

THE TARBORO' PRESS.

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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.

THE CHRISTIAN Parlor Magazine.

The Christian Parlor Magazine is issued monthly, and contains 32 royal octavo pages, making a volume of 384 pages, embellished with a steel and colored engraving, music, &c. Price, \$2.00 a year in advance, \$2 50 if paid after six months. Any individual sending us five names may have the 5th copy gratis, and in the same proportion for a greater number. The co-operation of clergymen, and others, favorable to the circulation of such a work, is respectfully solicited. Communications adapted to the object of the work, will be favorably received. Newspapers advertising the work and sending us a copy of the advertisement may have the Magazine for one year. All communications respecting the work may be addressed to D. Mead, No. 148 Nassau street (Tract House.) Individuals ordering the work will be particular to direct to the office of The Christian Parlor Magazine, 134 Nassau street, New York.

Great Bargains, In Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, At the Cheap Cash Store.

Fish's celebrated Nutria Hat, first quality and newest style; Black and drab cassimere and brush hats, very cheap. Black & drab fur hats, at \$1.25 & upwards. A great variety of men's fur Caps, from \$1 to \$2.50—boys fur caps, \$1; Men's and boys cloth, glazed, hair, seal, and seallette caps; 18 dozen wool hats, good and cheap; Men's cow hide, kip, seal and calf boots; Men's and boys heavy coarse brogans, do. kip and calf brogans; Ladies kid, seal and morocco slips, 50 cents and upwards; Ladies Pha. made shoes and slippers; Women's high and low quarter shoes, in great variety—girls & children's shoes, Sole and upper Leather, shoe thread. All of which are well worthy the attention of purchasers; as they will be offered at the most favorable terms by JAS WBDDELL, Tarboro', Nov. 23, 1844.

Notice.

GRAY'S Infallible Patent Ointment, for the cure of white swellings, scrofulous and other tumors, ulcers, sore legs, old and fresh wounds, sprains and bruises, swellings and inflammations; scalds and burns, scald head, women's sore breast, rheumatic pains, tetters, eruptions, chilblains, whitlows; bites; piles, corns; and external diseases generally. The subscriber has just procured a fresh supply of this invaluable Ointment, direct from the Patentee, which he is enabled to sell at greatly reduced prices. Judkins' Specific Ointment, for the cure of white swelling, sore legs, felons, chilblains, tetters, eruptions, &c. Roach and bed bug bane, an effectual antidote against these noxious insects. Condition Powders, for the cure of yellow water, botts, worms, &c. in horses. Geo. Hubbard, Tarboro'. April 9, 1845

Information Wanted.

If there is now living any officer or soldier of the Revolution; or any relative of JOHN ROSS, formerly of North Carolina, who can give any information respecting the service or discharge of the said Ross in the discharge of the Revolution, they will be generously rewarded by communicating such facts as may be within their knowledge to N. J. Thomas, Post Master, Eden, Hancock Co. Maine, where they may hear something perhaps to their advantage. John Ross enlisted in Capt. Williams' Co. 4th Regiment, in 1777, for and during the war. CP Printers of Newspapers in N. C. friendly to the old Soldiers will oblige by copying this in their papers. Dec. 14th, 1844.

POETRY.



From the Union.

Tribute to the Memory of Major General ANDREW JACKSON.

"And thou didst prove, where spears are proved
In war, the bravest heart—
Oh! ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert,—and there thou art."
Cœur de Lion.

A requiem chant for the gallant dead—
A prayer for the spirit's rest—
Bring laurels for the honored head,
And olive to lay on his breast,
For a warrior sleeps—and his work is done;—
Let it be known by the booming gun.

He hath laid off his helmet of steel;
His sword is at rest in its sheath;
And the armor he wore in the field,
Gives place to the mantle of death?
And the mournful roll of the muffled drum
Proclaims that the soldier's work is done.

The storms of life, and the battle's blast,
And the din of arms are hushed;
And the final victory gained at last,
And the last fierce foe is crushed;
For the warrior, sage, and statesman's trust
Was firm in God who enkindled our dust.

He no more in our councils shall shine;
No more shall his wisdom dictate;
Nor his sword flash again long the line,
Nor his bosom with ardor elate;
For his work is done, & his toils are past—
Lower the flag—let it drop half-mast.

The veteran died, as a Christian dies,
With hope in his Saviour God—
And now on that brave old heart there lies
The heavy and fresh green sod;
But deeds will tell, when his crumbling dust
From his frame shall fall, and his falchion rust.
M.
Washington, June 18, 1845.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Union.

