

THE STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

DAVID OUTLAW, } Editors.
THOS. J. LENAY, }

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PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS.
Subscribers in this State are allowed to remain arrears longer than one year, & persons resident without this State, who may desire to become subscribers, will be strictly required to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance.
Advertisements, not exceeding fifteen lines, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each continuance.
Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

FROM THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

Friend Chandler. The accompanying story is from the pen of one of the fair daughters of New England, who is now enlightening and adorning the society of the chief city of the west; for one of whose literary associations it was written, but has never yet, I believe, appeared in print. I may be trespassing perhaps, in giving it to you for publication without the author's consent. I believe it has been in many hands in manuscript, and several copies been taken. I have ventured to do so. Its beauty & simplicity, together with its elegant and chaste, and I may add eloquent style, as well as the correct sentiment it breathes throughout, would not detract from the credit of any author, no matter what may be his fame or attainments.

AUNT MARY.

Since sketching character is the mode, I too take up my pencil—not to make you laugh, though peradventure to put you to sleep.
I am a tolerably old gentleman—an old bachelor, and what is still better, an unpretending and sober minded one. Lest, however, any of you ladies should take exception against me in the very outset, I will merely remark en-passant, that a man can sometimes become an old bachelor, because he has too much heart, as well as too little.

Years ago, before any of you ladies were born, I was a little good-for-naught of a boy, of precisely that unlucky sort, who are always in every body's way—and always in mischief. I had to watch over my upbringing, a father and mother, and a whole army of brothers and sisters. As I have before insinuated, I was a sort of a family scape grace among them, and one on whose head all domestic trespasses were regularly visited, either by real desert or by imputation. For this order of things, I confess, there was a solid and serious foundation in the constitution of my mind. Whether I was born under some cross-eyed planet, or whether I was fairly stricken in my cradle—certain it is, that I was a sort of "Murad the unlucky," an out of time, out of place sort of boy, with whom nothing prospered. Who always left doors open in cold weather? It was Henry. Who was sure to over-set his coffee cup at breakfast—or knock over his tumbler at dinner, or to prostrate the salt-cellar, pepper-box and mustard pot, if he only happened to move his arm? Why Henry. Who was plate-breaker general to the family? It was Henry. Who tangled mama's silks and cottons, or tore up the last newspaper, or threw down old Phoebe's clothes horse with the clean ironing thereupon? Why Henry.

Now all this was no malice prepense in me. I really believe, I was the best natured child in the world—but something was the matter with the attraction of cohesion, or the attraction of gravitation, with the general dispensation of matter around me—that let me do what I would, things would fall down or break, or be torn or damaged if I only came near them; and my un-luckiness seemed in exact proportion to my carefulness in any matter.

If any body in the room with me had a head-ache, or any kind of nervous irritability, which made it particularly necessary to be quiet, and if I was especially desired to be so, I was sure while stepping round on tip-toe, to fall headlong over a chair, which would fall upon the shovel, which would fall upon the tongs, which would animate the poker, and altogether would set in action two or three sticks of wood, and down they would all come with a racket, that showed they were disposed to make as much of the opportunity as possible.

In the same manner, any thing that came into my hands or was at all connected with me, was sure to lose by it. If I appeared in a clean apron in the morning, I was sure to make a full length prostration thereupon on my way to school, and come home nothing better, but rather worse. If I was sent on an errand, I was sure to lose my money in going, or my purchase in returning; and on these occasions my mother would often comfort me with the reflection that it was well my ears were fastened to my head, or I would lose them too. Of course I was a fair mark for the exhortatory powers not only of my parents, but of all my aunts, uncles and cousins to the third and fourth generation, who ceased not to reprove, rebuke and exhort with all long suffering and doctrine. All this would have been very well, if nature had not gifted me with a very unnecessary and uncomfortable degree of feeling, which, like a refined ear for music, is undesirable, because in this world it meets with discord ninety-nine times, when it meets with harmony once. Much therefore as I had occasion to be scolded at, I

