

Extract from the Message of Governor IREDELL to the legislature of North Carolina.

Raleigh, Nov. 17.

Before remarking according to a custom which has ripened into a duty, upon the prominent subjects of internal policy which will probably engage your attention, permit me to advert to a measure of the United States' Government adopted since your last session, in which not only your immediate interests, but your rights as a member of the confederation, are involved. It is with great reluctance that I address you on any act of the constituted authorities of the nation. Did it embrace a question of mere ordinary political expediency, I should be the last to place it before you as a legitimate subject for your deliberations. North-Carolina, warmly attached to the Union, will never complain of any measure, however hardly it may bear upon her individual interest, if it is necessary for the general welfare, and if it does not infringe the rights reserved by each State in the Federal Compact. We have borne, without murmuring, all the privations imposed by the embargo; we have contributed towards the prosecution of the late war our share of treasure and of blood, of fortitude and constancy; we have annually, for many years, paid into the national treasury, in indirect taxes, little less than a million of dollars. These things we have done, not because we were insensible of the burthen, but because we believed the welfare of the Union required our exertions. But now a new question is presented to us. Congress have assured the principle, that they have power to mould and direct the industry of the nation to any pursuit which they may think most advisable, and to make all other branches tributary to that which they may choose to select. By an act passed at their last session, commonly called the Tariff Act, imposing duties amounting to a prohibition upon the importation of coarse woollen and cotton fabrics, and upon some other articles, they declare, in substance, that the consumers of these manufactures, including the mass of our community—including all the agriculturists, and all employed in commerce—in fact, all engaged in other pursuits than those of manufactures, shall pay an enhanced price for articles of prime necessity. What is this but a tax, whether the enhanced price is paid into the national treasury or in the shape of a bounty to the domestic manufacturer? And whence is derived the power of the general government to levy a tax upon one portion of the community for the exclusive benefit of another? Devoutly, as the Union was desired, where is the State that would have surrendered any part of its sovereignty, if it had believed that the regulation of its industry, of the chosen pursuits of its citizens, the most valuable portion of its internal economy, was to be included in the cession? North-Carolina, I am sure, would never have listened for a moment to such a concession of her rights. Opposed as is this system, misnamed the "American System," to all the most approved maxims of political science, it is no less opposed to the spirit of our Constitution and to some of the fundamental principles on which free governments are based. One principal object of our union was to cherish and extend our foreign commerce. This Tariff system is to destroy it. Our union was to protect one State from the unjust and illiberal commercial regulations of another. This "American System" gives to the majority in Congress, without regard to the rights or interests of particular States, the power to bestow bounties on one section of our country, and to impose corresponding burthens upon another. Equality of rights; an equal participation of benefits and burthens; exemption from taxation, except when the general good is to be promoted; the liberty of adopting, unmolested, any pursuit or profession not forbidden for reasons of public policy—these, we have been taught to believe, are among the great blessings secured by a republican government. Are not all these set at nought by the Tariff system? The benefits which it confers are confined to a few; the burthens it imposes are borne by the many. The wealthy manufacturer will reap his profit, because by the exclusion of foreign competition he will obtain a higher price for his manufacture. The agriculturist, whether rich or poor, the owner of large plantations, equally with the hardy yeoman who contributes most to the solid wealth of his country, and upon whose arm that country relies for its defence, is compelled at the same moment to pay more for what he consumes, and to receive less for the product of his labor. What, if possible, aggravates the injustice of the measure, its influence is sectional. The States in which, from well known causes, manufacturers can be most advantageously prosecuted, will be compensated, in some degree, for the loss which one portion of its citizens sustains by the wealth which another acquires. But in the southern States, whose interests are essentially agricultural, the injury inflict-

