

and the whigs in favor of this measure trample under foot and beat down the great bulwark reared by our fathers in defence of liberty, and trample on their blood. The banking system is a monopoly, like Joseph in Egypt the corn, and they the gold and silver. When the famine came where was the corn? Why in Joseph's warehouse. The famine of money is come, where is the gold and silver? In the banks. Where is the plenty of bank notes? Why in the banks. Now, my good farmers and mechanics, get it if you can. Sell your labor, your produce, your land, and negroes, and break to shivers for ought we care, we will suspend specie payments and not loan you money. So, Pharaoh-like, we will have your horses, cattle, land, negroes, and you a slave is the final end of banking to mechanics and farmers. Joseph must have his own price and will, about corn; so the banks must in the end, like Pharaoh, have their way, and all in the end will be theirs; make the rich stock-jockeys the richer, and the poor poorer every year.

Not to speak of their power to regulate and depress the prices of all articles for sale, and turn the wheel of government to their liking; not to speak of the unconstitutional, exclusive privileges of banking, three for one; the system is a system of usury, a system of inequality, to the poor and the rich; for to the stock-jockeys it is granted to issue two dollars for one, which makes three dollars on interest & of five; say three, then stock-jockeys get from 18 to 21 per centum. But poor old Joshua, is not allowed by law to have but six, if he does, it is usury; but not so with stock-jockeys, for losing goes by favor—18 per centum on a fictitious capital. And suppose the banks say, we are broke, where are their note holders to get their money from? Oh, cursed and abominable system say I, for one. Unequal, and usury may be written upon the face of every bill. Founded in fraud are banks—oppression and cheat, is my motto.

Now some are for opening the mouth of another bank as wide as North America, to eat up all the rest. Have we not seen enough yet of the system of banking to know, that the more banks the greater the depression, the more broken people there will be. It is the banks that ruin the people, and not other things; the principle is radically wrong, therefore the further we go the worse it will be with the nation. It is a system of temptation, and which is the worst and most guilty; the harlot who tempts and gives the disease, or the man seduced by her fair promises? Why the harlot. So are the banks more to blame than the borrowers, who catch insolvency and loss of property and reputation. For they are the seducers of the people to their ruin, and have brought the people to what they are at. Then shun a bank as soon as you would a harlot that is diseased, for she has ruined her thousands. For the banks give rise to ruinous speculations. A thousand things more, but let me alone, is all I ask. Let Caesar mind his own business, and let me mind mine.

As for internal improvement, I go dead ahead against it, in all its ramifications except individual and incorporated. And that no State should waste the money of the people on idle projects as this State and the United States have done, in some of their wild notions, without consulting the people whose money it is. The General Government having more money in the treasury for the first time, than she knew what to do with, or how to spend, divided it among the States; five times for corruption. For an overflowing treasury worketh corruption, for the love of money is the root of all evil. The outs want to get in to handle some of the precious stuff, and the ins want to keep in to keep their pockets full; which otherwise might be as empty as a beggar's purse. Hence this party spirit, strife and contention for office, rage to American shame.

If the General Government had no use for this surplus revenue, and paid it over to the several States whose money it was, why did not the State of North Carolina act this honorable with the hundreds of thousands that fell to her share, and divide and apportion it among the counties of this State, and then to individuals, if justice had taken place? No, the State lays her grasp on the whole, without dividing it among the counties, as should have been done. And what has she done with this money? Why some hundreds are gone this way, and some thousands that way; & among the rest some hundreds of thousands in stock in the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road, that I would not this day give \$25 a share for. For time will reveal it all to be but a bubble. What business had the State to spend my money in such a way, without consulting me, for part of that money was mine, as a citizen of the State? No, it is very easy to make free with other people's money, but touch your own pocket and you want to know how money goes. While is the wild and visionary project of giving an engineer \$10,000 to examine and measure and climb over the hills and dale of Doe, Haw, Yadin and Peedee rivers, for a canal? What has been done with the people's money in these and many visionary wild projects besides? why not have let this money stay in the treasury and let the people's taxes? then every man would have had his proportion in his own pocket.