never became used to scolding, so that I was just as much galled by it the forty-first time as the first. There was no such thing as philosophy in me. I had just that unreasonable heart which is not conformed into the nature of things, neither indeed can be. I was timid, shrinking and proud. I was nothing to any one around me, but an awkward unlucky boy, and was nothing to my parents but one of half a dozen children, whose faces were to be washed and stockings mended on Saturday afternoon. If I was very sick, I had medicine and the doctor. If I was a little sick, I was exhorted to patience; and if I was sick at heart, I was left to prescribe for myself. Now all this was very well. What should a child want but meat and drink and room to play, and a school to teach him reading and writing, and some body to take care of him when he was sick? Certainly nothing. But the feelings of grown up children exist in the minds of little ones oftener than is expected, and I had even at that early age, the same keen sense of all that touched the heart wrong, the same longing for something which should touch it aright, the same discontent with latent matter of covert affection, the same craving for sympathy, which has been the unprofitable fashion of the world in all ages. And no human being possessing such constitutional, has a better chance of being made unhappy by them than the backward, uninteresting, wrong-doing child. We can all sympathize to some extent with men and women, but how few can go back to the sympathies of children, can understand the desolate insignificance of not being one of the grown-up people—of being sent to bed to be out of the way in the evening, and to school to be out of the way in the morning—of manifold similar grievances, which the child has no eloquence to set forth, and the grown person no imagination to conceive.

When I was seven years old, I was told one morning with considerable domestic acclamation, that Aunt Mary was coming to make us a visit; and so in the carriage drove up to the door I pulled off my dirty apron and ran in among the heap of brothers and sisters to see what was coming.

I shall not describe her first appearance, for as I think of her I begin to grow sentimental in spite of my spectacles, and might perhaps talk a little nonsense. Perhaps every man, whether married or single, who has lived to the age of fifty or thereabouts, has seen some woman, who in his mind, is the woman in distinction from all others. She may not have been a wife. She may not have been a relative. She may have simply shone upon him from afar. She may be remembered in the distance of years as a star that has set—as music that is hushed—as beauty and loveliness faded forever—but remembered she is with interest, with fervor, with enthusiasm, with all that heart can feel and more than words can tell. To me there has been but one such, and that is she whom I describe. "Was she beautiful?" you ask. I also will ask you one question. If an angel from Heaven should dwell in any human form and animate any human face, would not that face and form be lovely? She was not beautiful except after this fashion. How well I remember her, as she used sometimes to sit thinking with her head resting on her hand—her face mild and placid, with a quiet October-sunshine in her blue eyes, and an ever present smile upon her whole countenance. I remember the sudden sweetness of her look when any one spoke to her—the prompt attention—the quiet comprehension of things before you uttered them—the obliging readiness to leave whatever she was doing for you.

To those who mistake occasional pensiveness for melancholy, it might seem strange to say, my Aunt Mary was always happy. Yet she was so—her spirits never rose to buoyancy and never sunk to despondency; and I know, in the sentimental confession of faith, that such a character cannot be interesting. For this impression there is some ground. The placidity of a medium common place mind is uninteresting, but the placidity of a strong and well governed one, borders on the sublime—mutability of emotion characterizes inferior orders of beings—but he who combines all interest—all excitement—all perfection—is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." And if there be any thing sublime in the idea of an almighty mind in perfect peace with itself, and therefore at leisure to bestow all its energies on the wants of others, there is at least a reflection of the same sublimity in the character of that human being who has so quieted and governed the world within, that he has nothing to absorb sympathy or distract attention from those around. Such a woman was my Aunt Mary. Her placidity was not so much the result of temperament as of choice. She had every susceptibility of suffering, incident to the noblest & most delicate construction of mind; but they had been so directed, that instead of concentrating thought on self, they had prepared her to understand and feel for others. She was beyond all

things else a sympathetic person; and her character like the green in a landscape, less remarkable for what it was in itself, than for its beautiful harmony, with all the coloring and shading around it. Other women have been talented—others have been good, but no woman that I ever knew, possessed goodness and talent in union with such an intuitive perception of feelings, and such an instantaneous adaptation to them.

