

THE TARBORO' SCAEVOLA.

REPUBLICANISM: THE PALLADIUM OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

VOLUME I.

TARBOROUGH, EDGEcombe COUNTY, N. C. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1837.

NO. 17.

The "Tarborough Scævola,"

EDITED BY
M. E. MANNING,
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 invariably in advance. No subscription will be discontinued until orders are received to that effect, and all arrearages 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 25 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.

Miscellaneous.

From the (Conn.) New Havener.
RAMBLES.

"If you were banished from America, what country would you choose for a residence?"

Roll on, thou deep blue ocean; though every furrow of the vessel's track seems plowing more deeply into my soul, bear me where other waters flow—where other breezes waft perfume—and where new smiles and new friends may greet me. Yet, nature compels me to cast one longing lingering look to my native soil, where I have spent so many happy days.

Thy hills, fair New England, are dying away in the distance. The last tall spire has already disappeared, and I have left forever—O! that word forever!—Must it be?—must I leave my home—a spot, a ground which the most tender associations cling? Must I never tread again thy golden sands?—then,

"Farewell—a word that must be, and hath been a sound that makes me linger—yet, Farewell!"

Such were my emotions as the gallant ship bore me an exile from all I held dear. All my former dreams of happiness fled. I looked abroad upon the wide world, and anxiously inquired, where shall I now direct my course? Will the renowned Albion Isle receive me as one of her daughters?—or shall I seek an asylum among the sable sons of Africa?

At last I resolved to become a citizen of the world, and satisfy my inquiries by actual research. Days and weeks glided away, while the billows, faithful to their charge, wafted me across the Baltic, and landed me at St. Petersburg; there I continued my tour, and as I approached the north pole, I drew my cloak more closely around me, fancying myself yet to have some of the spirit of John Ledyard remaining. Yet Russia, cold as it is in the north, is not entirely destitute of gayety and amusement. Wrapt in fur like the Laplander, the rein-deer conveys the traveller with rail road velocity over the even surface, but desolation attends his progress. This vast extent of country lies shrouded in ignorance. But the picture is beginning to brighten, and we may hope, that ere long Russia will become an enlightened empire.

Prussia next received me, and I thought, mid her bright skies and salubrious air, I could not but be happy. But where I sought for peace, I found contention. Drawn out in martial array, an army stood ready for attack. In another part were Swiss guards. Just then the musicians began playing the song "Home." At these notes the Swiss drew a long sigh, and I saw the tears come trickling down their weather-beaten cheeks. Here was a field for the poet. They could fight their country's foe and not tremble; they could view the battle field strewn with the mangled dead, unmoved. But when they thought of their own sweet soil, all the tender endearments of home rushed upon their mind—and they wept.

Curiosity being thus awakened, I hastened to granite bound Switzerland; a lovely spot indeed.—The scenery is in the highest degree sublime. Here are found the moss-covered rock, the gently murmuring rill, and the story telling glen on which the novelist loves to dwell. The lakes have long been celebrated for beauty. Ascending the mountains from below, they appeared like mountains piled upon mountains till they pierced the sky. From above they were like islands emerging from the bosom of the ocean: while beneath my feet the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. Here too, was a government, in name at least, like that of the land of my birth. A religion like my own. The Sabbath was observed. The industry, character, habits and habitations, charmed me. Here I found domestic bliss in all its purity. Science too, flourished. But paradise long since left this world; and even here, the fatal avalanche tumbled from the mountain's cliff. Much of the soil, though in the valleys fertile, is unfit for cultivation. The roads are rough and dangerous, the rays of the sun are so intercepted by nature's lofty barriers, that all is clothed in a

somber hue. The setting sun, so bright in the poet's view, is never seen.

I continued my travels and visited the land of my forefathers—the residence of Sir Walter Scott,—nor did I forget the "Emerald Isle." Would time permit, I should love to expatiate more largely in my description, and relate my wanderings through the Mediterranean countries; how I walked among the ruins of ancient Rome, or stood where Homer sang,—the land of poets, philosophers and statesmen.

From Turkey I went to Egypt; once the parent of arts and sciences, but now, how fallen! Where are now her wise men?—where are her literary institutions, and her vast library? A moral darkness that can be felt, has overspread the land.

Proceeding along the coast, I entered the Barbary States, where Carthage once stood, the seat of Hannibal; once renowned for all that could render a country great, now a nest of pirates, where scarce a ray of civilization dawns.

As I advanced, the picture darkened; and when I beheld the tomb of Napoleon, on the rocky island of St. Helena, I shrank, back with horror from such an "end of human greatness."

