

Southern Citizen.

THE FLOWERS COLLECT

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR, BUT TO IMPROVE OURSELVES AND BE USEFUL TO ONE ANOTHER?

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THE SPEECH, &c.

We hope to have it in our power shortly to copy Mr. Clay's Speech at Raleigh; but for the present, we can only give the sketch drawn by the Editor of the Fayetteville Observer, which we promised last week, and which we know personally to be altogether accurate so far as it goes.

Mr. Clay commenced by observing, that a long and ardent wish of his heart was accomplished. He was in "the good old North State"—a title which she has well deserved by her virtue, her patriotism and all the qualities which ennoble our nature. He spoke of his cordial and enthusiastic reception in the States through which he had passed to reach this. But no where had the enthusiasm, the warmth, the cordial heartiness, he had met with in North Carolina's Capitol, been exceeded. He had expected to meet here some hundreds of his fellow citizens. He didn't expect to meet the whole State.

It might be asked, what had brought him here? He came to make no political capital, to change no political opinion, to disturb no man's allegiance to his party. He looked upon parties as instruments, as means to public good. Much as he was attached to the Whig party, and proudly as he claimed the name of Whig, he regarded his country as far, far above all party. His course was, to look at the tendency of measures, and the principles of leaders; to adopt what tends to the common good of our common country. There is one great leading paramount difference between the two parties which alone would induce him to attach himself to the Whig party. Which party most respects the laws and authorities of the country? In a government like ours, where the people make the laws, we are called upon by every consideration to respect, abide by, and defer to the law. Now what is the conduct of the parties in this respect? Mr. Clay here spoke at length and most powerfully of the extraordinary act of nullification, by one House of Congress, of a law of the land, solemnly enacted by all the law-making departments of the government, in pursuance of an express provision of the Constitution.

Next he cited Repudiation, and stated that the tax-paying people of Mississippi—the Whigs—were in favor of meeting their State obligations to the last cent.

He then held up to the public scorn and indignation the abominable doctrine of *Dorrism*, which is alone countenanced, in Congress or out, by the party opposed to the Whigs. His statement of the danger of this monstrous heresy to the whole country, and especially to the South, was deeply impressive.

The next great question of difference between the parties, is the Public Lands. Those lands, which, ceded to the U. S. in trust for the common benefit of all the States, Gen. Jackson himself, contended should be applied to the common benefit of all. Those lands which Mr. Calhoun proposed to sell to the States in which they lay for bonds which could never be collected but at the point of the

Sword—a mode which he trusted would never be resorted to in this Union. He thought these lands in danger of being sacrificed for corrupt party purposes.—He said it under a full sense of responsibility for the assertion. When Congress passed a law to dispose of the proceeds of the public lands, did the party abide by it? No. They rejected the money, and set aside a positive law of Congress. As if they could be corrupted by the receipt of their own money!

Fellow Citizens! said Mr. Clay, have I not wound up my case? But there is still another example. The cry of *Repeal! Repeal!* is now raised by the most stentorian lungs in the land, whenever an unpalatable law is passed by the constituted authorities. He spoke particularly of this cry when the Bank Bill was passed at the Extra Session.

He next dwelt at great length on the Tariff. Its object is to encourage the industry of our own country. The far-seeing patriot looked to this object in seasons of peace and of war. It is a truth proclaimed by the history of all countries, that no nation can sustain itself without producing its own food and raiment. He had heard of bleeding feet and unclad backs in the Revolutionary war, and in the war of 1819 he had known of incalculable sufferings for want of adequate supplies of home manufactures. He felt that it was important that we should naturalize these interests among us. The opinions he holds on this subject at home in Kentucky, he holds here in the Capitol of the old North State. He thought manufactures wanted aid. Like the helpless infant, a parent's tender care was necessary to lead them before they could venture to stand alone. He enforced their necessity in war and their convenience in peace; their help to commerce; their importance in furnishing a home market, and the value of that market; their necessity to make us truly independent of Europe; the effect on prices of cotton to get out of the home market of 400,000 bales, and that additional quantity to be sent to Europe; the necessity of a cessation of the exportation of cotton on this position, and the growth to double the present demand. He knew it was not only a question of whether we produce or manufacture in England or America. No consequence to an American citizen, whether the profit be realized by an American or an Englishman! No consequence whether we sell to a foreigner or to our own country or in an alien and perhaps hostile soil. But it is not, by that, much as we consume. The ability to purchase and consume the fabrics which they make is obtained by the employment afforded. England does not purchase our bread-stuffs, but the manufacturer at home does.

