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TERMS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A TRAGEDY OF THE AMERICAN WOODS.

From the London Metropolitan for October.

Just as the shades of the evening were beginning to enshroud the deep valley that reposes at the foot of the wild and lofty Pocono mountains, I approached a lone cottage which was marked out on my travelling chart as the place for me to pass the night in, although I had never been in that part of the country, yet the building of squared logs or "blocks" that now presented itself, was in some measure an old acquaintance, since poor and lonely, and cheerless as it seemed it had acquired a name in the history of that part of the country with which it was connected. Its wooden walls were blackened with the tempests of half a century, and the traditional tales connected with it were familiar to every child in the distant settlement. A person of the name of Lerner had been induced to settle here before any of the valleys in the southern district of country (now full of people) contained one white inhabitant. What induced this hardy man to bury himself and a young family in the wilderness, so far from all the pale-faces, as the Indians called the white people in those days, is difficult to conceive.

On his way to this secluded dell he must have passed through many a valley which presented a fertile soil and a more serene climate; but induced by some feeling which most now forever remain in secret, Lerner, with a wife and four or five children, accompanied by a younger brother, took possession of the extreme head of a mountain valley, and there built the sombre looking building now before me. It has been surmised by many, the congeniality to the adjoining mountain was his chief inducement to settle here, for he was a remarkably keen hunter. There certainly were more wolves and panthers in that vicinity than in any other part of the state, besides an abundance of elk and deer, with a great variety of other game of smaller note. They did not devote their time exclusively to hunting; for when they had resided here some half-score years, they had managed to clear away forest trees from a few acres of land, sufficient to grow more grain than the family would consume. About this period they were awaited on by two Indian warriors of the six nations, who informed the Lerner's, that if they valued their own safety, they must immediately fly from the abode they had so long inhabited. This piece of intelligence, which was delivered with much apparent sincerity, was at the time but little heeded, for although they had never before been actually threatened by the Indians who had occasionally visited them; they had sometimes used a little caution when they suspected a party of Indians were any where in the vicinity.

One day, shortly after the visit of the two warriors, the younger of the brothers returned from an excursion in the mountain, with the somewhat startling intelligence that he had crossed, in his way down, the trail of an Indian party, and he should judge from its appearance that the number was something considerable. He further stated, that he had from the summit of the adjoining hill, carefully surveyed the forests all around; but no curling smoke rose above the green foliage (for it was summer,) to denote their hunting fires, neither had he heard the report of firearms during the whole day. To those acquainted with the subtlety of the Indian character, this report was somewhat alarming, and the lone family determined to be circumspect in all their movements. Their arms consisted of three rifles, one used by each of the brothers, and the remaining one by the eldest son, a stout youth of nineteen. It was agreed that they should keep watch during the night—the brothers and the sons taking it by turns—and the fire was extinguished before it became quite dark.

Some hours after midnight, and while the father of the family was keeping watch, he thought he perceived a bright spark of fire advancing slowly across the small piece of meadow in the direction of the house, and as it came nearer he distinctly saw part of the body of a naked Indian. There was no mistaking the intention of the incendiary, and as all was parched and dry with the scorching suns of July, a fire once kindled against the time-seasoned log walls of their dwelling, the whole dwelling would be in a blaze in a few minutes. Lerner was in the upper story,

in an opening in one end of the building; but as the Indian came near he changed his course a little, as he intended to make his fire in the ar of the house. It was a moment of extreme anxiety with Lerner. He permitted the villain to pass the ar of the building, they were all in short time to be burnt, and most probably massacred by the merciless fiend, no doubt in ambush close by. If fired and shot him, retribution was certainly await them all, and neither case be considered then a lone family. But he did fire; and long before the reverberations were silent the adjoining mountains, the Indi had given one lofty bound and shrieked the shriek of death. The report of the rifle brought the whole party to his side, and he related to them all that had taken place, and it seemed a matter of doubt whether the Indians would attack them under cover of the yet remaining darkness, or pounce their onset until the return of day. It seems they did wait for daylight, and when it returned they commenced firing at the different windows openings, wherever they imagined they might reach the inmates. This plan, however, had not much effect, for the younger children received ineffectual wounds; but the rest escaped unharmed for the present.

