

THE STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

RALEIGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1837

VOL XXVIII. NO 39.

THOMAS J. LEMAY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

Subscription, three dollars per annum—One half in advance.
Advertisements, one dollar for the first insertion, and a deduction of 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33 per cent. will be made from the regular price for advertisers by the year.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

From the subscriber, in Orange county, 16 miles north-east of Hillsborough, about the 15th of August last, a blood bay mare, 7 or 8 years old. She has been badly travelled in the right hind foot. Any information of said beast will be thankfully received, and full compensation made for all trouble and expense.

FOR SALE.

In the prime of life, a valuable servant, a first rate cook. Apply at the Star Office, No. 18, 30 ft.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Lemay: It is with no ordinary degree of interest, that I have observed indications from various portions of the Union, to arouse the young men of the country, and particularly that part of them who profess to look to the rights and sovereignty of the States as their guide and polar star in politics, to take an interest in the political affairs of the nation. I have read with the most careful attention, communications for the National Intelligencer, the Reformer, and other zealous and fearless whig papers, all of which seem to concur in the opinion, that the grand and sublime spectacle of rescuing our institutions from the vast depths of degradation and degeneracy into which they have been plunged by the corrupt and profligate men who rule over us, is to be achieved by the rising generation. That all hopes, for a thorough reformation in the opinions of the present times, such a regeneration and reformation as every patriot, who values the liberties, the constitution, and that elevation of the moral condition of his countrymen, must sincerely desire, is more than can confidently be expected, as long as the present corrupt and unprincipled dynasty shall hold the ascendency, and sway the sceptre of the State, even by those, who must implicitly confide in the intelligence and discernment of the people. That a large majority of the young men of the country, and particularly of the south, are opposed in heart and principle to the wild and reckless speculations of the political theorists of the present day, who are governed by no fixed principles, and are perfectly regardless of every example and precedent of our illustrious ancestors, and whose avowed object is to obtain the spoils of office, and enjoy them as their legitimate reward, is a fact beyond contradiction. If, therefore, Mr. Editor, the perpetuity of our free institutions must depend upon the wisdom, the intelligence, and the patriotism, eye, too, the exertions of the young men of the country, does not every consideration of duty, of interest, and of devotion to beloved, much abused institutions, imperiously demand, that the sooner, the better they unite upon some system of opposition to the powers that be, before that great vortex of federal power shall have drawn every vestige of state rights, and state within the influence of its voracious and destructive jaws? The gigantic strides of federal power, and the consolidation of all the powers of the Government into the hands of a single individual have been the characteristic features in the administration of the Government, for the last eight years. That this government was created by the whole people as one consolidated mass, and not by the States as separate communities, and that any attempt on the part of the State, in her sovereign capacity, to interpose and arrest the progress of any law of an agent, the creature of its own hands, however odious, unequal, unjust and oppressive, is, according to the political dogmas of the present corrupt dynasty, with the sage Natanan of the Hermitage at their head, treason and rebellion, and those who believe in such doctrines, are traitors to their country! Little, Mr. Editor, did the people of this country, at one time think, before the reign of terror and lawless usurpation of Andrew Jackson, that the present people would ever sanction the doctrine, that the principles of that "great apostle of American liberty," Thomas Jefferson, whose name is beyond cavil and detraction, and whose history is identified with every act of resistance on the part of the colonies, the tyranny and usurpation of a British monarch, who perilled his life, his fortune, his all in defence of those liberties which we now enjoy, and who has transmitted to us the charter of our independence, would be called a traitor to his country, and the principles which he advocated, treason! Yet such doctrines are now promulgated under the broad seal, and high sanction of Andrew Jackson; and who dare gainsay them? If, Mr. Editor, "history be precept teaching by example," let the rising generation be governed by its monitory warnings, and resolve never to contribute any portion, however humble it may be, to the elevation of a military chieftain to the head of this representative government, and never join in the popular tide, which all history shows has ever flown to the success of the military Hero. Let them learn from the histories of ancient times what adoration and sycophancy has ever been paid to the successful General, which always ended in the most unbounded popularity, if not the destruction of the liberties, and the overthrow of the government under which they lived. Let them then learn the character of Caesar, of Cromwell, of Bonaparte, and others, in what manner they enslaved their countrymen, and subverted the governments of their countries; and the history too of Philip of Macedon will not be an uninteresting lesson to the rising generation, who have a vindication of their country's institutions at heart, who boasted, "that any city could be conquered into which an ass could enter laden with gold," and that he "fought with silver weapons, that he might conquer the world;" nor will the coincidence be a little striking, in its analogy to many features in the history of our government. By largesses and bribery, Philip constituted his trained phalanx of mercenaries; there is in this country a similar band, "organized and equipped, and ready to execute at a moment's warning, the future orders of the executive."

