

# THE TARBORO' SCAEVOLA.

REPUBLICANISM: THE PALLADIUM OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

VOLUME 1.

TARBOROUGH, EDGECOMBE COUNTY, N. C. FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1837.

NO. 9.

The "Tarborough Scævola,"

EDITED BY  
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And printed by J. & W. Manning.

TERMS.

Published every week at

Three dollars per annum, if paid within the year; or Three dollars and fifty cents, if not paid till the end of the subscription year. It will be necessary for those living at a distance, or out of the State to pay in advance. No subscription will be received for a less period than a year; and the paper will not be discontinued until orders are received to that effect, and all arrearsages settled.

Letters to the Editor must come free of postage, or they will not be attended to.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of one dollar per square, for three insertions, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. Those sending in advertisements will mark the number of times they wish them inserted.

## POLITICAL.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE PAPER MONEY POWER AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, THE LAWS, AND THE PEOPLE.

"The whole strength of the Government ought to be put forth, to compel the payment of the duties and taxes to the Government in the legal currency of the country."

"Gold and silver (the said) was the law of the land at home, and the law of the world abroad."

"All bank paper (he argued) derived its credit solely from its relation to gold and silver; and there was no remedy for the state depreciation of the paper currency, but the resumption of specie payments."

"The only legitimate power of Congress was to interdict the paper of such banks as do not pay specie, from being received at the custom-houses. With a receipt of forty millions a year, if the Government was faithful to itself, and to the interests of the people, they could control the evil; it was their duty to make the effort. 'The evil grows worse every day by indulgence. If Congress did not now make a stand, and stop the current while they might, would they, when the current grew stronger and stronger, hereafter do it?'—Daniel Webster in 1816."

Mr. Editor—I scarcely know how to comment upon the consistency of the "Godlike" Daniel Webster. I take the above extracts from his speeches against the charter of the Bank of the United States, and in favor of other and better remedies for the then deranged state of the currency, as a blasting rebuke to his humble followers who now threaten open rebellion against the Government, for attempting to enforce those remedies which constitute a part of the laws of the land, and which our Executive officers are bound by solemn oaths faithfully to execute and enforce."

Mr. Webster contended in the speeches from which I have quoted, that the then Executive of the U. States had departed from the line of its duty, in tolerating the receipt of anything but gold and silver for public dues. His object was, to obtain a strong expression of the sense of Congress, against the receipt of paper not immediately convertible into gold and silver, in order to drive back the Executive to a faithful observance of the Constitution and laws, and to enforce the resumption of specie payments. His remedy was adopted; yes, and it succeeded too, to a considerable extent and that in spite of the Bank of the U. States, which was chartered in spite of the opposition of Daniel Webster. It was the Joint Resolution of 1816, prohibiting the receipt of anything but gold and silver, or the notes of specie paying banks, which remedied the then depreciated state of the paper currency. If I recollect a right, Mr. Crawford, one of the founders of the Bank, afterwards declared in an official paper, that under this Joint Resolution a number of the Banks resumed specie payments, before the Bank of the U. States went into operation; that some which had resumed payment or were preparing to resume, were compelled postpone doing so, on account of the run upon them, to make up the capital of the National Bank. Why is it then, that "the God-like man," "the great expounder of the Constitution and Laws," has now become a travelling missionary for an institution, the establishment of which he so much deprecated, visiting to and fro, denouncing his own remedy as a wicked "Experiment," and preaching up a crusade against Martin Van Buren for doing what he is sworn to do; for what he, the said, "God-like" Daniel censured Mr. Madison for not doing; for executing and enforcing the laws of the land, which are as old as the Government itself, and which have been again and again enforced by reiterated voices in Congress, the said "great statesman of Massachusetts" still concurring?—His own vaunted remedy for the disasters of 1816, "the only remedy within the legitimate power of Congress," is denounced as a rash and wicked "Experiment."—And his pliant followers throughout the country, parrot-like, are

cries out "Experiment!"—"The Experiment!" and ascribing the present convulsions in the commercial world in England as well as here, to "the Experiment" of Old Jackson, practised upon by Van Buren! Mr. Webster may deceive; I have no doubt he has deceived and misled hundreds of honest men, who, without taking pains to examine into facts, and judge for themselves, implicitly believe what he says, and go as he bids them; but Daniel Webster himself cannot be honest. He has received thousands in the way of fees as the Bank's Attorney. He sees and feels that the Bank is the right arm of that "Aristocracy of incorporated wealth," which is warring against the Democracy of numbers. And, think as his honest followers may of the utility of a National Bank, those who have the intelligence and independence to seek information and judge for themselves, will see in the course of Daniel Webster, and his disciples in Boston, and in other commercial cities, enough to admonish them of the startling fact, that the paper money power has openly taken the field, against the Government, the laws and the people.

