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THE FAITHLESS FAIR.

The aid of fiction's garb, without The aid of fiction's garb.

Henry—joined a company of volunteers during the memorable Revolutionary struggles between Great Britain and the American colonies. His youthful bosom glowed with that patriotic fire which seemed to animate the whole continent. At the period we speak of, it became not the man to hold back—his liberty depended on the meditated blow—a

Henry rushed into battle, heedless of dangers, and reckless of the consequences. It was at the battle of Trenton, which, more than any other single battle during the war, decided its fate, that Henry rushing into the hottest of the conflict, gained the enemy's standard, and bore it off in triumph. For this act of faithful bravery, Henry was promoted to the rank of captain, and gained the highest esteem of his superior officers. We shall not now allow our hero through the many and various campaigns; suffice it to say, that acts of heroism succeeded, until at the termination of the war, he found him returned among the list of contemporary heroes as major.

Previous to Henry's joining the army, he was betrothed to a young lady of great personal beauty and considerable property. She parted from him with many protestations of love and affection, and her tears fell on the cheek of her lover to seal the words "I am thine." Day after day succeeded his departure, and she anxiously awaited the return of the post; it came, her lover's letter was filled with protestations of love and constancy. While the papers teemed with the heroic actions of the brave, and the promotion of his youthful companions, there was no mention made of Henry. They all spoke of Major Drayton—the young, the noble and the brave; and the sigh of disappointment often escaped the bosom of Helen, and a wish that it was her Henry. Helen was proud; the pressing events of a war had created in her an ambitious

Her ambition was to be a heroine; it smothered the love of Henry, and kindled another—flaming with very opposite quality. But to return to Henry: Returning with his youthful bosom elated with hope and joy, and convinced one faithful heart would sympathize with him, recounting his many sufferings and privations during a long, tedious and bloody campaign, he determined to surprise his love by stratagem. Others may condemn a man of this kind as one unworthy man—a lover; but whatever Henry's motives were, he hid them entirely from others. Under another name he entered the army—under the assumed title, he gained honor, fame and renown. Aware, with such to recommend him, there could be no doubt of a happy and joyous welcome, he therefore determined to surprise Helen in another guise: in the garb of a poor soldier, he tapped at the door of her mother; he was admitted by a servant and conducted into the parlor. Other officers had been there to pay their respects; the brilliant dress of many youthful warrior had passed before her eyes, and with a beating heart she obeyed the summons. A tinge of red passed over her face, as she printed a fond kiss on her cheek—that kiss, when given in the fullness of a fond heart, was not returned with that fervor his gleaming armor had pictured—it was cold, formal and trembling.

"And you have returned?" escaped her lips rather as a question than an exclamation. "Yes, Helen, I am returned, the same in heart, the same fond lover as ever. But you see my garb denotes the sufferings I have endured—the misery, privation and toil—but what of this? we have gained our liberty, and planted in our shore, the banner of virtue,

liberty, and independence. And thy sweet, dear image was ever present to my sight—it cheered me in battle, and I could press my cold blanket with ecstatic joy, knowing that one fond heart was beating for me, and that heart was yours."

"Henry, you—you—must not be astonished to find a change in me. My parents—"

"Change in thee—in thee, Helen! Good heavens! what do you mean? speak!"

"I have insisted on our separation, and decreed it—we must part."

"But, Helen, this transaction is beyond my belief—is this your love?"

"Daughter Helen," was now repeated by the mother without, "Captain Ellis is below."

"Captain Ellis," muttered Henry, "he my rival?"

"But before she could answer, Captain Ellis rushed in, followed by Helen's mother—Ellis was in full uniform, and the contrast between it and the humble garb of Henry was certainly not much to his advantage. He was received with smiles and marked attention. Helen introduced him—Captain Ellis, permit me to introduce my friend, Henry W. to—"

"What, Major Drayton! Our major in this garb! by my faith you become it well. Doff your beaver, Major; your hard earnings will become these humble habiliments.—Ladies, permit me to introduce, in his true character, the gallant Francis Drayton. I presume fame has already done that honor; you now see him in proper person, though I acknowledge, not in a proper garb."

