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

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## POETRY.

### SONG.

#### Tune—old Sir Toddy.

Come all ye who like good singing,  
Clear your voices, set them ringing;  
Here's a loco song before us,  
Here's the tune and here's the chorus;  
Get out the way old sir Harry,  
That coon ticket we don't carry.

Coons in eighteen hundred forty,  
Sung their songs both loud and hearty,  
Went it strong for Captain Tyler,  
Shoved him in and burst their bilers;  
Get out the way poor old Johnny,  
Coons have squander'd all your money

Now the Coons are organizing,  
And their secret plans devising,  
All around the lot they're tramping,  
Old refuted lies new vamping,  
Get out the way with your stories,  
Coonies you can't come it o'er us.

Now we see the coon committees  
All about the towns and cities,  
Plotting schemes both mean and dirty  
To sustain their sinking party;  
Get out the way old Kentucky,  
You have always been unlucky.

Coons are loud in Harry's praises,  
All their papers lie like blazes;  
Their old games they now are playing,  
And they'll soon commence pipe laying;  
Get out the way, though you cheat us,  
Your coon candidate can't beat us.

Come ye coons and let us reason,  
You can't win the race this season;  
You must wait a few years longer,  
Till you get a nag that's stronger;  
Get out the way, you're mistaken,  
Clay's a used-up horse, we reckon.

You can't raise so strong a party  
As you did in eighteen forty;  
Cider's scarce, and coonies know it,  
So you needn't try to go it;  
Get out the way, old sir Harry,  
In Kentucky you'd better tarry.

You may cut ash poles and fix 'em,  
And with other trappings mix 'em;  
But, if you can't swill nor rum it,  
How the deuce d'ye think to come it?  
Get out the way, though you cherish  
Such vain hopes, they soon must perish.

Now ye coonies don't berate us,  
This advice we give you gratis;  
Don't attempt to run such pacers,  
On the course with loco racers;  
Get out the way, with your folly,  
Clay can't come it yet, *hy golly*.

Keep sir Harry in the stable  
Till you get one better able  
To contend with loco trotters,  
For we've got some real snorters;  
Get out the way, old Kentucky,  
If you run you'll be unlucky.

We've a horse that we call Martin  
That's the one we think of starting;  
He's got spunk as well as bottom,  
Your coon ponies he'll out trot 'em;  
Get out the way, for we reckon  
Your old beast can't save his bacon.

Then there's Dick that killed Tecumseh,  
He is neither stiff nor clumsy;  
He could beat Kentucky that's sartin,  
But our preference is for Martin;  
Get out the way, we all know it,  
Your old spavined horse can't go it.

We've more nags that we might mention,  
But we'll wait the great Convention;  
Then we'll start one good as any,  
One that will outrun sir Henry;  
Get out the way you old coonies,  
Hill-ites too, and all your cronies.

Now ye cunning coons remember,  
We shall try you next November;  
Then will come your bitter wailing,  
Up salt river, you'll be sailing;  
Get out the way, you can't go it,  
Soon the ballot box will show it,  
South Weare, N. H., March, 1844.

## POLITICAL.

### MR. MELVILLE'S ADDRESS.

Extract from the speech of Gansevoort Melville, Esq., before the Democracy of New York on the occasion of the recent Democratic Festival.

"Let me call your attention to the startling fact that an indirect and most insidi-