How stands the case in Boston? The Post-master-General is bound by his oath to receive nothing for postages but gold and silver, or the notes of specie paying banks. He instructs his deputy in Boston to conform to the law and his oath. A member of Congress from Boston, who voted for the very law which thus restricts the Post-master-General, takes the lead in a public meeting, to denounce his own law, as a tyrannical exaction, and threatens to resist it by force and arms; Can any man with a freeman's heart in his bosom, hesitate one moment in raising his voice, for a firm and unflinching execution of the laws, in defiance of the threats of such unprincipled factionists? Is any man weak enough to believe one word of the pretended impossibility of finding gold and silver enough in Boston, to pay the postages collected there? If there be not enough in circulation, where is it? Is it not in the vaults of the Banks? Do not these factionists hold the notes of the Banks? Are not the Banks bound to redeem their notes in gold and silver? Why, then, do they not pour out their vengeance upon the Banks for failing to comply with their obligations, rather than upon an officer of the Government who is only striving to discharge his duty according to law and his oath? Instead of this, they are applauding the Banks for violating the laws. They pretend, that there is not specie enough in the country to pay their debts to the Government, whilst through brokers and dishonest banks, they are shipping millions to England to pay their debts, and sustain their credit there. Shall the Administration tamely yield to the dictation, be intimidated by the threats, or deceived by the false excuses of such men as these? Shall the laws of the land be repudiated or nullified at their bidding? No. Rather let the "whole strength of the Government be put forth to compel the payment of the duties and taxes to the Government in the legal currency of the country," as was proposed by Daniel Webster in 1816. "The interest and honor of the People demand it." There is no other remedy for the evils which we are now enduring. "These evils will grow worse every day by indulgence." But let the Government stand firm—show no quarters to the Banks, unless they manifest a strong disposition to resume specie payments—compel Government debtors to comply with their obligations at home: let banks, merchants, farmers, mechanics, and all other classes see, that there is to be no flinching or dodging, and all will end well. Every good bank will "to the mark"—every bad one will go down, and ought to go down, rather than rise, by driving the Government and scindling the community. If depreciated, irredeemable bank paper is to be tolerated, hard money will not keep company with it. But show no quarters to any bank that refuses to prepare for paying specie—receive nothing, ultimately, for public dues, but gold and silver; and the home demand will preserve enough hard money in the country, to answer our purposes. No other course can save our financial system from a total wreck—a wreck which many of our patriotic financiers are labouring to produce, in order that they may again saddle us with another National Bank, to regulate and control the whole trade and capital of the country, and give to an "Aristocracy of incorporated wealth," the mastery over the "Democracy of numbers."

A DEMOCRAT IN EARNEST.

## AGRICULTURE.

We observe with astonishment and regret, the conclusive evidence which appears in every direction, that the business of agriculture does not receive the attention due to it in this country, but that it is treated with absolute neglect, compared with other pursuits. This ought not to be, and the inhabitants of this country will learn that they have committed a gross error by abandoning the cultivation of the

soil for a less independent and more precarious mode of obtaining a livelihood.

Who has ever before heard of such a state of things as now exists here? We have a soil as fertile as any that the sun ever shone upon, a country almost boundless in extent, and land so cheap that any man may purchase a farm with the proceeds of a few months labor, yet we are actually importing for consumption immense quantities of agricultural products from foreign countries? A people thinly scattered over a land unequalled in fertility and exhaustless in resources, and buying their bread, at enormous prices from countries so overburdened with inhabitants that political economists have feared that the earth would fail to produce sufficient to support them! Such an extraordinary circumstance should excite attention and awaken inquiry as to its cause.

The fault as we have seen, is not in the soil, nor is the country overrun with inhabitants. It is therefore evident that the cultivation of the soil is neglected, otherwise we should be exporting instead of importing agricultural products. We apprehend, however that it will be found to spring in a great measure from the same causes which have produced much evil in this country and the bitter fruits of which we are reaping. The first and chief of these causes is the inordinant thirst for wealth, which pervades every class of society, and induces men to abandon their legitimate business to engage in some wild, hazardous speculation, with the hope of becoming suddenly rich. It is too often the case that the farmer becomes tired of moderate accumulation of property by the products of his lands, and leaves the cultivation of it to engage in the business of commerce or manufactures. He finds out his egregious mistake when it is too late. The property he had accumulated is squandered and lost in consequence of his ignorance of the new business, and he again sighs for the cheerful and independent mode of life which he has abandoned, when it is out of his power to resume it. We have in our mind numberless instances of this kind, where industrious and prosperous farmers have been lured to their ruin by being induced to lay aside the implements of husbandry, and engage in the universal scramble after sudden wealth.

