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THESE medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Almshouses, and by more than five hundred Clergymen of various denominations.

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Jayne's Expectant, per bottle,	\$1 00
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July 12, 1845

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Are WARRANTED to make a perfect and lasting cure of Fever and Ague.

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These Pills may also be used in all cases where a tonic or strengthening medicine may be required. Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

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Tarboro', July 12, 1845.



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JUST RECEIVED, a supply of Dr. Duffy's Anti-bilious Pills and Tonic Mixture, an effectual remedy for Ague and Fever, &c.

GEORGE HOWARD, Agent.
Tarboro', July 16.

Constables' Blanks for sale,
AT THIS OFFICE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EULOGY

On ANDREW JACKSON, delivered in the Presbyterian Church at Washington, N. C. on the 26th day of June, 1845, by WILLIAM B. RODMAN. Published by the Committee appointed in Town Meeting.

The Providence which gave ANDREW JACKSON to his country has taken him away. The event was not unexpected for the measure of his days was full but the loss is not less to be deplored, the public grief is not less deep and prevailing. Now for the seventh time a President of America has been gathered into the folds of the past. Were he merely one who had been twice elevated by the free choice of the people of this country to the office of its chief ruler, a suitable demonstration of respect for his memory would be usual and becoming. But the Presidents of America have usually had higher claims to the memory and veneration of mankind, than the mere possession of exalted office or the decent discharge of its duties. To those who have been thus distinguished, JACKSON is an illustrious addition. The proud honors and the powers which his country bestowed were but a grateful tribute for services as signal and the means for others. His life connects the greatest events in the history of our country. His boyhood participated in the combats and sufferings of the Revolution, his manhood crowned the close of the last war with glory, his maturer age was adorned by civil labors and triumphs no less useful and illustrious. His life embraces adventures as extraordinary and wonderful as any contained in history or romance. The overpowering force of his genius impressed itself ineffaceably on the fate and institutions of his country. The volume of history which details the story of his life will be the delight of boys, the study of soldiers and statesmen. The poet, the orator and the philosopher will alike find materials there whence to point their appeals to the imagination, the passions and the reason of posterity. When we add that his transcendent genius was guided by the love of humanity, his laurels gained not in conquest but in defence of his country from aggression, his tenderness was equal to his courage, his heart was warm and sincere, his integrity unquestioned, his word never broken and a devout sense of religion gave to his character those Christian graces which are beyond the reach of philosophy—when we add this, it will be manifest that we have not met here merely for the purpose of paying a becoming respect to the memory of a departed magistrate, nor even merely to render a last tribute of gratitude for public services; but also to indulge that admiration which is the irrepressible homage of the human heart to him who surpasses his kind. It is a homage honorable to its object and to us also who yield it. The faculty of feeling enthusiasm and admiration, of sympathizing and exulting at the triumph of dauntless courage over opposition and difficulty, is not the least noble part of our common nature. It attests a generosity of spirit akin to the heroism which it contemplates; it is a feeling which angels might share, it is an aspiration to the skies with whose inhabitants it declares our kindred.

From every part of this broad republic, from every party, sect and opinion the solemn occasion of the closing of the grave over the mortal remains of ANDREW JACKSON has called forth this sentiment. In passing through a long and arduous career, in the course of which he was the leader of one party in the fiercest, most interesting and most important political conflicts which this country has yet witnessed, it could not otherwise be than that there should be engendered much opposition and animosity. It was natural too that during his life the prejudices of opposition should often aggravate his infirmities and deny justice to his merits. But these prejudices were already mitigated by time and it is a trait honorable to the American character that these animosities are now buried in his grave; that throughout the length and breadth of the republic there is but one impulsive sentiment of grief for his loss and admiration for his heroic nature. As a part of that republic he loved, and served, and honored, we bear our part in the expression of that sentiment and join our

voices to the chorus that swells from mountain and plain, and follows his ascending spirit to the skies. He who in this mournful hour when that high soul has returned to its Maker and earth has received its inexorable debt, can forget the virtues and dwell with bitterness on the errors of JACKSON, is not to be envied. Fortune may have surrounded him with her blandishments and every external means of happiness may be his, but God has denied to his heart that sensibility to lofty and generous emotion, which is the surest and most bounteous source of earthly felicity. The fame of JACKSON is too large as his ends were too liberal, his benevolence too expansive, to be engrossed by any party. His instinctive sagacity saw far into the future, whilst others saw only the present. Hence differences of opinion. But while time has illustrated the purity of his aims, it has also confirmed the accuracy of most of his conclusions. His fame is the property of his countrymen, his example is the inheritance of mankind.