ous attack has been lately made upon the memory of Washington. It was made from this very stand only eleven days ago, by one who stood here before the whole country as an acknowledged mouth piece of the whig party. The language of this whig orator was this: "He (Clay) has made his own character the character of the age, as Washington did in his time. Washington left the nation sober, orderly, high principled and patriotic, but on the whole rather with negative qualities, but the man of our time (i. e. Mr. Clay) came to give the nation additional traits of a positive and active character—to make it while it yet retained all those Washington virtues, still more enterprising, bold, energetic, ardent, enthusiastic, aspiring self-improving, and self-protective." An honest political adherent and admirer of Henry Clay should hang his head in shame to hear such language. And yet it was uttered in the presence of, and listened to with approbation by nearly 5000 whigs, and not one voice was raised against it. It has been extensively published in the whig press. Not one whig editor has passed strictures upon it. On the contrary "The Tribune," without reservation, pronounced the whole oration of which the above is a part as "truthful" and "masterly." The Courier and Enquirer praises and regrets that it cannot publish it. The Express predicts that when published it will be the text book of the campaign; the ministers of the whig press follow in the wake of these their levitations. Now this whig "text book" exalts Henry Clay at the expense and makes him the equal of George Washington—him who is degraded by a comparison with any man—whose fame should be dearer to us than our heart's blood—who is our father—for he is the father of our country. Not content with this attempted paricide, this accredited organ of the whig party further says: "Mr. Clay is not only American, but America itself, the Republic personified." This is nought but man worship. It has no foundation in truth. It is the reckless and destructive spirit of ultra partizanship. It is a bowing of the knee to Baal. What reasonable and unprejudiced man would trust a party who, exasperated by defeat and mad with excessive lust of power, are now endeavoring to gain their end by making an idol of Clay and falling down before it. To hear their orators and their presses speaking of Henry Clay, one would suppose him to be more than man. I am no calumniator of Henry Clay; I seek not to detract from him his fair fame; I am willing to accord him his true position. I do not impugn his patriotism. I freely grant that he is persevering, energetic, eloquent and brave—endowed with an indescribable magic of manner, and pre-eminently fitted by nature to what he is—a great partizan leader. In his democratic youth, before he was flattered and caressed into the ranks of the advocates of special legislation, he stood up manfully against the re charter of the U. S. Bank; and for Madison and the war. We honor him for it. We gratefully remember his exertions in behalf of the acknowledgment of the independence of Greece and the South American Republics. At the same time we must regret that he whose youth gave such glorious promise should, in the full maturity of his manhood, forsake the house of his fathers and go wandering after strange gods. It is beneath the dignity of the democratic party to war with any man. The democracy war not with Henry Clay, the man—but with Henry Clay, the representative of certain principles. The whig party and Henry Clay are one; they are thoroughly identified with the policy of the land distribution, a high tariff based upon the principle of protection, and a U. States Bank. Mark how these three kindred measures mutually aid and assist each other. They dovetail together most admirably. Each ensures the necessity for, and the permanence of the existence of all. Let them be established and riveted on the industry of the country, and an incubus will be placed on the moral welfare and substantial prosperity of this great Republic, which will be most difficult to shake off, will have cost a bitter and protracted struggle. Elect Henry Clay President of the United States—give him a majority in both branches of Congress—let this system of policy go into effect, and a feverish, false, and fictitious state of things will be engendered, and you will have entailed upon your posterity a burthen and a curse. [A voice—"No fear of that"—loud cheers.] The question of a United States Bank, one main link in the triple chain, was settled long ago. We deemed that Andrew Jackson had strangled that hydra-headed monster, and sowed salt upon its grave. But lo! in 1840, the whigs came into power. And one of the first things they did was to attempt to resuscitate an institution, the very name of which stunk and stinks in the nostrils of the community. Under the Congressional dictatorship of Henry Clay they passed a bill re-chartering the United States Bank. John Tyler vetoed it. For that act, at least, he deserves and should re-

ceive credit and gratitude [Cheers.] Now, sanguine as the whigs are before an election, and hugging to their bosoms the delusion that they will succeed in the great Presidential canvass of 1844, they are already quietly engaged in endeavoring to galvanize the old corpse again.

The whig leaders here would mask their battery and avoid an issue upon the bank. They make it an issue in Tennessee, Kentucky, and the contiguous States. We will not permit this playing fast and loose. We will make it an issue here on the sea-board, and charge it home upon them. Turn to the position of our party previous to and after the general election of 1840. The spring elections in that year were sufficiently favorable. To all appearance the democracy were never stronger. The reelection of Martin Van Buren to the Presidential chair, which he had so worthily occupied, seemed certain. And yet not many weeks had passed before it was evident that the supremacy of our party and our principles was in danger. A union of the whigs, as it was called, for the sake of the union, brought about that mingling of parties and commingling of interests, which resulted in a combined league of the opponents of the democracy, and paved the way for the Harrisburg Convention. By that convention William Henry Harrison was nominated for the Presidency. Senators, Clay men, and Webster men, federalists, whigs, conservatives, anti masons, tariffes, bankites—all the scattered remnants of those various factions which had been time and again defeated by the democracy, rallied, united and swarmed about that coon skin and hard cider standard of which the available candidate, General Harrison, had been chosen bearer. The log cabin mummery commenced—every thing which could contribute to the delusion, and heighten the artificial excitement which had been evoked into existence, was called into requisition. The presses vomited forth Ogle's lies. Their orators paraded the country. Prentiss, of Mississippi, Wilson, of New Hampshire, Preston, of South Carolina, Webster, Clay, and even Harrison himself took the field. Nothing was left undone. On our part, we were not idle. We saw through and despised this contemptible stage trickery—this attempt to swindle the people out of their votes, and did not believe that it could succeed. In so believing we erred, as the result proved. The Ides of November arrived; the battle was fought; we were beaten; and forced to retire from the field; and retire we did, in good order—discomfited, but not dismayed. Although our strongest defenses were a prey to the spoiler—although in the violence of that political hurricane, Tennessee, the home of our venerated Jackson, had succumbed beneath the shock. Our own brave State—the Empire State—had departed from her democratic moorings—though the key stone of the arch had given way, and the "star in the east" gone down. Even then, when 19 States out of the 26 had declared against us, and our candidate had been defeated by more than 140,000 votes—though the sun of our political heaven was shrouded from our longing view—through darkness, disaster, and desolation, we hoped, and toiled, and struggled on. [Great applause.] To any other party a defeat like that which we then suffered, would have been destruction—annihilation. But to us it was not so—it could not be so, and why? Why? Why is it that the democracy can be beaten but never subdued—vanquished but never conquered? Because of that which is within us—because we strive for the true, and aim at the equal and the just. The very truths for which we contend, afford us a rallying point and a support in the hour of adversity. [Cheers.]

