female friend was so kind as to give him when he last visited the United States. Upon the blank leaf of it is written "Be America his resting place and Heaven his home." He then showed us the contents of all the other drawers, the umbrella which Washington was accustomed to use, his silver spectacles, the cane of Franklin, a sword blade made of the bolts of the Bastille, a large collection of canes, and a chair cushion, worked by Mrs. Washington at the age of seventy years. The most beautiful cane that the General possesses, & which he always carries, is one cut from an apple tree, beneath which he breakfasted with General Washington on the morning of a memorable battle. The head is of gold inscribed with his name, and beneath, "It shaded him and his friend Washington."

"A striking proof of the inherent and delicate politeness, which display itself in all the members of this charming family, is the interest that they manifested in looking over these gifts, and expressing the greatest admiration of the beauty, as if seeing them for the first time, though, in fact, they must have exhibited them to hundreds of their different visitors, always, I doubt not, with equal cheerfulness and alacrity.

"Among other curiosities, the General showed us a small full-length portrait of himself, taken at the age of nineteen, and dressed in the uniform worn by the officers of the American Revolution. The General entertained us highly by his interesting remarks, and the anecdotes which he related in connexion with the different portraits.

"At length the hour for separation for the night arrived, and as we were to leave LaGrange early on the following morning, we were obliged to take a reluctant farewell of this most interesting family circle, in whose delightful society two days had flown away upon the wings of the wind.

"I had heard and read much of LaGrange, but the reality far exceeded my expectations. Never did I imagine a scene of more unaffected harmony and domestic love, more unbounded kindness and hospitality than this noble mansion presents. And, faultless as had ever appeared to us the character of our venerable and illustrious host, it was in the privacy of domestic life, in the bosom of his family, that we were to learn all its perfection. I believe if there exists a happy man on earth, it is Gen. Lafayette. In every vicissitude of fortune, through praise and censure, through prosperity and adversity, he has alike been true to himself, to his conscience, to his country. No recollections of lawless ambition, of cruelty, or wanton bloodshed can mar the tranquility of his declining years. His name is still the rallying point to the lovers of liberty in his own country, and is hailed with the warmest gratitude and affection by millions of the freeborn citizens of a transatlantic world.

"His children, to the third generation, arise up and call him blessed," while his servants, and numerous dependents look up to him as their protector and friend, and ever find in him an affectionate and considerate master.—To the rich he is a delightful companion, to the poor a generous benefactor. No man can justly breathe a word of censure against his name, and I believe his own breast to be the seat of the kindest feelings, and good will even to those whom he is compelled to call his enemies."

MR. DURANT.—The Baltimore Patriot states that it was the intention of Mr. D. when he ascended, to go across the Bay to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, but the lightness of the wind prevented. He alighted about 20 miles upon the Bay, near Pool's Island, at half past 6, P. M. was taken on board the steamboat Independence, Captain Pearce, then on her way to Frechtown, and returned in her from thence at 2 o'clock, Tuesday morning, with his balloon, in perfect safety. His descent is thus described in a letter dated.

On board the Steamboat Independence, 2 Near Pool's Island, Tuesday, half past 6 o'clock.

"I just had the pleasure of taking on board Mr. Durant and his balloon. All you Baltimoreans have missed it—you should have come along with us—we saw him from the time he made his appearance above the fence on the hill, until he got below North Point, then he descended about 10 minutes, took a snack and something to drink—thought we had lost him, but soon found him after us again. He came down and hailed us frequently, waved his flag and hat; we returned it with hearty cheers. After hovering about us for half an hour he descended to with-

in about a foot of the water; we took the small boat and towed him in and took him on board."

The following are extracts from Mr. Durant's Journal: "I found the courses of the several pioneers to be N. N. E.—N. E. by N.—N. by E. E.—veering to the East as they attained a higher altitude. The last one continued N. E. by N. varying a very little even at its greatest altitude, which, from the manuscript Map that Mr. Alexander had the kindness to construct for me, I found would carry me in the direction of Chestertown. Accordingly decided on taking tea in that town, but in consequence of being almost becalmed, I was deprived of that pleasure.

My destined port being Chestertown, between which and your city is that extensive Bay, induced me to hurry the preparation lest that great Ball of fire (which some of the *Savans*, I think, have erroneously termed the centre of our solar system,) should deprive me of his cheering rays on the road, and accordingly at 4h. 28, by my time, I severed the last cord, which unmoored the Balloon, and never in finer style, or with more buoyant spirits, had I left my native earth.

Here your city, with its dome, its spires, and animated beings, sinking away beneath me, presented a sight most noble, or majestic if you please, that man is capable of conceiving. My sole companion, the rabbit, was a very interesting one indeed. Though he could not converse by *parole*, I judged him possessed of more philosophy than mere instinct, and accordingly addressed him a few words of condolence, which he appeared to understand, and manifested an unusual degree of composure for one of his species, when I sent him for the second time with the parachute to his native earth.

At 5 o'clock, I was suspended over a river, and could see the course of the channel, and many dark spots on the bottom, which I suppose was sea-weed and rocks.

At 5h. 6m I have too on the farm of Benjamin Porter, when he and Dr. Mace came to the car, I shook hands with them, and for such a short acquaintance I found them very sociable. They gave me a glass of water, and politely offered me something stronger, with tea, and to make my stay agreeable, if I would consent to stay with them. They informed me the next neighbor was Mr. J. B. Briscoe, and that I was ten miles from Baltimore. I declined all their kind offers, except the water, gave them the address and evening paper, bid them good bye, tripped the anchor and started, after a delay of two minutes, for Chestertown.