The most troublesome thing in the world, is to be condemned to the society of a person who can never understand a thing unless you say the whole of it; making your commas and periods as you go along; and the most desirable thing is to live with a person who saves you all the trouble of talking by knowing just what you mean to say before you begin. Something of this kind of talent I began to feel to my great relief, when Aunt Mary came into the family. I remember the very first evening as she sat by the hearth, surrounded by all the circle, her eye glanced on me, with an expression that let me know she saw me; and when the clock struck eight, and my mother proclaimed it to be my bed time, and my countenance fell as I moved sorrowfully from the back of her rocking chair, and thought how many beautiful stories Aunt Mary would tell after I was gone to bed; she turned towards me with such a look of real understanding, such an evident insight into the case, that I went into banishment with a lighter heart than I ever did before.

How very contrary is the obstinate estimate of the heart, to the rational estimate of worldly wisdom. Are there not some who can remember when one word, one look, or even the withholding of a word, has drawn the heart more to a person than all the substantial favors in the world? Before Aunt Mary had lived with us a month, I loved her more than any body in the world; and a utilitarian would have been amazed in ciphering out the amount of favor which produced the result. It was a word—a look—a smile—it was that she seemed pleased with my new kite—that she rejoiced with me when I learned to spin a top—that she alone appeared to appreciate my proficiency in playing ball and marbles—that she never looked at all vexed when I upset her work box, and received all my awkward gallantry and maladroitness helplessly, as if it had been in the best taste in the world—that when she was sick, she insisted upon letting me wait upon her, though I made my customary havoc among the pitchers and tumblers of her room, & displayed through my zeal to please, a more than ordinary insufficiency for my station. She also was the only person I ever conversed with; and I used to wonder how any body who could talk about matters and things with the grown up folks—could talk so sensibly about marbles and tops, and hoops and skates, and all sorts of little boyish matters. I will say, by the by, that the same speculation has often occurred to older people concerning her. She knew the value of varied information in making a woman—not a pedant, but a sympathetic, companionable being—and such she was to every class of mind. She had, too, the faculty of drawing others into her level of conversation, so that I would often find myself going on in most profound style, and would wonder whether I was a little boy still.

When she had enlightened us for many months, the time came for her to leave, and she besought my mother to give me to her for company. All the family wondered what she could find to like in Henry; but if she did like me, it was no matter, and so I was allowed to go. From that time I lived with her; and there are some persons who can make the word 'live' signify much more than it commonly does; and she wrought upon my character all those miracles which a benevolent genius can work. She quieted my heart, directed my feelings, unfolded my mind, and educated me, not harshly or by force, but as the sun educates the flower into full and perfect life; and when all that was mortal of her died to the world, her words and deeds of unalterable love shed a twilight around her memory, which will fade only in the brightness of Heaven.

Fete of a Goat.—A fellow carrying a large looking glass covered with green baize, lately stopped at Lincon's Inn fields, and stopping to see an exhibition of Punch and Judy, placed his glass against the iron railing of the garden. Some mischievous boys threw up the baize and left the glass exposed. A fine he-goat crossed the road, went up to the glass, then retired back a few paces, and rearing on his legs, darted forward with all his might, and made a desperate plunge at his supposed antagonist, going head and shoulders through the glass. The crowd deserted Mr. Punch and family, and joined in a general laugh at the mischance of the unfortunate man.

The present estimate of the population of the United States is 16,280,000 souls, exclusive of 400,000 Indians.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT MEETING.

In pursuance of notice previously given, a meeting of the Citizens of New Hanover, with others from the adjoining counties, was held at the Town-Hall in Wilmington on Wednesday the 2d inst. to take into consideration the improvement of the internal condition of our State.