"Captain Ellis," exclaimed Drayton, "whatever your opinions may be respecting this disguise, I presume its colours are no disgrace; 'tis the plain garb of a continental soldier, and honors the wearer more at this proud epoch of our country's glory, than the diadem on the brow of the monarch."

"And is my dear Henry, that brave Major Drayton!" cried Helen, with all the demonstrations of joy. "Captain Ellis," continued Drayton, "I have used a name in battle not my own. Whatever my reasons are, they are now for ever silenced. I am now Francis Drayton. By the last will and testament of a dear beloved aunt, I became heir to an immense property by the assuming of that name. If my conduct would justify any future explanation, I am still ready to give it. To her parents' command, and her wish—with such powerful reasonings opposed to my wishes, I silently obey."

"My commands, Major! commands! never—"

"Hold, madam; your words, if allowed to explain further, will tend to lessen Helen lower in my estimation than she is at present, and of course will avail out little. Convinced, therefore, that ambition, not love, actuated Helen, I will doff my beaver, as Captain Ellis observes, and wish you all good morning."

dent" set by the first commander, imposed upon him the necessity of leaving the helm on the 4th of March, 1837.

The promiscuous crowd here assembled, claimed the right of making out, fitting up, signing and sealing a commission, and delivering the same over to a successor of the present commander. This right was not openly denied by any individual in the vast crowd. It was however whispered about, by a few, that this "many-headed monster," "the sovereign mob," ought not to concern with the matter unless their minds were first enlightened by a long "talk," which it was understood was already written; but could not be delivered until the 20th of May.

However, the inquiry went round, "to whom shall we give the command of the vessel?" I recognized in the crowd a number of gentlemen whom I had seen last winter as I passed through Washington City. It was at length agreed, or rather it seemed to be understood, that the man who could first arrive at the ship, where she now lay safely moored in the harbor, should take the command. Several were spoken of as excellent commanders. Some urged DANIEL WEBSTER to start; but there was not much importance used in order to induce him to do so, as it was known to his friends, and indeed was admitted by the whole company, that although he would make, in the main, a most skilful mariner, yet there would be great danger of the vessel, if under his control, being dashed to pieces against a bank, which skirted one of the seas in which it was understood he would love to sail.

Others spoke of HENRY CLAY—but it was feared by his friends that he was, owing to long service and exposure, too feeble to undergo the fatigues of so long a journey, as the harbor was so far distant. And withal the old gentleman was so encumbered with clothing—all of which, he said, was American Manufacture, that he looked, notwithstanding his known slender proportions, as big, and as unwieldy as Fullstiff; yet it was asserted that he had offered some time ago, provided he could promote peace, and silence some loud clamours about his dress, to strip himself to the shirt. It was obvious he could not perform the journey, and the whole crowd seemed to regard him with mingled feelings of gratitude, veneration, and regret: as they well remembered two occasions at least, on which he had poured oil on the waves, when the ship was tossed "to and fro," and when the whole crew were threatened with impending destruction from the fury of the tempest. He is certainly a man of excellent feelings, and much candor, as he modestly declined any compliment for having allayed the last storm, and admitted that he had contributed more than any other man in raising it.

In so numerous a crowd, we must expect to encounter every variety of the human character. This will readily account for my discovering a number of Jockies, with here and there, an honest man amongst them. They were standing round MARTIN VAN BUREN, who had long been equipping himself for the journey—he had been arranging his affairs for years. He appeared not only willing, but anxious to take the command of the vessel: and the jockies asserted that he could manage it with more skill and dexterity than any man belonging to the whole crew. The crowd appeared to regard him with a good deal of distrust; and some, who were standing a little way off, expressed their fears that in time of a storm, his strength and courage would both fail. They admitted he could paddle a canoe, or row a skiff with consummate skill, and with as much ease, and as little noise as the best gondolier who ever took the prize at a Regatta in Venice. They stated however, that he had never as yet, done more than to sail about in creeks, and bays, and that he was then scarcely perceived, as no one ever heard the sound of his oar. His adherents were clamorous in pressing his claims, and said that he had been cabin boy to the present commander so long, that his skill was perfect.