I say the people's pockets is the place of safe keeping of money, until wanted for

the needful purposes of Government; and they ought not to be taxed for other people to squander upon foolish projects. To say nothing about plowing out the Swash, making holes where the God of nature opposes it, and a hundred other things, that take away the people's money. And tax, tax, tariff, tariff, is sung, sing, song. But I ask for what? for purposes needful for to support government? No, sirs, to squander in tens and hundreds of thousands on internal visionary projects. I say let me have my part of it, that I may improve my lands to enrich the State. And suppose this surplus revenue is called for, who is to pay it? why you say the State, she had it and she ought to pay it. True, but remember the State has spent it on rail roads, &c.—And suppose they fall through, how then? The people's pockets must be resorted to, to pay that the State has squandered. Cursed system of oppression. A thousand things more, but let me alone.

And as for abolition, that cursed, fanatical, bloody, cut-throat system, it carries the sun of the States, civil war, blood and death of black and white. No mercy, pity, nor commiseration to young or old, male or female; but blood, death and hell in its bosom, under the cloak of religious zeal, the most abominable, hypocritical, bloody cloak that was ever worn by any man, from the pope to an abolition fanatic. Do not say I am harsh, for the English language has not words enough in it to express my indignation at such a system, that would excite slaves to kill in horrid massacres their masters, mistresses and children without mercy, pity, or compassion; for this is the end of the row, if abolition is persisted in. For the slaves are already excited, in my opinion; but let us be silent, until we hear more. I will just say, keep a look out; let every man patrol his own plantation, and abroad if necessary.

Let the northern fanatics sweep their own dens from the trash of slavery, and leave the southern people to do the same; for God will not punish the righteous with the wicked, far be it from him; nor will he punish the northern fanatics, for the sin of slavery at the south. Then mind your own business, and let us mind ours. Besides, Congress has nothing to do in the abolishing of slavery; this alone belongs to the jurisdiction of the several States, according to constitutional compact agreed upon. Nor need those self-righteous fanatics be afraid of the punishment of the sin of their neighbors. God did not kill Lot in Sodom, nor Noah in the flood; wash the sin of getting the labor of the poor white children and poor folks, for scanty fare and little or nothing else, from your doors and you will do well.

Now if General Harrison holds one or all these three principles, banking, internal improvement, or abolition, or any one of the three, I would sooner vote for my dog than him to the presidency. So you have it right down, although I expect the old general is a gentleman and a man of honor and talents, or else Congress would not have trusted him with the generalship of an army. For to listen to the lying, burlesque, defamatory newspapers on either side, I will not; for this cursed party spirit that is among us, only seeks its own ends, to disgrace men's acts, and make the acts of the opposite party as black as a crow, and the acts on their own side as white as a swan. This is mean on either side. State facts, and then do not put your party lampblack brush to it, do the devil justice, if he is of another tribe. The demagogues and their newspapers have dressed up the old general, that has spent most of his life in the service of his country, in a petticoat, and snugly housed him in a log cabin as snug as a bug in a rug, and given him hard cider enough to last him his lifetime, and his children after him; nor did they even forget the good to drink it out of. And have steeled him behind a log when the bullets were stinging their slings, general take care, as snug as a snake in the sunshine of a cold day. Now what of all this, ye black brush men? Who would not swap regimentals and horse, when there was danger about, as did Ahab and Jehoshaphat, to save his life in the hour of danger? Why, when danger of capture sail under another flag? For he who hides behind logs, or changes horses, or runs away, may live to fight another day. Had you, black brush men, have been there and heard the whistling of bullets, they would have made you tremble with fear, or dashed a herapple, or wished for hard cider to revive your spirits.

Making allowance for the black brush men of the democratic party, upon the whole I reckon the old general to be a very smart man of his age. But his age, set all things else aside, forbids my voting for him, or any man else of that age. I am 62, and I know my memory is greatly failing me, and that I am more fearful, fractious and peevish, and with a decaying judgment and understanding, than in years past; and what shall I be at, at 63, or 70, or 72, as the highest go for the general's age? Why, I shall not be able to catch raccoons, nor is the general fit for the presidency. Yet he is the make shift of the wing party, and if they impose him on me, I will surely demean myself to obey the general's orders.

