



### The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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### VARIETY.



#### A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

By C. C. Moore.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap:  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his courses they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:  
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now,  
Vixen!  
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Dunder and Blixon—  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys—& St. Nicholas too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;  
As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack.  
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow;  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle.  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

### THE PRESIDENCY.

In reply to a letter addressed to him by the Hon. Mahlon Dickerson of New Jersey, Gen. Cass has returned the following answer:  
New York, December 10th, 1842.  
My Dear Sir: I have received your letter of this day, and have no difficulty in giving a prompt and unequivocal answer to the questions you present to me.  
I am a member of the Democratic party, and have been so from my youth. I was first called into public life by Mr. Jefferson, thirty-six years ago, and am a firm believer in the principles laid down by him. From the faith as taught and received in his day, I have never swerved, a single instant.  
So much for my general sentiments.  
With respect to a national bank, I think the feelings and experience of the country have decided against it, and that no such institution should be chartered by the general government.  
I will add, that my residence in France, and a careful observation of the state of that nation, have satisfied me that, while a due degree of credit is highly useful in the business concerns of a country, a sound specie basis is essential to its permanent prosperity.  
With great regard,  
I am, dear sir, truly yours,  
LEW. CASS.  
Hon. Mahlon Dickerson.

From the Globe.

### LETTER FROM COL. BENTON.

Washington City, Dec. 9, 1842.

Messrs Blair & Rives. A movement of some of my friends in Missouri, which was intended as a mere compliment to me, and a mere expression of their individual opinions has brought upon me a great deal of trouble in the shade of a cloud of letters from all parts of the Union, calling upon me "to define my position in relation to the next Presidency." The number of these letters puts it out of my power to answer them; and, not to answer, might seem to admit the conclusions which they imply; and, to make a definition of my position is a thing that I cannot do. I never change my position, and, therefore, never have to find it, or define it. I leave it to my conduct to tell what I am, and if that is not sufficient, I do not think the use of phrases will help the matter. I am no political enigma, and need no solutions on the presidential question or any other. My conduct has shown me to be for Mr. Van Buren for the presidency, and against myself for any place whatever, except the one I have; and with this declaration I hope my correspondents in all parts of the Union will be satisfied, and will consider their inquiries fully answered.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS H. BENTON

### MR. VAN BUREN'S LETTER.

We find in the Pennsylvania, a letter from Mr. Van Buren, written to Mr. Henry Horn, in answer to a letter asking Mr. Van Buren whether he was to be considered among the number from which the democratic party might select a candidate for the Presidency; some doubts upon that point having arisen from his letter to the Missouri Legislature.

We publish it as an interesting document, and as shewing the spirit of harmony and good feeling which exists, and which it is to be hoped will be diffused through the democratic party:

Kinderhook, Nov. 26, 1842.

My Dear Sir:—I have received your friendly letter, and do most sincerely reciprocate your congratulations on the subject of the recent elections. The results, great and gratifying as they certainly are, do nevertheless not exceed what those who place a just confidence in the people of this country had a right to expect—accelerated, it is true, in point of time, by a natural and strong desire to wipe off the temporary stigma affixed to their character by the apparent success of last year's buffoonry.

Your observations in regard to the Presidency are of the same friendly and disinterested character, by which your whole political intercourse with me has been distinguished. There is nothing personal to myself, in respect to which I am more anxious than to be distinctly understood upon all points by my political friends, and this I endeavored to accomplish upon the particular point to which you refer, by my letter to the Missouri Legislature. I cannot at the instant conveniently refer to that document, but am quite sure that what I am about to say will not vary much from the substance of it. No one can be more deeply sensible than I am, how far the honors and favors which have from time to time been conferred upon me by my political friends, have already exceeded my deserts; and nothing can be more certain than the satisfaction and cordiality with which I will, if then alive, be found to acquiesce in the selection they may make of their next candidate for the Presidency.