While this conversation was going on amongst the jockies, with occasionally a very honest man amongst them, as I said some of them, splendidly attired, and others dressed in "the shabby genteel;" I turned my eye to an immense number—a dense crowd of individuals, of all ranks, ages and descriptions; they almost resembled the crowd which stood round Peter on the day of pentecost, and might have been taken for "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia." They however principally belonged to the laboring classes, and were standing round HUGH L. WHITE. I made my way through the crowd with some difficulty, and took a position near enough to hear distinctly what he said. He was importunately urged to start the journey, and take command of the vessel. As by far the largest number of individuals stood round him, and there was less objection made to him than to any of the proposed commanders, it may not be improper to give a very short description of his personal appearance.

He is a spare made, grey-headed, venerable looking gentleman, not above the ordinary height; I would conjecture that his age may be about sixty, or sixty-one. His frame, tho' slender, gives no indication of a deficiency in muscular strength. His eye is a deep blue, clear, serene and penetrating.—His forehead is remarkable for its elevation; and he has, upon the whole, the most intellectual looking head and face I ever saw. Note—I don't understand phrenology. In his manners he is a gentleman, though remarkably plain. Indeed I thought he might have made a prettier speech to the company than he did. He told them very candidly, and without any of the flourishes of Rhetoric about it, that the "situation" of commander of the vessel was "one rather to be avoided than desired." But that the "office" was "created for their benefit," and if they wished to start him on the journey, that was none of his business; at all events he would not quarrel with them about it. They might do as they pleased—and if he reached the harbour first, he would take the command, and do the best he could.

As soon as this sentence was uttered, shouts of approbation were heard from various parts of the crowd—and many viewed it as the precursor of better times. I discovered that the belief was general, that so soon as he took the command, the troubled ocean would become, to a great extent, tranquil and serene; and that peace and harmony would once more be restored to those whose duty and highest interest it was to live together as a band of brothers—that in short—the Sea Serpent—not an imaginary, but the real one—if he did not stand out of that—would get his head cut off.

And it appeared to me, that the reason given for the indulgence of these hopes was conclusive. It was asserted, and not contradicted from any quarter, that his steadiness of nerve—his strength of both body and mind—his courage physical and moral, all contributed to qualify him in an eminent degree, for the command of the vessel. It was moreover declared that he had the friendship, good will, and the esteem of the whole crew. That they on their part had the most unbounded confidence, that the vessel under his command would escape the rocks, and quick sands—and in short—that every tar on board, would fly to his assistance in time of a STORM.

At this moment I heard a tremendous uproar and jargon amongst the jockies who stood round Van Buren—some of them with "rage and lightning in their eyes," were swearing and stamping, and uttering incoherent expressions about "splitting the party"—"Nullification"—"speech on executive patronage"—"three million appropriation"—"what—Old Hickory afraid of responsibility?" and much more of a similar character, that danced through their conversation, in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. I looked at Van Buren; his manner betrayed indecision—he appeared to be wholly disconcerted. He said he had understood all along, that no man but himself was to start on the journey, at least from the same point; and that the HORSE he had intended to ride, could not possibly carry him and Judge White both. While he was uttering this complaint, or rather lamentation, one of the jockies approached him in a brisk walk, leading an old jaded, and apparently worn out, grey looking pony, called "the Jackson hobby."

He urged Van Buren to mount without further delay—said he had had him hid out several days in a cane brake, being apprehensive that Judge White might get hold of him. The poor animal had performed so many journeys, and carried so much weight, and withal, had been so unmercifully treated by some of his riders, that it appeared to me, that if it were not for the name of riding, Mr. Van Buren might as well walk. Although the pony was linearly descended, either from the Darley Arabian, or Flying Childress, many who had performed long and fatiguing journeys upon his back, had been ungrateful enough, so soon as they reached the point of destination, to turn him out to starve, and let him run out on the commons winter and summer, until they needed him for another journey. Mr. Van Buren himself had slandered the pony while a colt, by alleging that "His ancient but ignoble blood, had crept through soundrels ever since the flood."

