

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, EDITOR.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

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AND
DAVID FULTON }

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Correspondence between the Democratic Association of Norfolk Borough and President Tyler.

RESPECTED SIR: It is with great pleasure we perform the duty assigned to us by a vote of the Democratic Association of Norfolk Borough, of forwarding to you a copy of the following preamble and resolution, which were unanimously adopted on the 23d of August:

Whereas, the Republicans of the Borough of Norfolk, in general meeting assembled, having heard of the withdrawal of John Tyler, President of the United States, as a candidate for re-election to the Presidential office, do UNANIMOUSLY RESOLVE:

That they deem this a proper occasion to express their high sense of the many distinguished services which, during his able, dignified, and prosperous administration of public affairs, he has rendered to his country; and of the lofty, pure, and patriotic motives by which he has been governed in fulfilling the responsible trust confided to him by the people; and anticipating that "judgment of impartial history" to which he has appealed to vindicate his reputation against the reckless assaults of unscrupulous adversaries, they believe their Republican friends throughout the United States are now prepared to award him all that he has asked—all that his fame requires—JUSTICE.

We are, with respect, your obedient serv'ts,
WM. REID, Sec'y
OSCAR E. EDWARDS, } Sec'y

GENTLEMEN: Your letter forwarding the resolutions adopted on the 23d August by the Democratic Association, claims and receives my most profound acknowledgments. The kind expressions employed by the resolutions towards me, have been the more acceptable, from the fact that as the citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth were among the first to step forward and defend me against the attacks of a host of assailants, so now also when all my personal interest has ceased in connection with the approaching Presidential contest, they tender me the voluntary offering of their confidence in my motives, and their approval of the most that I have done since I have occupied this station. Nor can I be indifferent to the fact, that what may remain of my life is destined to be passed in their vicinity—their good opinion, therefore, is of priceless value to me, and their "resolutions" conveying to me that opinion, will be hoarded in my memory as amongst the most precious recollections of my past life.

The voice of prophecy uttered by one of your fellow citizens (whose exalted talents, united with the highest moral and political worth, has won for his name a high distinction) indulged, anterior to the elections of 1840 in predictions which were but too nearly realized. Anticipating the election of General Harrison and myself—the probable demise of Gen. Harrison from his advanced age, and my succession as the Vice President—he drew, in the fall of 1840, a fearful picture to myself of what would be my situation on the occurrence of such contingencies. He spoke of violent assaults to be made upon me, unless I yielded my conscience—judgment—every thing into the hands of the political managers. He depicted fearful combinations which I would have to encounter, and even anticipated my resignation, as a measure to be forced upon me. How near these predictions were being realized, the country has had fair opportunity to know. Because I would not sanction measures, which to have sanctioned with my known opinions concerning them, would have covered me with disgrace, I was loudly denounced—my name rendered a bye word of reproach—the harshest and foulest abuse cast upon me by an affiliated press—and burning effigies made to reflect their light along the streets of our cities. All this was accompanied by the resignation of an entire Cabinet save a single member, and but few

hours allowed me, under the Constitution, to fill their vacancies. Let it be born in mind that all vacancies occurring during the session of the Senate must be filled before its adjournment, and cannot afterwards—that Congress had agreed to adjourn on Monday at two o'clock, P. M., and that the last resignation of five Cabinet officers occurred at 5 o'clock, P. M., on the Saturday preceding—the earliest having taken place only at half past twelve of the same day. The almost entire work of reorganizing the Cabinet was thus to be accomplished by a "President without a party" who, it had been confidently asserted, could not procure the aid of another Cabinet in the administration of the Government, in the short period which remained of the session of Congress. If the highly moral sensibilities of the five, could have been satisfied by the delay of their resignation until Tuesday morning—of two days only—a large opportunity would have been afforded me of performing the work of making an almost entire Cabinet, which had required, on the part of my predecessors months to adjust.—The Veto Message had gone in for some days; yet they did not resign earlier than Saturday—thus leaving me the shortest possible time within which to surround myself with new advisers.

To a majority of the Cabinet, I had submitted, to solemn form, the propriety of my announcing, in connection with my Veto Message, a formal renunciation of all connection of my name with the matter of the succession, and they had advised unanimously against it; and yet, immediately thereafter, their resignations followed, and my motives were publicly assailed by some of these very advisers who thus availed themselves of the fact, that there was at that time but a single press, with a limited circulation through which their assaults could be repelled. I leave others to canvass motives. I state but facts.—There can be but little difficulty in drawing references. I felt that a high and solemn duty had devolved upon me. My resignation would amount to a declaration to the world, that our system of Government had failed, from the fact that the provision made for the death of a President, was either so defective as to merge all Executive powers in the legislative branch of the Government, by making the succession the mere instrument of the will; or, by forcing him to give way before the embarrassments of his position, devolved the government on another—the remotest probability of whose succession had not been looked to by the people during the elections, and who would, therefore, be more feeble and impotent in the exercise of an independent mind and judgment than a Vice President. I considered the path of my duty was clearly marked out before me, and I resolved to pursue it.