At 5h. 27, I passed over and conversed with Mr. Benjamin F. Hart, whom I found one of Job's comforters. He informed me I was sixteen miles from Baltimore, thirty miles from Chestertown, and fourteen miles to the Eastern Shore. Though I doubted his knowledge of distances, still the interview was pleasing. I sent him down copies of the address and evening papers, on which I wrote Mr. Durant's compliments—bid him good bye, and entered over the Chesapeake Bay. Here I saw several row boats along the shore, at distance of 2 and 4 miles making for me. Though the wind was light, I soon left them in the distance.

A steambot, which I had been watching some time, had now rounded the point, and with her course directed towards me, was evidently gaining on the distance. I found the wind was lighter near the surface of the water, and kept low, to afford her an opportunity of coming up, as I wished to speak her; and request the Captain to report me at Philadelphia and New York. It was not however until I was within one mile of the Eastern Shore that I gave up the idea of supping at Chestertown. I was almost becalmed, night approaching, and the shore I was nearing almost covered with the forest trees, which would render it difficult for me to save my Balloon.

The steambot was now so near that I could see the passengers waving their hats, and directly I saw the small boat let into the water, manned by three men, and put off. This was the most favorable circumstance I could wish for a safe descent. I immediately lowered one anchor with 200 feet of cord—then lowered the balloon so that the anchor with a few feet of cord went in the water.

I remained suspended in air 151 feet, when the boat came up, and to my great pleasure, my old friend Capt. Pearce caught the anchor at 6h 15. He towed me to the steambot Independence, where I lowered the other anchor to the passengers, who hauled me down on the upper deck, where I was rendered every assistance to fold my Balloon, which is not injured in the least degree.

I am now in comfortable quarters with mine host at the City Hotel, where I arrived at three o'clock this morning, enjoying my usual good health.

C. F. DURANT.  
Baltimore, 15th Oct. 1833.

### POLITICAL.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce. We publish the annexed letter, because it contains statements from the late returns of the United States Bank which have not otherwise come before the public. If the financial measures connected with the removal of the deposits were devised by the Kitchen Cabinet, no parlor Cabinet could have done the business more genteely. It seems now quite evident, as indeed it always did to those who know any thing of such matters, that the great alarm, which was excited lest the receiving of the deposits should embarrass the local Banks, and even break them, had no good foundation. The possession of ten millions of dollars is not likely to enfeeble a monied institution.

From the New York Standard. WASHINGTON, 9th Oct. 1833.

Dear Sir,—I perceive a strong desire in your mercantile community that the public moneys now in the Bank of the U. States and Branches shall be transferred to the State Banks at once, that they may be loaned out for the purpose of relieving the pressure on the money market. If your merchants understood what is the true condition of that Bank, they would, probably, cease to press such a measure. The truth is, the Bank of the United States is unable at once to pay over the public deposits, and a sudden demand on them for its whole amount, would inevitably force them to stop payment. The blind partisans of that institution will not probably believe this statement; but it is demonstrable to all who will look at facts, and exercise their reason.

I learn that by the last returns of the Branch in your city, received at the Treasury, the deposits to the credit of the treasurer and public officers, independent of \$174,000 on account of the public debt, were about \$3,694,000.

The specie on hand was about 2,039,000

Excess of deposit, \$1,655,000  
The net balance due from the State Banks at the same time, was about \$343,000—so that if the Secretary of the Treasury had directed the whole deposit to be transferred at once, the Branch must have stopped payment.

The deposits in the Boston Branch, subject to be transferred at a moment's notice were about \$1,136,000  
The whole specie on hand about 830,000

Excess of deposit, \$806,000  
The net balance due from the State Banks, was about \$98,000—so that a sudden transfer of the deposits at this Branch must have stopped it.

Others of the Northern branches were in a similar condition, and some of those at the south in no better.

The deposits in the Washington Branch were about \$413,000  
The specie on hand only 69,000

Excess of deposit, \$344,000  
So that this Branch could have been stopped in a day.

The principal Bank had an excess of specie and balances due from State banks over the deposits, of about \$1,580,000—and the Baltimore Branch of about \$262,000—not enough to have sustained the branches along the Atlantic coast, even if there had been time to reinforce them. So weak were the branches at Washington and Norfolk that they have already been aided with remittances of specie.

You perceive I have said nothing of the demand for private deposits, and a returning circulation, which would have been brought upon them by a sudden withdrawal of the public deposits. Their funds in Europe have diminished about \$867,000 within the last month, and the remainder, about \$2,500,000, will not be available to meet a home demand, because it will be required to meet the payment of the three per cents, which were postponed by private arrangements to the first of this month.

The Bank had curtailed its discounts within the last month about \$2,559,000, and yet had extended its circulation about \$715,000. This was done because it could not otherwise collect sufficient means to meet the current demands upon it (among which was a call for private deposits to the amount of about \$1,449,000) and at the same time keep up its specie fund, which it had increased about \$435,000.

When you consider that the public moneys in the Bank were about \$9,868,000; that their sudden withdrawal would carry with it probable \$3,000,000 out of the private deposits, now amounting to about \$8,000,000; that the Bank has now to pay two to three millions of the three per cents, deferred in Europe; and that upon so extensive a curtailment of business, many millions of its nineteenth millions in circulation, must soon return upon it; you will perceive that it is