ed has no lenitive balsam—the oppression is wholly unmitigated. The limits prescribed to this address will not permit me to dwell more in detail upon the odious character of this law, and the oppressive effect which its operation must produce upon the various interests of this State. Exciting, as it has done, a very general and just indignation in the minds of our citizens. I have thought it my duty to submit it to you, as the representatives of the people, as the "sentinels on the watch tower," that you might, if any constitutional means presented themselves, interpose them between your constituents and the threatened mischief. I will candidly confess that no plan of effectual resistance, on the part of the State Legislature, which I have yet heard suggested, appears to me free from insurmountable objections. A dissolution of the Union is not to be thought of. If you believe, however, as I do on the present occasion, that the spirit of the Federal Compact has been violated, and great injustice done to your citizens, I recommend to you to protest solemnly against the principle thus adopted by those who administer the general government; to represent your sentiments to them and to your sister States, in the language of mild and friendly remonstrance, but with the energy which the outrage of conscious right inspires, with the feeling of deep attachment to the Union, and avowed foreboding as to any departure from its legitimate and well understood purposes. I would appeal, too, to the patriotism and State pride of our fellow citizens, to lend their aid, individually, in averting the immediate evils of this system. I would say to them—Return to the prudent and economical habits of your fathers; discard foreign luxuries; be not dependent on other States for what you can grow or fabricate yourselves; manufacture your own clothes by your household industry; make your own provisions. You will suffer many inconveniences, and your profits will not be as great as if you had a free trade; but you will, at least, not feel the humiliation of paying a tax imposed on you for the benefit of the greedy capitalist or the speculative politician. The wealthy manufacturer will not have you for his tributaries; and the very avarice which urged him to the enactment of this law, will drive him to seek for its repeal. If the restrictive system is to be fastened on us, we have this consolation, that North-Carolina is as capable as any State in the Union of subsisting upon her own resources independent of foreign commerce, or of commerce with her sister States. With a soil happily diversified, with a climate corresponding with the richness and variety of her soil, with nearly all the useful minerals embedded in her mountains, with inexhaustible pastures, with a hardy and industrious population; there is not an article that necessity demands, scarcely one that comfort requires, and few that minister to luxury, which her fields, her forests, her rivers, or her mountains cannot produce, or her industry fabricate within her own limits. But I cannot yet abandon my reliance upon the good sense and justice of our fellow citizens throughout the United States. I feel a confidence, arising from my belief in the intelligence and patriotism of the people, that this system of restriction will not long exist. The class of consumers, consisting of nine-tenths of the population, will not long submit to so grievous an oppression. An unfortunate delusion, created partly by local causes and partly by the arts of designing politicians, has been spread over a great part of our country. A little time a little reflection, on the part of the great body of the people, will probably dissipate this delusion, and restore the period when each one, unaided by government bounties, and unoppressed by government taxation, may pursue the avocation to which he is directed by his talents, his interest, or his inclination.

LUCK IN BATTLE.

Jacob Scout, as he is familiarly called, "Cobe Scout," was a soldier in the Revolutionary army, and was commanded by General Wayne, the Chester county farmer. The night that Wayne retired at the Paoli, after the defeat at Brandywine, was cold, dark and rainy. The troops were all locked in the arms of sleep, their muskets at their sides, and ready to be used at a moment's notice. The countersign had long been passed to the sentinels—it was "Here we come;" and they were watchfully pacing to and fro in front of the encampment. Vansant, a Bucks county regular, was one of them. A stranger approached him in the dark of the night. Vansant dropped his musket to the charge, and ordered him to advance and give the countersign. "Here we come," whispered the stranger at the bayonet's point; and here we come it was; for on the instant Vansant was run through and pinned to the earth, and a detachment of British infantry and horse rushed past him to the tents. The countersign had been overheard by a woman when the guard was set at sun down, and immediately conveyed to the enemy.

Cobe Scout was sleeping in his tent when the groans of the dying around him broke his slumbers! Not a shot had been fired. The enemy with murderous precision were working with the bayonet. He seized a sword in the confusion of the scene, and rushed out of the tent. His comrades, overcome by numbers, thrown into disorder by the attack, were hastening in crowds towards a fence in the rear of the encampment, over which to escape into the woods. The firing now began; and the cavalry were galloping among them, trampling them down by dozens. The rush at the fence was dreadful. Whoever fell, fell to rise no more, for the horses' feet completed their destruction. As Cobe was making his way to the fence, a British horseman raised his sword to

leave our hero's head, but Cobe was before him. He caught the blow upon his sword, and before the trooper could repeat it, a lucky shot, whether from friend or foe is unknown, brought him gasping to the ground. Cobe's lucky genius suggested the means of instant preservation. He put his foot in the stirrup and mounted into the saddle! In a moment he was out of reach of friend or foe.