But is it burdensome to any section? I deny it—utterly deny it, said Mr. Clay. The revenue, say 20 millions, must be raised. Is it of the slightest consequence whether you pay one dollar on a coat and one dollar on a shirt, or the two dollars on the coat alone? If the amount be the same, *he* must be void of the feelings which animate the breast of an American if he object. What is the doctrine of Free Trade? Free trade exists no where. It never did, it never can exist anywhere. Truth and justice are not to be found at the extremes, any more than the temperate climes are to be found at the poles.

But to whom would the concessions of Free Trade be made? To foreigners—to foreigners without a feeling or sympathy with your happiness—and without an equivalent. How is it, Fellow citizens Freeman, Americans, North Carolinians, that you are asked to make concessions to foreigners, rather than to your own sympathizing fellow citizen, and in consideration of some other concession which he makes to you, in some mode or other?

But the true test of the wisdom of measures is Experience. What is our Experience? Our opponents said that protection would augment prices, and up sources of revenue. Have prices risen? No. They have constantly fallen. He here mentioned an anecdote, which drew forth loud laughter, of an old coon in a tree, (pointing to one of the Alabama demagogues who was denouncing many banners which had a coon painting the Tariff, for taxing the shirt worn on one's back.) *Now come again, that same*

by the man he was talking to, 6 cents a yard, and was told in return by the man that he did not see how that could be, since the shirt only cost 5 1/2 cents a yard.

Are such questions never to be regarded as settled? Can you find no mode of settling them? Can any section of the confederacy expect to have government administered as that section alone may wish? No. The spirit of compromise and concession is the true spirit. It was the spirit which animated the patriots who formed our Constitution. *Now on my left think Free Trade is the only true policy. Those on my right think otherwise. What is to be done? All sections fought to establish this glorious Confederacy. All are interested in its preservation. Must not all give up something, and meet on one common platform? Must not this Union be preserved? Yes, Fellow Citizens, it must be preserved! This good old North State stands up with Kentucky, and says it must be preserved! It shall be preserved! [Here, as frequently before, there was a prodigious burst of applause.]*

A tariff affording sufficient revenue for an economical administration, with incidental protection to American industry,—that's the doctrine, boldly avowed and held by every Whig from Louisiana to Maine.

Mr. Clay next spoke on the subject of the Currency. He said that a National Currency was just as necessary as an army, or a navy, or any thing else that is National. It was the habit of his life to look at things practically. An exclusive specie currency was impracticable.—The States will have banks. If 20 States were to abolish them, the other 6 States might not, and so all will have them. And we must have a National Bank to direct, guide, assist and counsel the State Banks. All the great nations of the world have National Banks. And he knew of no nation that had not.

The habits of the people had been corrupted by a system of paper money. The Bank of England, in 1790, years ago, had down the price of our greatest staple, cotton, by allowing out the paper of the American merchants. If we had had a National Bank it might have counteracted this evil. The most determined opponents of a Bank are the British Bankers in Wall street. We are referred to the Bank of the Institution which changed the name of about 100,000,000 of a National Bank. But shall we discard power, because it may be abused? Our Holy Religion—Government—all have been abused, and how much abused, within the last 15 years! Are you going to discard steamboats, cars, &c. because now and then one bursts the boiler and scatters death and desolation around? No.—Rather let us apply new guards to the safety valve.