DEATH OF GEN. JACKSON.

It is not in the scope of a hurried obituary notice to do justice to such a man as Gen. Jackson. His life is a volume of his country's history. At this moment the nation's sensibility will be most solicitous to learn something of the late thoughts of the great heart—the last throbbings of the honest heart, which, for so many years, have made the public welfare the chief concern. We have it in our power, through the indulgence of an old and esteemed friend of the venerable patriot-patriarch, to bring his countrymen to his bedside, and enable them to see how worthy of his life has been its close.

Capt. Tyrack, of the city of New York, to whom we are indebted for the simple narrative of his intercourse with General Jackson during a few days preceding his death, left the Hermitage on Wednesday week. While there he wrote out, at the request of a friend—who could not accompany him as he wished on his pilgrimage—a diary of the occurrences of his visit to General Jackson. This authentic record of almost the last hours of the General's life, has been opportunely placed at our disposal, although, when it reached the direction, the demise of its subject was not anticipated so soon by the writer. We submit it to our readers in lieu of any remarks of our own; considering that it is in itself an obituary, worth more than all the panegyric which a full heart could lavish. It has the recommendation of placing one, known chiefly to his countrymen as a soldier and statesman, in a new light—in the bosom scenes of life; and under the most trying circumstances. The vast range of the military genius of General Jackson; his power in applying resources; his vigor, vigilance, activity; his stern resolution as a military leader; his probity, his firmness; his patriotism as a statesman; making a combination of splendid characteristics surpassing all his contemporaries in public life—extinguished in the general gaze the halo that surrounded him in the retirement of domestic life. His lofty bearing, his courtesy; his magnanimity in his personal commerce among men; the proud spirit which would ask nothing that was not strictly right, and brook nothing that was wrong—traits in keeping with his public career—had commanded attention to "the men of the iron will." But the gentler aspects, the humbler virtues of the master of the Hermitage, were known only to its intimate friends. In his own house, all were ever indulged but himself. There, gentleness,

affection, and hospitable kindness attended him at every step, and all were made sensible, that in the comfort and enjoyment of those around him his own consisted, and that no personal self-denial was too high a price to pay for it. The traits of character so artlessly exhibited, in the subjoined letter, show the source of the endearing domestic virtues in which the hero and statesman were lost at the Hermitage. The soul of General Jackson, when not called to combat violence and wrong, was made up of the deepest devotion and the kindest sympathies.

[A Diary about General Jackson.] Hermitage, May 28th, 1845.

My dear sir: Aware of your desire to know the condition of the Hermitage in the closing scenes of his life, I write down, from day to day, during the short visit I make him, what occurs of interest.

On my arrival I found ex-President Jackson more comfortable than he had been, although his disease is not abated, and his long and useful life is rapidly drawing to its close. He has not been in a condition to lie down during the last four months. His feet, legs, hands and arms are much swollen with dropsy; which has invaded his whole system. Bandages are drawn tight around the parts most affected to prevent, as much as possible, the increase of the water. He has scarcely any use of his hands. The bandages are removed several times in the 24 hours, and the parts rubbed severely to restore animation & the circulation of the blood. He has not strength to stand. His respiration is very short and attended with much difficulty. & the whole progress of the disease accompanied with great suffering. He eats no sleep except by opiates. His left lung was ruptured many years ago during the Seminole campaign in Florida, and is entirely destroyed, and the other much diseased. When the dropsy commenced, the cough was extremely severe, and expectoration profuse. These symptoms, which had continued for years, now gradually gave way and almost entirely ceased. This was followed by loss of appetite and constant nausea & prostration. This change took place early in April; and about the first of May a diarrhoea commenced which seemed to threaten an immediate dissolution. This continued for a few days with great suffering, but fortunately reduced the swelling of the whole system. The abatement of the diarrhoea was succeeded by the swelling in all parts, with violent pain and extreme difficulty of breathing, when nature would again relieve itself as above described.