He however told the jockey, that that was the very horse he wanted—that in fact he now belonged to him, that it was his own right and property—that he had for many years intended to perform this very journey upon him—that if Judge White or any other man bestowed him, he would be apt to know the reason why—and muttered something that I did not hear distinctly, about the hard usage his horse had met with from individuals who had sometimes taken him out of the stable without leave. With that, he eyed Judge White, askance, and took hold of the pony's bridle, with something like a death grip. He stood in this situation for some time giving orders to the

jockies. He told them that they must see, that his horse was in "sorry trim" for the journey, and that as Judge White was about to start, they must furnish him (Mr. Van Buren) with another, which he could lead, and finally ride, if the "Jackson hobby" gave out. He urged them to be expeditious, and get him the celebrated horse CAUCUS, an animal nobly descended, which had however been broken down in 1833, and had ever since been deemed unfit for use, with one exception.—Mr. Van Buren himself had repaired and trained him, and had won a celebrated "scrub race" upon him. The jockies replied that they had been doing the best they could to recruit CAUCUS, and have him ready as the "alternatives," on which to perform the journey—but that it had been their understanding, that he would not be needed before the Spring of 1836.—But that possibly, they could get him ready by the 20th of May, 1835. But here was a dilemma. Judge White was already mounted on a strong old plough-horse called DEMOCRACY. In fact he never had designed to ride any other. He was an old Conestoga of a fellow, built like Iron works. He had carried Washington through "swamp dismal," while the country was a wilderness, over breaks and mountains. The fact is, Washington had him along when he marked and blazed the road of Republicanism, in which Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, have since successively travelled. And as he had carried each of these commanders in safety, Judge White was willing to risk him, even in his old days, and has actually set out upon him, accompanied by the prayers and good wishes of thousands. Judge White is not endeavoring to ride rapidly; but there cannot be a reasonable doubt but that he will have accomplished half the journey by the time Mr. Van Buren gets a started, for he has determined not to start until the 20th of May, and will then be encumbered with two horses, and each of them in poor plight.

I omitted to mention at the proper place, that the "Jackson hobby" had received a dangerous wound on the 23rd of February last. The occurrence happened in this way. The present commander, although he is one of the very best men in the world, cannot claim an entire exemption from human frailty. He had heard it reported about, that Mr. Van Buren and Judge White were both going to set out on the journey so often mentioned in this communication—this looked to him, as a work of supererogation. He saw no necessity for it—and what was worse than all, he had unfortunately understood (what by the bye was untrue) that they would probably both wish to ride the "Jackson hobby." The old gentleman compassionated the situation of the horse, he got in a rage, and loaded a blunderbuss—and fired in the direction of the stable—there stood the "Jackson hobby" and "Democracy," side by side—some have been malicious enough to insinuate, that the piece was levelled at Democracy; but I am of a wholly different opinion. My idea is, that if he reflected at all, he considered that it would be a deed of charity to kill the Jackson hobby out right, rather than permit him to carry double in his old days, after he had received such hard usage from those who had rode him so often. It is true Democracy stood in a very dangerous and exposed situation when the piece went off—But he escaped unhurt—I wish I could say as much for the other poor animal; he received one of the balls in the left hip, and will probably go lame "till the day of his death."

On which of his horses Mr. Van Buren most relies there is no telling. It is the opinion of many, that in their present condition both will fail. Indeed there is no particular need of his performing the journey at this time. He professes to have learned the art of navigation in the same service in which Judge White learned it.—He knows that the Judge has stronger nerves than he has, and equally as much skill. Why not then wait, and try his hand eight or ten years hence—he is comparatively a young man; by that time Judge White will either have retired, or be in his grave.

A SOJOURNER.