There is another great error prevalent upon this subject, and that is, the business of agriculture is generally looked upon as less respectable than of commerce, manufactures, or the professions, and wealthy farmers instead of teaching their sons their own business, most usually transform them into merchants, lawyers, or clergymen. This is all wrong. Agriculture is the very backbone of all business, the main spring of all wealth; and should be regarded as a profession of the highest respectability. It gives those engaged in it a feeling of independence, genuine nobleness without ostentation, honor, honesty and firmness well calculated to perpetuate the free institutions of our happy country. The truth of eloquent panegyric of the ancients upon this employment, may be more easily realized here than in any other country upon earth. We confidently hope to see public opinion speedily righting itself upon this subject, and to find the people seeking their permanent interests and advancing the prosperity and glory of our wide domain, by engaging more generally in this healthful, honest and independent business.—New York Sun.

(The Mayor of the city of Savannah, (Geo.) has issued his proclamation under date of 22d ult. offering a reward of Five Hundred Dollars, for the apprehension of D. Philbrook, master, and E. Kellerum, mate of the brig Susan, of Thomastown, Maine.—These persons are accused of having secreted and carried away to Thomastown, a fugitive slave, the property of James and Henry Sagee, of Savannah.

The following resolution was adopted in Council, at Savannah, June, 22nd, 1837. Resolved, That the Mayor offer a reward \$500 for the apprehension and bringing to punishment, said Philbrook, Captain, and Kellerum, mate of vessel, or either of them. And further that he request the Governor of this state to use all constitutional means; in demanding from the Governor of Maine, to cause to be delivered to the constituted authorities of this State, said Captain and Mate for a violation of its Laws, and the commission of a felony.

Sleep.—It is a mistaken idea that much sleep is conducive to health. In infancy two thirds of the time may be spent in this state, and no injury arise from it, and in extreme old age the system requires much rest but in middle age when the frame is robust, one third of the time that is, eight hours, is generally sufficient to keep the body in health and vigor. Many people do not require more than five or six hours, and some people have for the greater part of their lives required but three. Students,

and all men who exert the mind, require more than people who only fatigue the body. It also requires a longer time for the mind to fall asleep when it has been excited than for the body. This may seem strange, but it is certain that some of the senses sleep sooner than others. Many persons are no sooner upon their pillows than they are lost in slumber, while others always require hours to lull the excitement of the mind. Generally speaking a man of lethargic temperament will sleep sooner than one more sanguinely constituted.

N. Y. Sun

From the N. Y. Sunday Morning News.

## THE INDIAN SCOUT.

The devotion of our forefathers to the interests of their country, their severe privations, their enduring constancy to the immortal cause; their patience under trials; sometimes starting, sometimes long and arduous, is well known to a posterity grateful for all they suffered, all the pangs and hardships they endured.

The cool intrepidity, the daring tact in military warfare, the calm indifference, (the result of conscious superiority,) with which they undertook any enterprise, no matter how hazardous it might be, must command the admiration of all future ages. It would seem as if the genius of calm resolution, presided over all their motions.

The incidents which we are about to relate, are matters connected with the early history of our country, and will serve to evince how much we are indebted to that brave hand, in however subordinate a situation they might be, now enjoy.

Lord Chattham, in one of his indignant moods, in the house of lords, pronounced, perhaps, the most tremendous and well deserved philippic against Mr. Walpole, that ever was heard in any public body upon any occasion.

Mr. Walpole, it seems, had risen in his place, and justified the employment of Indians, in the war against the colonies, 'for it is perfectly justifiable,' said Mr. Walpole, 'to use all the means to subdue them that God nature have placed in our hands!'

As though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, Lord Chattham sat for a moment, and but for a moment, at the astounding announcement. 'I am astonished, shocked,' said he, 'to hear such sentiments and such principles avowed in this house!—What! to send forth the merciless Indian, to ravage, kill, murder and plunder at his will; and against whom have you sent them; against your protestant brethren in America! men of your own flesh and blood, and the descendants of your common forefathers! Spain can no longer boast of pre-eminence in barbarity! She let loose her blood hounds against the defenceless inhabitants of New Spain, but we more ruthless than they, let loose the wild untutored savage, thirsting for blood, upon our protestant brethren in America!'

'Sir,' said he, addressing the president, 'I could not have slept this night upon my pillow, without giving my protest against such abhorrent, enormous and preposterous principles.'

The indignation of the noble lord was well justified, as the sequel will show.

It is well known that the Indians were employed to fight against the colonists, and that they pursued a most desolating and indiscriminate warfare. The cunning of the savage was united with the hatred they bore to those whom they considered as intruders on their soil.

