THE TARBORO' PRESS.

Whole No. 933. *Tarborough, Edgecombe County, N. C. Saturday, January 20, 1844.* *Vol. XI. No. 3.*

The Tarborough Press,

By George Howard, Jr.

Is published weekly at *Two Dollars* per year, if paid in advance—or, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of the subscription year. Subscribers are at liberty to discontinue at any time on giving notice thereof and paying arrears.

Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted at *One Dollar* the first insertion, and 25 cents for every continuance. Longer advertisements at that rate per square. Court Orders and Judicial Advertisements 25 per cent. higher. Advertisements must be marked the number of insertions required, or they will be continued until otherwise directed, and charged accordingly.

Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

POETRY.

(*From the Baltimore Republican and Argus.*)

—

THE COON HUNTER'S SONG.

Tune—"Oh, it's my delight," &c.

Come all ye jolly hunters,
The time is not too soon—
To make full preparation
To hunt that "Same Old Coon!"
It is the same "old varmint," boys,
That fool'd us once before--
Then, let's prepare,
The sport to share
In Eighteen forty-four!

Then, lads draw near, and lend an ear,
While we rehearse a song,
Tho' homely words, they still are true,
And to hist'ry now belong—
The history of '40, boys,
Of Coons and lies a score--
None can forget--
We'll pay them yet,
In Eighteen forty-four!

The "Better Times," they told us of—
The certain sure "relief"—
With "two dollars" in our pockets, boys,
And our bellies full of "beef!"
These things they freely *promised* us,
As well as many more—
But don't regret--
We'll pay them yet,
In Eighteen forty-four!

These, in mem'ry, still are fresh,
But no where else we vow—
And many's the lad looked smiling then,
Who's broken-hearted now!
Such disappointments ne'er were felt
In any "times" before—
But, boys, don't fret—
We'll pay them yet,
In Eighteen forty-four!

The "Confidence" they preach'd about,
There's none of it in vogue,
Except upon the *brazen face*
Of some defaulting rogue;
And of this class,—"it's no mistake,"
There's daily growing more—
We firmly swear
For vengeance dear,
In Eighteen forty-four!

The "Better Wages" where are they?—
We ne'er have seen the likes—
Instead of "two-a-day," my boys,
We've nothing else but "Strikes!"
They sue us for "conspiracies"—
To the Sheriff hand us o'er;
But, pretty soon,
We'll thrash the Coon,
In Eighteen forty-four!

On "Promises" we cannot live,—
Our children cry for bread—
Cold winter howls around us now--
Our hearts are filled with dread—
And while the storm grows still more fierce
And round our dwellings roar--
We swear on high,
The Coon shall die
In Eighteen forty-four!

Of "Changes," we've had quite enough—
Of humbugs full a score--
But "that ere" "better currency,"
We'll "never see it more,"--
One other "change" we'll have, we guess,
In a year or so, or more,
The Coon may grin
But we'll tan his skin
In Eighteen forty four!

Then, speed thee on, "Old Father Time,"
We're anxious for the hour,
The day of reck'ning's close at hand;
The Coon's within our power;
When at the ballot-box we meet,
We'll settle up the score:—
Oh! what delight,
Our wrongs to right!
In Eighteen forty-four!

POLITICAL.

MR. TOOLE'S SPEECH.

—

From the Richmond Enquirer.

—

Respectfully Dedicated to the Friends of Mr. Calhoun.

The following address was made by Mr. Toole, at Washington, North Carolina, to a meeting of the Democracy of Beaufort county, on the 6th instant.