Mr. Charles B. Morris was called to the chair, and Mr. Doyle O. Hanlon appointed Secretary. The great object of the meeting was made known from the chair in a short and pertinent address. Whereupon it was moved, that as many of the citizens were then engaged in attendance on the Court, which was then in Session, that this meeting adjourn to meet this evening at 7 o'clock at the Court House. Accordingly said meeting assembled again at the appointed hour, at the Court House, where the following proceedings took place.

Mr. Doyle O. Hanlon addressed the meeting, showing the great internal resources of our State, her impoverished condition, and the causes which have led to it, and appealing to the dormant State pride of her citizens. After which he offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas it is but too apparent that whilst the march of improvement in almost every portion of our happy country, is the astonishment and admiration of the world, but few efficient measures have been adopted to develop the vast resources of our own State; and whereas it is the sense of this meeting, that the best disposal which can be made of that portion of the public Revenue of which the State of North Carolina will become possessed under the late act of Congress, will be its application to Internal Improvements:

Resolved, That our Representatives in the General Assembly be instructed to procure the passage of a General Law for the distribution of the quota of the Surplus Revenue, for the encouragement of works of Internal Improvement, within the same.

Resolved, That the two fifth system on the following plan will be just and equitable, and safe to the State, and will promote the cause of Internal Improvement. In any work of a General character, when two fifths of its ascertained cost shall have been subscribed by individuals, or bodies corporate; and one fifth actually expended in its construction, that the State shall thereupon loan or subscribe, and pay, a like sum or proportion of one fifth upon the payment of another one fifth by individual subscribers or bodies corporate, the State shall loan or subscribe, and pay a sum equal to one tenth; and upon the further payment by individual subscribers or bodies corporate, of one fifth, the State shall subscribe or loan, the further sum or proportion of one tenth of the cost of such work, making in all, three fifths to be paid by individuals or corporate bodies and two fifths by the State—and in the event that the Legislature shall adopt the loan system on the above plan, the whole work to be mortgaged to the State to secure the repayment of the money so advanced.

The above resolutions being read and seconded by Mr. Heard were adopted. Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to the Chairman and Secretary for the ability with which they have discharged their duties.

Resolved that the Proprietors of the Wilmington Advertiser be requested to publish the proceedings of the meeting.

C. B. MORRIS, } Chairman,
D. O. HANLON, } Secretary.

Major General E. P. Gaines.
This veteran chief and stern old patriot has for several days past been in the neighborhood of this city, on a visit to his lady, who has been for some time in a very low state of health, but is now pronounced to be on the recovery. The General has been waited on, and a public dinner tendered him since his stay among us; but owing to the indisposition of Mrs. Gaines, he has felt compelled to decline it.

The General finds it difficult to suppress a smile, when the subject of the President's course in relation to the requisition made on the Governors of Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky, for mounted men to aid in protecting the frontier, is alluded to. He says he has enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health for the last five years, and that the President's letter to Governor Cannon, of Tennessee, furnished the first intimation he had that he was out of health, and had in consequence asked for and been granted, a furlough to enable him to attend the Virginia Springs. He says, we understand, that owing to the then feeble state of his wife's health, he did write to the War Department, in the early part of the season, that he would like a furlough for a little space of time, if not incompatible with the wishes of the Department, to enable him to take Mrs. G. to the Springs; but no furlough ever came. The General thinks the President means right, but does not fully retain in his memory at all times every thing that others communicate to him. Hence his countermanding the very orders he himself had sanctioned and approved.

General Gaines is expected to leave for his command on the frontier in a few days.—*Mobile Advertiser, Oct. 28.*

Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road.—We are gratified to have it in our power to state for the information of those interested, that the work on this Road is in a rapid state of progress. Forty miles of the Road are now located, and 25 miles are under contract, with every prospect of its speedy completion. By the first of next January, it is expected that fifty miles will be placed under contract.—*Register.*

VIRGINIA.