As I before stated, in the back part of the building there was no opening. The Indians finding the plan of attacking at the windows not likely to prove much effect, determined upon forming a circuit through the neighboring woods, and thereby gain the dejected rear of the dwelling. This plan, however, was anticipated by the besieged; for when the firing ceased the Lerner's suspected they would make this movement. The two brothers, therefore, without much difficulty contrived to make two small openings in the shingled roof; and when this salient emerged from the woods behind the building, the two brothers were instantly shot down. The eldest, unappalled, rushed forward, and there the brothers could reload their pieces, there were a score of the savages were the shelter of the building. The youngest, too, had not been idle; for by thrusting one-half of his person through the window he had been enabled to fire on them as they rushed for the house, and he made one of them bite the dust. Yet, after all, what availed it? The Indians would instantly set fire to the house, and they would all be but alive. The brothers, therefore, immediately resolved upon the fami quitting the premises, and making it the woods. But this plan was near fatal to the whole party; for before they had crossed the slight hollow in front of the woods the two brothers and first of the children fell to rise no more.

The eldest son was singled out by the powerful Indian, who pursued him across the field of growing rye. They were each armed with a rifle, but neither of them stopped to fire. Young Lerner, perceived that the Indian gained rapidly upon him, for his knee had been slightly injured by a ball, he thought himself of a stratagem which ultimately saved him. Some of the party near the house were yet occasionally firing at the fugitives that made for the woods, so young Lerner as if he had received his death wound fell amongst the tall grain. The Indian instantly squatted in the grain also, being apparently suspicious of some trick in his intended victim; but in a short time he raised himself upon his knees, in order to scrutinize the place where young Lerner lay, when the young fellow, who had been arranging his piece for such an occasion, fired at the Indian and shot him in the brain. He did not wait to reload, but, in spite of the soreness of his knee, he pushed for the woods, which were but a short distance. Once behind a sheltering tree, he reloaded his rifle, and having done so, had the satisfaction to find that none of the surviving Indians pursued him; there were many of them engaged in scalping his father and uncle, and a younger brother, and two sisters—while others were in pursuit of his mother and eldest sister, who had succeeded in reaching the woods.

For two nights he continued to wander in the forest, but during the day he remained hidden in some hollow tree. At last hungered and weary he reached a distant settlement on the river Delaware, the inhabitants of which immediately formed themselves into an armed party and set off for the scene of slaughter. On reaching the place they presently discovered the dead bodies of nine Indians, the two brothers, and the remainder of the family, except the eldest daughter and Mrs. L. The two last mentioned, it was evident, had been carried off by the surviving Indians for their bodies were nowhere to be found. This party remained three or four days in the vicinity of these late scenes of blood; but the mother and daughter returned next. From this period the place was deserted for some years; but the surviving young Lerner marrying, he and his wife took possession of the lone and blood-stained dwelling. The tribe of Indians had removed far away to

the vicinity of the Seneca and Ciaga Lakes; so that there was no longer any danger to be apprehended from such rude and barbarous neighbors. Years rolled on and brought with them a new generation of that devoted family; but more than twenty years passed away without any tidings of the missing females. About this period some settlers from the part of the country where the Lerner's originally resided, located themselves in the vicinity of the before mentioned lakes, where they lived in peace and good-will with their neighbors the Indians; and from whom they learned the fate of the missing mother and daughter.

They stated that they were pursued and soon captured in the woods; and although they would only submit to be dragged along by force, in that manner they proceeded for a portion of two days. But this mode of proceeding was found so inconvenient to the party, that when they reached the caves in the Moose Mountain, a council was held on their prisoners, when they were adjudged to die. They were then tomahawked according to the customs of those barbarians and they had no doubt but their skeletons might be found there still. This information was sometime afterwards imparted to the son and mother of the deceased, who, embracing the first opportunity, accompanied by three friends repaired to Moose Mountain, sought out the caves that were almost entirely unknown to white men, and found the two skeletons—in the very position they had fallen beneath the tomahawks of their murderers.

They were then removed with much care and labor to the residence of the son, who with true filial affection, interred them in the same grave with the mouldering bodies of their departed kindred. At the time I visited the lone dwelling, the son, who had escaped the family massacre, was still occupying it. He was now old and gray-headed, but he still occasionally took his rifle into the woods in pursuit of game. He too had been the father of a family of sons and daughters, now all grown up, and all except one, I believe, married and settled. One or two in his own district, but the others had been induced to wander away to the Far West. He is still looked upon with a sort of veneration, and scarce a lone traveller ever visits him to whom he does not relate the lamentable fate of his family.

From Coleridge's Lectures. NIGHT MARE.