—

(*From the Washington North Carolina Republican.*)

Democracy in Beaufort.—In another column, the reader will find the proceedings of the Democratic meeting, held in the Court House, in this town, on Wednesday evening of our last Court. The meeting was not very large, but remarkably spirited and unanimous. It would have been unusually numerous, if it had not been crowded out by the business of the Court on Tuesday evening, which was the time advertised for the meeting to take place. Notwithstanding this disappointment, and the inclemency of the weather, it went off in the best possible style. The meeting was organized by calling Mr. William L. Kennedy to the Chair, and appointing Mr. Wm. Clark Secretary.—During the absence of the Committee, who had retired to draft resolutions, Mr. Henry I. Toole was called upon for a speech. Mr. Toole, it is well known, is not a citizen of our county, but no one is nearer to the Republican phalanx of Beaufort. His attendance was casual, being in town upon Court business, and he was called up, evidently against his expectation. He rose with manifest reluctance. We were present, and wish we could give our readers his remarks, word for word, as they were delivered, because, whilst they commanded perfect attention at the time, we have heard a general regret expressed by those who were absent, that they did not hear them. We will endeavor to give the substance as well as we can recollect. He said he had come with no design of making a speech but that among his old political associates, whose steady friendship commanded his gratitude, he could not refuse whatever of casual encouragement they could find in his voice. He had sought to estrange himself, for the last three years, from all political agitation. His private pursuits demanded his care; besides, the last Presidential election, in which he felt a warm interest, and took an humble part, had, he confessed, chilled his political enthusiasm. When we saw a candidate, unexceptionable in private life, as Mr. Van Buren was, staking himself before the country upon the soundest doctrines and measures, as manifestly right as any proposition in Euclid, (which were briefly glanced at,) so palpably just and necessary as almost to disarm opposition of an argument or an excuse—When we saw such a man, thus staking himself, and reposing with calm trust in the popular judgment, defeated by such men and such means, his heart sickened, his faith in man's virtue and intelligence staggered; he began to fear the success of our experiment in free Government; that hope of man's indefinite improvement, his eternal progress in what is good and wise, in morals, in science, and in government, which warms the heart and kindles the energies of every Republican, wavered. It might not be prudent to say so, but such was the truth, and the truth can never be wrong. He believed such was the effect of the Presidential result upon the minds and feelings of the whole Republican party; although it may not have found expression such was particularly the case with the younger and more ardent members of the party; and it was in this view that he considered that event most to be deplored.—Mistakes of rulers are corrected by experience, but *a great popular mistake* like this, in a free Government, shook its very foundation. So mortified was he, that his mind turned from faith in the people to faith in Providence. So sure did he feel that it was wrong--utterly wrong—a great moral wrong—a great political wrong--that he said, *God will avenge this*; and, said Mr. T., with solemnity, God *did* avenge it. He avenged it in two short months, and in a way, and under circumstances, and by instruments the most striking. He dwelt here on these topics, especially upon the fact, that the very man [Mr. Tyler] whom the Whigs had sought to make their instrument in deluding the people, had become the instrument of Providence to punish them. Of Mr. Tyler he spoke in the most liberal terms. He had taken, said Mr. T., the helm under the most trying circumstances—more trying than had befallen any of his predecessors. He had commenced his administration by his vetoes. He had manifested unusual conscientiousness, and it was amusing, if such gross dishonesty could amuse, to see the very men who shouted loudest in his behalf in 1840, abusing him as they should a pickpocket, as soon as he declared that he could not perjure himself—They seemed to regard it as absurd, that any politician should profess to have a conscience. Such was the present position of Mr. Tyler, towards the two great parties, that it was almost impossible he could be the nominee of either. He must look to the future, perhaps to a remote future, for a just appreciation of his actions and motives. Mr. Toole passed to topics more intimately connected with what he understood to be the objects of the meeting. Abstaining, at present, from any discussion of the principles and measures involved in the approaching struggle, he admonished the Democrats, that, if they counted on an easy victory, they were sadly mistaken. It was evident, from all the signs in all quarters, that the Whigs were determined to give us the hardest sort of a fight. They were rousing and organising in all sections, with the greatest vigor and enthusiasm—and they were *united*—united under a leader of the greatest talents, the highest daring, and the most unconquerable spirit.