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"ERROR IS HARMLESS, WHEN TRUTH IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."

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Aaron Burr.

The career of this remarkable man adds another instance to the proof of which history is full, how entirely the judgment of mankind on human actions, waits on the event of success or disaster in human enterprises.—It can scarcely be doubted now, that the designs of this celebrated individual, which clouded his name in his own day, with the suspicion and charge of treason, differed very little from an enterprise whose success we have in our own time seen heralded with the plaudits of approving millions—the dismemberment of the possessions of an adjoining friendly power by citizens of the United States—the temporary independence of the territory so detached—and then its final incorporation into this Union. What but the difference of time and the event, marks the broad line in the page of history, between Bacon and Washington—the one denounced and hunted as a rebel and a felon to his grave—the other the Hero of a successful revolution—the founder of a mighty empire—hailed "Father of his Country"—So truly and beautifully, the Poet sings:—(whether of Sidney or Russell, or Emmet, or Bacon, or Kosuth, or all the buffed votaries of Freedom the world round.)

"Rebellion, foul dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd,
The holiest cause, that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd!
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd!
How many a spirit born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal Fame."
These thoughts have been suggested by an accidental reference, to the very striking contemporary account of Burr's leave-taking in the Senate, when he left it as its presiding officer. When his term as Vice President expired, he took leave of the Senate in a manner that made the deepest impression. The scene was represented as altogether extraordinary—almost every Senator found himself dissolved in tears. The following account of it was published in the Washington Federalist, then printed in Washington City:

"On Saturday, the 2d inst. (March, 1805.) Mr. Burr took leave of the Senate—this was done at a time when the doors were closed, the Senate being engaged in executive business, and of course when there were no spectators. It is, however, universally said to have been the most dignified, sublime and impressive that ever was uttered; and the effect which it produced justified those epithets. I will give you the best account I have been able to obtain from the Senators of several States, as well federal as republican.

"Mr. Burr began by saying that he intended to pass the day with them, but the increase of a slight indisposition (sore throat) and determined him to take his leave of them. He touched slightly on some of the rules and orders of the House, and recommended, in one or two points, alterations, of which he briefly explained the reason and principle.

"He then said that he was sensible that he must at times have wounded the feelings of individual members. He had ever avoided entering into any explanations at the time, because the moment of irritation was not the moment for explanation; because his position (being in the chair) rendered it impossible to enter into explanations without obvious danger of consequences, which might hazard the dignity of the Senate, or prove disagreeable and injurious in more than one point of view. That he had, therefore, preferred to leave in their reflections his justification; that on his part he had no injuries to complain of—if any had been done or attempted, he was ignorant of the authors, and if he had ever heard them he had forgotten them, for he thanked God he had no memory for injuries. He doubted not but they had found occasion to observe that he was prompt was not therefore to be precipitate, and that to act without delay was not always to act without reflection—that error was often to be preferred to indecision—that his errors, whatever they might have been, were those of rule and principle, and not of caprice; that it could not be deemed an indignity in him to say that, in his official conduct, he had known no party—no cause—no friend.—That if, in the opinion of any, the discipline which had been established, approached to rigor, they would at least admit that it was uniform and indiscriminate.

"He further remarked that the ignorant and unthinking affected to treat as unnecessary and fastidious a rigid attention to rules and decorum; but he thought nothing trivial which touched, however remotely, the dignity of that body; and he appealed to their experience for the justice of this sentiment, and urged them in language the most impressive, and in a manner the most commanding, to avoid the smaller relaxation of the habits which he had endeavored to inculcate and establish.

"But he challenged their attention to considerations more momentous than any which regarded merely their personal honor and character—the preservation of the law of liberty and the constitution. This House, said he, is a sanctuary, and a citadel of laws, of order, of liberty; and it is here—in this exalted refuge—here, if any where, will resistance be made to the storms of popular frenzy and the silent arts of corruption; and if the constitution be destined ever to perish by the sacrilegious hands of the demagogue or the usurper, (which God avert!) its expiring agonies will be witnessed on this floor.