Thursday, May 29.—Gen. Jackson is rather more comfortable, having obtained from opiates some sleep. This day he sat awhile to Mr. Healy, who had been sent by Louis Philippe (the King of the French) to paint his portrait. Mr. Healy told me that it was the design of the King of the French to place his portrait by the side of Washington, which already hangs in his gallery—the most celebrated and interesting historical gallery—in the world—to surround them with the pictures of the most eminent of American generals and statesmen. Mr. Healy is commissioned by the king to paint the portraits of some twelve of the most distinguished revolutionary patriots; to surround those of Washington & Jackson—the greatest and best men our country ever produced; also some of the most prominent living politicians of the day. Messrs. John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were named by Mr. Healy to me. Mr. Healy was enabled to make much progress in his work to-day; and, as usual, the General received many visitors, more than thirty. All were admitted, from the humblest to the most renowned, to take the venerable chieftain by the hand and bid him farewell. Among the visitors was General Jesup, an old friend and companion in arms. The meeting of these most faithful and gallant soldiers and servants of the republic was deeply interesting and affecting. A reverend gentleman called to inquire in regard to the General's health, his faith, and future hope. The General said: "Sir, I am in the hands of a merciful God. I have full confidence in his goodness and mercy. My lamp of life is nearly out, and the last glimmer has come. I am ready to depart when called. The Bible is true. The principles & statutes of that holy book have been the rule of my life, and I have tried to conform to its spirit as near as possible. Upon that sacred volume I rest my hope for eternal salvation, through the merits and blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Nothing further was said upon the subject.

Friday, May 30.—The General passed a bad night; no sleep—extremely feeble this morning. Mr. Healy, with considerable exertions on the part of the General, was enabled to finish the portrait on which he labored with great care. It was presented to the General. After examining it for some minutes, he remarked to Mr. Healy, "I am satisfied, sir, that you stand at the head of your profession; if I may

be allowed to judge of my own likeness, I can safely concur in the opinion of my family; this is the best that has been taken. I feel very much obliged to you, sir, for the very great labor and care you have been pleased to bestow upon it." The family were all highly gratified with its faithfulness. I consider it the most perfect representation I have ever seen, giving rather the remains of the heroic personage, than the full life that made him the most extraordinary combination of spirit and energy, with a slender frame, the world ever saw.

At 9 o'clock, as is the custom, all the General's family—except the few who take their turn to watch by his side—took their leave of him. Each of the family approached him, received his blessing, bid him farewell, kissed him as it would seem an eternal good night—for he would say my work is done for life. After his family retires it is touching to witness this heroic man, who has faced every danger with unyielding front, offer up his prayers for those whom Providence has committed to his care; that Heaven would protect and prosper them when he is no more—praying still more fervently to God for the preservation of his country, of the Union, and the people of the United States from all foreign influence and invasion—tendering his forgiveness to his enemies, and his gratitude to God for his support and success through a long life, and for the hope of eternal salvation through the merits of our blessed Redeemer.

The General exerted himself to discharge every duty, and with all his anxious care that is possible; but his debility, and the unremitting anguish he suffers, has almost extinguished every power except that of his intellect. Occasionally his distress produces spasmodic affections; yet in the midst of the worst paroxysms not a murmur, not even a groan escapes his lips. Great and just in life, calm and resigned in death.

Saturday, May 31.—The General passed a distressed night; no sleep—extreme debility this morning, attended with increased swelling of the abdomen, and all his limbs, and difficulty of breathing. He said, "I hope God will grant me patience to submit to his holy will; He does all things well, and blessed be His holy and merciful name." His Bible is always near him; if he is in his chair, it is on the table by his side; when propped up in bed, that sacred volume is laid by him, and he often reads it. He has no power, and is lifted in and out of his sitting posture in bed to the same posture in his chair. Nothing can exceed the affectionate care, vigilance and never-ceasing efforts of his pious and devoted family to administer to his relief; and yet, in the midst of the affliction which calls for so much attention and sympathy, kindness and hospitality to strangers is not omitted.

June 1.—"This day," the General said, "is the holy Sabbath, ordained by God, and set apart to be devoted to his worship and praise. I always attended service at church when I could; but now I can go no more." He desired the family to go, as many as could, and charged them to continue the education of the poor at the Sunday school. This new system of instruction, he said, which blended the duties of religion with those of humanity he considered of vast importance; and spoke with an emphasis which showed his anxiety to impress it on the family. Mrs. Jackson, and her sister Mrs. Adams, regularly attended to their instructions on the Sabbath. A part of the family went to church. The General looked out of the window; and said, "this is apparently the last Sabbath I shall be with you; God's will be done! He is kind and merciful." The General's look is often fixed with peculiar affection on his grand daughter, Rachel, named after his wife, so beloved, and whose memory he has so tenderly cherished. The young Rachel has all the lovely and amiable qualities for which the elder, Mrs. Jackson, was so remarkable.