I have been reared in the vicinity of Norfolk and Portsmouth. Many of their citizens have known me from early youth. The *know*—I feel a proud consciousness of the fact—that dishonor could never attach itself to my character or conduct.—They vindicated me then, and now, by their resolutions, they avow publicly their opinions. The termination of my labors is near at hand—the experiment has been fairly made, and I shall under Providence, leave the Government to those who may come after me in all its different departments, unimpaired in all its energies and unaltered in its letter to true import. I am content.

I pray you to make known these sentiments to those you represent, with assurances of my high respect.

JOHN TYLER.
To Messrs. Wm. Reid and Oscar E. Edwards, Secretaries of the Norfolk Democratic Association.

CHANGE! CHANGE!—(D. WEBSTER IN 1840.)
This ominous note was rung in the ears of our People, in every variety of intonation, by the "Black Dan" of the North, during the memorable campaign of 1840. What he and his allies wanted to accomplish *then*, is now rapidly carrying out against themselves. It is the poisoned chalice returned to their own lips. Every paper records the changes of Whiggery to Democracy. Every breeze wafts the precious sounds of Change, Change! Change!
For example:
"A Georgia paper informs us that SIX of the gentlemen who were on the Whig Electoral Ticket of that State in 1840 are now battling for Polk and Dallas. The following are their names: Jno. W. Hooper, Marshal Welborn, George R. Gilmer, Howell Cobb, Thomas Stocks, William N. Bishop."
But this is only "the beginning of the end" of change among the Electors of 1840. The following were also Harrison Electors in 1840, but are now boldly in the field for Polk and Dallas: R. K. Meade, of Virginia, (a true Soldier of the Cross,) David Steward, of Maryland, Gulian C. Verplanck, of New York, Peter Pierce, of Connecticut, Wager Weedon, of Rhode Island.

The great American Novelist for Polk and Dallas.

The following letter from the author of the "Spy," &c., &c., was read at the Great Mass Meeting of Republicans in New York: HALL, COOPERSTOWN, Sept. 8, 1844.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor of August 31st only reached me last evening, and I hasten, according to your desire, to give as early an answer as possible. It is so much opposed to my habits to attend political meetings, that I have avoided them for the last quarter of a century, attending but one in all that time. The exception occurred this very summer, and if anything could bring me to the stump, it would be to help to put down the bold and factious party that is now striving to place Mr. Clay in the Chair of State. While I do full justice to the many honorable men who call themselves Whigs, I say no more than I think, when I say that I regard their party, as a whole, as much the falsest and most dangerous association of the sort that has appeared in the country in my day. We have had a taste of their measures, both in the State and at Washington, and it is sufficient to let us into the secret of the means that will be used to perpetuate their power, should they prevail in the approaching election. God send that they may not, as I believe will prove to be the fact, notwithstanding all their shoutings for anticipated success. This country, I am persuaded, will do its duty. I see Mr. Greeley has set it down as likely to go Whig—I consider it safe for one thousand Democratic majority, it being out of the power of the Whigs to reduce it to much below eight hundred in 1840, a period when the distress that pervaded the country told heavily against us. Now, every thing looks promising, and I hear in every quarter of changes from the Whig to the Democratic ranks. Cool heads among the Democrats, feel confident that the county will give fifteen hundred for Polk. I heard a prominent Whig of the county say that he put the majority from three to five hundred.—This was said in New York, and may be taken as a specimen of the manner in which your Whigs are misled by the excessive confidence of their own people. I mention these things that you may know what we think on the subject. I give you my real opinion, without reserve.

It will not be in my power to attend your meeting, having business of moment to keep me at home until later in the month. But I take the liberty to recommend that you stand shoulder to shoulder until victory be assured. New York is Democratic, and at this moment our political creed should be a determination to "beat the Whigs." It is a good creed at this particular juncture, and behind it lies the security of the State, the preservation of the public faith and the perpetuity of the institutions, in practice, at least, if not in form.

