

# THE TARBORO' PRESS.

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

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## Prospectus of the Wilmington Journal.

Our Country, Liberty, and God.

DAVID FULTON, Editor,  
ALFRED L. PRICE, Printer.

Terms—\$2 50 if paid in advance; \$3 00 at the end of three months; \$3 50 at the expiration of the year.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

HAVING been induced, at the solicitation of some of the members of the Democratic party, to take charge of the Republican Press in this place, we will hereafter, on every Friday morning, issue a Democratic paper, under the above title, at the office of the late "Wilmington Messenger," in the town of Wilmington.

As we have given a brief outline of the principles the "Journal" will advocate in our first number, we think it unnecessary again to reiterate the political doctrines it will be our constant and earnest endeavor to inculcate. On the present occasion, therefore, we will merely state, that the "Journal" will be the uncompromising opponent of each and every "link" in the whole of the "great chain" of Whig measures—a United States Bank—a Protective Tariff—the Bankrupt Act—Internal Improvements by the General Government, &c. &c.—While on the other hand, it will, so far as our humble abilities will enable us, be the firm friend and supporter of the Constitution as it was left us by our fathers; and of a strict construction of that Constitution, thereby ensuring the rights of the several States which compose Confederacy. But we set out with the idea of not going into details. It would be a needless tax upon the reader's time. Suffice it to say, that the "Journal" will be a Democratic paper, and will always advocate Democratic men and Democratic measures.

Although the "Journal" will be a political paper, yet, in order that it may also be agreeable to the general reader, its columns will always be open to such items of intelligence as will be interesting to the Farmer, the Merchant, the Mechanic, &c. Agriculture, Trade, the state of the Markets, &c., together with a slight glance at polite literature occasionally, will receive our attention.

We hope we will not be considered too "personal in our remarks" when we offer a few suggestions to our friends touching the necessity there exists for keeping on foot a Democratic press in the town of Wilmington.

In the first place, Wilmington is a place of the greatest commercial importance of any in the State; it is situated in a Democratic district; there is a great deal of intercourse carried on by the citizens of the lower portion of the State with this place, and consequently a Press here would be calculated to do as much good, in diffusing information, as perhaps at any other point in the State. Again, there are, we believe, three Federal to every one Democratic paper in the State, and this we feel confident, is the reason why North Carolina placed a Whig in her gubernatorial Chair at our recent election; for we feel assured that it only requires a fair comparison to be instituted between the policy of the Federal and Democratic parties to ensure for the latter the most triumphant success. Well now, it is impossible for a Press to be kept up unless our friends will patronize it by subscribing themselves and inducing others to "go and do likewise." For, gentle reader, we suppose you are aware, and if you are not, we will tell you, that Printers and Editors are so far like other mortals that it requires something more than air to feed and kind wishes to clothe them. Therefore, we hope that every Democrat into whose hands this Prospectus may fall, will do all he can to insure the success of the "Journal" and the cause of Democracy.

DAVID FULTON.

Wilmington, N. C., Sept. 21, 1844.

## POLITICAL.

From the Ohio Statesman.

### THE ANSWER OF TWENTY-EIGHT METHODISTS TO THE REV. DR. BASCOM'S CERTIFICATE OF MR. CLAY'S MORALITY.

Why is it that so much sensibility is excited? Why such holy horror manifested? Why so much fluttering heard among the partisan presses throughout the length and breadth of the land, when the morality of a candidate for the most exalted station within the power of the people to confer on any man is made the subject of legitimate inquiry? Is it because that people are to be debarr'd the privilege of investigation into the life and conduct of the man who seeks elevation at their hands; or are they required, by a hireling and subsidized press, blindly to trust their destinies into the hands of an individual whose deeds they are denied the right to scrutinize?

A virtuous man fears no scrutiny into his conduct—he invites investigation—requires no endorsers, however strict the ordeal may be—requires no partisan press to sustain him, or to do "the bidding of the master's hand." If, on the other hand, "all is not right in Denmark"—if his life has been passed in vicious and immoral acts, in violation of the laws of God and man—if the fabric be not pure and unstained and cannot sustain itself—the flood gates of abuse and reprobation are opened, and lavished forth with a relentless hand; certificates are "manufactured to order," to delude the people, and to bolster up a sullied reputation; and even ministers of the gospel forsake their sacred calling, and are persuaded to venture into the political arena, and by their endorsement to prop the character of a man whose life (and we speak knowingly) has been one continued scene of vice and immorality from his earliest manhood to a decayed old age.

How was the moral and religious world astounded when the certificate of the Rev. Dr. H. B. Bascom, which so recently appeared, was heralded forth by a licentious press, endorsing the character of that man whose name has been a by-word among his own brethren for years past, carrying along with it, not the faintest evidence of morality and virtue, but, on the other hand, associated by them with all the prevailing vices which characterize the worldly and the vicious man.

