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POETRY.

"A LOCOFOCO SONG."

It just takes out cousin Charles, of the Vermont Spirit of the Age, to do up a good thing in verse.—There is not a reader of the Argus who will not agree that the parody on "Old Dan Tucker" below is the best thing of the kind he has seen in a coon's age.—There is more wit and point in it than in a whole volume of "Tippecanoe" or "Mill Boy" songs. Try it again, Charles!

[From the Vermont Spirit of the Age.]

"Sing us a Whig song."—*Zanesville Aurora.*
We cant sing you a Whig song, my dear fellow, but here's at your service.

A LOCOFOCO SONG.

TUNE—*Old Dan Tucker.*

The clouds hab gone and de skies come bright,
And de people gin to see da light,
An dey sing up loud as dey push along,
To a good old tune dis bran new song,
Get out de way ole Kentucky!

You're too late to come da suckey—
—over dis 'telligent community—you's a leetle too ole for dat game!

Dey is in a fine predicament,
Dem Lokies is, for President,
Dey've six good hoes in de paster,
And ebery one dey can run faster,
—dan dat ole spavin'd nag wat de coons is gwine for to put on de track for de forty-leventh time—

Get out de way ole Kentucky!
You're too late to come da suckey—
—over dis 'telligent community—you's a leetle too ole for dat game!

Dere's de waggon hoss ob Pennsylvana,
De Dutchman tink him best ob any,
An if dey 'clade him to mount his beek,
To run de Presidential track—
—den, chaw! chaw! how his rider will crack de whip and sing

Get out de way ole Kentucky!
You're too late to come da suckey—
—over dis 'telligent community—you's a leetle too ole for dat game!

Oh, den dey've got a mighty hos,
Some want to put him on de course,
De man what killed old red Tecumseh—
An den twill be with a rumsey dumpsey,
Get out de way, &c.

And den dere's Cass, who's up to snuff,
I gess he gib de British 'nough!
He'll win de race like a young grey hound,
An you'll hear him snort at ebery bound,
Get out de way, &c.

Now uncle Pete, as you is from de Souf, and as I is consider'ble out ob h'ck, s'pose you lemme made on a varse 'bout de Soudern hos!

A varse 'bout de Soudern hos!
Yes-s-s, a varse 'bout de Soudern hos,
Bery well, he's um.

Oh, den, dere's de Soudern hos Calhoun,
Who eat ebery day some fifteen coon,
To lick Kentuck, dat hos is able,
And neber take he hind foot out ob de stable,
So get out de way, &c.

He-ah! he-ah! Hear him niggers! Eat ebery day some fifteen coon! Best to suck all day!
Gess he get some fur in he mouf, any way.
Neber mind dat—eat fifteen coon—ebbery day, you say, uncle Pete!

Ebbery day,
Well—well I see accommodate, seen it you.
Now stand back comrade! I hab perfectly 'cover myself, and dis exhibition will be close by dis nigger indiwidoowally. Come den!

An dere is Matty good as new,
He'll hug de ground and he'll put 'em trough!
He'll beat all de hos de coons can bring,
An you'll hear, when he start, all de people sing,
Get out de way, &c.

"De people's favorite, Henry Clay!"
Kil de Lokies beat him any day,
His track hab got most deblish mucky
He's a used up hos, dat ole Kenucky

Oh, gorry-a-mighty! He run just 'bout as well as bow-legged Sam Jonsing! "De Mill Boy ob de slash"—he-ah! he-ah! can't come dat ober dis people, no how, so—put in de tamerie, dere nigger—

Get out de way,
gib us de bass, uncle Pete,
Get out de way! dere!
all togedder now!

Get out de way ole Kentucky!
You're too ole to come da suckey.

Ladies and gentlemen! Dis exhibition is close for dis time. Whenever de coons come anoder song in de public print, dis nigger will be ready to come anoder Loky song back agin.

POLITICAL.

From the Washington Republican.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR—M. HOKE.