If the high-minded and patriotic Virginians—for such they undoubtedly are—were to hear the deep regrets every where expressed at the bare prospect of Virginia's voting for Van Buren, we have no doubt that it would rouse them to immediate action and to a successful rescue. We can part with some States without regret but Virginia is so endeared to the Union by glorious associations and recollections, that all feel her humiliation and downfall in seeing the foot of Van Buren immovably placed on the neck of that old and honest State. Virginia cannot in reality be for Van Buren; it is not in the nature and character of the people to support such a man; but habit has induced them to confide in what Ritchie says, and Van Buren's whole strength and power in that State depends on the Richmond Enquirer—he is lost without that paper. If the political course of the Enquirer had been consistent and true, we should rejoice at the influence of such a press; but let the people of Virginia hear what Mr. Ritchie himself has heretofore said of Mr. Van Buren and General Jackson.

"We know not what some of Mr. Van Buren's friends at Albany say; but this we do know, that many of the friends of the Administration in Virginia will not support him as Vice President—WE CERTAINLY SHALL NOT."

"Gen. Jackson's duty lies plain before him. He must place around him men of high talents and virtue, who will look to the great interests of the country, and the glory of his own administration—men who are prepared in head and heart to give us a wise, frugal and REPUBLICAN administration; not men who are anxious to promote their own ambitious pretensions. General Jackson will never permit his cabinet to become the Theatre of rival aspirants."

Ritchie has sustained General Jackson in a course directly opposite to the above declared views and admonitions. "We suggest another consideration, which it becomes the friends of Gen. Jackson to remember. They go in upon the principles of Reform—an important branch of this reform is a retrenchment of the public expenses."

Economy, quotha!! In 1832 thirteen millions were appropriated to defray the expenses of government. In 1836 Gen. Jackson signed appropriation bills to sustain his administration for thirty-eight millions. Hear him again:

"It's most look," says he, "to Principles and not men. We must frown down every attempt to enlist Gen. Jackson in the canvass for a successor."

This last declaration ought to arouse the indignation of every Virginian. General Jackson openly, unblushingly dared to nominate Van Buren as his successor—he dared to dismiss citizens from office, because they refused to recognise the more than royal prerogative of nominating a successor—he has pulled every string, entered into every intrigue, and countenanced every measure which could strengthen his plan of forcing Van Buren on the American people; and yet Ritchie, in the face of his above declaration, sustains him, and calls on old Virginia to bend the knee to the "their apparent of New York!"

If Van Buren is elected, and Virginia votes for him, and without that vote he has no chance, that State may forever relinquish the hope of mingling her councils and exercising her influence over the affairs of the nation, as in olden times. We know the "understanding" had with certain Virginia politicians—we know the promise that eight years hence Virginia shall have the President. Can any man of sense in Virginia believe in this? Elect Van Buren, and we distinctly draw out the line of succession in this State so long, so perpetual, so well established, that no eyes which now read will be opened to see the termination of Van Buren's dynasty.

In eight years, New York will have nearly three millions of population, and ten millions of dollars annual revenue—with fifty votes in Congress, and a powerful influence on surrounding States. Before that time arrives, should Mr. Van Buren be elected, he will have soothed and bought off certain men now opposed to him—organized the tariff and abolition party; strengthened the Northern Confederacy—managed the opposition in Congress—and then, having substituted his own will for the will of the people and the law of the land, he will bid defiance to the South, and nothing but revolution and open succession will give to the South councils which it has enjoyed, and has a rightful claim to enjoy. Is it Virginia that will lend its support to produce this state of things?