"He then adverted to those afflictive sensations which attended a final separation—a dissolution, perhaps forever, of the associations which he hoped had been mutually satisfactory. He consoled himself, however, and them, with the reflections, that though separated, they would be engaged in the common cause of disseminating principles of freedom and social order. He should always regard the proceedings of that body with interest and with solicitude—he should feel for their honor, and the national honor, so intimately connected with it—and took his leave with expressions of personal respect, and with prayers and wishes, &c. &c.

"In this cold relation, a distant reader, especially one to whom Col. Burr is not personally known, will be at a loss to discern the cause of those extraordinary emotions which were excited—the whole Senate were in tears, and so unmannered, that it was half an hour before they could recover themselves sufficiently to come in order and choose a Vice President pro tem.

"At the President's on Monday, two of the Senators were relating these circumstances to a circle which had collected round them; one said that he wished that the tradition might be preserved, as one of the most extraordinary events he had ever witnessed; another Senator, being asked on the day following that on which Mr. Burr took his leave, how long he was speaking, after a moment's pause, said he could form no idea—it might have been an hour, and might have been but a moment; when he came to his senses he seemed to have awakened from a kind of trance.

"The characteristics of the Vice President's manner seemed to have been elevation and dignity, a consciousness of superiority, &c; nothing of that whining adulation, those canting, hypocritical complaints of want of talents, assurance of his endeavors to please them, hopes of their favor, &c. &c. On the contrary, he told them explicitly that he had determined to pursue a conduct which his judgment should approve, and which should secure the suffrage of his own conscience; and he had never considered who else should be pleased or displeased, although it was but justice on this occasion to thank them for their deference and respect to his official conduct, the constant and uniform support he had received from every member, for their prompt acquiescence in his decisions, and to remark to their honor, that they had never descended to a single motion of passion or embarrassment; and, and so far was he from apologizing for his defects, that he told them that, on reviewing his decisions he had occasion to make, there was no one which, on reflection, he was disposed to vary or retract."

"As soon as the Senate could compose themselves sufficiently to choose a President pro tem, they came to the following resolution:

"Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of the Senate be presented to Aaron Burr, in testimony of the impartiality, dignity and ability with which he has presided over their deliberations; and of their entire approbation of his conduct in the discharge of the arduous and important duties assigned him as President of the Senate; and that Mr. Smith, of Maryland, and Mr. White, [of Delaware] be a committee to wait on him with this resolution."

"Attest: SAM. A. OTIS,
Secretary."
To which resolution Col. Burr returned the following answer to the Senate:

"Next to the satisfaction arising from a consciousness of having discharged my duty, is that which is derived from the approbation of those who have been the constant witnesses of my conduct; and

the value of this testimony of their esteem is greatly enhanced by the promptitude with which it is offered.

"I pray you to accept my respectful acknowledgements, and the assurance of my inviolable attachment to the interest and dignity of the Senate."

"AARON BURR."

And how true the prophecy of this sanguine and far-seeing Statesman! How, in the worst times the nation has seen, has this same Senate proved "a sanctuary and a citadel of laws, of order, and of liberty!" What is fast becoming, and what it has and may become, it were bootless now to speak. But may we not hope, that ere the "expiring agonies" of the Constitution "shall be witnessed on that floor," our Caesar, too, shall feel the steel:

"As when Brutus rose,
Refuge from the stroke of Caesar's fate,
And the crowd of patriots and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the Father of his Country hail!
For lo! the Tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free!"

And such is, and has been, and will be, the commanding charm—the magic spell of true genius. Aaron Burr! not all the vices that cluster round that name, can dim its lustre, nor prevent the man himself, even to the eye of moral judgment, as less than

"Archangel fallen."

THE WIFE—A BEING TO COME HOME TO.

And after all, what is it that man seeks in the companionship of a woman? An influence like the gentle dew, and the cheering light, more felt throughout the whole of his existence, in its softening, healing, harmonizing power than can be acknowledged by a single act, or recognized by any certain rule. It is in fact a being to come home to, in the happiest sense of the expression. Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell how the bold warrior, returning from the fight, would doff his plumed helmet, and resting from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs that woman's hand might pour into their wounds the healing balm.

But never wearied knight nor warrior covered with the dust of the battle field, was more in need of woman's soothing power than those care-worn sons of the soil, who struggle for the bread of life, in our peaceful and enlightened days. And still, though the romance of the castle, helmet, the waving plume, and the "clarion, wild and high," may all have vanished from the scene, the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the pictures of domestic joy as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so, for there are deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound and passions more intense, in our great theatre of intellectual and moral strife, than where the contest of martial fame and force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory or of wealth.