The events which we are about to record, are matters of history, although not generally known by the public mind, yet they nevertheless seem to evince the stern devotion, the cool determination, and the admirable skill with which some of the acts of that time were achieved. It will be evident, however, that nothing but the most calm determination to sacrifice himself to his country's cause, could have induced a man to peril his life in the manner that the one whom we are about to mention ventured his life.

In penetrating through the country towards the northern part of this State, it became very necessary for the colonists to have a constant vigilance upon the Indians, who were every night prowling about, and as will be seen in the sequel, with but too fatal an effect. The army stationed upon (what was then called) the northern lines, was ever held in constant requisition, in consequence of the activity of their savage foe, and the restless, nightly vindictiveness with which they pursued their predatory warfare.

Arrived at a certain point, where they thought they could encamp with security, they pitched their tents, partook of their frugal meal; the tattoo beat, and all, except the sentinels, the guard and the officers retired to rest.

All the camp, except those on duty, were in silent repose, and naught was heard but the occasional challenge of the night, 'who comes there?'

The army seemed hushed in repose, when suddenly the crack of a rifle alarmed the whole camp. The alarm spread to the tents of the officers, and the guard was ordered out, to ascertain from whence the

shot seemed to have been fired, and there!—fatal certainly!—they found the dead body of the deceased sentinel!

It seems that his post was situated along the edge of a piece of wood, and that there was an opening about half the distance of his beat. In passing this opening he had been shot by the rifle of (as it will hereafter appear,) an Indian chief.—Another sentinel was placed upon the post, and nothing further transpired that night, although the sentinel on duty had strange misgivings as to the mysterious shot that laid his comrade low!

The next night the same post was manned by a brave soldier, and just before the relief (which came every two hours appeared, another crack of a rifle was heard in the same direction, and, upon repairing to the spot!—another sentinel had fallen.

The soldiers raised the dead body of this second victim of Indian artifice; and one of them was heard to mutter in a low tone 'I'll revenge the death of my two comrades on that savage, if there's cunning in a Yankee!'

The honors of war were dispensed to the dead soldiers, but the feeling of revenge had not left the breast of the soldier who had just made the above determined menace! Still his modesty deterred him from making application to the commanding officer, to obtain leave to put his threat into execution, and another sentinel was put upon post at the fatal opening of the wood. All was still at twelve o'clock—the sentinel paced to and fro cheerfully, and in confidence of the ultimate success of their country's cause, then—crack! went another rifle from out the fatal opening in the wood!

Rifle after rifle now spread the report, and a double guard, upon repairing to the spot, found another of their comrades dead upon the field! He too, was buried in sorrow and in silence, for the whole camp was full of sorrow, and it would seem of indignation too, that no soldier was to be found who could escape the unerring rifle of the Indian.

Early however, the next morning, a soldier presented himself to the sergeant at the door of the marquee of the commandant, who desired to speak with him.

The sergeant reported this extraordinary visitant, and he was admitted into the marquee. Having saluted his commanding officer, (which salute was of course returned) he was requested to state his business so early in the morning.

'You will excuse me, sir,' said the modest soldier, 'but I had understood that you cannot get a man who will venture to stand or walk, as a sentinel, on the piece of ground at the opening of the wood.'

'It is too true, my friend, I cannot get a man in the corps who will go there, after so many of their comrades have fallen by the rifle of that infernal Indian.'

'Will you let me have my own way, and I will go!'

'How do you mean, have your own way?'

'I want a suit of grey, sir.'

'Grey—let me see—I have one you shall have it—what next?'

'I want my rifle browned, so that the moon won't shine upon it, and show my motions, for them are serpents are the devil in the night!'

'Granted—you shall have both these requests granted—what next?'

'Why I must be allowed to whistle or sing upon my post as I please!'

'The devil!—that's contrary to all the rules of military discipline.'

'Very true, but what rules of military discipline will you apply to such a varmint as that—who is night after night picking off some of your best beloved companions in arms. I'll tell you what it is captain, I have come here to offer myself upon the altar of my country—if you like the sacrifice, take it!'

'I accept your generous offer—and now do as you please, and command anything you want in the camp to complete your disguise—but how long do you mean to stand?'

'Till I kill them!'

'Well, he generally prowls about, and has shot our men between ten and two.'

'At ten, then, I will take my post, but let no relief offer to come any where near my post until day dawns, or it will break up all my plan.'

'Very well. Act your pleasure; only, if you are shot, don't blame me.'

'Not a bit fear of that, sir, if you only let me whistle and sing on my post.'

'Do any thing you like—I'll trust you; and if you kill him, I'll make a lieutenant of you.'

The sentinel made his salute, and departed, to make his arrangements for the coming encounter which he was convinced, without the exercise of much cunning, might be a fearful one, and awaited the hour of tattoo, with an air of conscious superiority even over Indian cunning.

During the hour between tattoo and day, he was busily engaged in his rifle, and in procuring "a grey dress or