

Genl. S. F. Patterson

# THE STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

RALEIGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1838.

VOL. XXIX NO. 21

THOMAS J. LEMAY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS.**  
Subscription, three dollars per annum—on half in advance.  
Persons residing without the State will be required to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance.  
**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
For every square (not exceeding 16 lines this size type) first insertion, one dollar; each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents.  
The advertisement of Clerks and Sheriffs will be charged 25 per cent. higher; and a discount of 33 per cent. will be made from the regular price for advertisers by the year.  
Letters to the Editor must be post-paid.

**LEILA.**  
*The grave of the Jewish Maiden—The future fate of Grenada—The noble Warrior—The end.*

The moon had sunk to its pillow and the angel of light had sought the morning's eastern battlements, and opened their wide and massy portals. Golden gleams of light issued forth upon the darkness of night; burnishing every cloud in the vast expanse, which could be seen as the grey mists gradually floated away, changing their forms from the seeming caes of spirits resting on the distant horizon, to the appearance of small glittering islands of gold on a sea of sapphire. Every shrub and tree were stirred by frolicsome breezes—sweeping in their gemmed path the light leaves of autumn, and moving like a gentle spirit over the adjacent lakes. "Tiney thread of golden hue," as the waves danced and rippled and sparkled along. All was indeed bright and beautiful. The morning's sun beam lingered on the sloping hill—the lonely dale covered with fragrant flowers—the perfumed orange grove and the wide lawn—tinging with a luminous softness the distant pine, as its branches waved against the blue sky, and throwing upon the tall noble trees and the calm lake all the shifting tints of the Iris. Rich was this eastern landscape beneath the blue canopy of a glowing sky—but richer, lovelier far was a retired and secluded spot, half hid amongst the decaying columns and crumbling temples. In the centre of a grove of sheltering palms arose a white marble tomb. All around was still and sacred. It was at morn and eve overstrewn with fresh and beautiful flowers, whose rich perfume breathed into the heart a fragrance as pure as ever floated from the old woods of oracled Delphi. Time and decay, the conquerors of proud nations—the desolator of kingdoms—the vanquishers of armies, seemed to have withheld their despoiling hands from so consecrated a spot. A beam of the sun floated "his shower of pearl" upon the earth and gleaming through the thickly clustering leaves, rested upon the pure white slab with its simple inscription LEILA—as if in that name the future wanderer could recognise the last resting place of that Jewish Maiden: the unhappy—the loving and the beloved—the beautiful—the departed.

Glide we now to other scenes.—Many years had elapsed since the Christians had conquered the brave Moors. Time had passed with his swift wing and desolating tread over the Moorish city. The snow-capped summits of the Sierra Nevada still gave back the sunbeams as they glittered on its high crest. The luxuriant valley below was still covered with verdure, and waved its green grass along the level plain. Though nature was still lovely, the city with its public places, its gilded temples, theatres and palaces rose above its solitary repose—a sad and mournful relic of departed greatness. Silence hovered over its voluptuous retreats, and the lizard and the serpent basked in its ruined theatres. The dwelling of the Muza with its beautiful Arabian architecture, its inviting retreats and its glittering fountains was in ruins. The once magnificent Alhambra, blackened and desolated, was a mournful wreck amidst decay. Still the murmuring Darro rolled its waters to the distant ocean—covered not as of erst with vessels of pleasure pursuing their way on its moonlight bosom, amid the whisperings of love and the voice of song and the gush of music. The swift gondolier and the pearl-lipped maiden—the lute-like sigh—the gentle pressure and the soft embrace are visions of the dim by-gone. Treasured in the casket of romance, yet reality hath thrown its trident on the cresting waves. The veil is rent, the magic over. The undulating hills—the green forests, and the scented orange groves are still there—the earth is yet covered with a thousand shrubs and flowers, the hyacinths—the deep blue periwinkle, the sweet briar, the convolvulus, the honey-suckle, lily and the violet. yet the awful stillness is undisturbed, save when the wild bird bursts into song, or the murmur of the rippling stream sweeps swiftly by.