In the canvass of 1840, the whigs systematically endeavored to blind the people to the true questions at issue. Letters were written to General Harrison inquiring his views upon disputed questions of moment, and the line of policy which he would adopt if elected. The answer was, "Ask my committee." Success attained by fraud is in its very nature temporary. The whigs triumphed by fraud. They triumphed on such issues as these—coon skins, hard cider, log cabins, William Henry Harrison, two dollars a day and roast beef, or Martin Van Buren, six and a quarter cents a day and sheep's pluck. They triumphed, but their triumph was short lived and bitter. Firm, united, undismayed, standing on the immutable basis of their own principles, the unterrified democracy rallied. In the elections of the following spring and summer, we recovered our foothold throughout the country. The granite column of the young democracy charged upon the enemy, and they went down before it. [Tremendous applause.] Since then we have maintained our position. Why, then, should any man doubt our success in this coming conflict? Let us be organized, vigilant, determined. Let us fight the battle inch by inch. We must resume the offensive. We must carry the war into Africa. We must be true to ourselves, our candidate, and our cause. We

must do our duty, our whole duty, and nothing but our duty. We must deserve success, and leave the event to Him who made us. If I read rightly the signs of the times, and do not greatly misunderstand the temper of the democracy, on the fourth Monday of May next, there will be a thorough organization, an earnest purpose and deep seated enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land. That organization, earnestness, and enthusiasm will be centered on the nominee of the Baltimore Convention, whoever he may be. Here upon the anniversary of the birthday of the Hero of New Orleans, intent upon the preservation of our principles, and merging our preference for men, we pledge to the nominee of that Convention an honest, earnest, and whole souled support. [Great cheers.] Now, nine cheers for the nominee of the Baltimore Convention. [Nine deafening cheers, and "one more," were accordingly given.]

From the Raleigh Standard.

HENRY CLAY.

Gen. Jackson's opinion of Mr. Clay. "Under such circumstances, how contemptible does this demagogue appear, when he descends from his high place in the Senate, and roams about the country, retailing slander upon the living and the dead." Andrew Jackson.

Webster's opinion of Clay. "Henry Clay has too many heresies about him ever to gain my support." Daniel Webster.

Jefferson's opinion of Clay. "Henry Clay," said Mr. Jefferson, "is merely a splendid orator, without any valuable knowledge from experience or study, or any determined public principles, founded in political science, either practical or theoretical." Jefferson.

Harrison's opinion of Mr. Clay. "I will do my duty, even if Mr. Clay is to be benefited by it, from whom I have experienced only ungenerous treatment, in requital for years of devoted service." Harrison.

Randolph's opinion of Mr. Clay. "He is talented, but corrupt. He stinks and shines, and shines and stinks, like a rotten mackerel by moonlight." John Randolph.

Mr. Clay's Democracy. "If the gentlemen will not allow us to have black slaves, they must let us have white ones; for we cannot cut our firewood, and black our shoes, and have our wives and daughters work in the kitchen." H. Clay.

Mr. Clay's opinion of Farmers. "Agriculture needs no protection. The habits of Farmers, generation after generation, pass down a long track of time, in perpetual succession, without the slightest change; and the ploughman who fastens his plough to the tail of his cattle, will not own there is any improvement equal to his."

Henry Clay.

Mr. Clay's Protection. "The fact that Mr. Clay is more of a free trade man—advocate as he is of a wise and reasonable Tariff—than Mr. Van Buren, is becoming generally known to the people of the South." Richmond Whig.

Henry Clay on protection. "Carry out the principles of the Compromise Act. Look to revenue alone for the support of Government. Do not raise the question of protection, which I had hoped had been put to rest. [A voice] there is no necessity for protection."