And here is a lameness in the United States constitution. A man is not eligible for the office of President, under thirty years of age; yet he may be president at 80 or 90, or 100, if the people elect him. The bounds on one side are set, and on the other they ought to have been set at 65

For I ask all men, what is a man at 70? Speak for yourself, and with yourself in a vote of such great importance is such a man fit for a president? I say promptly, no. No wonder then that the black brush men speak of the general's having a committee, for he will need one as a guardian before he gets through, if my spectacles are good. But it seems to me that the people are determined on a change, like Israel of old. Take care, we now are as well off as we can be; then it must be for the worse, and not for the better. I have much more to say, but not now.

Now where are the black brush men of the whig party, that have dressed up Van Buren in extravagant expenses, and as a spendthrift and waster of the government's money unnecessarily upon the mint in Charlotte, &c. &c. &c. Now do not the whigs know, that Van Buren cannot appropriate any moneys of the government to any purpose but by the will and consent of Congress; and that it is his duty to sanction or reject. Yes, they know it; yet with their black brushes they want to charge him with the acts of Congress. Because he thinks they are right and sanctions them, he must be smeared with your brushes; as well as admitting the evidence of a negro against a white man. Who does not know that the State of New York have freed their black people, and put them on a level with the whites. Why then, if a judge, in any cause of controversy according to law, should they not be admitted on an equality, say? Oh, it sounds harsh in a southerner's ear. Bring your black brush and besmear law and justice. Of this some of you whigs are guilty, as well as besmearing Van Buren. You whigs might as well sing psalms to a dead horse, or to me, as bring your black brushes against Van Buren. I have lived as happy under the administration of Jackson and Van Buren, (if it was not for the cursed banks) of which they are not the cause, as under Washington, Jefferson, Monroe or Madison. But the administrations of the Adams's I ever did and now do cordially despise.

And the black brush men on both sides, ought to have more honor and respectability for the character of men, than to use their brushes to defame men's characters they never saw, and upon the circumstantial acts of men they know nothing about. But so it is, the newspapers have got most men by the nose, and lead them hither and thither as the wind blows for party spirit. And thus some men are so self-conceited as not to read both sides; but are sure to take their party papers and no others; and all goes for right, and all the rest wrong. These things ought not so to be. Other men have eyes as well as you. If the newspapers would tell the truth without the black brush, they would be a blessing to society; but with facts in one hand and the coloring black brush in the other, they are a curse to the present and future generations.

You will want to know what I mean by black brush men. I mean men on both sides that can reproach men's characters and acts that know not the men nor circumstance under which they acted. But you will say, my paper says so and so. And do you know what other people's papers say? No, but I believe mine. And why do you believe it, but because it favors your party opinion. And thus by the brush of false coloring of printers and others, duplicity is carried on and the people deceived. And thus on both sides, he that can dupe the most to his opinion is the smartest fellow.

Some are harping on the sub-treasury bill. I ask you, who has a right or ought to take care of my money but myself? I ask you, who ought to take care of the money of this State but the State? I ask you, who ought to take care of the money of the United States but the United States, in that way she thinks the safest and most convenient? I say it is the best law that has ever been passed since I have been a man, and the most judicious. And had it not have been for the cursed speculating banks, who wish to speculate and swindle the people by the use of public money, we should not have heard a whisper of wrong on this subject.