In making their choice, considerations of mere personal favor will, I trust, as I am sure they ought, be entirely laid out of view, and that individual taken whose selection shall, under all circumstances, be deemed most likely to ensure success to the principles of the Democratic party. That is the great end to be accomplished, and to reach it all subordinate considerations must be disregarded. That I lost my election in consequence of my efforts to sustain those principles according to my understanding of them, will scarcely be denied at this day, by any one, whether a political friend or opponent. It is, nevertheless, with unfeigned sincerity that I assure you, that so far from putting forward that defeat as a ground of present favor, I look back upon my course in the performance of the duties of that period—duties which seemed to me alike plain and imperative—with feelings and recollections which, regardless of the personal consequences that ensued, afford me more real satisfaction than I have derived from any of the previous events of my political life, diversified and interesting as they are known to have been.

Whilst such are the lights in which the subject is regarded by me, and whilst I shall most assuredly never take a single step with a view to be made a candidate, I have, at the same time, not said what you inform me some have understood me to say, that I would decline the performance of any public duty to the execution of

which the people of the United States should think fit to call me, and which shall not be inconsistent with the station I have already held through their favor.

In regard to the proper time for action in this matter, I do not know that I can add any thing to what was expressed in my Missouri letter. Nor have I found reason to change the opinions therein advanced. It may, I think, be safely assumed, that the Democracy of the nation will name its candidate for this high office in abundant season for the next election, and that, too in a manner best calculated to meet the feelings, secure the harmony, and cement the strength of that great and patriotic party. Endeavors to forestall their action, of the character you refer to, may indeed be made, but they should not be permitted to discourage those who desire a fair and full expression of the popular will; for if experience has made any thing clear in our politics, it is the certainty with which personal or premature efforts in that direction will be discountenanced and ultimately discomfited by the Democracy.

The Presidency, above all others, seems to be a place which they determine shall wait their free will offering, and in respect to which they will neither allow themselves to be assailed by personal importunities, nor permit their selection to be hastened or impeded by ex parte arrangements. When the proper period for making choice of a candidate shall in their judgment have arrived, they will do so; and be assured, my dear sir, that those, if any such there be, who, unwilling to wait their movements, are found to have made themselves busy in promoting personal aspirations, however elevated their positions in other respects, will be least likely to be made the depository of confidence and favor. Such has ever been the action of the Democratic mind, and by the uniformity of its adoption in respect to one of the most important of the subjects submitted to their supervision, the people of the United States have added to the many proofs they have given of their capacity for self-government.

I am, dear Sir, very respectfully, your friend and obedient servant,  
M. VAN BUREN.  
Henry Horn, Esq.

Gen. Jackson upon the Exchequer scheme.—The Cincinnati Enquirer contains a correspondence between the Old Hero, and his ancient friend, Moses Dawson, Esq. on the subject of the Exchequer. The correspondence is not of late date; it was commenced in 1841, soon after Mr. Tyler's plan of Finance was published in his message. Mr. D. has recently asked permission of the General to publish the correspondence—to which he has assented in the following letter.

Hermitage, Nov. 24, 1842.

My dear Sir: Your letter of the 18th instant has been received, in which you ask permission to publish my letter, or extracts from it, to which you refer. I have no copy of that letter, and when written, had no idea of its being published, and as I wrote it in haste, there may be errors both in grammar and spelling which may need correction; still, as you say, it may be useful for information to the public. Having the greatest confidence in your judgment, the permission you ask is freely given to you. I never put to paper any thing but what are my matured opinions.

As to the allusions made to my Message to Congress, had I strength, I would give you the full outlines of that project, if Congress had made the call on me. But why the call was not made upon me, Congress was well aware of my opinion of the constitutional powers of Congress in their legislation for the District, and of the States, with regard to chartering banks. I will give you a concise and hasty view of that opinion: That the power of Congress over the District, was equal to that of the States over their respective limits, and that neither had the constitutional power to charter banks of paper issues—that the only power in this respect was to charter banks based upon a specie basis, and of deposit and exchange. The States having resigned to the General Government the sovereign power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, &c. &c. and prohibited themselves from issuing bills of credit, or to make any thing a tender, in payment of debts but gold and silver coin—hence the reserved rights of the States contained no power to charter banks with power to issue bills of credit. I ask, what is a bank bill but a bill of credit? The charter allows them to issue three dollars in paper for one of specie—three five dollar bills are issued—I go to the bank with one of them—I draw out five dollars in specie—I ask, what the two other fives represent! They answer, nothing but credit. These were well known by Congress to be my opinions, therefore my project was not called for. Many committees representing banks called upon me whilst in the Executive Chair, to know if I would approve a charter upon other terms than based upon a specie basis, my answer already was, that I would ap-

prove no charter; therefore, none was presented to me.

