

The North Carolina Standard.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES.....THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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THOMAS LORING,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS,

THE STANDARD is published weekly, at three dollars per annum—payable half-yearly in advance; but it will be necessary for those living at a distance, or out of the State, to pay an entire year in advance. A subscriber failing to give notice of his desire to discontinue at the expiration of the period for which he may have paid, will be considered as having subscribed anew, and the paper continued, at the option of the Editor, until ordered to be stopped; but no paper will be discontinued, until all arrearages are paid.

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Not exceeding sixteen lines, will be inserted One time for one Dollar; and, twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion; those of greater length in proportion. If the number of insertions be not marked on them, they will be continued until ordered out. CORRECTIONS, and Sheriff's Sales will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the usual rates.

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PRIVATE

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The Fayetteville Observer, will insert the above in, and forward a paper and account to the subscriber. A. N. G.

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 startling, sometimes long and arduous, is well known to a posterity grateful for all they suffered, and 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, for the possession of the liberty we now enjoy.

Lord Chatham, 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 colonists, 'for it is perfectly justifiable,' said Mr. Walpole, 'to use all the means to subdue them that God and nature have placed in our hands!'

As though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, Lord Chatham 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 a-

bout, 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 certainty!—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 had lain 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 have 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 and bravest soldiers, and some of my 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!'

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 ten, he was busily engaged in browning his rifle, and in procuring the grey dress or uniform, which his captain had promised him.

The object, as the reader of course will perceive, of browning his rifle, and assuming the grey uniform, was that his position might not so readily be discovered by the Indian.

At ten o'clock he took his post!—he walked on, quietly, backward and forward past the fatal opening in the wood, (for his beat lay directly past it) until near half past eleven.

He then began to hum a tune, and then to whistle, as if careless of any danger, (or unconscious of it) around him. Continuing on in this manner, until within about five minutes of twelve, when lo! as he passed the opening in the wood, whistling as he walked, he thought he discovered in the moonlight, the ornaments of an Indian chief! He had shown his own sagacity in divesting himself of any thing that would shine, as a mark. Passing on as if he had not seen any thing remarkable, he marched the opening; when suddenly turning, he dodged behind a tree. His grey dress and bronzed rifle prevented the savage from discovering where he was; but hearing no more of his singing or whistling, he naturally concluded he must be lurking about in the bushes.

His hero kept his eye, guided by the light of the moon, upon the spot whence the other shots had proceeded, kneeling on one knee, with his rifle in his hand.

Presently he saw the tall form of the savage peer above the branches in the opening, gazing around for what he imagined to be another victim to his arms.

The wary sentinel resting upon one knee, cocked his rifle. The click of the firelock caused the savage to turn his head (for he heard it) in the direction whence it proceeded. The sentinel fired, and the crack of his rifle was answered by his post, but he quietly resumed his post!

The guard turned out, the drums beat to arms, and presently along came a detachment of soldiers, to the post of the (supposed) devoted sentinel. There he stood and saw them come. (He had now reloaded his rifle)

'Who comes there?'

'Officer of the day and file of men.'

'Advance your sergeant and give the countersign.'

The sergeant advanced, and having given the requisite signal, the officer of the day began to question the sentinel.

'Who fired the first shot on any of these posts, sir?'

'I fired, sir!'

'What for, sir—at an enemy?'

'Yes, sir, and a good one too!'

'What—the Indian chief?'

'Just so, sir.'

'Have you killed him?'

'Let your men go and see, if you please; I cannot leave my post, sir. But I don't think I put on my grey dress and browned my rifle for nothing!'

'Good soldier,' said the officer, as he and his men passed on through the opening in the wood, and coming to a thick mass of bushes, in the midst of them, they discovered the tall form of the prostrate chieftain, who had been the means of the death of so many of the gallant sentinel's comrades. He lay upon his face, and the rifle ball of the marksman had penetrated between the eyes!

The next day saw the humble private a lieutenant!

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA DEMOCRATIC HERALD. The Philosophy of the Age.