—The name of Mr. Clay was already on every Whig tongue—written in every Whig resolution—inscribed on every Whig banner. Thrice defeated, he had risen stronger every time he touched the earth, and was now striding in the race of popularity, with a power and spirit hitherto unknown to him. Such was obviously the fact; and it was apparent to every close observer. It was a painful truth, but we should not therefore, shut our eyes to it. On the contrary, it was the dictate of wisdom "to know the worst and to provide for it." Mr. Toole here gave a vivid sketch of Mr. Clay's character. He admitted him to possess some personal traits and intellectual gifts, to which his own heart warmed. He was manly, eloquent and magnanimous. But it was necessary to distinguish between the person and the politician. If, as a gentleman, he had few faults; as a public man, he had as few virtues. Warmed into public life by the Republican party whose confidence he seemed to deserve by the active service of the earlier and better portion of his life, he carried whatever of political capital he had acquired among that party, to their adversaries, and had since allied himself to them with all the anti Republican interests which have grown up in the progress of our institutions. He had relied upon the rival support of the corporations, instead of the unbought suffrages of the yeomanry of the Republic—lending the support of his powerful tongue to the bankers and manufacturers. In short, Mr. T. considered him a consummate, and most dangerous and monstrous demagogue. Against a party thus strong in pecuniary resources, *united* under a candidate thus bold, eloquent and unscrupulous, with all the unpatriotic interests of the land banded in his support, it was manifest, that it was necessary for the Republican party to act with the greatest caution, firmness and vigor. We must not hang back from the battle—we must dispute every inch of ground—our forces must be disciplined—our ranks exhorted—our spirits roused—above all, *we must be united*. It was utter madness, in the face of such a foe, to encourage dissensions among ourselves by idle disputes, concerning the rival claims of rival leaders. These matters must be adjusted before the drum is struck and the bugle sounds to arms. If to Ajax is not awarded the armor of Achilles, Ajax must not retire sulkily to his tent, but take his place in the ranks. It were better that the whole rabble of Presidential aspirants were drowned in the Potomac, than that their selfishness should jeopardise the Republican ascendancy. He looked to the National Convention as the great ark of our safety. Until that body pronounces its judgment, it was well enough to indulge some latitude in the expression of preferences, which should always be done in a tolerant spirit. But when the decision is made, "he who doubts is damned"—he who hesitates is doomed. Whether our judgment run with their's or not, we cannot impeach it, without consequences so fearful that any patriotic Republican should shudder to contemplate it. Mr. T. confessed his own preferences were as strong as they well could be, and he felt himself at liberty to declare them. He felt more at liberty to do so, because he could not be suspected of any hostility to Mr. Van Buren. According to the measure of his means and his abilities, he had contributed, in 1840, as far to secure his re-election as any man in North Carolina. He entertained great respect for his abilities, and unlimited confidence in the soundness of his political principles.—No person appreciated more highly the dignity and firmness displayed by him, when President, under the most difficult conjunctures. And when he did, as he should, express his preference, that another person should be our next candidate, he trusted that the past would furnish sufficient assurance that he had no wish to disparage Mr. Van Buren. He preferred Mr. Calhoun. The private character and public conduct of that gentleman had long attracted his highest admiration.—Mr. Toole here pronounced a brief but very animated panegyric on Mr Calhoun—adverting to the prodigious energy of his intellect--his severe and constant devotion, for more than thirty years, of his powers to the public service—his unimpeachable purity of character, &c., &c. He thought he had deserved the highest honors of the Republic and would adorn them. The country owed him much. At his age, if the payment of the debt of public gratitude was postponed, it might never be discharged. Mr. Van Buren was the only person whose claims could compete with Mr. Calhoun's and he had already enjoyed the honor of the Presidency. If the former gentleman, regarding the great anxiety of the friends of Mr. Calhoun to bring his name before the people, would withdraw his own name from the lists, he would thus crown his present great claims upon the gratitude of the Republican party. But, whatever may happen, we must stand together—shoulder to shoulder, in the battle before us. Our watchword must be "union--concession—self-denial—every thing for the cause, nothing for men." Thus, and thus only shall we conquer. Such is the substance of the eloquent and animated speech of Mr. Henry I. Toole.