My paper is nearly out and I am glad of it, for my soul is sick of politics while writing this hasty scrip; and also at meeting houses, for there politics is the order of the day. But, Lawrence, who are you for? I tell you, please or offend, I go the whole hog for Martin Van Buren for president, and Richard M. Johnson for vice president, in preference to all the men in the United States. And as for Harrison, I understand he is a bank man and an abolitionist; and if so, I would as soon vote for my dog. Not but I hold the old general in high esteem, as a citizen of great worth and a gentleman of high respectability, and cherish with gratitude his services to his country; yet the three principles laid down I believe to be a curse to this nation, and ever will be both now and hereafter, if acted upon. For I now say, banking is the worst curse in the nation; and abolitionism, if persisted in, will be a great-er. And internal improvements may make rich settlements, but the poor people will be burdened and pray the young king for a redress of grievances. He that can receive it, let him receive it.

Let me alone, whigs, in peaceful Corn Neck hereafter, to kill frogs, claw fish, and terrapins; and make thousands of barrels of corn to grow, to enrich my State and feed the generations to come.

Now, George, in a way of conclusion it seems that both the great parties want my name and influence to get votes. Don't you think I had better become a candidate for the next Congressional election, and let them unite on me. Why, George, you will say, friend Lawrence, do you think such a man as you can be elected to sit in the great white house? Surely, George, if both parties want my name, I can fly there on triumphant golden wings; and sit there to see wrangling and frowning faces going on, if nothing else, giving an example to the nation as poisonous as Pandora's box. For, George, great men should always give good example, and the little ones are sure to follow. But you will say, friend Lawrence, to think you can go to Congress, you must be a fool. Sure enough, George; but if all the fools were dead but old Joshua, why whig ranks would be thinned I assure you, for the administration of Van Buren affords every facility that any man ought or can want, except the cursed, abominable, and damnable bank-oppressing, liberty-destroying system.

JOSHUA LAWRENCE.



TARBOROUGH: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1840.

Democratic Republican State Rights Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT, MARTIN VAN BUREN. FOR VICE PRESIDENT, RICHARD M. JOHNSON. FARMERS' TICKET

For Electors of President and Vice President.

- 1st District.—Drury Dobbins.
- 2nd District.—George Bucer.
- 3rd District.—Henry Eulenwider.
- 4th District.—Burton Craig.
- 5th District.—Littleton Gwyn.
- 6th District.—R. C. Cotten.
- 7th District.—Lauchlin Bethune.
- 8th District.—William Berry.
- 9th District.—Josiah O. Watson.
- 10th District.—William P. Williams.
- 11th District.—A. W. Mebane.
- 12th District.—Charles E. Johnson.
- 13th District.—W. L. Kennedy.
- 14th District.—James B. Whitfield.
- 15th District.—Wm. S. Ashe.

The election takes place on Thursday, the 13th November next.

We invite attention to the article which occupies our preceding columns, from the pen of Elder Joshua Lawrence, of the Baptist denomination. Elder Lawrence has been a close and attentive observer of men and things for many years past, and although not an active politician, nor having written much on politics, his opinions will be treated with that consideration and respect, which they unquestionably merit.

The Fall term of the Superior Court for this county, was held in this place the present week, Judge Eall presiding. There was no trial of public importance brought before the Court, and but little business of any description. The Court adjourned on Wednesday evening. Judge Hall, we are pleased to learn, gave general satisfaction to those in attendance, by the mildness and courteousness of his deportment, and the brevity and clearness of his expositions of the law.

From the Raleigh Standard.

Service Insurrection.—We see in the Northern papers several reports concerning insurrectionary movements among the slaves in this State. These matters are all new to us; we believe our slave population is and has been very quiet and orderly. The following, however, shows that this is not the case in a neighboring State. We take it from exchange paper:

Second Harrison Gun from Louisiana.—The Picayune of yesterday contains the following startling news: A Negro Revolt.—Abolition incendiaries are creeping about among us like moles in the ground, as blind, as difficult to catch, and as mischievous. Four hundred happy and peaceful slaves, having been wrought upon by some of these sneaking pests to our well-being, broke out in furious revolt, on the 25th ultimo, in the parish of La Fayette; but the poor misguided blacks were soon taught their error, and 40 of them were placed in confinement, while 20 were sentenced to be hung on the 27th. Four white abolition rascals were detected acting as leaders, in conjunction with one yellow fellow, who was notorious for being a great scoundrel. It is the white incendiaries that ought to be hung, for if the poor misled slaves must suffer, double, treble should be the punish-

ment imposed upon those heartless emissaries of a fanatical and reckless sect.

