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## The Tarborough Press, By GEORGE HOWARD, JR.

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## POETRY.

From the New York New Era.

### THE DEMOCRATIC RALLY.

Awake to the sound! 'tis the soul-thrilling cry,  
That Freedom breathes forth from her high  
mountain dwelling,  
It sweeps the green earth—it ascends the calm  
sky.  
On the mild chainless breezes triumphantly  
swelling!  
The voice of the past,  
It is bent with the blast—  
While the forms of our sires on the bright  
clouds are east:  
Then Democrats rally—the battle is near—  
And curst be the dastard who shrinks back in  
fear.  
Give the name of the villain to Time's ceaseless  
stream  
Who led the base van of corrupt legislation;  
May Beauty ne'er bless him, nor virtue's pure  
dream;  
For canker and stain on the brow of our nation!  
The Traitor, the Knave,  
The Trimmer, the Slave—  
The Apostate to all that survives the grim grave!  
Then Democrats rally—the battle is near—  
And curst be the dastard who shrinks back in  
fear.  
Oh! gaze on those walls where our fathers re-  
pin'd,  
When Hope droop'd her wings through the  
long gloomy morrow,  
No shackles their proud spirits ever could bind,  
Alone for their country they sigh'd out their  
sorrow,  
Then think of the past—  
Nail our Flag to the mast,  
Let our note of defiance ring loud on the blast!  
And like them let us rally—the battle is near—  
And curst be the dastard who shrinks back in  
fear.  
Go forth to those fields where our brave fathers  
stood  
Beneath our star'd flag in the dawn of its glo-  
ry,  
Where free as the fountain they pour'd out their  
blood,  
While Liberty smil'd as she blazon'd their sto-  
ry!  
The same flag is ours—  
It waves o'er the bowers  
Where fame bound their brows with eternity's  
flowers,  
Then Democrats rally—the battle is near—  
And curst be the dastard who shrinks back in  
fear.  
A firm band of brothers all solemnly sworn  
To march to the fight in the grey of the morn-  
ing:  
The base British Whigs and their gag law we  
scorn—  
Let traitors and tyrants be wise at our warn-  
ing!  
Our franchise, our cause—  
Full rights and just laws—  
We'll die for them all or we ask no applause!  
Then Democrats rally—the battle is near—  
And curst be the dastard who shrinks back in  
fear. THE CARTMAN.

## POLITICAL.

From the Globe.

### MR. VAN BUREN'S REPLY TO THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE CONVENTION.

This letter is characteristic of Mr Van Buren. He would despise the presidency if he were sung into it. He would do no despicable thing to obtain any honor or advantage to himself personally; and we are sure he would never accept the chief magistracy at the hands of his party, however inclined to give his services in support of its principles, if they sought the power of tendering it to him through means destructive of all the virtues on which the government is founded, and of dignity in the station itself.

Lindenwood, January 29, 1844.

Gentlemen: I have had the honor to receive your obliging letter, communicating the proceedings of a State democratic mass meeting, held at Harrisburg on the 17th instant, at which my name was, with entire unanimity, presented to the democratic party of Pennsylvania, as their candidate for the presidency.

I cannot refrain from saying that I have received your communication with feelings of no ordinary character. An expression of opinion so imposing as that which you have been deputed to convey to me, coming from any portion of my political associates, could not fail, to excite my profound gratitude. There are circumstances, however, attending this, which seem to deserve a more particular notice at my hands.

My relations with the democracy of your great State has been in some respects peculiar. They sustained me by their confidence and support, at a most interesting crisis in my political career. I have been honored and cheered by their good will, when it was not in their power to render it effective, and their support was at one time withheld from me, and conferred upon another, when I received that of their political brethren of the Union. Why should I not embrace an occasion so opportune, and possibly the last that may occur, to assure them that neither then, nor at any other time during the whole course of my political life, have I ever, for a moment, doubted their disposition to do me ample justice? Although they dissented from my nomination, I felt assured that they were actuated by motives which were entitled to my entire respect. I have, therefore, never ceased to cherish, in common with the friends of our cause throughout the Union, towards the unconquerable and (as the fullest experience has proved) the unpurchasable democracy of Pennsylvania, sentiments of sincere respect for their adherence to democratic principles under circumstances the most adverse, and admiration of the unflinching spirit with which they have from time to time struggled with domestic dissensions. I cannot therefore, gentlemen, too highly appreciate an expression of confidence and favor, proceeding from so respectable a portion of them, on this, the last occasion on which my name can ever be presented to the country for any public station.