The firm, consistent and unflinching Democrat, the patriotic and distinguished son of North Carolina, Michael Hoke, Esq. of Lincoln county, as will be seen by referring to another column, has accepted the

nomination so unanimously tendered him by the Democratic State Convention. The nomination of Mr. Hoke, as a candidate for the office of Governor, was truly a happy one, and has been responded to throughout the State, with an enthusiasm of feeling hitherto unexpressed. Scarcely has there been a Democratic meeting held in the State, where the gubernatorial office has been alluded to, but a decided preference was expressed for Mr. Hoke as the candidate most suitable for that office. Not a voice was raised in opposition to his nomination; and, since he has been declared the nominee, there is not a Democrat to be found who does not greatly rejoice at it, and hail, with pride and pleasure, the decision of the Convention. When have we before, in our own State, heard of such unanimity of sentiment in regard to a candidate for the first office in the State? From the mountains to the sea shore, the Democracy have sent forth one long, loud and continuous shout for Mr. Hoke. Mr. Hoke is the man upon whom they base their hopes of success, and with him and the united efforts of the Democracy we must, we shall gain a glorious, a splendid triumph, and redeem the Old North State from the shackles of Federalism. Mr. Hoke is a Democrat—a thorough going Democrat—a whole souled Democrat. He is a gentleman of splendid talents, and possesses all the qualifications necessary to the performance of the duties of an office of such dignity and responsibility as that of Governor. Mr. Hoke has for several years been a member of the Legislature, and has, on many occasions while acting as Legislator, proved himself an able and zealous defender of the Democratic cause. The Federal press throughout the State have already commenced waging war against him, not as was expected against his principles; no, their distinguishing characteristic is abuse of men when politically opposed to them. They are endeavoring to create the impression that he sought the nomination, which he boasted to a legislative caucus at Raleigh, that he could carry the western part of the State, &c. &c. But such assertions are without the least foundation. In the language of the Lincoln Courier, Mr. Hoke expressed from first to last, his unwillingness to become the nominee, and though he was spoken to on the subject by several members of the Legislature, he did not consent, and was not nominated by any caucus. What is more, Mr. Hoke has declared, that if the Democratic party were in a decided majority, he would not become the candidate; and he requested the delegates from this (Lincoln) county to the late Convention, to withdraw his name in favor of any prominent man that might be brought forward. Does this look like seeking the nomination? Does it not rather show a determination to stand by his principles—his party—at every sacrifice? And why, we would ask, has this course emanated from the Whig press? Is it because they are the worshippers of Mr. Clay, and would desire to see Mr. Hoke the servile supporter of his principles, right or wrong? Let the wisacres or their agents at Raleigh answer the question—let public opinion pronounce the verdict, and we are willing to abide the issue, at any and every hazard. The abuses of the Whig press cannot destroy the lustre of Mr. Hoke's character, for like the precious metal which appears more beautiful and bright by examination and scrutiny, so likewise does his conduct appear more praiseworthy, and become more popular. All he asks is fair play—let the people judge for themselves, uninfluenced by the statements of leaders or party presses, and we unhesitatingly assert, that his opponents will be like angels' visits, few and far between, concealed in the darkest corners of our extensive country, and will be found prowling about, obscured and condemned by the very notions they have been taught to advocate. But the Whigs do not like to hear of Mr. Hoke's strength in the West—they accuse him of boasting it, when it was they who ascertained the fact—themselves that set the ball in motion, which must end in their own overthrow.

MR. HAYWOOD'S SPEECH.