The horse he had brought off was a noble animal. Its owner must have been an officer of rank, for the trappings of his charger were rich and rare. The saddle was cushioned with silk and velvet; before it was slung a short blunderbuss and a pair of silver mounted pistols. Behind was a blue cloth valise. The other trappings were equally valuable. In the valise was found fine linen of various kinds, a pocket book and four huge horse shoes, brought out by the enemy to serve the wants of the cavalry, for each trooper's pack saddle was supplied with four of them. Cobe sold his horse for a good price, kept the shoes in trophy of his prowess, and rejoined the gallant Wayne.

Two years afterwards, Cobe and his old friend Vansant, now recovered from his wound, were fellow soldiers in the band that carried Stony Point by storm. That detachment was composed of the survivors of the Paoli—for Wayne knew that he could depend upon them. They marched up at midnight with fixed bayonets, without flints in their muskets. Silence was in all their countersigns. "Here we come, Paoli!" They marched onward under a murdering fire of musketry and grape; they halted not a moment, but carried death and victory before them. Cobe Scout will tell you that when he stepped into the fort it was ankle deep in blood.

As their General mounted the rampart, a musket shot struck the upper part of his forehead, and injured his skull. The man is now living in Bucks county who held his head while he was trepanned. Two years ago he applied for a pension, and made oath that he was a pauper! He now gets ninety-six dollars a year. Such is national gratitude. Cobe Scout now lives in Montgomery county. He is still healthy, but the infirmities of old age are creeping fast upon him. He used to glory in relating all he knew about the war; and indeed where is the veteran that does not? But age has palsied his faculties. The twilight of uncertainty, as Irving says, has already cast its shadow round him, and upon his actions and his name, the curtain of oblivion is about to descend forever.

[Saturday Bulletin.]

BASTON [Pa.] Nov. 14.
Uncrowned Hardihood.—We have

read the account of the veteran Putnam bearding the wolf in her den, and have been tempted to laugh at Sawney when he caught the wild boar by the rump to save his companion. We have as strange, and a more terrible tale to relate which lately occurred in this neighborhood.

Two brothers, living on or near the Pocono mountain, in this county, a short time since, started upon the track of a PANTHER, accompanied by their dog. After a pursuit of several miles, they came up with this savage of the forest, who was immediately attacked by their faithful companion. The panther, however, got the better of the fight, and seized poor Tray by the throat. In this situation, the dog and the panther rolling heels over head, neither of the brothers dared fire, fearful of killing the dog, who was a great favorite. At length, however, the youngest of the brothers, afraid that the poor dog would be sacrificed, and forgetting the danger of the attempt, threw down the rifle, and resolutely seized the panther by the tail! At this critical moment, the panther still keeping his hold of the dog's throat, and the young man of the panther's tail, the elder brother approached, and fired, the contents of his rifle into the head of the infuriated animal, and thus saved both brother and dog.

POST MASTER AT NEW YORK.

The Post Master General has appointed S. L. GOVERNEUR, Esq. of New York to be Post Master of that City. Mr. Governeur is the son-in-law of Col. Monroe, and though a gentleman of high respectability and talents, to whom the attention of the Government might well be drawn for his individual and estimable qualities, the appointment has no doubt been made with particular and kind regard to the feelings of Col. Monroe, to whom it will, without doubt, prove a source of comfort and gratification, and that consideration would itself, be sufficient to command the public approbation.

Gazette.

Curious Names.—“There is in this town,” say, the Gloucester (Mass.) Telegraph, “a person whose name reads the same backward and forward; we give it on no other account but its singularity. It is Esrom Morse.”

The writer of this paragraph was a school fellow with a boy whose name like Mr. Morse's had two beginnings and two endings. It was Mark Cockram.

INDIANA.—Official statement of the votes given in this state, on the 3d of November 1828, for President and Vice President of the United States.

First Congressional District.

COUNTIES.	Jackson.	Adams.
Orange,	631	285
Perry,	134	180
Spencer,	173	80
Warrick,	318	73
Vanderburgh,	103	134
Posey,	646	273
Gibson,	389	239
Pike,	149	140
DuBois,	180	49
Knox,	420	405
Daviess,	291	210
Martin,	191	68
Sullivan,	432	168
Vigo,	186	544
Pike,	480	339
Monroe,	570	223
Lawrence,	823	213
Green,	320	161
Owen,	187	201
Morgan,	235	232
Putnam,	632	309
Vermillion,	282	287
Hendricks,	204	164
Montgomery,	359	243
Clay,	83	25
Tipppecanoe,	210	184
Fulton	468	224
Warren,	63	77-3,418

Second District.