Yet these are not the only considerations which give interest to the proceedings which you have transmitted to me. It is known to all, and by no one more cheerfully admitted than by myself, that a large majority of our political friends in Pennsylvania preferred that the honor which those whom you represent have now so cordially awarded to me, should be bestowed upon a justly distinguished citizen of their own State—one admirably qualified for the successful discharge of any public duty, and possessing likewise, in an eminent degree, the confidence and good will of the democracy of the Union. It certainly becomes others better than myself to comment on the propriety of his withdrawal from the canvass, when it had been ascertained that the wishes of his more immediate friends were not (for reasons, however, not detracting from the merits of their favorite) in accordance with those of the great body of their political brethren in other States. I should not, however, do justice to the occasion, nor to my own feelings, were I to pass over in silence the fact, that but for this surrender of his pretensions to promote the general harmony, the proceedings for which I am offering my grateful acknowledgements could not now have taken place. Nor will it, I hope, be thought amiss in any quarter, if I avail myself of the occasion to show that this commendable desire to promote unanimity among common friends had previously, though to a less important extent, been acted upon by myself. It is well known that, amid prevailing preference of the democracy of Pennsylvania for her distinguished son, there was a portion of them, of whose confidence any public man might well be proud, who avowed a preference, which they had early imbibed, and zealously cherished, for myself. It is not, however, so well known that, without attempting to interfere with their free exercise of opinion, I caused them to be informed that, as far as my individual feelings were concerned, it would be entirely satisfactory to have them unite with the rest of our political friends in the State, in giving its vote in convention to him who was the choice of the majority. That this suggestion had not been adopted, was I feel assured, not because those to whom it was addressed were less friendly to the favorite of the State, or less sensible of his claims upon the respect and confidence of his countrymen; but altogether owing to considerations growing out of the contest of 1840, which they deemed imperative. I cannot, I am confident, add any thing to the masterly and eloquent description which you have given of that national struggle. Neither am I unmindful of the bias which the relation in which I stood towards it, is calculated to exercise upon my opinion of its character. Yet I cannot, I think, deceive myself in believing that the justice of the measure which you have pronounced upon those extraordinary scenes, will now, at least, be recognised by a vast majority of the American people.

However difficult it may then have been to define with requisite certainty the political objects for which our opponents waged the contest of 1840, there can assuredly be no room for misapprehension upon that subject. The extra session, following immediately upon its heels, unmasked those objects too clearly to admit of their being again obscured or misrepresented. An opportunity—and it is earnestly to be hoped that both parties will concur in endeavoring to make it a fair one—will, therefore, now be presented for the people

of the United States to make a choice between two opposing systems for the administration of their government, the influence of one which will, in all probability, affect the interests of the country, for good or evil, for a series of years to come.

Nor is this the only, nor even the most important aspect in which the renewal of the contest of which you have spoken with so much emphasis, and in so patriotic a spirit, may well be regarded.

Singular as it may seem to those who are not in a situation to judge correctly of the circumstances, it is nevertheless true, that a condemnation by the people of the United States, of many of the means to which our opponents had recourse in that canvass, is not less important to the permanent welfare of our country and its political institutions, than the overthrow of the principles they labored to establish. While the effects of the success of the latter were in a measure limited and temporary, the employment of the former struck at the very foundation upon which our political edifice was based.

It has hitherto been our pride to live under political institutions which are founded upon reason and virtue, in the establishment of which neither force nor fraud was employed; and we have cherished the belief, that it is only by an inflexible observance of the exalted principles which prevailed at the period of its formation, that our government can be upheld. Without more particularly noticing the humiliating details to which you allude in your communication, can it be pretended that there could be any expectation of success for such efforts, unless founded upon the assumption that the popular voice was not "under the guidance of reason and virtue," or upon the supposition that the moral principles of the people to whom those degrading appeals were made, might be corrupted by a resort to such practices? The belief that the use of such means contributed to the result of 1840, must have lowered the character of our people in the estimation of mankind; and if so, how much would their respect for us be diminished, should the coming canvass be so conducted as to establish the impression that the American people are liable to be always thus imposed upon? Liability to occasional error is an infirmity from which no individual is exempt. What right have we, then, to expect that communities should be infallible? But there is a wide difference between an occasional aberration, and a confirmed defect of character. Can we expect the people of this country to maintain the elevated standing in the eyes of the world which they have hitherto enjoyed, if, after the lapse of years, and the fullest opportunity for reflection, they suffer themselves to be a second time operated upon by appliances from the use of which every friend to free government must turn with mortification and disgust?

