

The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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POLITICAL.



[From the N. York Tribune, Extra.]

BUNKER HILL CELEBRATION.

17th JUNE, 1843.

The storm of yesterday ceased during the night, but the sun rose amid fogs and scattered the clouds, giving its light a watery appearance, and portending rain during the day, the wind being still North east, and the air damp and chilly. At an early hour the sound of martial music rose from the numerous companies collected in Boston during the preceding three days, and the clustering of military and citizens towards the magnificent Common, commenced at seven o'clock, and continued till nearly 10, at which hour there must have been 100,000 persons within the enclosure. At the same time the streets through which the procession was to pass were lined with eager expectants—the balconies and windows glowing with waiting faces. Already Bunker Hill and the approach to it from Boston were thronged by thousands. The Military were generally under arms by 8 o'clock, and in position on the Common before 9. The New England Society of New York, some 400 strong, formed in Summer street, near College Green, and marched into the Common about 9.

It was past 10 o'clock before the procession began to move from the densely thronged Common, and nearly 12 when the Lancer Guard of Boston, forming its advance, reached the Superb glais on the North East of the Monument, which had been chosen as the site for the centre of the Celebration—the officers' stand being on the outer side of the oblong square facing the Monument. At this time, a salute was fired from the Navy Yard, and the bells of Boston and Charlestown rung out a stirring peal. On the North-east steps of the Monument Square, facing the Officers' stand, and the glais, seats had been reserved for fifteen hundred ladies, and were early occupied in good part. The Monument Square itself elevated some ten feet, computed to give standing room to 80,000 persons, was nearly filled before the procession made its appearance while a mass of human beings lined each end of the glais, previously cleared by the Norfolk and New Bedford Guards. Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, Orator of the Day, though assigned a place in the carriages, came in by himself nearly an hour before the Procession, and was welcomed with repeated cheers.

Precisely at half past 12, the head of the regular procession reached the Ground, then clouded by the cannon-smoke from the Navy Yard. The Military halted outside the area, formed in double lines facing inward, to let the Civic Procession pass through and into the square ahead.

At 4 to 1 o'clock, the head of the Civic Procession passed into the oblong square between the Officers' stand and the Monument, the Brigade Band in front, followed by the Executive Committee in a carriage, escorting the President and suite in a carriage drawn by four superb bays. The President was cheered as he rode into the area, and alighting took his place on the stand, where Mr. Webster had been for some time solitary and alone. Messrs. Spencer, Porter, Wickliffe and Legare, as they came on the stand, greeted Mr. W. very cordially, and were introduced to the gentlemen in attendance as officers of the day, Committees, &c.

But the deepest manifestation of enthusiasm was reserved for the appearance of the surviving SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION, who arrived in the succeeding carriages, and, alighting in the centre of the square, tottered with feeble steps to their places on the platform. They were one hundred and eight, in number, twelve of whom had shared in the perils and glories of the bloody struggle on this very

ground sixty-eight years ago; three of them had fought also at Lexington, where the first blood was shed in the Revolutionary contest, two months before the more determined strife on Bunker Hill. Phineas Johnson, now 99 years old, was in both these conflicts, and was reputed the oldest man present; but we are assured that Mr. Maynard, (father of Hon. John Maynard, M. C. from this State,) now 99 years old, and also a sharer in the Bunker Hill struggle, was present—we know that he reached Boston on the night before in good health and spirits, on purpose to be there.

Ernest, profound, reiterated were the burst of cheering from the immense concourse as these treasured relics of a glorious day toiled up to their seats on the staging. Eighteen years ago, when the cornerstone of the Monument was laid by Lafayette in the presence of sixty thousand freemen, a far larger and stronger band of them were present, to rejoice over the commemoration of their heroic struggle half a century before. Eighteen years hence, who can hope that even one of them will be left to tell the thrilling story of these eras in their and their country's eventful history?

The Freemasons, who had done much toward the erection of the Monument, (having given the ground, on which they had previously erected a small monument to Gen. Warren, their Grand Master, who fell in the battle,) were out in considerable force, and made an imposing appearance. They were greatly outnumbered, however, by the Old Fellows, who must have mustered nearly one thousand. The sons of New England from New York, escorted by our superb Light Guards, warmly cheered as they arrived in the centre. The Hibernians, in four different societies, wearing the Green of their beloved native isle were in great force, and made an admirable appearance.