In the Senate, on the 25th ult. says the Globe, the morning hour was occupied in amending and discussing the bill for the improvement of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, and to connect the same by a canal. Mr. Haywood spoke at some length in opposition to it, and to the principle of making grants of the public domain for any such purpose; but, if it was proper to construct such works by the Federal Government in those Territories, while they remained such, an appropriation for that purpose would be made out of the public treasury. He was replied to by Mr. Tallmadge. The subject was postponed till Friday. Below we present a brief sketch of Mr. Haywood's remarks as reported in the Globe:

M. HAYWOOD said he made no apology to the Senate for what little time he should consume in expressing his views on

a bill of so much importance as this. He considered it, indeed, time spent in the discharge of a duty, and no such apology was ever due to or from Senators. He was against this whole bill; and should move, before taking his seat, to postpone it indefinitely; and, on that motion he would call for the yeas & nays. He wanted to find out what had become of those eloquent advocates of the land distribution act, (amongst whom he saw some advocates for this bill.) He wanted to know whether they could, after persuading and convincing so many of the people of North Carolina, that those lands belonged to all the States, still sit by and avail themselves of the suspension of that act as a fit opportunity to give away the public domain by millions, and no voice be raised against it.

Gentlemen sat there silent, or discussed, or rather talked about disposing of 500,000 acres of the public land, as if it were a small plantation. He referred Senators to the bill. What was it? It was a proposition to appropriate—God knew to whom—for the purpose of the construction of a canal. What? Not the alternate sections of land which the canal was to go through—not that which would be improved by a little piece of canal which it was said was so easy of accomplishment; but it was a proposition to give alternate sections—two sections deep—from where? From one end of the canal to the other? No. Nor was it half of the land which was to be improved, but alternate sections from the mouth of each river to the point at which the canal was to join the two! Did gentlemen know how much that was? Those who were in favor of ceding the public domain to the States and Territories where it was located, were consistently prepared to vote at all times blindfold for such sections of any part of the public domain. Was it to be so with those who did not concur in that doctrine?

He distinctly challenged the Senators who had passed the distribution bill—who had so strongly inculcated the doctrine that the public lands were the property of all the States—to come forward and defeat this bill, or else to retract their past declarations, and repeal their past legislation. By name, this was a bill to cut a canal; but it was, in reality, a cession, covertly made, & one of the most ingenious modes of "whipping the Devil around the stump" he had ever witnessed. That this was the true character of this bill, if it were (as was insisted upon) regarded as a bare appropriation now to be expended hereafter. He next insisted that this bill was, for another reason erroneous in principle; which, as a Senator, he had no right to pass. The power to do it was not denied; but the right or propriety, under the constitution, of congress appropriating lands or money to an improvement in the Territory, before they had inquired into, and determined upon the improvement and its execution, he earnestly questioned. Such appropriations were unwise and contrary to right. First convince the Senate that the work ought to be done, and how, and then let the Senate pronounce in favor of its execution. After it, and not before, appropriate the money or land to pay for it. He thought it was unwise to bind the hands of those to come after the present Senate. If we are not ready (said Mr. H.) to assume the responsibility of ordering the work done, we have no right to appropriate the means. Such a course is not to be defended upon any just views of constitutional propriety by reason of the jurisdiction of Congress over the Territories. Such a course is but an indirect, and therefore more indefensible method of ceding away the public domain against the rights of other States, contrary to the act of distribution, and in violation of the position assumed by Senators who passed that law. If Senators propose a work to improve Wisconsin by cutting a canal, let the improvement be first planned and then approved by Congress; and let the appropriation follow, not precede it. And when they do the work, let them sell the land and raise the money before it is appropriated.

He had another objection to this bill. He did not know how much land it proposed to give—he could not guess. He could not sit down and find it for himself; for he did not know how long this river was. He did not know whether the bill proposed to cede 500,000 acres, or 5,000,000; but he knew this—that if he should vote to pass that bill, he should vote to part with a large amount of territory; and he would be unable to tell with certainty whether he parted with it to the Territory of Wisconsin, or to a navigation company, as he would proceed to show. It would be borne in mind, that when this bill was first read, it had attracted his attention, and he asked for time to look into it. Having done so, he felt bound to give the result of that investigation to the Senate.