The time would not allow me to give even a brief sketch of the life of Genl. JACKSON; nor is it necessary, it is already familiar. I shall refer therefore to a very few incidents only and that with all possible brevity. He was born in 1767, and South Carolina has the honor of his birth place. His parents were emigrants from the Presbyterian settlement of the north of Ireland. America owes a debt of gratitude to Ireland. Much of the best blood that flows here has its fountain there. His parents were in very moderate circumstances: his father died while he was very young; his brother was early slain by the enemy in the war of the Revolution: his mother followed them to the grave from grief and toil. Thus was the boy JACKSON left without a relative in a country that was still a wilderness: self reliance was taught: his native virtues were nursed by adversity. In any country but this the orator would pause to call attention to the obscurity of his birth and early fortunes, and contrast them with the splendor of his later renown and the high stations he filled. Here such contrasts are ordinary. Our equal institutions give to no one rank a monopoly of the service of the State any more than nature has given it a monopoly of virtue and merit. Poverty and opulence ascend side by side to the post of power and distinction.

I pass over the romantic adventures of the boyhood of JACKSON. In those days even boys bore arms for their country and he was taken prisoner. Every one knows how bravely he resisted insult, and how he received a wound whose scar he carried to the grave. He studied law at Salisbury in this State, a place remarkable from the earliest period for its devotion to free principles.

What is now the State of Tennessee was then a Territory and a wilderness. Thither the enterprising spirit of JACKSON carried him. He settled in the town of Nashville and commenced the practice of his profession—a profession which in those days partook of the dangers and required the courage of the soldier's. The wilderness to which JACKSON went was about to become a State, and in 1796 JACKSON was elected to the Convention to form a Constitution. In 1797 he was sent as a Senator to Congress, where he voted with the Republican party against the alien law. After occupying this post he resigned, and was shortly after made one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Tennessee; which place also he soon resigned from a diffidence of the sufficiency of his legal learning to discharge its important duties. Unambitious of public station he now determined to devote himself to agricultural pursuits, and settled on that beautiful farm called the Hermitage, where he has ever since resided when not in the public service, and beneath whose shades his body now reposes. While holding the office of Senator from Tennessee he had been elected Major General of the militia of that State. He held that office until 1814, when he received the same rank in the regular army. Genl. JACKSON was first called from his chosen retirement to defend his fellow citizens from the bloody ravages of the savage. The Indians living south of Tennessee instigated by a pretended prophet, encouraged by the British, and countenanced by the Spaniards in Florida although Spain was at peace with the United States, committed the most cruel butcheries on the frontiers. The

greatest excitement prevailed; the West burnt with the ardor of revenge, and JACKSON was called on by the public voice to punish the inhuman enemy. With a broken arm still in a sling, at the head of a body of volunteers he penetrated the Indian country. Want of time forbids us from attempting any detail of these campaigns. The brilliancy of his subsequent exploits has partially thrown them in the shade; but if no other memorials remained, they would sufficiently establish his possession of every quality which distinguishes a great commander. He pushed without any certain supplies into the untrodden wilderness: his own unflagging spirit sustained his soldiers in every labor and privation. By his activity, skill and intrepidity he defeated the Indians in several bloody combats. With a moral courage more rare, more admirable than mere courage in battle, he decided on entering Pensacola, drove away a British fleet sheltered in its harbor, and by this bold step cut up Indian hostilities by the roots. In the course of this service he had occasion to display that readiness of decision and invincibility of resolution which seemed almost to place destiny in his hands. His troops were volunteers, and becoming wearied of traversing forests and streams, and anxious to return to their families and business before the objects of the campaign had been accomplished, they insisted that the term of their service had expired and demanded that they should be permitted to return home. The discontent spread through the whole force, finally a part broke out in open mutiny, actually abandoned the camp and commenced their march home. When JACKSON heard of this, seizing a musket he mounts his horse and placing himself in front of the mutineers he declares his determination to shoot the first man that moves except to return to his duty. A pause ensues, numbers yield to energy and the soldiers return to their duty.