It is a general, but as it appears to me, a mistaken opinion, that in our ordinary dreams, we judge the objects to be real. I say, our ordinary dreams;—because as to the night-mare is not an opinion is to a considerable extent just. But the night-mare is not a mere dream, but takes place when the waking state of the brain is recommencing and most often during a rapid alternation, a twinkling, as it were, of sleeping and waking;—while either from pressure on, or from some derangement in, the stomach or other digestive organs, acting on the external skin, (which is still in sympathy with the stomach and bowels,) and benumbing it, the sensation sent up to the brain by double touch, (that is when my own hand touches my side or breast,) is so faint as to be merely equivalent to the sensation given by simple touch, as when another person's hand touches me.

The mind, therefore, which at all times, with and without our distinct consciousness, seeks for and assumes some outward cause from every impression from without, and which in sleep, by aid of the imaginative faculty converts its judgements respecting the cause into a personal image, as being his cause,—the mind, I say in the use, deceived by the past experience attributes the painful sensations—referred to a corresponding agent,—an assassin, for instance, stabbing at the side, or a goblin sitting on the breast. All too, the impression of the bed, curtains, room &c. received by the eyes in the half moments of the opening, blend with and give vividness to the dream image which returns when they close again; thus we unite the actual perceptions of their immediate realities, with the phantoms of the inward sense; and in this manner so confound the all waking, half sleeping, reason, that we actually do pass a positive judgment on the reality of what we see and hear, often accompanied by doubt and self-questioning, which, as I have myself experienced will at times become strong enough even before we awake, to convince us that it is what it is—namely the night-mare.

QUACK MEDICINES.—The advertisement of various quack medicines which are now in vogue, all well put in the following extract from a puff in a late Cincinnati paper: "One single pill, worn in each pocket will instantly give ease and elasticity to the tightest pantaloons. A like quantity will create an appetite in the most delicate stomach, or physic a horse. They will also be found to give a rich

flavor to apple dumplings, and a peculiar zest to pickled oysters; they will thicken soup, reduce corpulent persons, and are excellent bait for mouse traps. One pill dissolved in a bucket of rain water will be found a perfectly water-proof lining for canal embankments; placed in steam-bath boilers, they will effectually prevent their bursting, and greatly increase the speed of the boats. As for their medicinal qualities, they are justly entitled to be called "Malicamentum Gracia Probatum," id est, a remedy approved by grace—for they effectually cool St. Anthony's Fire, and stop St. Vitus's dance; they purify the pimples in the small pox and rediate the red gum in teething; they reduce white swellings, and cure the black jaundice, blue devils, yellow, scarlet, or any other colored fevers; they cure also the thrush in children and the pip in hens, the staggers in horses and the nightmare in owls. But further enumeration is unnecessary; suffice it to say that this medicine is a combination of new principles, discovered by the present proprietor's immortal grandfather, and are an exception to all the rules of science, common sense, and experience, so that while they are the most powerful agent in nature, revolutionizing the whole animal economy, and eradicated the most incurable diseases, they are at the same time perfectly innocent preparation and may be taken with entire safety by the nursing infant—all powerful, all harmless."

Something to touch the Heart.—Coleridge somewhere relates a story this effect: "Alexander during his march into Africa came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered to him he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. 'Stay with us,' says the chief, 'as long as it pleases thee.' During this interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought of the other a piece of ground which after the purchase was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused any thing; stating that when he sold the ground, he sold it with all the advantages apparent and concealed which it might be found to afford. Said the chief, looking at the one 'you have a son, and to the other, 'you have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure be given as a dowry.' Alexander was astonished. 'And what,' said the chief, 'would have been the decision in your country?' 'We should have dismissed the parties,' said Alexander, 'and seized the treasure for the king's use.' 'And does the sun shine in your country?' said the chief; 'does the rain fall there? are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?' 'Certainly,' answered Alexander. 'Ah,' said the chief, 'it is for the sake of these innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall, and the grass to grow in your country.'

WAR.