But Mr. Editor, I am digressing from my purpose in this communication. However painful and foreboding such a comparison of the history of those ancient governments with our own may be to the generous and patriotic young men of our country, and it is, nevertheless, I fear too true, they will, I trust, be consoled by the reflection, that it is the universal opinion of our wisest and most able statesmen, and amongst them, John C. Calhoun, that the restoration of our liberties and institutions to their pristine purity and splendor of the days of Madison and Jefferson, belongs emphatically to them. In what manner, then, shall the young men of the south array themselves for the conflict, and under whose banner shall they enlist, I shall not proceed to point out. The only salutary plan in my apprehension, Mr. Editor, is, a concentration, at some suitable and convenient place, and there declare, by one general expression of opinion, and adopt such measures, as, by a unanimity and concert of action, the great and glorious work of reformation may be speedily begun. I wish to be distinct understood, I apprehend, that a convention of the young men of the south, is the surest means of accomplishing the proposed object. Whether they should interfere in the Presidential election or not, I shall not take it upon me to decide. Possibly this matter had better be decided by those of more experience, and better judgment. To the young men of the States' rights party, "the sworn enemies of usurpation, let it come from what quarter it may," I must be allowed to make a special appeal. Are you ready to see the "proud sovereignty of the States humbled at the footstool of the Executive?" Can you look on with cold and heartless indifference, and see the liberties so dearly purchased for us by the toils, the treasure, the blood of an illustrious ancestry, cloven down by the advocates and blind devotees of a central despotism, without making a single effort for their rescue? Can you see the political power, and the banking power of the country united, by which it will not be within the reach of human prudence to save us from a deep-seated, all-pervading despotism, and feel no apprehension for the fate of our liberties? Let us nail the "flag of Jefferson democracy," to the mast-head, and pledge ourselves never to haul down that proud pendant, until victory shall perch upon the banner, or defeat bury beneath the desolating ruins of a central despotism, the rights of the States, and the liberties of the people. I call upon the disciples of Jefferson every where, to unite in the crusade, to rescue the consecrated banner of that great apostle of American liberty, from the hands of those political infidels, who are maintaining the doctrines of the proclamation and force bill, and who would strike down the sovereignty of the States, "and impiously wave over the solitude a consolidated despotism." But Mr. Editor in the youth of our country is our country's hope. On them will depend materially, the perpetuity or downfall of this glorious fabric. Let them, therefore, remember that if the light of this republic, that now guides the efforts and animates the hopes of suffering humanity in other portions of the Globe, should be extinguished, "where is the Promethean heat, that can this light relume?"

Sketches with my Pencil at Twilight--No. 3.

The broad yellow sun was just lingering upon the farthest verge of the visible heavens, when a particular friend of mine, and myself, visited a country church-yard. It was in the latter part of the month of January; and although the wind was a little bleak and piercing, still the sky was serene and calm. When we arrived at the church, we walked slowly around its venerable and sacred walls, until we reached the wall that surrounds the grave-yard: after a moment's pause, we climbed over the wall inside the enclosure. The scenery and surrounding circumstances were peculiarly striking and interesting; though of a character calculated rather to produce something of a gloomy melancholy. The sun had disappeared, and his last slanting rays were slowly fading away from the lofty steeple that surmounted the church. A few amber coloured clouds skirted the horizon, tinged with a strange commingling of purple and fiery red. Away in the distance, I could trace the indistinct outline of an extended range of blue hills, the summits of which seemed to mingle with the mist that hovered around them. The shades of evening gathered thicker and thicker around. Occasionally the lonesome hoot of the owl, was heard upon the sighing winds—rolling along the silent vale, and dying away upon the distant hills. The white tomb stones were reared up all around me, which seemed doubly bright, as they gleamed through the sombre shades of twilight. A number of aged cedars were scattered over the grave-yard; throwing their deep shadows over the surrounding tombs, and mournfully waving their heavy tops before the whistling winds. I walked thoughtfully, and seriously from tomb to tomb, and with tearful eye, read the epitaphs which the hand of affection had traced upon the cold marble. The ever-wasting hand of time had nearly worn away the names of some, who slumbered beneath the slab placed to perpetuate their memory. It is true, sometimes I could not keep two lines of the immortal Byron out of my mind: When all is done upon the tomb is seen, Not what they were, but what they should have been.