Wishing you complete success, gentlemen, I remain yours, faithfully,
J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Messrs. Chas. A. Secor and others.
THE INTEREST OF THE MASSES.
Nothing has done more to sustain our republican institutions, than our public domain at the South and West, acquired by the struggles of the revolution, and extended by the purchase of Louisiana. The laboring man of the Atlantic States, is transferred into an independent freeholder by emigrating beyond the Alleghanies.—Federalism wishes to pen the people up in cities and manufacturing villages, for the double purpose of keeping wages low by the competition of those seeking employment, and of enjoying political sway at the expense of abject and dependent poverty. Democracy wishes to diffuse population so as to improve the general condition of the people, and give increased political power to the truly republican interest of agriculture.

The opening of new avenues for enterprise at the South and West, is of the first consequence to that portion of the people of New England, who have their fortunes not to make. The federal policy in reference to the poor, is to keep them poor. The Democratic policy is to elevate their condition, by offering rewards and inducements for the display of talent, energy, and enterprise.

The re-acquisition of Texas and the Oregon, developing new and fertile territories for settlement and commerce, would open the road to fortune to thousands of the young men of New England now wasting away in poverty and idleness.—An ample and almost boundless field, would be presented by it to enterprise and movement.

In all this, Federalism takes no interest. Its sympathies are confined to those who are already rich and prosperous. Its idea in reference to the poor man, is to keep him poor, and if possible, to make him poorer.

It would be just as unnatural for the Federal party in New England to favor the recovery of Texas and the Oregon, as to sympathize with the free suffrage movement in Rhode Island. Both things are equally repugnant to all its instincts and notions.

In the purchase of Louisiana, Thomas Jefferson exhibited himself as a wise statesman, but still more pre-eminently, as a sagacious Democrat. It is evident, from all his writings upon this subject, that he looked more to a "wide spread of the blessings of freedom," than to the merely physical development of the country.—"The young and beautiful West," as he loved to call it, was principally valuable in his eyes as being a "nursery of republicanism," because it was an ample home for indomitable and sturdy freeholders.—Thomas Jefferson wished to provide a safe refuge from oppression, to the poor man of the Atlantic States, and this was his controlling motive in the purchase of Louisiana. He held all tyranny, aristocracy and Federalism in utter abomination, and he struck a deadly blow at the whole three at once, by enlarging that public domain, which gave a perennial vitality to the Republic, by affording the means of independence to honest toil.

Nothing has ever been added to the Democratic creed as taught by the precepts and public conduct of Thomas Jefferson. It has received signal illustrations from the vigor and energy of Andrew Jackson, but in its simple and benign philosophy, it came perfect and full grown from the hands of the sage of Monticello. In every question which arises the soundest instruction may be found in the words of wisdom which fell from his lips.

Texas and the Oregon are portions of the very same Louisiana territory which was acquired by him in 1803. If he was now living, what a rebuke would he administer to that modern degeneracy which is willing to yield them up to Great Britain, and thereby to cede that ample provision for posterity, made by his early and far seeing sagacity. When our numbers were scarcely more than a fourth of what they now are, his vision embraced the then wilderness of the Mississippi valley, and extended over the Rocky Mountains to "the endless shores of the Pacific." Animated by the same spirit of liberty, which inspired the immortal declaration of 1776, he wished to establish "nurseries of republicanism" for all generations. Such was the man who had "sworn eternal hostility" to every form of tyranny, and who, best understood how to perfect his own free policy, aimed to secure its perpetual supremacy by rearing up a wide and increasing circle of defenders in a happy, prosperous, and intelligent yeomanry. Such was the man, the benefits of whose sagacity, modern Federalism seeks to cramp and curtail. The fathers opposed the purchase of Louisiana, and the sons seek to surrender its fairest portions. The hate of Massachusetts Federalism is transmitted, undying and immortal. The Quincys and Pickering are gone, but the Websters and Saltonstalls are in their places.

"We have too much land now" is their cuckoo cry. So they said in Jefferson's day, and with infinitely greater reason. But Jefferson was not deceived.—He knew that for the interests of the great masses, it is impossible to have too much land. The more land there is the cheaper it will be, and the cheaper it is the easier it is for the laboring man to become a freeholder. Simple as these propositions are they constitute a key to the great policy of Mr. Jefferson. He wished to confer competence and independence upon the great masses of the people, and he took the shortest, most direct, and only certain mode of effecting his object. The democracy of the present day, venerating the memory, will take care to consummate the policy of Mr. Jefferson. Comprehending, as he did, the evils and fraudulent objects of federalism, they will take security against it, by planting "nurseries of republicanism" in all the extent of the territory which he acquired for his country.—Augusta (Me.) Age.

The last Jonesboro' (Tenn.) Whig, edited by Mr. Clay's friend, Mr. Brownlow, contains the following announcement in capitals: OUR FLAGS AND CANNON.