It was half past one o'clock when the Bunker Hill Monument Association marched in with the Military bringing up the rear of the Procession. The scene now presented from the stand was one of unequalled sublimity and grandeur. Directly in front was the immense concourse which had formed the Procession, Military, Civic Societies with emblems and badges, and plain citizens so intermingled as to produce the most picturesque effect. These about half filled the parallelogram which had early been cleared, and being walked on either side, was guarded by corps of the Military at the ends, fronting a dense wall of human faces.

On the spacious steps leading from this up to the Monument Square were seated two thousand ladies, some of whom had been waiting there since an early hour in the morning. On the square of plateau above, closely surrounding the Monument were many thousand of citizens—at times thirty to forty thousand. On the stand itself were the survivors of the Revolution, the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Governor and Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts, the mighty Orator of the Day, the first Governor of Maine, Senators Evans of Maine, and Choate of Mass., Mayor Brimmer of Boston, Robert Tyler, the Officers of the Day, &c.

A mighty Ocean of Humanity, One Hundred Thousand at least, encountered and bounded the vision in front on each side; while high above all, with the western sun just glimmering over its summit, the stately MONUMENT rose in grand and graceful proportion to the Heavens, piercing the cloudless azure with its majestic gray, lifting the swelling heart of patriotism to loftiest themes, yet almost rebuking by its calm sublimity the hurried, eager throng of life by which it was surrounded. Silence having at length been commanded and partially obtained, Rev. Mr. ELLIS of Charlestown addressed the Throne of Grace in fervent prayer.

After Mr. Webster had concluded, the procession was again formed, for the return march, in the same order as it had come.—The militia had received their rations without the square during the time occupied by the address. The head of the procession arrived at the common about 5 o'clock, when the escort was formed in line along Colonnade Row, extending from the Museum as far as Boylston street. After the President's carriage had passed up Park street to the State House, Gen. Appleton Howe, who had commanded the militia during the day, called around him the staff and other general officers and addressed them to the following effect:—Gentlemen:—

I am unwilling to dismiss the troops today without acknowledging the great pleasure which I have felt, in observing the promptness and energy with which they have, through the day, performed the duties to which they have been assigned, and my thanks to the officers for their zeal and care. I cannot say that I have been surprised at this, or at their discipline and bearing, for I have been too long acquainted with the high feelings of our militia to have felt such surprise; but I have been greatly gratified to have had under my com-

mand so attentive and gallant body of men as those under your orders.

The troops are now dismissed for the day.

At the State House, as soon as the invited guests had all arrived from Bunker Hill, a second procession was formed, under the directions of Mr. G. G. Gordon, chief marshal, of the subscribers and guests invited to the dinner. Under escort of the City Greys, Captain Thompson, the procession moved to Faneuil Hall, where it arrived about 6 o'clock.

DINNER AT FANEUIL HALL.

At 6 o'clock, we entered the Hall, which was decorated in a beautiful and appropriate manner in honor of the occasion. Streamers of different colors were suspended from the centre of the ceiling extending to the different pillars, and the names of the Presidents of the United States, and of Franklin and Fulton appeared in the recesses between the columns. Immediately under the eagle in the centre of the front gallery were the names of Toussaint, New Orleans, & Amos Lawrence of Boston, the two principal benefactors to the Monument, who each contributed the sum of \$10,000 towards its erection. Under the picture of Judge Paine, was the portrait of Gen. Warren, always a beautiful ornament to the Hall,—but an object of peculiar interest to all on this occasion.

"Agriculture, the Mechanic Arts, and Commerce" were duly honored by being placed in a situation conspicuous to the eye of every spectator.

In front of the President were two beautiful confectionary representations of the Monument.

At a quarter past 6, the procession entered the Hall. J. T. Buckingham, Esq., President of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, presided at the dinner.—Nath'l. Green, James Clark, George Darracott, Dr. E. H. Robbins, John Henshaw, William Sturgis, David Henshaw, Samuel T. Armstrong, Stephen C. Phillips, Albert Fearing, George Bancroft, Isaac Harris, John S. Sleeper and Stephen Fairbanks, assisted as Vice Presidents.

On the right of the President of the Day, were the President of the United States, Abel C. Upshur, the Secretary of the Navy, C. A. Wickliffe, the Postmaster General, Caleb Cushing, Com. J. B. Nicolson, General Henderson, Col. Watson, the different foreign Consuls at this port, and Robert Tyler, Esq.