Among the changes which have taken place in the condition of mankind, it is not the least of woman's privileges, that she can still be all to man which his necessities require; that he can retire from the tumult of the world, and seek her society with a zest which nothing can impair so long as she receives with a true and faithful heart—true to the best and kindest impulses of which her nature is capable and sacred to the faithful trust committed to her care.

And that it is so how many a home can witness—how many a fireside welcome—how may a happy meeting after absence painfully prolonged. Yes there are scenes within the sacred precincts of the household hearth, which not the less, because no stranger's eye beholds them, repay and richly too, days of weary conflict, and long nights of anxious care. But who shall paint them? Are they not graven on the hearts of wives? And those who hold the picture in all its beauty vividness and truth, would scarcely wish to draw aside the veil, which screens it from the world.—Mrs. Ellis.

TOILET OF FRENCH LADIES.

An American lady writing from Paris, says that she lately discovered the secret of the many beautiful and brilliant complexions seen in that city. It seems that water is conceived by the French ladies as the great spoiler of the skin, so that unless some untoward circumstances really soil their faces, they are not touched with water from one week's end to another, the owners content themselves with gentle rubbing with a dry coarse towel, and exclude water almost entirely from the toilet tables.

From the Mother's Magazine.

Be Faithful to your Children.

For you may live to be old. Their sympathies for you, then, will depend much on your fidelity to them now. It will be consoling then to see them walking in the ways of virtue and piety. How it will cheer the otherwise melancholy evening of your life! Oh! who can estimate the comfort to an aged parent, which arises from the practice of religion by his child, now grown to manhood, and engaged in the active duties of life? On the other hand, should he, in consequence of your unfaithfulness, become irreligious and immoral, how will it sadden your last days. A recollection of his unfaithfulness, connected with a report of its results upon his wicked sons, caused the death of the ancient prophet Eli. How many, when they seek support in the counsel and sympathy of their children, lean upon a broken reed, and go down unsustained and with sorrow to the grave!

Be faithful to your children, for they may be taken from you. You may have but a little time in which to benefit them spiritually, ere they go to the spirit land. They may be removed from your tuition, young. As you stand by their dying bed, will it not be comforting to remember that you did what you could, to lead them to the Saviour? Would you not treasure it up as a precious memento, could you then hear them say in the words of a dying child, "Millions of worlds would be nothing in comparison with my hope in him! His dying blood, how precious! It is all, all to me now." And as you drop a tear upon their fresh grave, would it not soothe the rising agitation of your bosom, could you say, "What I could I did to prepare them for heavenly mansions." What parent would not feel, as he surrenders his child to death,—it was my Saviour's call, "Suffer him to come unto me." I suffered him, and he has gone before, to make the pure society of heaven dearer to me. O be faithful to your children, for you may be taken from them. What legacy would you prefer to leave them? Treasured instructions in the ways of wisdom and the impressions of your consistent life and ardent prayers, would be worth more to them there, than a princely fortune. So instruct them, that should your eyes fade in death, as in childhood or youth, they wept by your dying couch, you might leave them fortified against the world's temptations, and with a prospect of meeting them in a kinder clime. Be faithful to them, for you will meet them at the judgment. That child will stand with you, at the same bar. It will then be seen, how great are parental influence and responsibility. It will then be known whether you have been faithful. God and angels will know it. And you may be cheered by the voice of the judge, pronouncing, "Well done, good and faithful," or terrified and saddened by words of condemnation. O be faithful to your children, for you will dwell with them eternally, or be separated from them for ever. The consuming fires of the last conflagration, and the rolling of the heavens together as a scroll, affect not your existence or theirs. Parent and child are immortal. Whether you, Christian parent, shall dwell with your children, in the bright world above, eternally; or be separated from them through uncounted ages, depends much on you. Connected with fidelity to your children are many precious promises. What parent will not labor and pray, while prayer and labor may avail for those, who shall shine resplendently and eternally, in the moral firmament of heaven, or be merged for ever in the darkness of hell!

Havana, N. Y.