We would for his sake—we would for the sake of that church of which he is a bright and shining ornament—we would, as his brother, for the sake of that religion which he professes, and for the sake of that reputation which he has hitherto sustained as a candid and conscientious man,—cover this last act with an impenetrable veil, and hide it in oblivion, never thence to be brought forth and reckoned against him. But there is a duty, an imperative one, which we owe to ourselves, to our children, to our church, our religion, and our country, which no personal consideration must shake, and from the discharge of which we must neither falter nor depart, even when the name of the Rev. H. B. Bascom is opposed to us. It is fresh in the minds and remembrance of the whole country, that a letter was addressed by Dr. J. G. Goble to the Rev. H. B. Bascom, with the inquiry, "whether the charges preferred against the Hon. Henry Clay, of being a Sabbath breaker, a profane swearer and gambler, were correct or not." Now mark the reply of the Rev. Mr. Bascom to the charges: "I have been in intimate and confidential intercourse with the Hon. Henry Clay, in private and public life for more than twenty years, and know the charges enumerated in your letter against the private character of Mr. Clay to be utterly and basely false. Mr. Clay does not belong to the church, but in view of the ordinary accredited principles of good moral character, no charge can be brought against him without violating the obligations of truth and sound justice; and to each and every charge in your letter, I return for an answer, that I regard them, one and all, shamefully unjust, because not true, either in whole or in part."

The reverend doctor sweeps the platter—goes the whole figure, without exception or reservation; and, in this wholesale denial, can arrogate to himself the credit at least of going further and stronger in denying these charges, than any man of any size, sort, description, or cloth, has ever ventured to go. He strikes the current, and leaves himself no chance of swimming to land, but a fair one of sinking before he gets even in sight.

This wonderful certificate covers the ground of Mr. Clay's morality "in whole" and not "in part," for twenty years and more; and to that period, so embraced, we shall respond, and take the doctor's "intercourse, so intimate and confidential, public and private," and no more.

Every reader of the paragraph referring to the doctor's public intercourse with Mr. Clay, would very naturally infer that he

had held for "twenty years and more," some public station under the government; and, consequently, was placed in a situation to know that these charges were utterly and basely false. But the public will be as naturally very much surprised to learn, that the reverend gentleman's public life is comprised not "in twenty long years and more," but in the enormous short space of ten short months! in the capacity of chaplain of the lower House of Congress.

Of the reverend doctor, Mr. Clay has ever been a quasi patron, and was his supporter to that office; and if the report of that day be true, backed his claims to that office with the somewhat novel but singular recommendation, "that he could produce a preacher who could preach them all to hell and back again." That argument was irresistible to members—the reverend doctor was backed against Satan; Mr. Clay endorsed for him then; the doctor was elected; and he, not forgetful of past favors, cherishing a very commendable gratitude, now backs Mr. Clay, and endorses for him to the full extent, and a "little over." The doctor preached, and preached well; but whether he quite came up to the letter, or filled the measure of the recommendation, we regret to say history does not allow to us the slightest record. When the doctor counts again, he will, doubtless, discover that ten months are not "twenty years and more."

Take the doctor's statement as true to the letter—grant that he was "in intimate and confidential public intercourse" with Mr. Clay for "twenty years and more," and then ask him how he knows that Mr. Clay neither "desecrated the Sabbath, profanely swore, nor gambled" in that time? Was he at Mr. Clay's elbow all the time? When he was preaching in the halls of Congress, does he know that Mr. Clay was not desecrating the holy day elsewhere? Was he by the side of Mr. Clay day and night, so as to know that he neither swore nor gambled. All men would suppose that a minister of the gospel would be the last man "invited to such an entertainment," to witness the gaming on which Mr. Clay staked his thousands, ay, even during the doctor's brief tenure of public station. And yet the doctor knows that Mr. Clay did not gamble, or swear, or break the Sabbath.

But the scene is shifted. The intimate and confidential intercourse of "twenty years and more," closes in ten months; but the "private one" is still maintained with so much fidelity that the reverend doctor is enabled to "know," and does know, and affirms that he does positively and unequivocally "know" that Mr. Clay never swore nor broke the Sabbath, from the beginning of the "twenty years or more," up to the 20th day of July, 1844, the date of his certificate. Now, unless the country is willing to admit that the reverend gentleman is endowed with ubiquity, that, by some supernatural agency, he is enabled to "know" what Mr. Clay is doing in Washington city at all hours of the day and night, on the days of the week, and on the Sabbath, when the reverend gentleman is some hundreds of miles distant, they certainly do not forfeit their claims to common charity, when they question very much whether the doctor does "know" with as much certainty as he professes to affirm in his certificate or endorsement, and justification of Mr. Clay's claims to that morality with which he is so ready to invest him. But to proceed with the doctor's own history after the close of his "public" life and intercourse. His tenure of office abruptly ceases, and he becomes an itinerant preacher, travelling through the length and breadth of the land, and never having an opportunity of preaching to Mr. Clay, or touching at any point where he passed his time more than once in several years, until he settled down, and became connected with the college at Augusta, a town distant about 600 miles from Washington city, where Mr. Clay spent the greater portion of his time, and about 100 miles from Lexington, and the place of Mr. Clay's residence.