On the left were the Hon. Daniel Webster, the Orator of the Day; the Mayor of the City, the Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, John C. Spencer, the Secretary of the Treasury, J. M. Porter, the Secretary of war, Gov. Fenner, Com. Warrington, Com. B. Kenyon, Thomas H. Perkins, Judge Prescott, the President of the Common Council, Maj. Gen. Appleton Howe, Gov. King, and John Tyler, Jr. Esq.

After the blessing of heaven had been invoked by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, Chaplain of the Day, the company devoted themselves to the first duty of the evening—which after the exhaustion of the day, had become indispensable as well as agreeable, viz that of partaking of the sumptuous repast provided for them by that experienced caterer, John Wright. All the substantial and delicacies of the season loaded and graced the board in profusion,—and we noticed that that unpopular personage, alcohol, was not permitted any part in the festivities.

As soon as those present manifested symptoms of a cessation of hostilities upon the edibles and potables, and appeared to be inly and complacently ruminating upon the victory they had achieved, the President of the Day arose and announced for the first toast.

The Battle of Bunker Hill—Freemen fell, but Liberty triumphed.

The following verses were then sung, which had previously been distributed round the table.

TUNE, OLD HUNDRED.

O God, you pile shall mark, for aye,
The ground whereon our fathers fell,—
The self-devoted of their day,
The beauty of our Israel.

And while the winds shall o'er it sweep,
Thy thunders break around its head,
Those martyrs there in peace shall sleep,
For thou, O God, shall guard their bed.

The second regular toast was as follows:—**The Monument**—The proud memorial of a defeat glorious to the vanquished—and of a victory fatal to the conquerors.

A beautiful Lyric written by H. T. Tuckerman, Esq., was then sung in fine style by Horace Bird, Esq.

The third regular toast was then announced.

The principles of the revolutionary struggle—A love of liberty, protected and regulated by law. He that would look to the origin of those principles must look above the summit which commemorates the trials of our fathers.

The President of the Day then addressed the company as follows:

I offer you now a sentiment which I assure you will all most cheerfully and enthusiastically respond. I give you

The health of the President of the United States.

The President said in reply—I thank you for the kindness with which you have received the sentiment from the Chair. I will detain you only by offering a sentiment which cannot fail to have occurred to every man who has heard the Orator of the Day. I will give you

Union—Union of purpose—union of feeling—the union established by our fathers.

The health of the President was drunk in the pure element, with repeated cheers, which were renewed with enthusiasm for some time after he had resumed his seat.

The President of the Day then proposed the following sentiment, to which he had no doubt all present would respond with equal enthusiasm.

The Orator of the Day—Whoever would find his equal must be allowed the liberty of that which he has refused to the mightiest nations in the earth—the Right of Search.

This toast was greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs, and with loud, long and cordial cheers, delivered with hearty good will, by the company standing. The applause was continued for some time after Mr. Webster arose. As soon as he could be heard, speaking in a very low voice, he thanked the company for the kindness with which they had received the toast alluding to the manner in which he had discharged the duties of the day. He very briefly touched upon his humble attempts to defend what he considered to be the just rights of American seamen—and in conclusion gave.

The Rights of American Commerce—Every where defended and at any expense of treasure and of blood.

Mr. Webster soon after left the Hall.

George T. Curtis, Esq., being called upon for a sentiment, expressed his regret at the absence from the festive board of one of the distinguished guests, a statesman of the whole republic—a scholar of the whole republic of letters. He alluded to the Hon. Mr. Legare of South Carolina. That gentleman's admirable genius would have illustrated some topics which the occasion calls to mind. Mr. C. then gave a vivid description of the battle of Bunker Hill—referred to the sufferings endured by the heroes of the revolution, in the South as well as the North, and after a glowing eulogium upon the great men of South Carolina, gave as a toast.

South Carolina and Massachusetts—Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, laying up for each the treasures of glory. Their sons never will divide the great inheritance.

The Chair then gave for the next regular toast:

The Treasury of the United States—Activity will supply its necessities—watchfulness will preserve it from illegal waste—we rely on the confidence and integrity of its present head.

Mr. Spencer said he was disabled by the journey from Washington, from expressing his thanks as he would wish to do, to those present, for the honor done him. His voice would fail him, should he undertake to express at any length his profound acknowledgments for the generous confidence which they had been pleased to manifest in him.—No one, continued Mr. S., God knows, can appreciate the difficulties of the Treasury Department, better than myself. He could only promise all fidelity and all industry in the discharge of his official duties, and in conclusion gave.

The memory of those immortal Ladies of New England, and particularly of this city, who, when the prospects for completing the monument were discouraging, made an appeal to the hearts of men which could not be resisted.