The Alhambra was once more in the power of the Moors. This event came upon the Christians like a thunderbolt in a calm day. By a sudden victory over their conquerors of past years, a small and gallant band of exiled Moors, summoned and headed by an aged and unknown chieftain, had, by the most daring valor, retaken that once strong

hold of Boabdil El Chico, the superstitious Monarch of Grenada, and had recovered their long lost name and its accompanying glories. In that unknown chieftain, with his dark sun-burnt face—his snow white hair and curling beard—his broad and wrinkled forehead, and his small and piercing eye, but few recognised the noble bearing of the brave and gallant Knight of Grenada—the worshipper of Leila—the pride of his country—the counselor of its monarch—the flower of its army—MUZA BEN ABIL GAZAN.

It was a calm and clear night, when that illustrious chieftain left Grenada. Sooner than witness its downfall, and the inglorious extinction of its name, he had quitted the Alhambra ere its heated conquerors had entered the gates of the city. The stars, that had rested like the sentinels of time, on the watch towers of heaven, and calmly and mysteriously gazed on the passing events of centuries, gleamed with an unusual silver radiance on that night. As Muza's eye rested upon them, his mind filled with misgivings and despair partook of a wild superstition not akin to his nature.

"Baseless are the visions and the hopes of man," thought the noble warrior as he rode along. "We now sweep on in the pride of gorgeous array—in the heat of glorious aspirations—in the flush of eagle-plumed hopes, in the past glittering with rainbow-hues, resting with a halo of light upon the long vista of the future, and straying upon the pathway of the present the gems of fortune and the gifts of earth's regal monarch. The conquerors of earth—we tread with an angel's hope. And anon the relapse—the decline—the fall—the gloom and dread solitude of the grave—the coffin—the worm. Oh that we could then evoke from decay and wreck one bright remembrance—one sunbeam to hover over the dark tomb of buried hope, and quiver with a living lustre around forgotten deeds and unremembered names. Mystic lights, beautiful stars, which of you is my natal planet? My spirit wanders to your far homes—which of you poured its silvery rays at my birth an image and a reflection of my future existence—which will gleam and brighten and fall at the close of my career?"

As he finished these melancholy musings the star which in his credulity he had imagined was the harbinger of his existence suddenly shot from its place and leaving behind a fiery path disappeared. Recoiling in awe at this melancholy omen he spurred his ebullient steed swiftly along. Having again gazed upon the beautiful mistress of his love though it was but for a moment ere she was again forever separated from him by the point of her own father, he departed and settled on the shore of his ancestral Africa. Lingered with the voicings of the past, disdaining to mingle amid the joys and sorrows and aspirations of his fellow creatures and awaiting in quietness and peace his translation to another home—amid the quietness and solitude of his new home he dreamed back the epochs of the past. As he was sleeping one evening in an orange grove near his dwelling a vision arose before him and urged him to gather a handful of faithful followers and march against the Christians. The very man who had urged upon Boabdil the utter futility of visions, who had laughed that superstitious monarch to scorn, yet who trembled as he left Grenada at the muttered incantations of the crafty Almahmed now arose from his couch invigorated with—A DREAM. His long dormant energies and fervor again existed. And from the clouds and darkness of the present a light leaped forth like the many-hued rainbow to dazzle and to brighten amid the mists and dews of the future. Again Grenada rose before him in all its orient magnificence. Again his energies and aspirations awfully concentrated by despair were flushed and mighty. Again he trod the earth—the limit of his many-pathed ambition, with the majesty of some mighty God. All the vagueness and obscurity of the past gave way to the creation of a new life—created not by the noisy patriotism, but by the new energies of a lofty soul, knit and strengthened by holy aims. Placing his dust covered armor on him, with a small band of exiles, he swept on to Grenada—the brave chieftain that was—the king that might be. Without inspiring trumpets and waving banners—without martialled thousands—and glistening arms—and floating plumes and jewelled scimitars, but with a small band of brave and valiant followers he marched against proud and gallant thousands. He took the enemy unawares and victory for a long time uncertain perched upon his country's banners, and loud and long echoed the conquering hymn of victory. The setting sun gleamed with a holy light upon the Moorish standard as if waved once more upon the lofty turrets of the Alhambra.