M. H.

CONSCIENCE.

An ancient writer, Brochmand, presents us with the following description of conscience:—"It is a kind of silent reasoning of the mind, whose definite sentence is received by some affection of the heart, by which those things which are evil and naughty, are disapproved with grief and sorrow." In short, we may consider conscience as the judgment which mankind are constrained to pass on their own character, state, and actions, as subjected unto the judgment of a Superior Being. No one is bold enough to deny that the depravity of human nature is universal and total, extending to all mankind; and to every power of each individual; yet there is a principle incorporated with the powers of the mind—the principle of conscience—which testifies that the Creator has not left himself without witness in any situation, or among any class of society. The prerogative of conscience is also great. When permitted to exercise its authority, it investigates and weighs whatever takes place, in which the individual to whom it belongs is an agent, and it passes its judgment accordingly, whether in reference to the actions of the life, the words of the mouth

or the secret thoughts of the heart. Impartiality is the invariable rule by which it exercises its authority. It approves and censures without respect of persons or any intrinsic circumstances. It is as ready to do its office in the bosom of the prince as in that of the peasant—in reference to the tyrant who sits on his throne as well as to the slave who bends beneath his yoke. Its sentences may be laughed to derision. A variety of self-deceiving excuses may be made, and many apologies may be advanced, to justify the conduct which it condemns. But these by no means destroy the impartial rigor with which it has delivered its sentence. This prerogative of judgment possessed by conscience, is no less remarkable for its comprehensions than for any other quality by which it is distinguished. Its discriminating power is not confined to the passing moment. It tenaciously retains the history of the past; it solemnly anticipates the prospect of the future. The transactions of the present, indeed, are those which must succeed in baffling its power, and in overwhelming its remonstrances, amid the tumultuous noise of violent and discordant passions; but though apparently overpowered—though its awful voice is drowned in confusion—yet when the anarchy of the passions shall subside, it will resume its legitimate authority, and exercise its high prerogative; by connecting the history of the past with the events of the future life.

DANDIES.

They are mere walking sticks for female fops, ornamented with brass heads, and barely touched by the varnish of etiquette. Brass heads did I say? Nay their capes are only half-ripe musk-melons with monstrous thick rinds, all hollow inside, containing the seeds of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Their moral garments are a double-breasted coat of vanity, padded with pride, and lined with the silk of self-complacency; their apparel is all in keeping, and is imported fresh from the devil's wholesale and retail ready-made clothing establishment. Tinkered up with broad cloth, finger-rings, safety chains, soft soles, tawdry and impudence, they are no more gentlemen than a plated spoon is silver; I detect a dandy, as a cat does a wet floor. There are some fools in this world who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from the hot-bed of pride a sickly brood of fussy ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of pomposity with all the self-importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people. Dow Jr.

CUSTOM-HOUSE SEIZURE BY THE CANADIANS.

The Detroit Commercial Bulletin of the 11th says the steamboat Franklin, plying between Detroit and Sault Ste. Marie, was seized that day on the other side of the River, by the Canadian authorities, for a violation of revenue law.—The complaint was that the F. had been in the habit of landing at Round Island, supplies for persons residing on the island acknowledged to belong to Canada, in the vicinity of the mouth of St. Mary River. Round Island has always been known in that country at least, as belonging to the United States, and for years it has been the practice of boats carrying up supplies for Canadians in that section to land them at Round Island, undoubtedly for the inhabitants of the Islands, acknowledged as Canadian, would take them.—Round Island, in the Straits of St. Mary, is certainly, we think, American soil, and where the Franklin has, of course, an undoubted right to land American goods, and if thence they are carried into British territory, our neighbors must look to their own subjects. The boat was properly bonded by Col. McKnight, the owner; and proceeded on her way to the Saut.

LENGTH OF DAYS.

At Berlin and London, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm and Upsal, the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half. At Hamburg, Dantzic, and Stettin, the longest day has seventeen hours, shortest seven. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Tornea in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Waudebus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July, without interruption; and in Spitzbergen, the longest lasts three and a half months.

During the Presidential Canvass the Whigs were censured for supporting a man who would make "no pledges."—Gen. Taylor is now condemned for violating "Solemn pledges made during the Presidential canvass." It is very difficult to please our Locofoco friends. Censure is the best evidence that a public servant is right.