The Chair then gave—

The Fair Sex—In their presence brave men are timorous and freemen slaves. May their virtues complete the captivity which their beauty begins.

The next regular sentiment was—

The War Department—The strong arm of the Administration—ever stretched to protect its friends and to repel its foes.

Mr. Porter then remarked, that perhaps he should do better by imitating the example of the preceding speaker, as he was laboring under a similar affliction, but he could not help saying one word in the Cradle of Liberty, of which he had been told from his earliest infancy. The Monument was worthy of the age and the occasion—but the moral monuments which our fathers have erected will endure still longer. The principles of civil liberty which our ancestors bro't over to this country and which he trusted would be propagated over the habitable globe, were those on which they reared a moral monument which should endure till time was no more. After speaking of the blessings of the Union, which he hoped would always be an union in heart &

feeling, so that an American from one end of the continent to the other, may take an American to his bosom, and claim him as a brother, Mr. P. gave—

The Monuments erected by the Pilgrims and their descendants—The first of morals and the second of granite—may they be as coeval in duration as matter can be with mind.

George Bancroft, Esq., being then called upon by the Chair, spoke of the gratitude due from Massachusetts to Virginia for the assistance and encouragement rendered her by the latter State in the revolution. After eulogizing the spirit of Virginia and the sympathy which she evinced towards Massachusetts while we were suffering from the early oppressive measures of the English ministry, he mentioned as an incident not generally known, that from the remote county of Augusta, in Virginia, 120 miles from navigable waters, the farmers made their way over the roughest hills and through almost impervious roads, and dragged or rolled along 150 barrels of flour, their gift to the people of Boston in their distress. Mr. B., in conclusion, gave the following toast—

Virginia and Massachusetts—Their names are blended inseparably in the annals of their country's history—their sons will cherish ever the freedom and union established by their fathers.

Mr. Upshur then spoke at some length of the general diffusion of knowledge in Massachusetts. He praised the order and obedience to lawful authority manifested among all classes of our people, and remarked that when he beheld the thousands upon thousands of the people who had poured forth to participate in the festivities of the day, conducting with the utmost regard to propriety and decorum,—he could not help fancying that he saw in every policeman a magician who managed the countless multitude with the mere waving of his wand. Mr. Upshur concluded with the following sentiment—

Massachusetts—Foremost in the conflicts by which our liberties were won; and foremost to show us what our liberties are worth.

The Chair related an anecdote of a fellow citizen, who, while travelling in the far West, fell in with another emigrant from a certain State, of which all had heard much. While in conversation, the emigrant pointed out to our fellow-citizen the beauties and excellencies of the prairies through which they were travelling. "But, after all," exclaimed the emigrant, "there is nothing on God's earth like old Kentucky."

The Chair then gave—**The State of Kentucky**—The vigor of manhood in all her steps—the heaven of liberty in her eye—her destiny is written in two words—onward and upward.

Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, responded to the toast, by observing that if the Kentuckian had witnessed what he himself had seen to-day, when he said "there was no place like Kentucky"—he would have added "except Massachusetts." Mr. W. did answer to the compliment to Kentucky, would not attempt to expatiate on those topics which had been the subject of the Orator to-day. To do so, would be to light a torch to add the luminary of heaven by day. In allusion to the old South Church, not far distant from the Hall, he would give—

The Citizens of Boston—They feast their freemen in the Cradle of Liberty—and where was fed the warrior's steed, they worship the living God in peace.

The President and Cabinet then left the Hall amidst the cheers of all present.

[A number of other toasts &c, were given by private individuals, which are omitted.]

The Company then dispersed at a little after ten, and the festivities, which all who had so much enjoyed, were brought to a close.

From the Madisonian.

Loan to the United States—The proposals for a loan, pursuant to the recent notice of the Secretary of the Treasury, were opened last night after the arrival of the mails. The number of competitors was great, & a much larger amount was offered than that required. The highest offer was \$102,374 for \$100 of five per cent stock. Another was made at \$101.55. The residue was taken at \$101.01 by several institutions and individuals, but chiefly by John Ward & Co., of New York, with an option to convert a portion of the amount into four per cent stock at an equivalent rate.

Death by Lightning—We learn that Mr. John A. Cook, formerly a Clerk in the Post Office in this place, was recently killed by lightning in Orange County. He had been at work in his field, when perceiving a storm coming up, took shelter under a tree. The tree was struck by lightning, a part of the fluid passing down the body of Mr. Cook, causing his death immediately.—*Fayetteville Car.*