On the next morning at an early hour Muza was on the eastern balcony of the Alhambra. Not a cloud was seen in the vast azure. The sun had not yet risen from his golden couch. All was silent. The ever murmuring Darro scarcely rippled along, gently

laving its sandy shores while

"The blue heavens lay dream-like there." The dew was undried on the grass that waved on the far distant plain. As Muza was about re-entering the palace he heard a low faint murmur in the distance. It now seemed to approach nearer, and again silence reigned. When just as the monarch of day sprang above the high-peaked Sierra Nevada the murmur was no longer distant. Looking down he beheld a vast multitude in the broad space of Vivaramba and at every moment receiving a fresh impetus swelling from a handful into tens of thousands. Now the shout was deafening—as it rolled from the quiet earth to the calm heavens, "Long live Muza Ben Abil Gazan, King of Grenada." Now it would gradually die away, and all below were still as if the angel of death had flapped his funeral pinions over them and silenced them forever. Anon it would break forth again in one loud and long burst—reverberating along the quiet streets of the city like the peal in terror flung from the midnight cloud. It would sound from the snowy summit of Nevada to the far distant wilderness, and anon its echo would be lost among the thick reeds on the banks of the Darro. "Long live Muza Ben Abil Gazan, King of Grenada."

It was indeed a proud moment for that brave and noble warrior. Unlooked for victory had wrested the diadem of the Moors from the grasp of the Christians. Liberty to his generous countrymen had arisen from clouds & tempests like the angel of Manoa's sacrifice above the flame of nature's funeral pyre. His life was consumed, its great object attained. His young and holy ambition had vanished with his years. Aged and infirm, the light of his existence fading and glimmering, he felt the strong necessity of quiet repose. His determination was made; it was the work of a moment to carry it into effect. Disguised and alone he passed undisturbed thro' the city's gates as the morning sun gleamed on the walls and turrets of the Alhambra. He turned one long and anxious gaze on Grenada, and with tearful eyes took up his pilgrimage. The intended monarch became an unknown wanderer!

A contemporary beautifully remarks, "Lo mormorito quietamente sonnava!" when this sad event was made known to the hitherto turbulent Moors. They murmured not at his departure, his name was rendered imperishable by the echoes of a thousand harps. And still it is sighed in the soft rhyme of the peasant's shell and the sweeter melody of the shepherd's lyre. Borne on a sweeter song than the nightingale's, his name will never perish save when virtue ceases to be loved and chivalry adored by the future.

At a cooling fountain beside the tomb of Leila many years afterwards there was seen a strange and aged form reclining as if in deep slumber. An old peasant from the neighboring hills passing near approached the spot and beheld in the manly and noble though furrowed countenance of this aged stranger that of an old companion whom he had not seen since the dismemberment of the Moorish realm—a half century since. Thus met Boabdil, the former monarch, and Muza, his warrior lieutenant. The former a peaceful peasant, fast approaching his grave, and the latter dead at the tomb of his mistress. The lovers were buried together, and the urn that holds the ashes of Leila the Jewess, also contains those of Muza the brave Moor. And the sparkling spring over whose cooling waters Muza dropped his last tear and breathed his last sigh, is yet remembered in dim tradition and hallowed legend, and pointed out to the wandering pilgrim as "THE LOVERS' FOUNTAIN."

From the Register.