What shall be done with it!—It is estimated that there will be, over and above the home consumption of the United States, a surplus of 118,000,000 bushels of wheat. According to the high tariff men, we must not send this wheat to foreigners for goods and specie, but make a home market? Who is going to devour this surplus of grain?—Shall we petition nature to widen our throats and enlarge our stomachs? Shall the cattle and the rats eat it; or shall it rot in the farmer's granaries? A home market.—Zanesville (Ohio) Aurora.

Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.—The contract entered into by the Barings, with the Republic of New Grenada, for the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, provides for ceding to the company the line for the projected work, with eighty thousand acres of land in the interior. These princely merchants do not appear in this transaction as the agents of the British Government officially, but as British subjects protected by the Government; and doubtless many advantages will be secured to Great Britain, both political and commercial, by the completion of the vast work here projected. The completion of the ship canal between the two oceans, as projected, will mark an era in the world's age. The event will stand forth to give a distinctive character to the country. It is to be a five year's work—to endure for ever! The whole aspect of commerce will be changed by it. It will accelerate the

revolution now going on in China more rapidly and more thoroughly than all the force of British armaments; and not there only will it work changes, but in all Polynesia, and the western coast of South America, which are now reached by doubling Cape Horn.

End of the Millerites.—Last year, about this time, father Miller wrote a letter from which the following extract is taken:—

"My principles, in brief, are, that Jesus Christ will come again to this earth, cleanse, purify, and take possession of the same, with all his saints, some time between March 21, 1843, and March 21, 1844. I have never for the space of more than twenty years, had any other time preached and published by me; I have never fixed on any other month, day, or hour in that time; I have never found any mistake in reckoning, summing up, or miscalculation; I have made no provision for any other time."

Finding their time about to close, brother Himes comes out in the last "Midnight Cry" and puts off the great conflagration until September next, viz:—

Our Position as to time.—We have no new light on the prophetic periods. Our time ends with this Jewish year. If time be continued beyond that, we have no other definite period to fix upon; but, henceforward, shall look for the event every hour, till the Lord shall come.—Others can give their views on the termination of the periods on their own responsibility. If it be necessary, we shall give ours in full on the point. Let us be ready; "having our loins girt about and our lights burning, that when the Master cometh we may open to him immediately."

J. V. HIMES.

New York City, March, 1844.

We apprehend that brother Himes and father Miller will find it very difficult to keep up the steam until September, and we suspect the voice of the "Midnight Cry" will cease before that time.

Chicken Manufactory.—Nature is getting superfluous. We rather think she will soon be voted out of fashion and dispensed with. There is a chap just over our publication office hatching Chickens in a big box, fifty a day, having a thousand eggs always doing. The trouble attending them is slight, the heat costs very little, and the chickens crack their several shells and walk up to their dough and water like wood-choppers to dinner or sailors to their grog. They are clean, strong and lively, grow fast and rarely die, (not being dragged through the grass;) and whoever has a hatching machine can have "Spring Chickens" every week in the year, and at small expense. If you could only invent a machine to lay eggs now, hens would be done with.—N. Y. Tribune.

Colt's Submarine Battery.—An experiment was made by Colt, near the Navy Yard at Washington, on Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The fated vessel was a barque of 500 tons burthen, under the command of Lieut. Boyle. She was full-rigged, her sails were partially set, with a blood-red flag from her mainmast and the U. S. flag from her stern. The papers state that when within a hundred yards of the battery the commander and crew left the barque in a boat, and a rocket was sent up from the latter as a signal that they were in safety. The vessel kept steadily on her course, and on arriving at the designated spot, the battery exploded, and the graceful ship was a huge ill shapen wreck.

Mrs. Barger, wife of Abraham Barger living near Petersburg, Md., was delivered of four healthy children at one birth, in the latter part of February last. Eighteen months since she had three children at a birth. Here are arguments that at once go to show the necessity for extending our territory.

Murder.—The Paducah Kentuckian, of Wednesday last, has the following:—"On Saturday last, three slaves were committed to the jail of this county, from Ballard county, charged with the murder of their master, Mr. Stewart, of that county. Some misunderstanding had taken place between Mr. Stewart and his slaves, we understand, while in a field together. Mr. Stewart had threatened to use violent measures towards one of the negroes, when they turned upon him, overpowered him and beat him to death.

Suicide.—The Westfield (Mass) Messenger says:—Mr. Lake Drury cut his throat in that place on the 8th inst. because his son was about to marry a colored girl.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart; the one's a jewel, the other a treasure.