MR. BUCHANAN'S LETTER.

—

To the Democrats of Pennsylvania.

Fellow-Citizens: After long and serious reflection, I have resolved to withdraw my name from the list of presidential candidates to be presented before the Democratic national convention. This resolution has been dictated by an anxious desire to drive discord from the ranks of the party and secure the ascendancy of Democratic principles, both in the State and throughout the Union. In arriving at this conclusion, I have consulted no human being. It is entirely my own spontaneous act, and proceeds from the clearest and strongest conviction of duty.

Whilst thus taking my leave, as your candidate for the presidential office, I am animated by a sense of profound gratitude for the unanimity and enthusiasm with which you have urged my elevation to the highest office on earth. This feeling shall remain engraven on my heart until time for me shall be no longer.

When, in January last, the Democratic members of our State Legislature, in their letter addressed to me, "presented my name to the Union as Pennsylvania's favorite candidate for the Presidency," I made some observations in my answer, to which I desire to recall your attention. I then stated, that if the Democracy of Pennsylvania "should resolve to offer my name to the national convention as a candidate for the Presidency, with that degree of unanimity which could alone give moral force to their recommendation, I felt that I ought not to counteract their wishes." This, I am proud to believe, they would do with unexampled unanimity; yet every unprejudiced man, who has observed the current of political events since that period, must be convinced that even the great moral influence of Pensylvania with her sister States would be exerted in vain to secure my nomination. Under such circumstances, ought I, for any personal considerations, to suffer the great State which has bestowed so many honors upon me to ask, the first time in her history, for a presidential candidate of her own, with a certain conviction, on my part, that the request would not be granted? Should I be the means of placing her Democracy in a false position, which yet their high sense of honor and the noble perseverance of their character might forbid them to abandon? To ask these questions, may heart tells me is to answer them in the negative. Every feeling of gratitude and of duty dictates that I should leave them to decide, in the national convention, among the candidates whose propects are more promising.

But a still higher obligation rests upon me. In my letter, to which I have already referred, I declare that "the principles and the success of the Democratic party so immeasurably transcend in importance the elevation of any individual, that they ought not to be jeoparded, in the slightest degree, by personal partiality for either of the candidates." And again: "If I know my own heart, I should most freely resign any pretensions which the partiality of friends has set up for me, if by this I could purchase harmony and unanimity in the selection of a Democratic candidate."

The time has now arrived when I feel myself constrained to apply these principles to my own practice. It is true, that I may not be able to secure entire unanimity in the party by withdrawing my name from the list of candidates: but yet I shall reduce their number, and thus diminish the elements of discord. The great moral and numerical strength of Pennsylvania, to which her uniform self-sacrificing patriotism adds a double force, will then be felt in all its power, and may decide the contest in a manner satisfactory to the entire Democracy of the Union.

I can proudly say that, since I have occupied the position of your candidate before the country, to which I was assigned by your unsolicited kindness, I have done nothing to tarnish your fair fame. Entertaining the conviction that the glory and perpetuity of our institutions require that the highest office under heaven should be the *voluntary* gift of the only free people upon earth, I have totally abstained from all personal efforts to promote my own success.

After what I have already said I need scarcely again repeat the pledge I have so often given—that I shall firmly support the nominee of the Democratic national convention.

To my frends in other States who have deemed me worthy of their support, I tender my most grateful thanks, believing that I shall best promote their wishes for the union and strength of the Democratic party by withdrawing from what they must now be satisfied would be a hopeless contest for the nomination.

In conclusion, I can solemnly declare that the only solicitude which I personally feel upon the subject of this letter is, that you shall be satisfied with my conduct; for next to the approbation of my God, I value your continued favor far above all other considerations. JAMES BUCHANAN.