## HENRY CLAY—ABOLITION.

If there be any sincere inquirer after the truth, who, misled by the violent clamor of certain Administration Presses, has for a moment doubted the soundness of Mr. Clay's opinions on the subject of Slavery, let him read the following extracts from Abolition Newspapers, and be convinced of the rank injustice done to this illustrious Statesman. So far from having any sympathies with those fanatics it will be seen that he is the peculiar object of their hate:

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.  
"We regret that truth and the cause of humanity, which he has betrayed, compel us to speak of Henry Clay as an enemy of Freedom.  
"We speak not of the Missouri Compromise." Over that deed of darkness we have been willing to allow the shadows of the past to settle, for we hoped, nay, we believed, that Henry Clay regretted his agency, in that dreadful extension of the curse and the sin of slavery. But his recent course in the Senate of the United States, has reluctantly compelled us to consider him a most dangerous enemy to the cause of universal liberty. Let us look at the language of some of his resolutions offered to the Senate, in lieu of those presented by John C. Calhoun:

Resolved, That when the District of Columbia was ceded by the States of Virginia and Maryland to the United States, domestic slavery existed in both those States, including the ceded territory; and that as it continues in both of them, it should not be abolished within the District, without a resolution of that body, which was implied in the cession, and in the accepted territory.

"That it is the deliberate judgment of the Senate, that the institution of DOMESTIC SLAVERY EXISTING IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, and in the Territory of Florida, and in the Territory of the United States in which it now exists because of the serious alarm and just apprehensions which would be thereby excited in the States sustaining that domestic institution."

That no power is delegated by the Constitution to Congress, to prohibit, in or between the States, tolerating slavery the sale and removal of such persons as are held in slavery by the laws of those States (!)

"This is taking ground in favor of PERPETUAL SLAVERY. There is no mistaking the language of these resolutions. They go for slavery now and for ever. In the language of Henry Clay himself, in commending them to the Senate—

"There is nothing abstract or metaphysical in them. They relate to the abolition of slavery in the States, in the District of Columbia, and in Florida, the only Territory of the United States where it exists, and to the safe and removal of slaves in the States whose laws recognize the institution of slavery. They cover the whole field, and nothing but the field, they have no ulterior views. They approach the subject in hand, directly, without the necessity of an interpretation."

"The object of these resolutions is thus explained. "It appears to me, sir, what becomes us, to keep the abolitionists separate and distinct from all other classes, standing out in bold and prominent relief; and the subject of abolition separate and distinct from the right of petition, from Texas, and from all other subjects; let them stand alone unmixt with the rest of the community, without the general sympathy, and exposed to the overwhelming force of the united opinion of those who desire the peace, the harmony, and the union of this confederacy."

We have heard from authority which it does not become us to question, that he has made up his mind to throw the whole weight of his influence against the Convention, which has been proposed to the people of Kentucky by the Legislature. If this be true, God forgive him; the people of the free States will not.

We have made these remarks with feelings of heartfelt sorrow. We were one of the first to urge his claim to the Presidency in 1830. We were one of the delegates from New England to the Baltimore Convention which nominated him. For him we have done more than we would again do for any political candidate. We grieve to find that we were mistaken in the man, who then received our support."

If any Editor can be found hardy enough, after reading the following paragraph from the same paper, (the Editor of which is an accredited Correspondent of the Democratic Review, published under Mr. Van Buren's nose to assert that the Whig and Abolition parties of the North are identified, we shall give him over to a reprobate heart and a perverse imagination:

"We do not pretend to understand the character of modern democracy better than the Globe, its accredited and official organ. The statements of that paper in regard to the treachery of the great body of 'the party' to the principles of old-fashioned democracy, is we fear, too true. But one thing is certain—in its extreme anxiety to secure the favor of the slaveholding South, it has overlooked a multitude of important facts, tending to show that the principles of emancipation have found a resting place even under the banners of modern democracy. The Globe speaks of the anti-slavery resolutions of the Vermont and Massachusetts Legislatures, as Whig resolutions. Now is this the fact? The Van Buren candidates for secretary of State and Lieut. Governor of Vermont, were both officers of Anti-Slavery societies. The resolutions in question, received the vote of both parties in the Legislature. The two last democratic, Van Buren, Conventions of that State, have openly expressed abolition principles. Some of the most active and influential members of the Van Buren party in the State, are local agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society. How is it in Massachusetts? The Massachusetts Legislature contained last year more than 200 Van Buren members; of these only six voted against the 'firebrand' resolutions. The Senate even went beyond the House; and the Hon. Seth Whitemarsh, who headed the Van Buren Electoral ticket, was one