I am, and ever have been, opposed to all kind of Government paper currency, let it be derived from Exchequer, or otherwise. If the paper is the real representative of specie, why not pay the debts in specie, and let the specie circulate in the hands of the laboring and producing classes? Then the dealings between the merchant and the laborer will be in specie; and the merchant, by making a deposit, can get a bill on any part of the Union. Where then is the use of a paper currency? Neither the merchant nor laborer wants it. The merchant wants a bill; not a bank or exchequer bill; but upon a banker where he lays in his goods; as in Germany.

It is one of the greatest humbugs ever attempted to be imposed upon the people, that there is not specie enough in the world to answer all the necessary wants of the community. Look at Cuba. There is no paper there. Shut out from circulation all paper, and specie will flow in upon us as a tide; but never will flow to any country that has a paper currency, which will always depreciate. A national paper currency is a great curse to any people, and a particular curse to the labor of a country, for its depreciation always falls upon their labor. But with these hints I must close, being exhausted. I am greatly debilitated and remain your friend.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Moses Dawson, Esq.

### A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

At the particular request of the Editor of the Norwich Aurora, I will preach, on this occasion, from the following text:—

"Fret not thy gizzard."

My hearers—Fortitude, patience, and perseverance, are the only team horses capable of dragging the lumbering car of man's hopes through the marsh of misfortune. Fretting, flinching, cursing, or swearing, can no more extricate one from difficulty, than a silly shad can release itself from the fisherman's net by idle flapping and floundering. When a man finds himself in the midst of the thorns and briars of trouble, the only way for him is to step cautiously and feel for his road through them with the utmost care; but if he fret, fluster and bluster, he is sure to effect nothing more than lacerate his bosom and tear his trowsers. When he perceives that his feelings are beginning to ferment, through irritation, he ought to keep a small air hole open to his heart, not only to admit the pure oxygen of reason, but also to allow the gas of excitement to escape by degrees—else he might burst his barrel of forbearance, and lose in a moment some of the sweetest of life's cider.

My friends—when your cobweb fabrics of anticipation are swept away by the storms of ill fortune, there is no more use in fretting your gizzard about it, than there is in a young female victim of seduction trying to stick the fragments of virtue together with the tears of repentance. To fret and chafe about trifles, like a tender school boy when first initiated into the mysteries of a flannel shirt, is as non-essential as it is useless. Maintain your ground manfully against the assaults of petty ills, and in due time you will not mind them half as much as the buzz of an October mosquito; otherwise you will probably learn by experience, that there is such a thing as rubbing a pimple till you produce an ulcer. In the hour of adversity for assistance, call upon fortitude—that bold nymph of the rock, whose dauntless spirit bears the beating storm, and bitter winds that howl around her—whose breast heaves the bursting wave, and who hears the dread thunder with a soul unshaken as a carpet in a lawyer's office. Yes, my friends, instead of fretting your gizzards when a boding cloud skirts the horizon of your hopes, you ought to have philosophy about you to know that, although the coming shower may wet your jacket, it renders the earth fruitful and bountifully contributes to your wants and necessities. Satan himself, when he was kicked out of heaven into the regions of darkness and woe, was not much of a man to whine and fret at his fate. He bore it like a hero, and consoled himself with the reflection, that it were "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." Exercise patience, and the thick mist of ill fortune that belins your future prospects will disperse the sooner; push ahead with perseverance, unmiadful of trifling annoyances, and every bud in your bosom that threatens to disclose a thistle, will bloom like a rose; but this worrying and fretting when circumstances clash with one's fond desires, is like brushing a beaver against the nap; the more you attempt to smooth it, the rougher it grows.