When I could no longer amuse myself, by tracing the lines which affection had left to the departed, I seated myself upon a time-worn tomb-stone, and indulged in some reflections upon the short-lived glory of all temporal things. "Sic transit gloria mundi." Beneath the silent clod, in that small enclosure, not less than a thousand human beings were mouldering in their mother dust. Perhaps a century ago, most of them were in active life—some running the rounds of fashionable amusement—some seeking a fortune—some in the pursuit of fame—some pursuing the gilded phantom of worldly pleasure—others toiling up the rugged hill of science—while others, in all probability, were actively engaged in endeavoring to promote the best interests of their fellow beings. But now, all of them have finished their earthly career; their race is forever run, and they have entered upon an eternal state of retribution. In the cold grave there are no distinctions: "The tall, the wise, the revered head, Must lie as low as ours." It is true, as I gazed around, I discovered that above the dust of some, a more splendid monument was seen lifting its fair proportions towards heaven, than was seen over others; but all alike, are food for noisome reptiles—all alike, will, in less than a century, be forgotten by every living mortal. Virtue—an example worthy of imitation, is the best monument we can leave behind us, when we take our exit from these mundane shores. And we should always recollect, that a sky-pointing mausoleum, reared above our slumbering dust, ascribing to us a thousand virtues, will give us no passport to the climes of bliss, if our hearts are not right before God. These reflections may be rather too serious for the gay and thoughtless; but they were such as passed through my mind, while I was seated in the silent and lonesome grave-yard. The night had now fallen, but it seemed that I was chained to the spot where I had indulged these reflections. The seared and withered grass waved around me—the cold pitched, and the voice of my companion (Mr. W.) admonished me to return. On my way, a thousand emotions thrilled my bosom. I felt that I had been benefitted by my visit to this "house appointed for all the living."

AMOS KENDALL, Post Office Department, 1837. Sir: You will, until further orders, retain the proceeds of your office in your hands, in specie, to meet the drafts of this Department. I am, respectfully, your obedient servant.

REPORT From the Secretary of the Treasury on the Finances. TREASURY DEPARTMENT, 20 September 8, 1837. In pursuance of the duty of this Department to submit to Congress, at each session, the state of the finances; and in conformity with the request of the President, that such other fiscal matters should, on this occasion, be presented, as appear to require early legislation, the undersigned has the honor to offer the following report: 1. Condition of the Treasury. It is not proposed to give all the particulars, relating to the receipts and expenditures, which usually accompany an annual statement. But an exposition of them, under the customary general heads, so far as they have been ascertained, for the first half of the year, is subjoined. Brief estimates for the other half are made, and such explanations added, as seem necessary to show with clearness not only the condition of the Treasury at this time, but its probable state for the residue of the year. According to the Treasurer's running account, the whole amount of available money in the Treasury on the 1st of January, 1837, applicable to public purposes, was \$42,468,859.97. From that sum, there were on that day reserved \$5,000,000; and the balance, being \$37,468,859.97, was, under the provisions of the act of June 23, 1836, to be placed in deposit with the States. It is ascertained that \$27,063,430.80 of it have since been actually received by them. The amount of that portion of the three first instalments, the payment of which has not yet been acknowledged, though transfers were seasonably issued for it, is \$1,165,573.18. The remainder is \$9,367,214.98, and is the sum which was designed for the fourth instalment of deposits with the States on the 1st of October next. The amount reserved in the Treasury on the 1st of January has since been increased, by returns subsequently received from banks, to the sum of \$6,670,137.52; and which, of course, could not then be ascertained or taken into computation.