By an act passed in 1837 and 1838, Congress had granted 500,000 acres of land to cut a canal in Wisconsin, from Milwaukee to Rock river. This was to be accomplished by the aid of a navigation company, whose charter by the Territory had been confirmed by Congress. On reading that

charter, it would be seen that the corporation had power to locate and construct a canal from Milwaukee to Rock river; but they had power, too, to locate & construct a branch canal to Fox river, &c. Now he did not feel sure but an appropriation under this act, for the purpose of constructing this canal to Fox river, would be taken and construed to be an appropriation for the benefit of this branch canal. He rather thought it would be. If so intended, it should be disclosed plainly. If not, and he presumed the Senate did not mean it,) then there was much doubt whether it was not, in truth and fact, done by this bill in that view of it, the bill would operate as a donation to the navigation company. For that reason alone, if he had no other, he would vote for the indefinite postponement of this bill.

Granting that this canal was a necessary and proper work in Wisconsin he preferred to postpone its execution until the lands were sold and the money collected. If the money was to be appropriated, he was in favor of gathering it first, and appropriating it afterwards; and he thought it the best policy, in works of internal improvement, to get the money before spending it. He thought, at this late day, the general government should not begin the policy of executing internal improvements first, and raising the money afterwards, in the face of the disastrous experience of the States.

After some remarks upon the shape of the bill, in saying it was not calculated to carry out the wishes of those who were adverse to it in its original shape, Mr. H. concluded with a motion to postpone it indefinitely.

From the Washington Republican.

DEATH OF THE HON. WILLIAM GASTON.

The Raleigh papers of Friday night brought the sad intelligence of the death of the Hon. William Gaston, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court now in session, who suddenly expired in that city, on Tuesday evening, 23d January, 1844.

Judge Gaston was born in New Berne, on the 19th of September, 1778, and he was consequently in the 66th year of his age, at his death. His father was an Irishman, his ancestry runs back like that of so many of the great men of the South to the Huguenots expelled from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His father was shot by the Tories in 1781. In 1796 he graduated at Princeton, and studied law with Francis Xavier Martin, now a Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. He was admitted to the bar in 1798. In 1800 elected to the State Senate. In 1813 he went to Congress and remained until 1817. From that time he continued in the constant practice of his profession, frequently representing the town of New Berne in the State Legislature until he was made Judge of the Supreme Court in 1833. In 1835 he was a member of the State Convention called to amend the Constitution. He continued in the exercise of his judicial duties up to his death.

Judge Gaston was thus a public man throughout his life. For the great advocate is a public man, his services and his fame are public property, and the laws receive from his efforts their final inclination and finish. Throughout, his career has been pre-eminently distinguished for the two leading features of his moral character, disinterestedness and benevolence. His legislative efforts were principally marked by wisdom and prudence. The most brilliant era of his legislative career was the Convention of 1835. The hour of the repeal of the constitutional disfranchisement of the Catholics was probably the proudest of his life. His speech on that occasion was one of the rarest and most admirable specimens of eloquence, wisdom and learning which ancient or modern times have produced. His whole soul was poured into the task. He felt that it must be achieved by him, or not at all. Those who do not remember cannot imagine the bitter spirit of prejudice which bigotry and intolerance had conjured up at that period in ignorant minds. To find any parallel we must go back to the 16th century. The agitation, misrepresentation and delusion in the counties nearest the seat of government resembled those of the political campaign of 1840. In those counties numbers firmly believed that the Convention was about to burn all their Bibles. The object of the agitators was to intimidate the Convention from its great work of justice—the emancipation of our Catholic fellow citizens. Can such things be believed of North Carolina in the nineteenth century? Alas! popular ignorance is like the hidden fire of the volcano when all is quiet above. Such facts are useful to be referred to—they ring in startling peals of ery for popular education. The effort of Judge Gaston was successful. To him is due the gratitude of the wise and tolerant of every land. To him, as North Carolinians, we give our thanks for the assurance from our Constitution, of that relief of the

bigotry and ignorance of the dark ages, which stood in the front of our statute book—the wonder of other States and the shame of every enlightened Carolinian. Future generations must pay the debt in the veneration with which they will enshroud his name. That the act of emancipation was not complete—that it was not as comprehensive as humanity and the boundless circle of his own enlightened benevolence, was not his fault.