The world hath not yet learned the song that the angels sang at the advent of the Messiah. Strange that the harmony of heaven should jar so upon human ears! Stranger yet that they who have known the baptism of the Spirit should have no heart to join in the angel-symphony, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" When will this fearful inconsistency end! Not while Ambition stalks like a demon over earth, crushing the grass and the grain, and blighting bud and blossom. Not while the fierce yell of Hades rings out upon the air, and the fetlocks of his horses drip with blood and brains, hoofs from the dying and the dead. Not while Power builds his throne of human skulls, cementing the horrid fabric with blood and tears. The red rain of battle shall beat upon many a field, and the half-grown vulture shall sit full often at his awful feast, dimly seeking living eyes as they look their last to heaven; widows shall bend in their still despair over the feeble hearth, waiting to hear the step that shall never sound on the threshold again; and Orphans shall call for their slaughtered sires in vain; War, triumphing in evil, shall walk abroad, staining the green earth with gore, and garments shall be rolled in blood; and yet the disciples of the Prince of Peace will slumber on. Nay, they will be active participants in the wrong, giving the continual lie to their constant professions. And where will the end be! 'Already the Earth waxeth old in its sin, and the fires of destruction burn hotly within; and who is left to quench those fires? The good man falleth by the way, and the man of peace fainteth in the streets. Engines of death are torn from the tortured earth, and the children of men drive vigorously their trade of blood. The song of the angel is unheard amid the din of the battle-field, and the precepts of the gospel are forgotten in the tumult of camps. The days of slaughter are not yet overpast. The tide of human blood must flow till it reaches the bridle bits of the warriors' horses. The time of the carnage of death hasteth on! The feast of the vulture shall be spread! Have ye shall gorge himself with human prey, and as ye rage, drunk with gore, shall stagger over his crimsoned path! The earth shall become like the valley of Hinnom, and the hyena shall howl at his horrible banquet. And yet the disciples of the Prince of Peace shall slumber on. This is the purpose that is purposed upon the whole earth, and this is the hand that is stretched out upon all the nations. For the Lord of Hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? His hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back!

Remarkable Phenomenon.—A man in this section sneezes so hard occa-

sionally that it flings him a complete summerset!

DEBATE.

ON MR. CALHOUN'S RESOLUTIONS, In the Senate U. S. on the 7th January, 1838.

Mr. CLAY having given his views at great length, Mr. CALHOUN followed. He said he felt some inducement to persevere in the course he had heretofore pursued, by now seeing the concessions which were proposed by the resolutions just read by the Senator from Kentucky. Mr. C. now saw it conceded, that where the subject was clearly unconstitutional, the Senate was not bound to receive a petition. At first, the broad ground was taken that the right of petition was so sacred that any refusal to receive a petition, no matter on what subject, and no matter how objectionable its language, would be an invasion of it. Now it was conceded that they were not bound to receive a petition when the subject of it was clearly unconstitutional. Now, as to the amendment offered by the Senator from Kentucky to the fifth resolution. He would state, in general terms, what was the great characteristic difference between them. The Senator went on the principle that concession was the way to meet these abolitionists. He, on

the other hand, went on the ground that we have no safety but in standing fast on our rights. What was the state of the question? The abolitionists tell you, in so many words, that their object is to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia as but one step towards final abolition in the States. With this object avowed by the abolitionists, what do duty and policy demand on our part? We see the end; and that, if it can be effected, it would be our destruction. Shall we yield, or stand fast? That is the question. If we yield an inch, we are gone. The very ground on which we are asked to make the first concession will be urged on us with equal force to make the second, the third, and every intermediate one till the last is consummated. The first is to yield the right of petition, and to discuss the subject with the abolitionists, in order to appease them, and to stop agitation. This the Senator from Kentucky (Mr. CLAY) urges on us, which he tells us would have a happy effect in quieting the public feeling. Does he not see that, if we should have the folly to make this concession, we will be next urged to yield to the abolition of slavery in this District on the very same ground? We will be told that there are but 2,000 slaves in the District, and if we yield to so small a request, all will be quiet. If that be conceded, we will be next told, we must yield to the abolition in the Territories, and then to the abolition of what they call the slave trade between the States, and, finally, to abolition in the States. At every step they would become stronger, and we weaker, if we should be so infatuated as to make the first concession; and the Senator from Kentucky, at each step, would no doubt be able to read just such a letter as he had just read, from some well-intentioned but weak individual from the North, telling us, if we would only yield the immediate point at issue, all will be quiet, and that our cause would be strengthened. No, there never was a question agitated, where the most unyielding opposition was so necessary for success. The difference between him and the Senator from Kentucky was as wide as the poles. That gentleman was for concession, and he was utterly opposed to all concessions in any shape or form; and for this reason he was decidedly opposed to his amendment. It was now too late in the day to go into the subject farther, and he would conclude by repeating what he had so often said, that while he was ready to yield to any modification going to the mere phraseology, he would not agree, under any circumstance, to surrender the principles on which they were drawn.