What a singular spectacle, startling and almost incredible, is presented in the aspect of this young Republic, as it has preserved, unimpaired (through the lapse of time, the spasms of Revolution, and the improvement of science and intellect) the old feudal fetters upon every motion of mind and commerce, which brings wisdom and learning, or profit and affluence. We behold the sciences and the professions locked up in the jargon of the dead languages—and in place of Monasteries and Monks, we have Universities and Professors. Perhaps human absurdity never went so far, as when a Legislature granted a charter to a school of science and learning, to endow it with the faculty of perfection, under a musty parchment and seal, when its whole and entire learning consisted of Latin and Greek, in which is enveloped the ignorance of antiquity, and the monkish legends and rhymes of the middle ages. That the Philosophy of the Age should tolerate the preposterous idea, that the languages of two countries which flourished two thousand years ago, should possess any magical influence in imparting knowledge, or be an adequate medium for the conveyance of thought to the men of the present day, may strike us with incredulity as to the actual possession of that spirit of philosophy, of which the people of the present generation make so proud a boast. The charm of Latin and Greek, is the charm of Virgil, of Horace, and of Homer;—and out of their productions, their language is nothing superior

to any other. To fetter modern thought in those languages, would be to extinguish one half of our new knowledge, acquired since the era of Julius Caesar. An illustration will show our meaning. Let any of the Professors in the University attempt to translate Shakspeare's plays into Latin, or Greek! Or, suppose Shakspeare had written in Latin instead of English!—Would he have shown with so much splendor? Alas! we should no more have seen Shakspeare as we see him now, than if he had cased his person in Roman armor. All writers who have been scholars, have confessed the disadvantage of being educated to think through the medium of a dead language. It may indeed afford the ignorance of science a decent garment to clothe its nakedness, to dress it in the pomp of Greek, or mystify it to vulgar eyes, in incomprehensible Latin. In relation to the sciences connected with the professions, we have only to enquire into the state of the science when the languages flourished, to be able to determine, whether their continued use is beneficial or pernicious. Medicine has certainly improved since the time of Cæsar, and chemistry is even now in its infancy. We all know that Law is imperfect, and uncertain, because it is encumbered with Latin—and it is unjust and tedious, because it is encumbered in the customs of a feudal age;—and moulded from the habits and usages of a barbarous people. We cannot divine the wisdom of making use of an ancient and dead language as the medium of modern and progressive art. It seems like binding in the fetters of knowledge two thousand years old, the elastic and improved mind of an era every way essentially different and in most ways decidedly superior to the science of antiquity. But another question arises—may not more useful knowledge be instilled into the minds of youth, than the dead languages? Does not this single question answer itself?—Who would venture to reply in the negative? The Philosophy of the age is decidedly that of Utility—because it is the genuine philosophy, founded on 'the greatest good of the greatest number.' Adopting this golden maxim as the rule of action, it points out the policy of removing all restraints upon the progress of the human mind and the dissemination of science and knowledge. All monopolies—all licenses—all diplomas, that imply an exclusive privilege to deal in science, or any of the professions, ought to be scouted as equally repugnant to common sense, and violative of eternal justice? For who is to limit the perfection of human thought?—Who shall dare to say of mind, 'thus far shalt thou go, no farther.' And yet charters and diplomas do say this, of the great ocean of mind, less to be restrained than the great waters of the sea. If any thing human ought to have free play, it is the human intellect, in its application to literature, science, philosophy, the arts and the professions. We all revolt from the preposterous idea, that any boundaries can be affixed to human knowledge. It is on this principle only that we contend for the removal of all charters, monopolies, and licenses for science, art, literature, and the professions. Can a piece of parchment endow a man with genius, or confer upon him the rich attainments of science? We know the answer ready to such a question—that the parchment is an evidence of pre-examination by competent teachers, or professors; of which, while we admit the truth, we deny the perfection of the system, which thus certifies to the perfectibility of science. The system embraces certain doctrinal points of knowledge founded on the attainments and discoveries of by gone ages; and those doctrines and that knowledge are fastened & riveted on the mind of the student, as the legitimate and impassable barriers of the human understanding; and that all other knowledge is heterodox, or innovation, or presumption, or quackery. If we understand any thing of the spirit of Philosophy that pervades the mind of the present age, such a system of intellectual monopoly will never be submitted to, because it is repugnant to every dictate of common sense, and common honesty; and infracts the very first principle of intellectual progression, gradual improvement through experience, investigation, research, experiment and observation. It is self-evident, that the system of Incorporated Learning, by affixing perfection and infallibility to old knowledge—intimidates from the discovery of new. And we now behold the argument used, that novel suggestions ought to be put down because they clash with established opinions and chartered Universities! The main pillar of this bigotry of ancient learning is to be found in the dead languages—abolish these in the general Education of American youth, and the velocity of our intellectual progression will be augmented in a ratio that will throw professional dullness into fatal convulsions.