You do not therefore, gentlemen, in my judgment, over-estimate the importance which the proceedings of 1840 are destined to give to those of 1844. Considerations will be brought into view by that connexion, of greater magnitude than any which have ever been involved in our political conflicts, and compared with which all personal and party interests dwindle into insignificance.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,  
Your friend and obedient servant,  
M. VAN BUREN.

Hon. James Ross Snowden, President,  
&c.

Mr. Clay.—The Louisville Journal learns that the late Judge Porter, of Louisiana, who manifested through life the most unwavering and enthusiastic attachment to Mr. Clay, left at his death a considerable portion of his large property to his distinguished friend—\$40 or \$50,000.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Pearl.

### LOSS OF THE SHIP ALBION.

Come all ye jolly sailors bold,  
And listen unto me,  
A dreadful story I will tell,  
That happened all at sea.

Chorus.

Landsmen, pray pity me,  
While rolling on the raging sea.

The Loss of the Albion ship, my boys,  
Upon the Irish coast,  
And most of the passengers and crew,  
Were completely lost.

'Twas on the first of April,  
From New York we set sail,  
Kind Neptune did protect us,  
With a sweet and pleasant gale.

Until about the twentieth,  
A storm there did arise,  
The raging billows loud did roar,  
And dismal were the skies.

'Twas on Sunday afternoon,  
The land we did espy,

At two o'clock we made Cape Clair,  
And the sea ran mountains high.

To the Southward winds began to blow,  
And heavy squalls came on,  
Which made our passengers to weep,  
And sailors for to mourn.

All prudent sail we carried,  
'To keep us clear from land,  
Expecting every moment,  
That our vessel she would strand.

Our foretop sail was split, my boys,  
Our foreyard took away,  
Our mainmast by the deck was broke,  
And mizen swept away.

Our captain was wash'd overboard  
Into the boundless deep,  
Which caused all that were on board  
To lamentate and weep.

Unto the pumps we lash'd our-elves,  
Most dreadful for to know,  
And many a gallant soul, my boys,  
Then overboard did go;

We had a lady fair on board,  
Miss Powell was her name,  
Whose name deserves to be engrav'd,  
Upon the list of fame.

She wished to take her turn at pump,  
Her precious life to save,  
No sooner was her wish denied,  
She met a watery grave.

All night in this condition,  
We were tossing to and fro,  
Three o'clock in the morning,  
We were in the midst of woe.

Full twenty-seven men on deck,  
With each a broken heart,  
The Albion struck against a rock,  
And midships she did part.

Our passengers were twenty-nine,  
When from New York she came,  
With twenty-five bold sailor lads,  
As ever crossed the main.

Full fifty-four we had on board,  
When first we did set sail,  
And only nine escaped the wreck,  
To tell the dreadful tale.

So now that noble vessel,  
The Albion, she is lost,  
Through the tempestuous ocean,  
She so often times had crossed.

Our noble captain he is lost,  
A man, a sailor bold,  
And many a gallant life is lost,  
And many a heart made cold.

Two young women were baptized into the Mormon faith, on Sunday afternoon, in the South Mill Pond—a hole, of a few yards square, where the water was about three feet deep, having been cut in the ice for the purpose. The administrator of the ordinance, in his common dress, of pantaloons, &c., but in his shirt sleeves, first stepped from the edge of the ice into the opening, and the young women, one after the other, were assisted into the water, baptized, and lifted out again upon the ice. The administrator made a prefatory address to the audience; but if there were prayers, singing, &c., the services probably took place somewhere under cover.—Salem (Mass.) Gazette.

Rev. Elon Galusha.—From private sources we understand that the report, of which we had received successive intimations for a considerable period past, that Elder Galusha had become a full and confirmed convert to the theory of Miller, is true; and we have heard it added, that he proclaims in public his expectation that the world will be destroyed on or before some day of next month, we believe the 14th. A very brief period will be required, to prove the utter fallacy of such an expectation. Baptist Advocate.

Effects of Millerism.—The Norridge-wock (Me.) Workingman says: "We are pained to learn that the wife of Mr. Solomon Luce, of New Vineyard, committed suicide last week, by taking laudanum, having become deranged by embracing the doctrine of Millerism. She was the daughter of David Pratt, Esq., and has left five or six small children, to lament her melancholy end."