Sunday, June 2.—The General passed a bad night. No sleep. An evident increase of water on the chest. He read many letters, as usual. Some of them were from persons of whom he had no knowledge, asking for autographs, and making other requests. The letters were almost constantly with him. He looked over them; those of importance were opened and read. Among them was one from Major Donelson, charge de affaires to Texas, giving an account of the almost incredible proceedings of the British agent, Elliott, to prevent the annexation of Texas to the United States. The General said, "we have made a disgraceful sacrifice of our territory; an important portion of our country was given away to England without a shadow of title on the part of the claimants, as has been shown by the admissions of the English ministers on referring in Parliament to the King's map, on which the true boundaries were delineated, and of which they were apprised when urging their demands. "Right on the side of the American peo-

ple, and firmness in maintaining it, he continued, with trust in God alone, will secure to them the integrity of possessions of which the British government would deprive them. I am satisfied that they will assert and vindicate what justice awards them; and that no part of our territory or country will ever be submitted to any arbitration but of the cannon's mouth."

He felt grateful to a merciful Providence, that had always sustained him through all his struggles, and in the defence of the continued independence and prosperity of his beloved country, and that he could now give up his stewardship, and resign his breath to God who gave it, with the cheering reflection that the country was down upon a firm democratic basis; that the rights of the laboring classes were respected and protected, (for, he adds, it is from them that the country derives all its prosperity & greatness,) and to them we must ever look to defend our soil when invaded. They have never refused. No, sir, and never will. Give them an honest government, freedom from monopolies and privileged classes, and hard money—not paper—currency for their hard labor, and all will be well."

At 2 o'clock, p. m.; his distress became suddenly very great, and the water increasing to an alarming extent. An express was sent to Nashville, twelve miles, for surgical aid. An operation was performed by Doctor Estlin with success; much water taken from his abdomen, which produced great relief, although extreme prostration.

Tuesday, June 3d.—Much distress through the night. Opiates were freely administered, but sleep appeared to have passed from him. Calm and perfectly resigned to the will of his Redeemer; and prayed to God to sustain him in this his hour of dissolution.

At 10, a. m.—Doctors Robinson & Walters arrived from Nashville. Doctor Estlin having remained with the General through the night, a consultation was held, and all that had been done was approved, and all that could be done was to conform to the General's temporary wishes.

At 4, p. m., I left his house for home. He expressed great solicitude in my behalf, but I was silent; the scene was too affecting, and I left this aged soldier, statesman, and Christian patriot, with all the pious and hospitable inmates of the Hermitage, without the power of saying farewell.

Yours, truly,
WILLIAM TYACK,
To Paul T. E. Hübner, Esq.,
City of New York.

From the Raleigh Star.

The New Postage Law.—The following are the rates of postage upon letters, newspapers, & pamphlets, as regulated by the new act, by the last Congress which goes into operation on the first day of July next.

On Letters—Single, or any number of pieces not exceeding half an ounce	300 miles or less,	5 cents.
Over 300 miles,		10 "
Drop Letters, (not mailed),		2 "
For each additional half ounce or part thereof, add single postage thereof.		
On Newspapers, of 1000 square inches or less, sent by editors or publishers, from their offices of publication, any distance not exceeding 30 miles.		Free.
Over 30 miles, & not exceeding 100; 1 cent.		
Over 100 miles, and out of the State, 1 1/2 "		
All six: 8 over 1000 square inches; postage same as pamphlets.		
Pamphlets, Magazines, and Periodicals, any distance, for one ounce of lbs., each copy,		3 cents;
Each additional ounce or fractional part thereof;		13 "
On Circulars—Quarto post, single cap; or paper not larger than single cap, folded; directed, and unsealed, for every sheet, any distance,		3 "

Foreign.

The regular mail steamer Caledonia, arrived at Boston, brings London and Liverpool dates to the 4th June. Cotton was dull and the prices barely sustained. A Report of the market of June 3, says: "Since Friday last a change for the worse has taken place; the market has become languid, the demand feeble, and prices have consequently declined a full 1/2d. from the quotations of last Friday; and Cotton is now very freely offered at the decline. The sales on Saturday were 4000 bags, on Monday, and to-day 3000. There has been no speculative buying."

The excitement which had existed previously in relation to Oregon, had entirely subsided.

Germany appears to be in a high state of excitement in consequence of the schism which M. Ronge, the new Luther, who demands marriage for the Catholic priesthood, and the celebration of mass in the native instead of the Latin language.