The Cherokee mounted Volunteers, says the Tallahassee Watchman of last Saturday, 'passed through this place last week, on their way to West Florida. Captain Chastain, of said battalion, with several of his command, was compelled by sickness to stop for a few days in this city.—We regret to state that two of his brave men fell victims to disease, viz. Lut. Vincent Bowman, and Serg't. Allen Butts. The disease had made such progress, ere they arrived at this place, as to baffle the skill of the Physician. They were both buried with military honors, and follow-

ed to the grave by a large number of our citizens. We are happy to learn that Capt. C. and the rest of his men who were sick, have so far recovered as to be able to resume their march to the West, to join their comrades.'

CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

This distinguished novelist was present, by invitation, at a recent festival given by the English in New York, on the birth day of the Princess Victoria, the heiress apparent to the British throne; and on being toasted, replied in the following neat and amusing address, which we copy from the New York Albion:

'Gentlemen,—I assure you that it is with great pleasure that I find myself surrounded with so many of my countrymen, at such a distance from my native land; and further, that we are met to celebrate an event of so much interest. Your gallantry will enable you fully to enter into my feelings, when I state to you that I have always conceived—and I trust I may say so without being accused of disloyalty—that I could serve a Queen with even greater zeal and fidelity than I could a King. Indeed it would appear that women are more calculated to wield the sceptre than men; for if we refer to our own history, we shall find that England never was so great and so glorious as under the dynasty of our Queens, and that although they sometimes surrendered their hearts to individuals, they always reserved their heads pro bono publico. Gentlemen, I have minutely investigated every form of government at present existing, and have come to the conclusion—that the most legitimate, the one most approaching to perfection, and most agreeable to all parties, is a petticoat Government.

The advantages which would be derived from a youthful Queen being surrounded by a youthful Ministry of her own sex, must be obvious. In the first place—we should no longer hear an outcry against cringing and servility of courtiers, for there could be no disgrace in bowing the knee to Youth and beauty.

It would be a great saving to the country—for were any of us to solicit a pension from the fascinating Prime Minister, she would dismiss us more contented with one of her sweetest smiles—and instead of taxing the people with the emoluments of a place, the lovely Chancellor of the Exchequer would satisfy the applicant by assuring him that he already had a place in her affections.

At present we say the King can do no wrong—and his Ministers alone are responsible. But if the Government were constituted as I propose, no one would ever allow that either her Majesty or her Ministers could do wrong—and how much grumbling would be saved to the country. A little intrigue will find its way into all governments, but I do not think that the species of intrigue to be expected in the one I refer to, would be at all injurious to the Constitution.

Gentlemen, that there is a strong feeling towards this form of government in England, is made evident from the number of old women who hold offices under the crown; but as I perceive that you are already inflamed with the idea, and I do not wish to produce revolutionary feelings, I shall drop the subject.

For the honor you have done me by drinking my health, you have my thanks and gratitude. Allow me in return to have the pleasure of drinking yours, and to indulge the hope that some day or another we may talk over the hilarities of this meeting, when we shake hands in Old England, to whose future Queen our affections have this day been warmed, and whose natal day we have so joyously celebrated.'

MR. VAN BUREN IN FRANCE.

The National, one of the leading journals of Paris, in re-publishing the inaugural address of Mr. Van Buren, makes the following remarks:—

'The installation of the new President of the United States took place on the fourth of March last. The ceremonial observed on the occasion of the solemnity, differs as much, as one may suppose, from the gorgeous pomp of Europe, as democracy is different from the monarchies, more or less absolute, which flourish on this side of the Atlantic. During the solemnity, in the midst of an immense concourse of citizens, assembled from all parts of the Union at the federal city, Mr. Van Buren and his predecessor (general Jackson) were borne in the same chariot to the capitol. They both, attended by the authorities of the republic, took their places under the portico of that vast edifice. The newly-elected President, after having taken the oath of office before the people, and at their hands, delivered in that imposing attitude his inaugural address, in which he explained the principles by which he would be guided during his popular magistracy. The swelling multitude which received the address, and the address of Mr. Van Buren, covered at that moment the summit of the hill on which proudly towers the capitol of America.

'If a European had been present at this ceremony, it would certainly have been for him a subject of deep meditation, to see the people of a great nation contract an alliance with their chief, freely elected; and particularly to see the old general, the most renowned military chieftain of the day, and but lately invested with pow-