At length I arrived at Asia, I cast my eye over the extended field, and here and there, it was relieved by a sunny spot, like the oasis in the desert, where the true God was worshipped. I met the missionary, with the bible in his hand, and here, said I, is the happy man. True he is located in the darkest part of the world, but the canopy of heaven is as bright, the soil as fertile; the production as luxuriant; the scenery as interesting as earth's most favored spot. Though he is not surrounded by churches and literary institutions though the Sabbath is profaned and God dishonored, he looks forward to the time when idolatry shall cease. Though the people may not possess the enterprise of the English, the etiquette of the French, or the gravity of the Germans, he derives his happiness from a nobler source, and conscious of doing good, who would not be happy?—Give me the spirit of the active self-denying, faithful missionary, and I ask no more.

GENERAL JACKSON'S LETTER.

HERMITAGE, June 5, 1837.

GEN. W. TROUSDALE.

Sir:—Your letter of the 4th instant from Carthage has just reached me, and although laboring under a bad headache, and other afflictions, I hasten to answer it.

I regret to hear that Mr. Campbell has charged me with being favorable to a United States Bank, and that I have advocated the constitutionality of such an institution. I have always been opposed to the United States Bank on constitutional grounds. There is no such grant of power to Congress, in the Constitution—and before Congress can constitutionally exercise such power, the people must make the grant. In the Convention that formed it, various propositions were made to introduce the grant of power to Congress to create corporations; and all were rejected by large majorities; and if the power was asked of the people, I as one of them, would now withhold it. The idea of a sovereign power granting a charter for a Bank of Stockholders, and then, (as was the case of the United States Bank) the same sovereign power that granted it, becoming a member of that incorporated body, or a stockholder, is such an absurdity, that I never could reconcile it to myself—it's a dangerous combination of power and never ought to exist.

Mr. Webster's speech, as well as that of Mr. Clay, in 1811—(the greatest either ever made) clearly shew that there is no such constitutional power granted to Congress.—Congress can, as it did before the formation of this constitution, provide by law that the revenue should be deposited with the Collector, or any other agent it may choose to appoint, for its safe keeping and application to the use for which the revenue was raised—but has no power to establish or incorporate a bank of issues or stockholders.

I write in much pain and regret that young Mr. Campbell has done me so much injustice as to ascribe to me such principles, and he can produce my plan of a bank if ever I made one to Congress—it must have been accompanied by my message to that body—but I expect he has never seen such—he takes the ipse dixit of Mr. Bell for the fact—I suppose—call for the information of my plan. You will please excuse this hasty scrawl, as I write it by candle light, and in much pain, and am very respectfully your obedient servant,
ANDREW JACKSON.

Liverpool, July 1.—Steamboat for the Pacha of Egypt.—On Thursday we had in our river one of those beautiful displays for which our localities are so advantageously situated. The Egyptian iron steamer, constructed by John Laird, by order of Messrs. R. Zwitchebart & Co., for the private use of the Pacha of Egypt, commenced plying in the river opposite our pier, and from the speed displayed, may be considered the fastest of her power in this

country. She measures 125 feet in length by 18 broad, and draws only 3 feet of water; and her model is of the neatest and most elegant form we ever witnessed. The arrangement of the cabin, and the elegance of the fitting up, were, in particular, generally admired. Altogether, we are fully convinced she will give satisfaction, and be admired wherever she may go. At 2 o'clock Mr. Zwitchebart's private signal was hoisted, and soon a large party of ladies and gentlemen were collected together, and enjoyed a sail up and down the river till late in the evening, and partook of a collation prepared on board, on which occasion Mr. Zwitchebart, after the health of our young queen had been given, took the opportunity of enumerating the high talents and energetic powers of mind of H. A. R. the Pacha of Egypt, and his health was enthusiastically received, with a wish that he might live to complete his task.

A Veteran Printer.—The Editor of the Weekly Messenger lately paid a visit to Hartford, where he records the following interesting incident:

"Since my arrival in this city, I have had a very interesting interview with the very venerable Geo. Goodwin, who is now, I believe, the oldest practical printer in America—being in his eighty-third year, but as hale, hearty and active, apparently, as most men are at fifty-five or sixty. I found him in the same place and at the same employment, that I did when I called on him twenty years ago, viz: setting type for the Connecticut Courant. When I expressed some little surprise thereat, he observed that he had been setting types for this same paper more than 70 years, and he could not feel contented to abandon his favorite employment at this time of life."

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE BANK OF THE U. STATES.