Melancholy Suicide.—Mr. John Hill, who had been indisposed of nervous fever for some days past, committed suicide on Sunday, at Philadelphia, during the absence of the family at church, by cutting his throat from ear to ear.

Accident and Escape.—A Mr. Richardson, of Woburn, while attempting to cross the Freshpound Railroad, (Cambridge, Mass.) in a sleigh, was overtaken by the locomotive; his horse was instantly killed, his sleigh smashed, and himself thrown uninjured in the direction of the track, and so close to it, that part of his cap was cut off by the wheels of the cars!

Law Against Seduction.—The State of Michigan have just passed a very severe law against seduction and licentiousness,—

the penalty being imprisonment in the State prison for three and five years.

The New Orleans Bee of Thursday morning says: "Yesterday a gentleman who was descending the river in a skiff from Lafayette, when opposite Julia street about 200 yards from the shore, discovered a wooden box afloat on the surface of the water. He immediately took the box on board the skiff and conveyed it to the shore and upon opening it discovered it contained a white infant between two and three months old, and apparently had not been dead more than a few hours."

Painful Disclosures.—A man named Judd has been for some time officiating as a minister of God over a congregation whose place of meeting is at the corner of Tillery and Barbary streets. The basement of this building is composed of several departments used for purposes connected with the church. One of these apartments has written over the door the "Rev. Judd's study." It was the practice of this man to pass much of his time in his study, and he frequently even had his meals brought there. The little girls connected with the Sunday-school, on certain days in the week were in the habit of visiting the Pastor in his study, for the ostensible purpose of reciting lessons in catechism. We cannot stain our paper by publishing the details of the revolting conduct of this impious villain towards the children he thus entrapped into his infamous den. Suffice it to say many parents are almost heart-broken at the horrors inflicted on their children of tender age fully to comprehend the enormities practised upon them, & are trembling with fear at the distress which so bitterly saddens their parents. Judd has left Brooklyn, and we are informed, has gone to New Brunswick. Brooklyn Advertiser.

This Judd was formerly settled at Paterson and was connected with the Presbytery, to which he addressed a confession of his infamous treatment of the children above referred to, but not of the seduction of a servant girl before he absconded. His connection with the church of Brooklyn ceased two months ago. Judd has been deposed from the Ministry and excommunicated from the Church. Newark Adv.

Desperate Affray.—A private letter received yesterday by a gentleman in this city, from Springfield, Green county, Ala., and bearing date January 28th, gives the particulars of a desperate and fatal affray, which occurred in that town a few days previous.

A quarrel arose at a horse race between two persons, named Meadows, and Thomas Crawford, concerning the race, during which the latter called the former a "liar," when Crawford drew a pistol, and shot his opponent through the lungs, killing him instantly. Meadows' brother hearing the report of the pistol, and learning who was the victim, rushed into the crowd, with a drawn bowie knife, hewing his way to the spot, and in his progress mortally wounding several of those in his way, and advancing upon Crawford, plunged it into his breast.—Crawford, fell dead on the spot, and the murderer escaped. At the last accounts he was still at large.—Mobile Herald, 2d inst.

Ohio Abolition Convention.—The abolitionists assembled in convention at Columbus, nominated J. G. Birney for President, and Thomas Morris for Vice President. Leicester King was re-nominated for Governor.

Singular case of Imprisonment.—Mr. William Powell, captain of a packet which plies between Norfolk and New York writing home from the latter city, under date of the 5th inst says— "I have this day been arrested by the Abolitionists on account of returning to Norfolk, last February, with the two slaves that I found on board the schr. Empire, and had to give bail for my appearance at Court, to the amount of one thousand dollars—the damages being laid at ten thousand dollars for false imprisonment of James D. Lane, the steward, who concealed the slaves in the galley, on board the Empire."

The Steward spoken of in the above extract was, it appears, convicted in Norfolk of secreting two runaway slaves on board Capt Powell's vessel, and sentenced to the penitentiary for the offence.

A Rich Man Dead.—Immense possessions cannot save a man from death, or else the King of Holland had not died. He left a fortune of six or five millions of dollars! How many hospitals he might have supported, how many hospitals he might have reared; how many sufferings he might have alleviated? But it is the business of Kings to get rich, of late years, as their subjects can abundantly testify.