PLAIN AND HONEST TALK.

Our readers will bear witness that we have never been inclined to overestimate the patriotism of the Locofoco leaders of either branch—the Hunkers or the Free-Soilers; and we have often expressed the opinion that, as slavery had nothing to do with the division of the party, it would not stand in the way of a reconciliation. The organs of the two sections keep up a continual fire at each other about the "great principles," which neither of them care a fig for; but occasionally a gleam of truth shines out through all this misty nonsense. Such a gleam we find in the New York Globe, which speaks to its friends in the following plain and unambiguously language:

"Democrats! shall we go to work and elect our whole ticket, which will enable us all to partake of the fat things which will fall from the Democratic cornucopia, or shall we remain divided, and be compelled for a number of years to feed on short commons and 'cold fodder,' until we have not strength enough to withstand a good stout, old-fashioned Staten Island nor'wester? What do you say?"

This an appeal which both parties, Hunkers and Free-Soilers, will find no difficulty in understanding. Not a word is said about the principles of this arrangement; not a word is necessary. It is perfectly understood that there can be no union without a surrender, one side or the other, of principles that each party has over and over again declared to be vital, but this, although well enough in its day, has answered its purpose, or rather it has failed and abandoned, and now the leaders fall back upon the old touchstone of Democratic fidelity—the spoils. We have never doubted that they would unite; the failure at Rome was caused by nothing but mutual jealousies about office. If the officers could have been satisfactorily divided, nothing else would have interfered with the proposed union. It is only a question of time; just as when two steamboats are running against each other at a shilling fare. The one that can hold out longest will carry the day; the one that will buy off the other can have the route without competition.—Providence Journal.

VAGARIES OF THE CHIVALRY.

The following article from the Pendleton (S. C.) Messenger presents the Chivalry in a new and interesting light. They are making rare sport for the Abolitionists, who will give them to death, if their conduct is, in respect to the importance, they give to the missiles of the fanatics, their proposition to constitute the Post Master General a grand Inquisitor of the mails, is too monstrous to be endured for a moment by a free people. Such a doctrine is not advanced even in the most despotic Government of Europe. Its adoption would be subversive of all liberty.

We know not what remedy is provided by the law for such an outrage as that committed by the citizens of the Pendleton. We presume, however, there is an adequate one. But if there be none, sooner than see the rest of the Union subjected to a Governmental inquisition, like that proposed by South Carolina, we would prefer to see all the offices discontinued in that State. If the people of the State are not willing to have free mails, let them establish lines of their own. The Post office service within its limits costs the Government much more than is received from postage,—the loss of its patronage will therefore be a gain. But the people of the other States can never consent to the establishment of an espionage upon the mails, which would subject all letters to a Government inquisitor and be tantamount to the suppression of the freedom of the press.

CHURCH VANITY.

There is quite a strife in Bridgeport to see who can build the highest steeple. The Congregationalists say they will have the highest steeple in the State. A few days since a Congregationalist met an Episcopalian, and pointing to their new church, now in the course of construction, he remarked, "there, look at that high belfry. We shall put 160 feet more on the top of that, and thus have the highest steeple in the State." "Yes," replied the Episcopalian, "and you would probably make it still higher if you could, but that is as high up as your society owns!"—Albany Express.

THE SCIENCE OF MINING.

The Placer Times says, the mines of California have baffled all science, and rendered the application of philosophy entirely nugatory. Bone and sinew philosophy, with a sprinkling of good luck can alone render success certain. We have met with many geologists and practical scientific men in the mines, and have invariably seen them beaten by un-killed men, soldiers and sailors, and the like. The simple secret is, that gold has been thrown about promiscuously by volcanic power, and distributed along the margin of the stream, and in river beds by mountain torrents, and it is the hard-working and lucky men who may restore it.

There is a man in Illinois, named Barrow, who has changed his politics so often, that the neighbors call him Wheel-Barrow.

"I say, Jim, are there any bears in your country, in the winter?" "Yes, the ice bears."

LIBEL.—Mr. James C. Church, of Fort Hamilton, N. Y., has been mulcted in \$2,500 damages, for a libel on Col. Miller, whom he charged with theft in a written notice posted up in his own store.