The Senator says we set out together, both agreeing on the Kentucky resolutions. He says there was a separation when I avowed, at the extra-session, the opinion that a Bank of the United States is unconstitutional. But, if I changed then, it follows that he has changed also; I, from a no bank to a bank man, and he, from a no bank to a bank man. These topics have nothing to do with the subject; but since he has mentioned my consistency on a bank, he brings me to the inquiry as to my consistency. As far back as 1815, I gave my support to the bank. The Government had received its notes as money, and I rested on that fact, and on the inference that if the Government might receive its notes as money, it was bound to regulate it. And what is the difference in me now and then? Then the connexion between the Government and the bank existed, now it does not; that is the whole amount of the difference. Four years ago, I announced my distrust of the whole banking system. I trust my political life has been considerably consistent, when this is the only point alleged against me.

Sir, I regret that we disagree but if, seeing danger to the Union, I give warning of it, am I, therefore, against the Union? It is the duty of the senator to give warning of danger, and I say I believe there is danger and I ask whether this shows a spirit of enmity? Sir, no Senator can be more deeply, enthusiastically devoted to our institutions; and I show my attachment when I believe there is danger, by announcing it. It is the only mode in which I can show it, and no denunciation shall deter me.

Mr. CLAY. The Senator himself was the first to speak of a radical difference between him and me on all subjects. We set out in life together; but in his opinion the Bank of the United States cut asunder the last chain between us. We were together in '98, and since then we have taken long voyages; but when did the principles of '98 carry him into what port? They carried me into the port in which I always anchor—the port of the Union—the whole Union—without the separation from it of any member.

The Senator chose to repeat what is no novelty, but has been often suggested on this floor, that I have changed my opinion as to a Bank of the United States. [Mr. CALHOUN. I accused him of a change.] But I have changed, resumed Mr. CLAY; and I have changed with the country. I opposed a Bank of the U. States, on the want of constitutional power, and on other grounds. But the war came, then a suspension of specie payments, and a derangement of the currency; and the whole country cried out for a Bank of the United States. If the country had been adverse to a bank in 1816, it could not have been established. If I am faulted with such a change, I thank God it is the only point of national policy which in the whole of my public life, I have changed.

In 1815 the constitutional power to establish a bank was admitted. We were then in habits of the greatest intimacy. I was then Speaker of the House, and he at the head of the committee out of which the bank grew. Never then did I hear from him a sentiment adverse to the power of the Government to establish a bank; and when, afterwards, in company with a gentleman from Virginia, I heard it for the first time, my natural surprise was expressed and felt.

Mr. CALHOUN. The Senator draws a feeble inference from the events of 1816. He appears ignorant that in 1834 I made the strongest declaration I could on the subject of the banking system. It stands on record, and no man can deny that I was then opposed to the banking system.

Mr. CLAY said he would not controvert the gentleman, but he had not heard him.

The Senate then adjourned.

Removal of the Deposits, Treasury Bill, &c.

The first number published of this paper contained an article against the removal of the deposits, and the following remarks on the destruction of the United States Bank were made Sept. 25, 1835: "Those who count so strongly at the ballot box, the operative, the mechanic, the artisan, and the laborer, have in the time of investigating questions of this kind it was sufficient to say were told that the United States Bank was a dangerous institution; they started upon the hunt, and have pursued, and will pursue it, until, at some breaking place in the chase, they stop to rest, and recount the perils of the day and the value and importance of the victory; then they may find that they have pursued the noble lion, who kept his cheeks the tiger's and panting at the forest, and that at a death they will be left exposed to the danger and ferocity of animals whose power, strength, and ability, may be less, but whose attack will prove finally more fatal and destructive."

We have arrived at the full verification of the foregoing prediction—the Bank is destroyed. While the public moneys were deposited in that institution by law they were safe. Mr. Van Buren knew this—Amos Kendall knew it—neither could lay his hands upon the people's money and use it for party purposes or private speculation—the deposits were therefore removed.—Millions have been lost to the people by this illegal act—an unparalleled system of plunder has been the result; the public moneys placed in institutions controlled by the administration have vanished, and by the late failure of the Commonwealth Bank at Boston, \$350,000 of the people's money have been loaned to notorious party men and probably never will be recovered.

The deposits were removed to places where they could be used for electing objects—for the purpose of corrupting the ballot box and ensuring the election of the present despotic dynasty. The object now in view is to perpetuate power by the infamous sub-treasury scheme. Will the people never awake? Will they permit their Senators and Representatives to become the abject followers of the administration, and allow them to submit to every plan or project which our rulers for private purposes may bring forward? Have the people so far parted with their own sovereignty that when a call for information in relation to the public funds is made by one Sen-