A Whig Mechanic of our town has kindly offered to paint our large flag anew, and it will soon appear at the top of our pole in a new dress. Meanwhile, we shall be prepared in a few days, to fling to the breeze, from the top of our dwelling, on a neighboring hill, a smaller flag, on which will be displayed "THAT SAME OLD COON." Ours will be thrown out on occasions of the news of Whig victories in the State elections, and our Gunner, Mr. Drain, will instantly lead the "Baby waker," and fire three rounds, for the information of our friends in the country. These, let all remember, will be the signals of our success. Look out in a few days for the news from Maine!

"Look out for the News from Maine!" These are the words of the Rev. Mr. Brownlow, whig editor of the Whig, at Jonesboro', Tennessee. It is the concluding sentence, alias the short and pithy peroration of a bombastic article of his own whig prospects. It will

do for a good watchword—"Look out for the news from Maine." It will do for our brother Democrats to hand around—and like a tumbler of cool water at all times refreshing in the hot weather, may be handed round the whole Democratic circle without a single refusal.

"Look out for the news from Maine!" And let brother Democrats look out for the news from all around the horizon. Look out for the news from Pennsylvania—October is coming! Look out for 15 to 20 thousand majority for Shunk. Look out for fifteen thousand majority for Polk and Dallas. Look out for the news from New York. Look out for twenty-five thousand majority for the great Senator, Silas Wright, and his Lieutenant Governor, Addison Gardner. Look out for fifteen to 20 thousand majority in the Empire State for Polk and Dallas. Look out for a good majority for the Democratic nominees in Ohio. Look out for the triumph of the Democracy over the monarchists of Europe, grasping after Texas and Oregon. Pass the watchword round—"Look out for the news from Maine!"—Madisonian.

From the New York Plebian.

Have you heard the news from Maine. Frind Slamm: I have thought and said, now that we are strong we ought to be generous—that as we are powerful we should be magnanimous; and I some times feel "scrupulous" about laughing at the poor Whigs—but when I remember the scenes of 1840, my compunctions evaporate. Four years ago they sang and hurrahed us all the way up Salt River, and we cannot in consistency do less, now that they are going up the same beautiful stream with a twelve knot Democratic breeze dead astern, than to return the compliment.—"To assist "the boys" in carrying out this little bit of retribution—this foretaste of the Fall fashions, I submit the following ditty, arranged to "that same old tune," and cordially dedicated to

"THAT SAME OLD COON."

Have you heard the news from Maine, Maine, Maine, Honest and true.
Oh! yes, we've heard the news from Maine,
She goes for Polk and Dallas too,
For James K. Polk and Dallas too,
And with them we'll skin the old coon, coon, coon,
That same old coon,
And with them we'll skin that old coon.
Have you heard the news from Maine, Maine, Maine,
The Whigs look blue.
Oh, yes; the Whigs are all in pain,
She goes for Polk and Dallas too.
Have you heard the news from Maine, Maine, Maine,
What will they do?
They'd better join this glorious strain,
And go for Polk and Dallas too.
We'll have heard the news from Maine, Maine, Maine,
'Tis good and true;
And every where we see a gain
For James K. Polk and Dallas too.
Then let us give three cheers for Maine, Maine, Maine,
Her glorious crew,
Democracy they will sustain,
And go for Polk and Dallas too.
(Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! a-ah-ah!) T. L. N.

The following lamentations of the dying "Coon," on hearing the result of the elections in Maine, we copy from the Boston Times.—It is really quite affecting. Who's got a Clay handkerchief in these "diggings"?

"THE DYING COON."
Ain't "Araby's" Daughter."
"Farewell to thee, land of the cool's ruthless slaughter,"
"Thou wast a coon who apostrophized Maine,
"You know that you haint done by us as you'd oughter;
And the way we once come it, we can't come again."
"I feel the sharp knife o'er my furry hide going,
I feel it's sharp point in my very heart's core,
Good bye, my dear patrons, I feel that I am going
And shortly the coon will be heard of no more."
"Oh! give my respects to our darling old Harry,
Conjure him to give up his pistols and dice;
And then die with honor—one State he may carry—
But sure as I'm dished—the "embodiment dies."

From the Baltimore Sun.