On the subject of abolition, said Mr. Clay, if you want to know what my opinions are, get hold of the abolition papers. They are full of all manner of charges against me. Ask my friend Mendenhall. [Mr. Clay here alluded to a Mr. Mendenhall of Indiana, who presented him a petition to emancipate his slaves. The allusion and the anecdote which followed produced much laughter.] He said the petition was signed by a great many blacks. On the next day, whilst a black barber was shaving him, Mr. Clay asked him if he had signed the petition.—Oh no, said he they tried hard to make me sign it, but they couldn't get me to do any such ungentlemanly thing!

Fellow Citizens, said Mr. Clay playfully, let us talk a little about our cause. Our opponents don't like our old coon. [Laughter.] Their admiration and attachment (take notice I don't say it) is one of themselves said it, is directed towards a much more subtle quadruped! [Laughter.] Our opponents are great friends of the poor, but they don't like log cabins! They don't like our beverage, preferring (and I don't know but I agree with them there) champagne! They don't like our Whig songs, but I don't know any thing more entertaining than a Whig song from the sweet lips of my fair countrywomen. Fellow Citizens, they'd better take it quietly. The old coon is there, (pointing to one of the Alabama demagogues who was denouncing many banners which had a coon painting the Tariff, for taxing the shirt worn on one's back.) *Now come again, that same*

old coon! and they must bear with the hard cider, log cabins, and Whig songs. [Every sentence of this, uttered with imitable humor, drew forth roars of laughter.]

But let us dismiss this strain. Our opponents have mistaken the spirit which animates us if they think that the mere joke of the campaign have any thing to do with the principles at stake. Mr. Clay alluded to the "Hickory poles," the "whole hog, bristles and all," the "days of Jacksonism": the barrels of beer poured into stumps and drank out in cups, dirt and all. He himself once had hickory saplings cut across his way in Virginia. And yet these delicate gentlemen are horrified by the harmless insignia which we employ to amuse and diversify the campaign. We only adopted their own weapons to beat them; and having beaten them once, we intend to beat them again. [Cheers.]

Mr. Clay here spoke most eloquently of the demoralization, the fraud, the speculation, of the last 15 years.—No man living would more rejoice at the restoration of the purer days of the Republic. In this connection he spoke of this honest and patriotic old State, and of the duty she had to perform in preserving that liberty which she was the first to assert. [This was a burst of eloquence exceeding any thing I ever heard, and so engrossed my attention that I could make no notes, and cannot venture to give it from memory. It produced a throb in every heart in that vast multitude, and started many a patriot tear from its fountain.]

He next spoke of his regret at missing an old and dear friend, Judge Gaston, and uttered a beautiful tribute to his memory. In conclusion, he read the *Whig Creed*, as he understood it,—[and I may add, as all true Whigs understand it.—I did not obtain a copy of it in time for this letter, but intend that it shall hereafter form the motto of the Observer.]

These are the measures, said Mr. Clay, which in my judgment are calculated to save the country, and more to the former 22 million of property, and virtue.

The information from the Treasury, of our most happy and successful situation, that since all attempts at sanguinary calculations, the Whig party had gained a victory in 1844, compared to the year of 1840. He then uttered some sentiments, as certain, *Oh, Whigs, cheer!* [Cheers.] All but two or three either for or of doubt.

He said a high compliment to the majority in the two Houses of the last Congress, and attributed to their measures, great good. "Whatever return of prosperity and restoration of confidence we have experienced, he attributed mainly to the Tariff passed by that Congress.—How did it operate? By keeping our money at home, turning the balance of trade in our favor; our sales exceeding our purchases, and enabling us to bring home a balance of 20 millions in specie.

He could not conclude without reiterating his thanks for the cordial reception he had met with. Especially did he return his thanks to his fair countrywomen. He would return to his own home in Kentucky, leaving with his fellow citizens of North Carolina, his ardent prayers for their health and happiness, and that their lives may be prolonged to the utmost desirable limit of human existence! [Loud and reiterated cheers.]