N. Y. E. Star.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We have often spoken in terms of approbation respecting this periodical, and the examination of each successive number only tends to confirm us in our opinion of its excellence. According to the description of Southern intellectual character as given by a correspondent of ours some weeks ago, we may judge that this, its legitimate representative, is a consistent emanation of that refinement and cultivation of which Richmond, in Virginia, may well be proud. We have never had the pleasure of a tea party at the

South, but believing the statement of our correspondent, we judge the society with which we should, in such a case, necessarily mingle, would be gratifying to our literary predilections. We have been referred to the pages of the S. L. M. as an evidence of Southern cultivation and taste, and since we have frequently examined this witness, we can, from the uniformity of its testimony, deduce a tolerably correct estimate of the degree of literary excellence there cherished. One thing we do know assuredly—that this Magazine would do honor to any part of the world. If we had accidentally found any one number of it without any knowledge of its source, we should unhesitatingly class it among the most chaste and brilliant productions of an age and place, more fruitful in literary and typographical excellence than our own. We are not surprised that this Magazine should have enemies—"Envy hates that excellence it cannot reach;" but we are of the opinion that the time has now arrived when the covert insinuations of its foes, are as powerless as the eulogies of its friends are unnecessary.

The contents of the September number, though not as varied as usual, are nevertheless equally good. The opening article is the first act of a new and unpublished tragedy, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq., and we are persuaded that none can read it without admiration. Bulwer has, in this last effort of his fruitful imagination, exceeded his former self. Several passages in the act before us, are really sublime. The struggle between love and honor, in Cecil and Edith, is touchingly described; the conference between Cromwell and Cecil is strikingly beautiful, & it seems impossible to surpass, in characteristic boldness, the apostrophe of Cromwell on the departure of Cecil.

Concluding Lecture on Education.—by James M. Garnett. See extract from this article, with remarks, in the editorial columns.

Right of Instruction.—A plausible reply to Judge Hopkinson, without shaking his arguments. It is well written, though sometimes a little ambiguous.

The Death of the Patriot will be found in this paper. It will be seen the first verse is deficient in metre, that's all the fault we find.

British Parliament in 1835.—These articles become more and more interesting. This last we like much better than the two former ones.

Lairde by Morna, pleases us much—it is far superior to the generality of fugitive poetry.

A Tour to the Isthmus, is both interesting and instructive—increasingly so.

The Two Sisters, is a beautiful article, with a good moral, and shall appear in our next.

The Bard's Farewell, by John C. McCabe, is a good piece of good rhyme, abounding with good sense.

My Books.—We scarcely approve of this article, though it rescues some curious and antique literature from oblivion, some of which might as well have never seen the light.

The "Editorial" department is, we are told, "strictly what it professes to be," and, as usual, good. From the "Critical Notices" of this Magazine, we get a knowledge of the character and style of a work without wading through it. The editor has a felicitous manner of analyzing any work, & exhibiting its contents to view. The stupid charge of "indiscriminate cutting and slashing," cannot be brought against him from this number; indeed there is too much praise bestowed upon the idiotic nonsense of "Shepherd Lee."—We conclude by repeating our earnest wishes for the success of the Southern Literary Messenger which, we are happy to say, still continues under the supervision of T. W. White, Esq., Richmond, Va.—*New York Paper.*

A Symptom.—Some of the liberals in Canada are waxing bold, and openly breaking out in favor of a separation from the mother country. The following paragraph is quoted from Mackenzie's paper, the Constitution, published at Toronto:

"Whether we are the party of the few or the many, this great truth should be our rallying point. Upper and Lower Canada to be great and happy must be independent, and we should use every lawful means, by petition and address, to attain that noble end. We are an infant nation—allow us to be free—permit us to part in peace—and send the mean men who are placed over us back to the humble station from whence they were unhappily brought to our shores, to disgrace our country and theirs."

Heat without Fire or Fuel.—There will be exhibited this evening, only, at the Franklin Hall a newly constructed Cooking Stove, which strange as it may seem, will heat a room & perform the cooking of the various dishes for a dinner or breakfast, without steam, fire, flame, smoke, gas or oil; without chemical preparation, and without any dangerous substance whatever, at the expense of comparatively nothing.