The Whigs will yet find themselves mistaken in their calculations. What are now their hopes of the establishment of a National Bank? They are founded on a schism in the Republican party. But if the Republicans are true to their country and their cause—they will defeat all the calculations and intrigues of the Whigs. Who will be so infamous as to join the National Bank party? Who will be so infatuated as to suffer their passions to precipitate them into hostilities and alienations from his brethren; so mischievous to their own party, and so cheering to the Whigs?—Let us discuss the two alternatives with a frank, but liberal disposition.—Let us be calm and dispassionate—Bear and Forbear—and all will be well. We repeat, Be our rallying cry—"NO BANK OF THE U. STATES—NOW AND NEVER"

Let the Whigs show dark as much as they please—this at last is the true issue. They are going for that object—be their professions what they may. We have another proof of it. The Albany Argus of Saturday last, contains the following article:

"The under-ground bank movement... The following from the Pulaski Advocate, is another among the many developments of the extent to which the Federal Bank Whigs are pushing their grand scheme for the re-establishment of a U. S. Bank, through memorials to Congress got up to order by their stipendiaries. Who pays the expense of all this machinery—this printing, and postage—no small items in a system of operations, embracing as this does, the entire Union?

"National Bank.—Circulars of the New York Board of Trade, calling upon the persons to whom they are respectively directed, to circulate and procure subscriptions to the memorials connected with them, have been extensively disturbed through the country. The measure is Whig, and the object is the incorporation of another National Bank. We learn that some of these memorials have made their appearance on the out-skirts of this county, where the Whigs are busily, though secretly, engaged in soliciting subscriptions to them. The Whigs will meet with a singular failure in this enterprise. Doubtless all of their own party are ready to carry it out, but the Democracy will be found as strongly opposed to a National Bank as ever."

It is in vain, that the Siamese paper warns its Whig friends, to keep dark—and cautions the Whig Editors not to "be beguiled into this fatal issue of Bank alternatives, but maintain their position as one waiting for propositions—not making them. Any other course must inevitably lead to embarrassment, disaster and defeat."—That is to say, to leave the Republicans, who advocate the two alternatives, to fight it out, to become excited, to squabble among themselves and be alienated from each other—And then the Whigs hope to step in, leave an empty shell to each of the disputants—and carry off the oyster for themselves.—Such is now the policy of most of the Whigs. With a Bank of the United States, the secret object of all their aspirations, they will keep dark for the present, and play off—and leave the game of agitation to ourselves. Are we mad

enough to fall into the trap? Is any Republican so infatuated as to woo the Whigs? No—no—We must maintain our firm and unwavering opposition to the Bank of the United States—discuss with frankness; all other alternatives but with a forbearing and liberal spirit—Bear and Forbear.—In the next House of Representatives, we have a majority.—In the Senate, a decided one against the Bank of the United States.—The President is an uncompromising opponent of that baleful institution. We will defeat it at any hazard.—We will yet save the country from the fangs of the monster. Forewarned, Forearmed! The Whigs may attempt to keep dark, and shrink from the issue.—But that issue is, Bank of the United States, or no Bank?

From the Mobile Chronicle.

It is a mournful task to record the untimely death of young men cut down in the vigor and springtime of life, and we never undertook its discharge with more pain than in the instance of Richard T. Hannon, Esq. of this city, who fell in a duel on Santa Rosa Island, opposite Pensacola, on Saturday evening at six o'clock, from the shot of Lieut. Munn, of the U. S. Navy. We understand both parties behaved very well on the occasion, and that the survivor was painfully affected at the melancholy issue of the meeting. Lieut. Munn was the challenged party. We understood efforts were made to produce a reconciliation, but time and other circumstances prevented their mutual friends effecting their laudable purpose. How much blood-shed and how many valuable lives might be saved by the establishment of Courts of honor. The most fatal consequences sometimes flow from a misunderstanding which the timely intervention of honorable friends might prevent.

Mr. Hannon, was interred in this city, amid the deep regrets of his numerous circle of friends and acquaintances. He was a native of Petersburg, Va. had studied law, and located in this city.

From the Mobile Merc. Adv.

OBITARY.—[COMMUNICATED.]

Death, when it occurs naturally, independent of the influences of reason, never fails to excite sadness and mourning among the friends of the deceased. When it happens unnaturally, suddenly, unexpectedly, and with blood shed, although it may be upon "the field" in the defence of one's country, or his own sacred honor, the noblest sympathies of our own nature are at once excited and awed—and the bosom of friendship receives with the keenest and deepest pang, the bitterness of sorrow.

On the 12th inst. Richard T. Hannon, Esq. a graduate of William and Mary College, and of the Law Institute at Fredericksburg, Virginia, died of a wound received in a duel in the vicinity of Pensacola.