Soon after Mr. Clay concluded the speech, of which the above is the merest outline even of my imperfect notes, Mr. Badger presented him, in the name of Miss Harris of Granville, a beautiful white silk vest pattern, of her own manufacture, which she begged him to wear at his Inauguration on the 4th of March next. He returned thanks in an elegant address to Miss Harris, who was present, and promised that her wish should be a law to him, if the people should think fit to call him to the Presidential chair.

He then retired, and the multitude adjourned to the grove, where the Barbecue was provided. The extent of the preparations may be understood when we state, that there was *one mile of tubs*, 7,000 lbs. of apples, 1000 loaves of bread, 3 blis of crackers, and 3 blis of corn-meat bread.

In about an hour, when Mr. Clay had

recovered from the exertion of speaking, he came on the ground, and remained about two hours, receiving the greetings of all who desired to take him by the hand. I never witnessed such a scene of enthusiasm. No language can do justice to it.

Mr. Badger here read a letter from Mr. Graham, conveying the gratifying intelligence that he is rapidly recovering, and soon expects to commence his canvass of the State. This elicited three cheers for Mr. Graham.

Great numbers left the city as soon as this ceremony was over; and yet at night there were thousands assembled at the stand to hear Mr. Badger and others speak. Mr. B. closed by offering two resolutions, which were adopted by acclamation. The first that the Central Committee have power to fill a vacancy which he said would probably occur in the representation of the State at large in the Baltimore Convention. I am sorry to hear that Mr. Badger himself will be prevented from attending by an important cause in which he is employed, and which is to be tried the week of the Convention,—a continuance being refused.

The second motion was, that the Convention adjourn to meet at the Inauguration on the 4th of March next.

After Mr. Badger, Messrs. B. F. Moore of Halifax, J. W. Syme of Petersburg, H. W. Miller of Wake, J. S. Guthrie of Chatham, Harris of Granville, and Edward Stanly, delivered enlivening speeches, at the close of the last of which an adjournment took place, a few minutes after 11 o'clock.

I have thus, at such moments as I could snatch, given a hasty and most imperfect account of the events of this memorable day. I will only add, that the expectations of every Whig I have conversed with, high as they were raised, have been far, far exceeded.

On Monday, many hundred persons, without distinction of age, sex, or party, came to the grove to hear Mr. Clay, and the whole of the morning was spent in the most interesting manner.

On the 13th ult., at the residence of Mr. Griffin of Johnston, North Carolina, a young man, named John, was attempting to climb a tree, and accidentally fell from the top, and was killed. The body was brought to the grove, and was placed in a coffin, and was buried in the grove.

Unable to open the door, she burst through the window, and her screams soon brought her husband to her relief, who found her lying on the snow in intense agony, her clothes completely burnt off, but still with presence of mind enough to tell him how to save the children, in which he partially succeeded, to the peril of his own life.—The poor but heroic woman died at nine o'clock in the evening. One of the children, it is feared, cannot survive.

Authentic Anecdote.—A correspondent of the Utica Gospel Messenger communicates the following: "A stranger in passing through a rural village in New England, many years ago, was attracted to the tub of a cider press by accidentally discovering the feet of a child projecting over its top. It seems that the boy had procured a straw sucker, and was in the act of sipping from the tub when he fell in—his head being entirely submerged. He was immediately taken out, and carried by the stranger to the farm house of his parents, a few rods distant, whose efforts were commenced to restore the child, now apparently lifeless. After about one hour, signs of returning life were visible, and ultimately an entire restoration was effected, 'and the child lived'—became a man—became a minister—became a bishop,—and ultimately the Second Presiding Bishop of the American Protestant Episcopal Church.

Why is a young woman like a dog bill? Because she ought to be 'killed off' as soon as she comes to maturity."