Health of General Jackson.
Gen. Jackson is now about 77 years of age, and from the daily accounts we meet with of his declining health there can be no doubt but that in a very short time, he who has occupied so prominent a station in the land, whose name is connected with the history of the country by many great and momentous acts, will sleep in the cold vault, by the remains of the partner of his bosom—leaving not a blood-relation to the country, to mourn his departure. A correspondent of the Missouri Republican thus speaks of his health and other matters on a recent visit to the Hermitage, dated as late as August 25:—

"We met the General in the hall, seated upon a sofa, from which he did not attempt to rise. Age and debility have set their stamp upon him. His voice is yet clear and vigorous except when disturbed by a severe cough, with which he is afflicted. His eyesight and hearing have failed considerably, and his whole person evinces the tremulous feebleness of age and physical infirmity. His memory is yet clear and generally tolerably distinct, and his mind evinces but little of the decay which might be expected from the prostration of his physical faculties. His own remark, that "his taper was nearly burnt out," was most forcibly and painfully manifested. Notwithstanding his infirmity, he manifested great attention to his domestic affairs, spoke of his farm, the crops, the yield, the prospect of the markets, &c., showing that he is not unmindful of what is transpiring around him. His conversation concerning his own affairs showed him

to be a man of great goodness of heart, a kind and indulgent master, a warm and steadfast friend. His family consists of Andrew Jackson, Jr., an adopted son, and his interesting lady, who does the honors of the mansion, and fills the high station which she occupies with a tenderness, affection and fidelity to the General, which does honor to her heart and credit to her sex."

POLK ON THE WABASH.

A vote was taken on the steamer Ocean, on Thursday last, with the following result:

Polk	23
Clay	29
Majority for Polk	4

Results like the above, serve to show that there are more Polk men about than some of our whig friends dream of.—Indiana Statesman.

A vote was taken for President on board the Michigan steamer, on her passage from Beaver to this city on Tuesday last, which resulted as follows:

For Polk and Dallas	34
Clay and Frelinghuysen	32

Polk	6
Clay	4
Majority for Polk and Dallas	14

ibid.

The British Tories have imprisoned O'Connell, only for twelve months, and not at labor or among felons.

The Federal Whigs have imprisoned Gov. Dorr, at hard labor among thieves and burglars, and for life.

TO SUBDUCE TEMPER.

Fenelon, a French Archbishop, took in hand a difficult case, and pursued the following course, it is said, with success: The Duke of Burgundy, grand-son of Louis XIV., and heir to the crown, a spoiled child, of an outrageous temper, about fourteen years old, who had got the better of all his tutors, was committed to the Archbishop, with full power to do as he pleased, and he tells us how he proceeded, "When the young prince," says he, "gave way to those fits of passion and impatience to which a temper, naturally hot, made him but too subject, the tutor—the masters—all the attendants and servants of the house were instructed to keep the most profound silence in his presence. They were not permitted even to answer his questions.—If they served him, they turned away their eyes, as if afraid to approach a creature whose passion had overpowered his reason. Any attention they paid him was no more than what was necessary to preserve his existence, and that as if in compassion to a person deranged. His lessons were suspended—his books were put aside, as if of no use to one so wild, and he was left to himself—to his reflections—to his sorrow—to his remorse." These are the feelings which a parent ought to put in action whenever he has to deal with passion of any kind: and the earlier the better.

A starving man who had committed a theft, was asked by a pious person if his conscience had not cried out to him "Forbear?" "Alas!" replied he, "if it did, the cries of my stomach were so much louder, that they prevented me from hearing those of my conscience."

The Comet.—The Philadelphia Enquirer says that the five principal stars of Cassiopeia, as seen at 8, P. M., form a W. An imaginary line through the north-east and through the middle star of the W, produced towards the east, will pass through the Comet, or strike very near it. The Comet is about 70° east of north and bordering on Andromeda.

Scene in a Down East Printing Office.

—Jim: what are you doing there on the floor?
"Why, sir, I've had a shock."
"A shock?"
"Yes, sir."
"What kind of a shock?"
"Why, sir, one of our subscribers came in during your absence, and offered to pay a year's subscription, which produced such an effect upon me that I have been perfectly helpless ever since."
"No wonder, Jim; but cheer up, if you survive this you are safe, as there is little prospect of another such a catastrophe in this office."

The Materialist.—A materialist, who had written a thousand absurdities to prove that we have got no souls, inquired of a lady with a triumphant air, what her opinion was of his philosophy. "It appears to me, sir," answered she, "that you have employed much talent and ability to prove you are a beast."

Tender Mercies.—There are in the mines of Siberia, no less than 12,000 persons, Poles and refractory Russians, who have been sent there to toil out a miserable existence, by the Emperor of Russia. They are so wretchedly clad and fed, that many freeze and starve to death annually. Let us in happy America think of the tender mercies we enjoy in this land of freedom, and never forget our determination to uphold our institutions.

The best way to condemn bad traits, is by practising good ones.