Death of Mr. Williamson.—John A. Williamson, Esq. Charge de Affairs of the United States for the Republic of Venezuela, died at Caracas on the 7th of August, in the 50th year of his age. Mr. W. was a native of Person county, in this State, and was highly respected and esteemed as a gentleman of talents and worth. A just and feeling tribute to his merits is given in an official notice of his death, published in the Gazette of Venezuela.—*Ral. Star.*

A New State.—The taking of the census of Iowa has been completed. The population of the territory is over 50,000—more than sufficient to entitle it to admission into the Union.

From Mexico.—We have received the Norma, Havana papers to the 20th of mo, which contain accounts from Mexico brought there by the British gun brig, the Gull, on her way to England with \$200,000 in specie.

From these accounts it appears that, after 13 days' skirmishing in the city of Mexico, the insurgents under Urrea, who had obtained possession of the Government House, capitulated, and evacuated the city, leaving the reins of Government. Urrea had fled, and it was not known what had become of him or of his friend Gomez Farias. His troops had dispersed in various directions, although by the capitulation they were to march out with the honors of war, and none were to be molested for the conduct they had pursued.

N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

Washington Market, Sept. 16.—Dried Whole, \$2 a \$2 10. Bacon—sides a 4 cents, hams 10 cents. Naval Stores—New dip, \$1 60; Old, \$1 50. Serene, 70 cents. Tar, \$1 00. Fish—shad, \$2 50; Herrings, cut, \$4 00; whole, \$2 50; \$3 00.—*Rep.*

Petersburg Market, Sept. 17.—Cotton.—Since our last report the market has been dull; but few small sales have been made. We quote 7 a 9 cts. as in quality; strict prime would command 9 1/2 cts.—*Standard.*



DIED, In this county, on Wednesday last, Mr. William Dancy, aged about 66 years. In Philadelphia, a few days since, Mr. Thomas Benson, of this county. In Raleigh, Gen. Beverly Daniel, aged 63. Gen. Daniel was universally respected by the community and much beloved by his acquaintance. He was Adjutant General of the Militia of this State, and recently United States Marshal.

Prices Current, At Tarborough and New York.

SEP. 13.	per	Tarborough, New York.
Bacon,	lb	9 10 10 11
Brandy, apple,	gallon	63 75 40 50
Coffee,	lb	13 16 9 17
Corn,	bushel	35 49 57 63
Cotton,	lb	8 9 8 9
Cotton bagging,	yard	20 25 15 16
Flour,	barrel	\$6 61 \$5 66
Iron,	lb	5 1/2 6 3 4
Lard,	lb	9 10 7 10
Molasses,	gallon	40 45 22 20
Sugar, brown,	lb	10 12 1/2 6 9
Salt, T. L.	bushel	60 65 32 30
Turpentine,	barrel	150 160 225 230
wheat,	bushel	65 75 70 120
whiskey,	gallon	35 40 42 41

Notice.

THERE will be application made to the next General Assembly of North Carolina, to pass an act incorporating the *Hopewell Academy*, near Staunton, and appointing Trustees to the same. September 11, 1840.

COMMISSION, Forwarding and Storage, BY HENRY V. NIEMEYER, Myers' Wharf, PORTSMOUTH, VA. August 29, 1840. 36 3m.

James G. McPherson's COMMISSION MERCHANT, Petersburg, Va.

CONTINUES to transact business on his usual liberal and prompt terms, the old stand, formerly occupied by Herbert & McPherson, Bollingbrook Street, where he will be pleased, at all times, to see his North Carolina friends, and solicit a continuance of their favors.

Refer to Gen. S. F. Patterson, President of R. & G. R. R. Gen. Jas. Owen, President of R. & W. R. R.

Also to Brown, Snow & Co who will receive produce directed to them at Raleigh, and forward with despatch by Rail Road to Petersburg. Sept. 7.