Washington, December 14, 1843.

The Tariff Question in a Nut Shell.—What is called protection, is putting a duty on a foreign commodity, in order to enable the producer of a similar domestic commodity to get a higher price for it than he could otherwise obtain. No manufacturer would desire a protecting duty, if it were not to produce this effect, and as this is a self-evident proposition, no proof is necessary for its support.

A protecting duty, then, puts money into the pockets of the protected classes, by enabling them to sell their commodities at a higher price than consumers would have to pay for foreign goods of the same kind. But this increased price, whatever it may be, must be taken out of the pockets of the consumers, for it is not possible that money can be put into the pockets of one class, withoth coming out of the pockets of another.

Now, it is as plain as the nose of a man's face, that if the country is enriched by putting money into the pockets of the manufacturers, it is impoverished to at least an equal amount, by taking it out of the pockets of the consumers: so that what is gained on one hand, is lost on the other. The two accounts balance each other, and the country, that is, the whole community, is not one farthing the gainer by the operation. To say that the country is enriched by the system of protection, is as absurd as to say that the joint concern of Peter and Paul is enriched, because some rogue has robbed Peter to pay Paul or, as it would be for a thirsty Arab on the desert of Zahara, to fancy that he had more water to drink, by pouring his scanty supply from one vessel into another.

From this view of the question, it would appear that the country, as a whole, if it was not on the one hand enriched by the protective system, would not, on the other, be impoverished by it. This would be the case, if in point of fact the gains & losses were equal. It would then be a mere robbing Peter to pay Paul. And the truth is, that a protective system robs Peter of two dollars whilst it puts only one into the pockets of Paul. This position, however, must be proved and if we can do it, the question may be considered at rest.

Let us take the case of a yard of broadcloth. To import a yard of English cloth we will suppose to cost, free of duty, $4. A similar yard of equal quality cannot, we will also suppose, be made in this country, so as to be sold at a fair profit at less than $6. To enable the domestic manufacturer, then, to enter into competition with the English manufacturer, would require a duty of $2 per yard, so as to bring up the foreign to the price of the domestic article.

Here we have two dollars taken from the pockets of a consumer, in the form of an increased price. If he buys the foreign cloth, the amount goes into the public treasury. If he buys the American cloth, only a part of it goes into the pockets of the manufacturer, and nothing into the Treasury. The whole cannot go into the pockets of the manufacturer, for, upon the case supposed, it was assumed that he could not make the cloth for $4. If we suppose the actual cost of manufacture to be $5, and the profits of the domestic manufacturer $1, it will then be evident that Peter has been robbed of $2, in order to pay Paul $1. It is not contended that this is the exact proportion between the losses and gains, but it is contended that in no case where a protecting duty is necessary to sustain a branch of industry, does the whole increased price go into the pockets of the manufacturer, and it follows of consequence, that as the losses are greater than the gains, the community, as a whole, in every case, are losers.

But, it may be asked, if two dollars are taken from the pockets of Peter, and one only goes into the pockets of Paul, and nothing into the Treasury, what becomes of the other dollar? The answer is at hand. The one dollar is lost in the expense of manufacture. But do not the operatives get it in the form of increased wages? No: for they get no more wages than they could earn in other pursuits. It is sunk in precisely the same way as a dollar would be sunk if there were two processes of making an article, one which would require two days' labor, and the other one day's; and if the maker should adopt the former instead of the latter process. The difference would be an uncompensated loss to the public; and this difference, whatever it may be, is the measure of one of the losses the country sustains by a protective duty.

If the reader is satisfied with this reasoning, he will, perhaps ask, is there another loss than the one described, consequent upon the imposition of a protective duty. We answer yes, and one of great amount. It is the loss arising from a diminished demand for articles to be exported, owing to a diminished importation of the foreign commodity excluded by the protective duty. If we import less, we must export less. Cause and effect are not more intimately united than import and exports. In a series of years the measure of one is the measure of the other. We cannot sell if we