It was however, not for statesmanship that Judge Gaston was most fitted. Possessed of wisdom, learning and virtue beyond most statesmen, he did not sufficiently partake of the onward impulse of the age. A Catholic by religion, he was in politics a Coon's rival, but of the best and purest school. His thoughtful and cautious mind loved to dwell upon the past, and to confine the stream of social life within the banks of old forms and usages. An early and assiduous study of Blackstone and English History, with which he was intimately acquainted, had produced or increased this habit of thought, and disposed him to take the historical view of popular rights and government. This is natural to his profession—a proneness from which none but the boldest minds exempt themselves.

It was as an advocate that Judge Gaston was most illustrious. The forum was an arena in which he trod the undisturbed victor. Here all the excellent qualities of his mind and heart were called into display. As a criminal advocate, he long enjoyed an unrivalled reputation in North Carolina. His was not a cold and mercenary advocacy. Such was the warmth of his sympathy, that from the hour he heard the story of the wrongs or misfortunes of his client he became his zealous friend. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the defence, and made it his own personal cause. No fury of popular prejudice or obloquy could bend his unwavering devotion, or frighten him from the courageous defence of injured innocence, as he firmly believed it. All zeal could accomplish, aided by every weapon which untiring industry could gather from the stores of boundless learning by the acutest subtlety of perception, and the most insinuating and pathetic eloquence, he did. Who, that has ever seen, does not yet freshly remember—who can ever forget that noble form, as he rose to address the jury in some case of life and death? The head slightly declined—the calm grey eye—the expansive jutting brow overloaded with thought—the embarrassed beginning, hesitating, pausing, stumbling along, the words falling singly, slow, like rain drops before the storm, but kindling an unaccountable interest and curiosity. But now the manner becomes more animated, words come like disciplined troops obedient to the will, and range themselves in their positions—each so apt and expressive, and now and then one concentrating such a word of thought, it seems to fly to and bury itself in your heart. Those deep grey eyes now luminous with the fire of thought look on you, and you behold in their bright mysterious depths unutterable thoughts of which the words that now fall like snow flakes are but the dim echoes.

The earnest emphatic gesture seems but the action of the thought. Those deep, deliberate, emphatic tones are earnest indeed. You feel it is no holiday show, no spouting rhetorician you are seeing, but a man deeply moved, earnestly thinking. The thought which convulses the orator is effused into your soul. You sit enchained, entranced; time, space, visible realities are forgotten. The thought that fills you alone is real; you live but in the thought that you breathe in, like some maddening gas, and yield yourself, subdued and willing, to the power of a spirit mightier than you.

Such is a feeble description of the eloquence which once enraptured and commanded Courts and Juries and thronging audiences. For when Gaston was to speak on any case of importance, no matter how small the village, how rugged and barbarous the population, the Court-room was a dense mass of human beings, the dray stood untended in the street, the plough in the furrow. Has not every human heart the same chords of passion and sensibility, if a master hand does but stretch over them? Mysterious power of genius! Orpheus and his lyre are but a type of the orator!

The fame of Judge Gaston as an orator, like that of Patrick Henry, Lord Chatham, Fox, and so many others, must rest solely on tradition. We believe but a single specimen of his forensic efforts has been printed, and that but an imperfect sketch.

He did not confine his studies to his profession. His industrious mind circumnavigated the globe of science, and it was particularly to the infinite variety of his knowledge that his conversation was indebted for a charm which captivated old and young.

No position can be conceived more honorable or desirable, to close a distinguished life, than that which Judge Gaston occupied for the last eleven years. His past life, every part of which had been open to public scrutiny, had been signally marked by a freedom from every taint of baseness. His course and character elevated him far