of the most eloquent and able advocates of abolition at its board. Hon. F. Bowman, another Van Buren member, said that he believed the resolutions would be the means of dissolving the Union but that he should nevertheless give them his vote. Was the Editor of the Globe aware that the Van Buren candidate for Congress in Boston, at the last election was Amasa Walker, a man almost as notorious for his abolitionism as Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Did he know that he Honorable George Bancroft, recently appointed collector of the port of Boston, has long been an abolitionist—and that on the 4th of July 1836, he maintained the 'incendiary' doctrine before the assembled democracy of Hampden county? Has the Editor read the letters of Judge Morton, Alexander H. Everett, and the democratic candidates for the Senate, in Massachusetts, to the inquiries of abolitionists? Does he know that a large proportion of Van Buren papers of the State, are favorable to abolition?

Then look at Rhode Island. Who introduced a gag law into the Legislature of that State? A Whig—Duce J. Pearce, the Van Buren leader in the State, used his influence against it. The letter of Pearce, at the late election, to William M. Chace, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, is full of ultra fanaticism, and would condemn him before any court of Judge Lynch. Even Gov. Hill, of New Hampshire, who bears about his own person the democracy of the State, tells the abolitionists in a recent letter, that he is in favor of a State law, preventing the law of Congress, and granting a jury trial to persons claimed as fugitive slaves.

What has the Globe to say in reference to the abolition tendencies of the able organ of 'the party,' in New York—the Evening Post? What of the combined democracy and abolition of William Leggett—the ablest defender which has yet appeared, of the 'Sub-Treasury Scheme? What of Thomas Morris, the Van Buren Senator of Ohio, and the only manly advocate of immediate abolition at the Senate board?

But enough. We commend the above facts to the Editor of the Globe, as evidence that the Northern and Eastern friends of Martin Van Buren, are not all prepared to be sold in the Southern market—and that however powerful may be the machinery of party, truth is stronger than all.

The following from the Postmaster at Lexington, Kentucky, to the Editor of the 'Emancipator,' and published in that paper, shows how little danger is to be apprehended from the Convention about to be called in that State, which has been conjured into a raw head and bloody bones to frighten the South. It is to the point, full, explicit, and conclusive, and should induce those who have endeavored to excite false alarm, to disabuse the public mind at once:

P. O. Lexington, Ky. March 30, 1838.  
Dear Sir—Your papers are not taken by those to whom they are addressed. You are imposed on if you have been induced to believe that any portion of this country, sufficient to disturb the rest, desire the abolition of slavery. A few silly fellows once did, freely advocate this principle, but the injury they perceive must follow the course of the Abolitionists of the North, has set them as much against the views of your paper as any others. Gradual emancipation was their doctrine, and they believed it might be made to answer—but the wicked conduct of those desiring immediate emancipation, at the great hazard of the lives of their fellow-citizens, has set even the friends they had in this country against them. No discussion would be permitted on this subject by candidates for office. I hope you will no longer burthen the mail with papers not desired by those to whom they are sent.  
Yours, &c.  
J. PICKLIN.  
Joshua Leavitt, Editor Emancipator.

Another device of the Van Buren party, is to endeavor to show that the Whigs in Congress indirectly countenanced the mad schemes of the Abolitionists by voting against Mr. Patton's Resolution. In relation to this charge, the "Vermont North Star" says—