Under this state of the facts, we respectfully propound the question to the doctor, how he could keep up an intercourse so intimate and confidential, at these respective distances, as to "know," and to assert to the world that he does "know," that these charges are "basely and utterly false" "in whole and in part, and consequently, to follow out the doctor's most decorous and Christian vocabulary, that he who asserts the contrary "lies most foully in his throat." We tell the doctor, were he to state personally to Mr. Clay's associates in Washington or in Lexington the contents of his certificate, and appear to do it in sober seriousness, they would either regard it as a pleasant joke of his, or an attempt to impose on their credulity. The reverend doctor has about an equal chance of "knowing" whether these charges are true or false, as the Pope of Rome has of personally knowing the morality of the Russian Czar. But to render certain the Rev. Dr.'s means of "knowing" that Mr.

Clay is a finished specimen of morality—that virtue claims him as her favorite and especial advocate and patron—he is heralded forth as the renowned President of Transylvania University, and thereby an attempt is made to delude the people with the idea that he has occupied that station for a considerable length of time. Such is not the fact. He has been a resident of Lexington scarce two years, out of "the twenty years and more" through all of which this "intimate and confidential intercourse" has been maintained in all its purity, uninterrupted and unbroken, distance and separation to the contrary notwithstanding. And has not the Rev. Dr.'s faith in Mr. Clay as the embodiment of all virtue been shaken at any time during the lapse of this "twenty years or more," or are his ideas of morality isolated, and peculiar only to himself? Does he not "know" that scarce three months ago Gen. McCalla, of Lexington, an elder of the Presbyterian church of that city, a man without spot or blemish, who has been hunted down by Mr. Clay himself—ay, even by all the curs which so throng his kennel there, and for what? because he dared to lift the curtain which concealed the deformity, and to publish to the world one of these very charges which, in the face of overwhelming evidence, and not denied, this reverend doctor now pronounces "utterly and basely false," published in a paper there "that this very same Mr. Clay, on the 4th day of July, 1843, at a public barbecue two miles from Lexington, gambled high, and won, from the very friend whom he conveyed to the ground in his own carriage, a considerable sum of money," and proffered to prove the charge if denied by the gentlemen who played at the table, and by a host of his political friends and neighbors.

Was the charge denied? Did any of the tenants of the kennel, or Mr. Clay himself, utter the faintest shadow of denial? Did either of Mr. Clay's certificate makers of the recent occurrence at the Blue Lick Springs, (who, by-the-by, were both present, as we are informed, at least when this game at the barbecue was played, when the friend's pockets were relieved of their "small change,") then unsolicited and unasked, step forward and certify that Mr. Clay did no "gambling" then and there? Silence, profound silence, was the watchword passed from the chief to his satellites, and silence it was. They were afraid to deny the charge which Gen. McCalla made and could prove by fifty unwilling witnesses of his own party.

And has the reverend gentleman slept over all this? He "knows" the charge was made, that proof was offered but none was challenged; and yet he "knows" that Mr. Clay does not "gamble," and proclaims the charge to the world as "basely and utterly false," under the sacred sanction of the written word of a minister of the gospel.

Once more Let the reverend gentleman go to Ashland, and ask the man whom he so boldly and recklessly endorses whether the beautiful picture of the "Welshwoman," which decorates the wall of his dining-hall, was not won at the gaming table! Let him descend from his throne of Transylvania, and ask this same "embodiment" of all the attributes of virtue and morality, whether the still more beautiful picture of the "Bouquet of Flowers," which meets the eye as you enter the drawing room of that stately mansion, was not staked against with money and won at the same place of vice and depravity!

Let him not leave the mansion until he makes the still more portentous inquiry of this sage of Ashland's shady groves, (who once backed him against Satan, and whom he now backs as the purest and the best,) whether he did not propose, at the same place of iniquity, to put up a high stake against the picture of the VIRGIN MARY, and to play at cards for the picture of THE MOTHER OF OUR SAVIOR! Ask him again most reverend doctor, whether the proposition was not made to the Hon. A. G., of New York, and what was the reply—whether it was not that "the picture of the MOTHER OF OUR REDEEMER was not obtained by gambling, and that he could not gamble it off!"