Jefferson,	627	709
Clark,	933	615
Jackson,	405	182
Washington,	1983	612
Harrison,	705	457
Crawford,	230	206
Ployd,	590	374
Scott,	203	147
Bartholomew,	445	235
Jennings,	204	290
Marion,	379	582
Hamilton,	55	156
Johnson,	298	199
Shelby,	458	310
Madison,	58	72
Delaware,	91	63
Carroll,	112	73
Hancock,	65	67-1,674

Third District.

Henry,	284	328
Rush,	649	345
Decatur,	346	292
Randolph,	123	250
Wayne,	888	1343
Franklin,	693	656
Fayette,	650	516
Dearborn,	1066	986
Union,	547	518
Switzerland,	439	335
Ripley,	322	326
Allen,	64	74-93

22,237 17,052

Majority for Jackson, 5183

ST. JOHN, N. B. Nov. 1. In consequence of the strong S. gale of Tuesday, the sch. Grampus, Dorsey, from Little River, Digby Neck, bound to Eastport, had to bear up for this port. While attempting to come in, about 11, at night, she struck the foul ground, and directly the sea made a breach over her. The capt. and another, the only men on board, took the boat, a very small one, and the only one belonging to the vessel, to come on shore for assistance, leaving on board Mrs. Nowlin, wife of Mr. John N. and her four children. When they went off again, the schr. could not be found. Next morning it was ascertained that she had driven into a cove, between Red Head and Little River.

Nov. 5. In our last, we gave such particulars of the loss of the Grampus as had then come to our knowledge. We have since had a circumstantial account from Mrs. Nowlin, (who was left on board the schr.) which we now lay before the public. She says that in five minutes, or less, after the departure of the two men, the schr. floated; and when she perceived her to be in motion, she went upon deck, and found the sail standing—she immediately attempted to let them down, by letting go the halyards, but did not succeed. She then went to the pump, and worked for some time, to keep her free of water. She found the vessel was drifting towards the shore, but being a stranger in these parts, and it being night, she could not form any idea of the nature of the shore, and she thinks that several hours elapsed before the vessel struck in the cove. Immediately upon grounding, Mrs. N. found the vessel made water very fast, and, almost instantaneously, it came up to benches in the cabin. She then placed her children in an upper birth, and jumped into the water, (which was higher than her waist, exclusive of a tremendous surf,) in order to go ashore to get assistance. She had to hold on by the vessel, for some time, to prevent her being carried back by the surf—and, at length, after being completely drenched, she succeeded in getting on shore. Filled with anguish, as she then was, she hastened to a house near by, occupied by a Mr. Carney, and knocked, but did not for a considerable time receive any answer. Finding at length, by the voices, that several women were in the house, and they not opening the door, she placed a bench, which she found near, under the window, and

stood upon it; and with all the eloquence and earnestness of the deepest distress, implored assistance—but her appeal was made in vain. The woman continued deaf to her entreaties, and would not even open the door. They at last told her, that they were three men sleeping in the house; and she, taking it for granted that they would awake the men, and that they would come to her assistance—and urged by the irresistible impulse of maternal affection, ran again to the vessel. She cannot describe how she got on board the vessel, which continued to be tossed by every successive surge; but she did succeed, and brot her children from the cabin, placed them on the deck, and gave each of them something to hold on by, to prevent their being thrown overboard by the rolling of the vessel. The youngest, between 1 and 2 years old, she placed under the care of the eldest, a boy turned of 7. The rolling of the vessel threw the youngest down to the side, and the eldest, in striving to save him, fell into the surf, before her eyes, but it was impossible for her to render him any assistance. She, however, persevered, and succeeded in getting two of them on shore, one after the other; but when she returned for the third, he had disappeared.

The door of the house, already spoken of, being shut against her, and not knowing any other to be near, wet and exhausted as she was, she had to pass the remainder of the night, with the two children she had saved, upon the beach. When day-light appeared, she and her surviving children were taken to the house of a Mr. Cronk, at Red Head; where, as far as the circumstances of the family would permit, she was treated with the utmost kindness, and every thing was done to make her as comfortable as her forlorn circumstances would admit. When the tide fell, she went to look for her lost children, and found one of them, which she carried in her arms to Mr. Cronk's. The other was afterwards found, by some of the neighbors, and taken there also. In the course of the day, several persons from the city, who had heard of the melancholy catastrophe, went