"It is time the Abolitionists should be disabused. They ought to know that 'Patton's' resolution was a Whig measure, that it originated with the Whigs, that it was brought into Congress by a Whig, and that it was carried through by the Whigs. There has not been a day during the present session of Congress, when, if the Whigs had united to receive, hear and grant the prayer of the petitions, there would not enough of the friends of the Administration have voted with them to have carried the measure. With the Caledonian, I say fellow-citizens, you are called upon to rally from the passage of Patton's unconstitutional resolutions." Look from whence that vote came." It is to the Whigs the petitioners owe their defeat; it is the Whigs who have refused to receive and hear their petitions, it is the Whigs who clamored down Mr. Slade; when he was making a speech

in their favor; it was Mr. Wise, a Whig, full of sound and fury, who first moved to lay their petitions on the table; it was the same Mr. Wise, who moved that all the Virginia delegation retire from the hall of Congress to take measures to suppress all doubts and defeat the petitions; it was Mr. Robertson, a Whig, who moved that the whole Southern delegation should immediately retire for the same purpose; it was Mr. Preston, a Whig, who was as busy in the hall of Congress on this occasion, as another character in a whirlwind; it was Mr. Patton, another Whig, who brought in the famous resolution of the 21st December; it was Mr. Patton who moved the previous question, which suppressed all debate and cut off all amendments. It is to the Whigs that the petitioners owe their defeat.—They have suppressed debate—their ears have been deaf to their prayers, and their sympathies callous to the sufferings of the African. And yet it is the Whig papers that call upon the Abolitionists to support the prime movers of their defeat, and to sustain their measures."

## QUEEN VICTORIA.

We copy from a late Paris paper the following details respecting the private life of Queen Victoria of England:

The Queen has been accustomed, from her infancy, to early rising. The morning walks to which the Duchess of Kent had accustomed her, were favorable to the moral as well as physical development of this young princess, and since her accession to the throne, she has preserved the same regimen. A quarter before ten, breakfast is served, but the Queen has already devoted two hours to signing despatches.

Her majesty's predecessors have derived much assistance in this fatiguing labor from an intimate secretary; this office has been abolished; but the functions of it are now performed by a person of a rare intelligence and great talent, who exercises considerable influence on the mind of the Queen. This lady is the Baroness Liechten, governess to the Queen. An old friend of the Duchess of Kent, who since the marriage of the princess with the duke has never quitted her for a moment. The serious and truly royal education of the young Victoria has been carried on under the direction of this distinguished woman, whose knowledge, character and habits justify the influence she has acquired. The Baroness Liechten is the confidential secretary of the Queen.

The signing despatches before breakfast is the moment when the valuable judgment of the baroness is especially exercised. She studies always to obtain for the acts of her pupil, the suffrages of the public. Upon certain questions which are not intended to be made public, being absolute dependencies of the crown, the counsel of the Baroness is a precious safeguard to the young Queen, and a powerful protection against other influences. Lord Melbourne knows well what is meant by these words.

When the hour of breakfast is announced to the Queen, she sends usually one of her people to inform her mother, who, faithful to the laws of the most rigorous etiquette is accustomed, since the accession of her daughter, never to present herself before her except on her invitation. The mother and daughter, until now inseparable, do not meet except at table and in the drawing-room. In these meetings, in some measure official, the conversation never turns on political questions. The Duchess, who reads much, speaks almost always of the last books she has read, and the Queen, who takes great pleasure in these literary dissertations, requires often to have it whispered twice in her ear, that her minister awaits her.

It is nooby the Queen passes into an apartment, where the members of the Cabinet are waiting, with the greatest respect to receive her. It is here, perhaps, more than any where else, that her woman's philosophy prevails and displays itself. Notwithstanding the profound respect of the ministers for the laws of etiquette, after the exchange of some forms of politeness, the discussion turns on the questions which form the order of the day. A document is placed in the hands of the Queen, who is already fully acquainted with the subject, before her ministers have offered a single word. When this reading is terminated, (and the ministers follow attentively with their eyes the impressions produced on the physiognomy of her Majesty) a single look of the Queen is sufficient to put the counsellors of state in the secret of the Queen's decision. When her Majesty is not pleased, her tranquil, but disapproving look, is more difficult for the ministers to support than all the clamors of the opposition. The presentation of ambassadors, and other great personages divides, with the cases due to state affairs, the moments of the Queen. Etiquette is rigorously observed in these official receptions—her Majesty lays great stress upon it, and if heaven bestows long life upon her, nothing can be more courteous, more

McLennan