My friends—I am almost induced to believe, that some people instead of being supplied with hearts, have nothing but gizzards filled with grit and gravel. They appear to have just dined upon pebbles and iron filings; and are always laboring under the influence of indigestion. Nothing goes right with them—every thing is wrong.

The milk of mercy sours upon the stomach—they turn up their ugly noses at the sweets of salvation—they spit in the hand of charity—spurn friendly solicitude—and care no more for soft soap or sympathy than a dog does for a dollar. All they wish is to be allowed the privilege of fretting undisturbed by friend or foe—unchecked by fear and unswayed by favor. They fret for fear the morrow may not be brighter than golden to-day—they fret because others are cheerful and contented with their lot—and they oftentimes fret merely because they can find nothing of importance to fret about. Let them go on fretting till they have arrived at the end of life's journey, and I am inclined to think they will eventually find that they have fretted to no purpose. There is no doubt but they would find fault with the arrangements of heaven, were they allowed to enter—and thus go on fretting from everlasting to everlasting. As for me, I put up with the beating and tumbings of this mortal existence as quietly as a feather bed; and I trust the most of you, my worthy hearers, are blessed with the same happy disposition.

Young man!—If you find an occasional bramble of disappointment in the blossoming path of youth, "fret not thy gizzard"—for, whatever is, is undoubtedly for the best. If your parents endeavor to restrain you from paddling in the putrid pools of idleness, or forbid your travelling the road that leads to rum shop and ruin, "fret not thy gizzard." If you discover thorns amid the roses of love—a few bitter herbs at the bottom of pleasures sparkling cup—if the season of manhood brings with it irritating solitude and anxiety, and time troubles a cart load of care at your door, "fret not thy gizzard;" for all your grumbling will have no more effect than petitioning Congress to have eternity widened. —Look, my friends, upon the bright side of everything, and fancy that you are happy whether you are really so or not. When the hatchet teeth of trouble encompass the heart, keep as quiet as circumstances will permit, for the more you write and twist, the more sharply you are pricked. Always try to keep the lamp of hope burning in the dark dungeons of your bosom, and the demons of doubt will never haunt them. Face every ill with the boldness of a lion; bear up with christian fortitude beneath the burden of affliction; be merciful, kind and benevolent to your fellow creatures; and angels of light and loveliness will volunteer to act as your pioneers through the untracked and unbounded wilderness of the future. So mote it be! Dow, Jr.

A Good Speculation.—The New Orleans Crescent City says: We yesterday saw one of the marshals of the United States Court knock off to the highest bidder the undivided third of a plantation containing 900 acres of land, and the improvements thereon, situated in Washington co. Mississippi, for the sum of \$31. It was sold some few years since for \$27,000. The sale was bona fide, and a gentleman of this city, who knew the value of the property, was the purchaser.

Signs of a Hard Winter.—Birds that change countries at certain seasons, if they come yearly, show the temper of the weather, according to the country whence they come, as in the autumn, woodcocks, fieldfares, snipes, &c. if they come early, show a cold winter. Woodcocks have been shot this year as early as the 9th of September. If the oak bears much mast it prognosticates a long and hard winter. The same have been observed of hips and haws which were never known in greater abundance.—Birmingham Advertiser.

Curing Beef and Pork.—The following receipt for curing beef or pork is said to be the very best now in use. It is given by the editor of the Germantown Telegraph, who remarks that if this mode be once tried, it will be used again in preference to all others. The receipt is as follows:

To 1 gallon of water, take 1 1-2 lb. salt; 1 1/2 lb. sugar; 1 2 oz. saltpetre. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the salt and sugar, (which will not be a little,) rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a large tub to cool, and when perfectly cold, pour it over your beef or pork; to remain in the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with saltpetre.

Good Farming.—"Sambo, is your naster a good farmer?" "Oh yes, massa fuss rate farmer—he makes two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo? Why he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."