Let these questions be asked and answered in honesty and truth, and if denied, let the proof be called for, and then, sir, you may be placed in a situation to "know" whether this charge of "gambling is utterly and basely false," or whether it stands written in imperishable characters against the man whom you wish to sustain and endorse, "the public and private, intimate and confidential intercourse of 20 years and more," with additional proof of your certificate to the contrary notwithstanding. Was this intimate and confidential intercourse still kept up by you, doctor, when Clay left his home to travel to Louisville to the races? Ay, even on the race field itself, and to the locked rooms of the hotel where these "moral sports" were finished for the day, and do you "know" that Mr. Clay did not bet high on the race field, and gamble high at the hotel? Were you so

"intimate and confidential" with your honorable friend when he was travelling up and down the river on steamboats, and you at home, by your own fireside, as to know that he did not descend from that pinnacle of morality on which your ready hand has placed him, and kill the time which hung heavily on his hands by a resort to the gentle and very "moral" amusement of the gaming table; ay, and even forgot that Saturday night had passed away, and the Sabbath had dawned on "two bullets and a bragger," or the "four honors in his own hand?" This last is technical language, doctor; but your "intimate and confidential intercourse" and association with Mr. Clay for the long period of "twenty years and more," may, by this time, have taught you to understand its legitimate meaning. And still, doctor, your honorable friend and patron is the very best of mortals, according to "its most accredited principles," as taught by our church and our religion.

And you "know," too, doctor, that Mr. Clay is no "Sabbath breaker," and that charge, too, is "utterly false." Does your church and religion teach, or authorize you "to certify," that the man who travels to the races at Louisville on the Sabbath day does not profane the holy day for which it was set apart?

Does the Bible, or the sanctity of your hallowed office as a minister and teacher of its precepts, instruct you to declare that man free from the charge of desecration of the holy day, who, surrounded by pomp and pageantry and all the circumstances of a festive occasion, addresses a crowd on political subjects, amid the shouts and huzzas of an assembled and Sabbath-breaking multitude? And yet, doctor, you know that Mr. Clay is "no Sabbath-breaker," and is moral to the full extent of its "accredited principles," and all this is virtuous, moral, and lawful, and you owe it to "truth and justice and the claims of society" so to declare and certify it. And you, too, "know," doctor, that Mr. Clay is "no profane swearer." Have you never heard it whispered that this same Mr. Henry Clay so far forgot the dignity of his station as a grave senator and the sage of Ashland, and that morality according to its most "accredited principles," of which you, doctor, certify he possesses so overflowing and abounding a quantity, as to say on the floor of Congress to Gov. Polk, "Go home, God damn you, where you belong?" The charge has been made by members of Congress who heard the expression of his infuriate passion; and neither Mr. Clay nor any of his partisan presses have ever had the hardihood to deny the charge. And yet you, doctor, endorse him and certify that he is no profane swearer, and that you "know" the fact, and owe it to "truth and justice to say so," and that he who asserts the fact affirms that which is "utterly and basely false."

This covers the ground of the Rev. doctor's certificate, which has been so much extolled and glorified, that a credulous people would be very apt to suppose that, on its "accredited principles," the account "was fully settled beyond all caviling and controversy, and that Mr. Clay, no longer amenable to the bar of public opinion, had received at the Rev. doctor's hands, receipt in full.

A few words addressed to you, doctor, in the relations, and with all kindness, as members of the same Christian church, and we have discharged a duty as unpalatable to us as it is extraordinary and unauthorized in you, as a minister of the church to which we belong, to give currency, and the sanction of that church, by your name and authority, to a certificate of "accredited" morality to the duelist, the profane swearer, the Sabbath breaker, and the gambler. We know, from better testimony than yours can possibly be, who never had an opportunity of "knowing," we know, from the general character in these particulars, and others which we could enumerate, that your honorable and "moral" friend is guilty, has been often guilty, of the charges which you denounce as utterly and basely false, in whole or in part, "in your startling" certificate, authorized by you to be proclaimed and published to the world as containing "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." We "know" the man whom you have "accredited" with such pure and unblemished morality, drafted the unhallowed challenge which hurried into eternity, scarce six years ago, a deluded victim to the bloody "code of honor." We "know" that the man whom you herald to the world as one of inflexible and "accredited virtue," has twice stood forth on the field of blood to uphold that "code of honor" which defies the laws of God and man, shooting in cold blood, at one antagonist, and desperately wounding the other, and even now as reckless and unrepentant, at the advanced age of near threescore years and ten, standing on the brink of eternity, and proclaiming to the world most emphatically, and in doing and defying language to his God, that he cannot foresee what contingency may arise, and that he cannot reconcile