"The Gwineletter. Judge White and the Globe.—Every true patriot, who hopes for the preservation of our free institutions, and raising himself above the excitement of the times, looks only to his country's good, must tremble at the influence which is exerted by that portion of our public press, which "lives and moves and has its being" at the beck and nod of party alone, and labors to accomplish its objects without regard to truth or any other moral obligation. There is no power in this country which is so formidable and fearful, named with an attempt to recharter it. The man whose votes and speeches, both in our State and National Legislatures, have been uniformly against the Bank of the United States, and who was denounced by the location of a Branch in Tennessee, when some men,

that portion of the press, which, instead of "waving truth's banner in open air," consents to become the vehicle of party slang and personal vituperation, and seeks to effect its unhallowed purposes by insinuations against the characters of our most eminent statesmen, and most virtuous citizens!—Whenever an individual has rendered himself obnoxious in any way to the party, of which these presses are the tools, the effort is immediately made to hunt him down by slander and falsehood. A lie believed, they know, is as efficacious as the truth itself. No matter how pure may be his character, how important his services, how unquestioned his integrity, the bloodhounds have got upon the scent and they will never rest satisfied until they have gorged themselves upon the very entrails of their doomed victim. Let us suppose that the leading organ of a party is established at some central point, that there are hundreds of obedient and inferior presses, scattered from Maine to Louisiana, which take their cue from this promoter, and are ready to reiterate all its statements, and to co-operate in all its purposes, and we may form some idea of the tremendous influence which must be exerted over public opinion. What escape has any man from engines of such power? They will make serious charges without the slightest foundation—fiction is as good for their purposes as fact,—and their slanders are so often and so confidently repeated, that the people, after a while, will begin to believe them. Men will brave almost any danger rather than be subjected to the tortures of such an inquisition. They feel that they will have but little chance of redress—that their innocence is no protection to them, and thus they are often forced to bow their necks, and submissively receive the yoke of party.—If they are politicians, it requires more moral courage than usually falls to the lot of man, to resist and defy these organs, which are ready to apply the bowstring to their opponents, with more relentless cruelty than a Turkish Sultan.

It was for this portion of our press that the remarks of an eminent lecturer and writer were intended, when he said, in a late address: "The presses from which the productions alluded to emanate, are so many fountains of pestilence, sending forth their poisons to pollute the moral atmosphere of our country. They threaten us with a mental epidemic (and have in part already produced it) more fearful in its aspect (because it is mental) and likely to prove more disastrous in its consequences, than that which recently assailed our persons, sending terror before it, and leaving desolation and mourning behind. So deadly is the moral plague of leprosy, with which the Spirit of Davy has infected us! Deep and dismal, as are the malignity and torpidity of that Spirit, well might it be made to exclaim, with the Veiled Prophet—

"Not Hell itself with all its powers to damn, Can add one curse to the vile thing I am."

We have been led to make these remarks from reading some recent articles which have appeared in the Globe, and in which the most unfounded calumnies are heaped upon the character of one of our most distinguished and virtuous citizens, the Hon. HUGH L. WHITE, before Judge White was spoken of as a candidate for the Presidency, and before his prospects for that exalted station became so flattering, no epithet of praise could be found in our whole vocabulary, which was not good for him, and which, in the estimation of the Globe and its echoes, he did not deserve. But when he dares to allow his name to be set up in opposition to Mr. Van Buren, when he and his friends dare to throw off the shackles of party, and to think and act for themselves, the tune is changed, and he and they are to be denounced and execrated, and this *Con- stitutor* will endeavor to inclose them in its folds of misrepresentation and falsehood, by which it hopes it may be enabled to crush and destroy them. For his purpose extraordinary exertions are to be employed, and the whole country is to be inundated with copies of an extra Globe, which will seek to turn the tide of popular esteem that is already setting so strongly in favor of Judge White, and will inevitably draw the prospects of Mr. Van Buren, if left to take its natural course. The Globe was well aware that no flaw could be picked in the private character of Judge White, and equally aware that no evidence could be adduced to show that he had not always been an unflinching republican. It resorts then to insinuations and groundless assertions. The hostility, which is known to prevail, with a large majority of the people of our country, towards the United States' Bank, is to be taken advantage of, and the effort is made to connect Judge White's name with an attempt to recharter it.

We are comparatively a reading people, and a large majority of the community take their impressions, in regard to public men and measures, from the newspapers.—How deleterious a then must be the effects produced by