Mr. Hannon was in the 26th year of his age, and enjoyed the most flattering prospects of realizing the sanguine expectation entertained by his friends of his success in life.—He was the only son of highly respectable parents who reside in Petersburg, Virginia, and when he bade them adieu, it was to become a citizen of Alabama, in the discharge of his professional duties. But soon after his arrival in Mobile, he yielded his prospects at the Bar to aid in rescuing his fellow citizens in the eastern part of the State, from the massacre of the Creek Indians.—Soon after he had entered upon the duties of the citizen-soldier, he endeared himself to his gallant associates, and was elected an officer in "the Alabama Artillery," and always enjoyed the respect justly due to him as a courteous and talented gentleman, and a brave and honorable soldier.

But in the bloom of his manhood, and by the hand of a brave and honorable man, and a gallant soldier, he has fallen a victim to that singular custom of civilized society which so often requires long established and untarnished honor to be tested by the sacrifice of a useful life, a respected citizen and beloved friend.

Mr. Hannon was shot through the lungs, and died immediately, and was brought to Mobile to be interred. Upon the arrival of the boat bearing the corpse, a large number of most respectable citizens assembled upon the wharf, and followed the deceased in procession to the Mansion House, where a room was prepared for the occasion, by the generous proprietor; and the next morning the deceased was attended to the grave, and buried, by a large number of his friends and fellow citizens, who honored him for the many social and many virtues which had adorned his life.

"Tears for the worth and the noble one."

From the Mobile Register.

The Whigs are practising another political manoeuvre, for political purposes. They are changing front on the currency question, with a facility of movement which nothing but long experience in the art of political wheeling could have taught. They

are now affecting to be "hard money" men,—to be opposed to paper currency and small notes, and the only true supporters of the "metallic basis." They borrow democratic arguments for the occasion, proclaim loudly that they are the friends of the specie currency, in moderation, and that they never warred against any thing but an exclusive metallic currency. After four years of abuse against the advocate of a currency of coin,—after four years of violent resistance to every measure for abolishing small notes; restraining bank issues,—the gold coinage, the specie circular, and every step, indeed by which it was attempted to restore the "constitutional currency;"—after exhausting the English language for terms of ridicule upon the "specie humbug," the gold "humbug," the "Benton humbug," they are suddenly smitten the discovery, or affect to be, that they have all this while only been opposing an "exclusive" metallic currency, and are hard money men—as good as most of the Democrats themselves.

They made the giants first, and then they killed them. They find it expedient to cover their sudden conversion by pretending that they have been acting under a conservative horror of extravagant doctrines—which are, in fact, entertained by a very small class of men, neither powerful by numbers or influence. The administration which they have been attacking with such bitterness, holds no part of the Loco-foco ultraism, which they manufacture into such an object of terror. No public announcement or authentic exposition of principle from the President, or any of his cabinet, has ever given countenance to the idea, that an exclusive metallic currency was ever in their contemplation.—Mr. Benton, often pointed as the ultra bullionist in this country, never proposed dispensing with bank notes, redeemable in specie, above the sum of \$100,—and he goes beyond the views of most of his political friends. In fact, the doctrines of the Loco-focos, the radical anti-bank men, are held by but a small party in several of the cities, particularly in New York,—and they have, in general of late years, been counted by the Whigs among the opponents of the present administration.

They have had their own candidates, and whenever the election was over, the Whig arithmeticians always figured the Loco-foco votes as against the Van Buren party. The Whigs have several times consorted with them,—and it is certain that the success, in part, of the opposition tickets for Congress and the Legislature, in New York city, arose from a coalition between the Whigs and the Loco-focos—these parties adopting each others tickets. Undoubtedly on principles of general political doctrine, and constitutional construction, the Loco-focos have a nearer affinity to the Democratic party than to the Whigs,—but, on the subject of "exclusive" radical hostility to the existence of banks and the credit system they act for themselves, independently of and hostile to the nominations of the administration party.

The peculiar notions of this fragment of a party, are paraded by the Whigs as dangerous and growing heresies of the whole Democratic party,—and when driven by the current of public sentiment to yield assent to the real principles held by the administration, they cover their own retrograde movement, the abandonment of their own favorite dogmas and their sudden change of political position, with the skill of adroit tacticians, who keep up a furious fire where there is no enemy, to conceal their own wheelings and tarings under the smoke.

The Manhattan Bank in New York has partially resumed specie payments. This measure will secure the public deposits, the regulations of the Secretary of the Treasury directing them to be placed in the nearest specie paying Bank.