I hurry over all these events interesting as they are, to reach one which by its importance and the glory it shed upon the country eclipses every other, not only in the life of Genl. JACKSON but in the military history of America.

The situation of New Orleans is unrivalled in the world for commercial advantages; at the mouth of the most extensive river navigation in the world, the exports of the most fertile half of the Union pass by its levee. The possessor of New Orleans holds the industry of that vast region tributary. Louisiana had been but recently acquired to the Union: the city was unfortified: its population incongruous and supposed to feel but little attachment to principles of politics or forms of government. This pre-eminent value and supposed weakness recommended it to English cupidity, and England designed its permanent occupation. With this view was sent over an army of 10,000 men, comprising the flower of those gallant veterans who had expelled Napoleon from the Peninsula, admirably equipped and commanded by Sir Edward Packenham, who had acquired reputation as the antagonist of Marshal Soult. JACKSON was sent with about 3,000 men mostly militia, half armed to oppose this imposing force. Every thing conspired to feed the confidence of the British, to stimulate the hope of an easy and profitable conquest. Time would not allow me to detail how this well planned design was frustrated, and the United States preserved from a fatal blow aimed at their greatness. The whole train of events of that memorable period from the embarkation of the British to their ignominious repulse is engraved in every recollection. But I cannot refrain from pausing a single moment over the last glorious act of the drama, and presenting a scene on which every American eye delights to linger.

At the dawn of the eighth of January 1815,—a day forever consecrated to patriotism—let us take our stand within the American lines. Around us are the little band of regulars, here the militia in their homespun coats, here the city companies, they fight in defence of all that man holds dear against the enemies of their native and adopted countries; here too are a band of pirates from Barataria, nobly have they withstood every British allurements to fight against a country in which they had found a refuge which they called their own, their sympathies are on the side of

the free, they have volunteered to expiate by their valor past offences against society, Behind us lies the famous city. For week after week while attack has hung over it like a gathering cloud, with what emotions may we not suppose it to have been agitated! But no longer do the inhabitants shrink in terror from the lowering of that cloud; no longer are the streets filled with affrighted women: JACKSON has said the words "the enemy shall never reach the city": they could not understand it from his lips, his tongue was strange to them; but in his invincible bearing, his ready courage, his incessant activity, they saw the promise assured: with those words came a new spirit. Men late hesitating to fight or fly, now spade in hand strengthen the ramparts or are armed to defend them; those affrighted women make clothes for the destitute soldiery: devotion lends its aid to courage, in the churches before the majestic emblem of Christian suffering and hope, a "holy violence" is offered to heaven by pious adoration and entreaty. For week after week the cloud has been gathering; the city, its wealth and beauty are yet safe. The river rolls its turbid flood yet unstained with carnage: but the cloud is now to burst, for in front of the American lines lie the hosts of the enemy—entirely unseen, for a dense fog envelops every thing. It is the Sabbath morning, but how different from the sound of Sabbath bells inviting to peaceful worship are the sounds now heard! A cannonade from a battery thrown up by the British during the night and a flight of rockets that illuminated the air commenced the attack. At length the sun dispels the mists and exhibits to the Americans behind their ramparts the columns of the British army advancing at a swift steady pace and already near. Their bright arms reflect the rays of the morning, the men in front carry fascines to fill up the trench, their firm step and orderly array indicate confidence and resolution. Now opens the American fire; from cannon and musket pours the destructive hail; the advancing columns are mowed like grass to the earth: and again, and again, as the brave and disciplined soldiers are led to the charge until courage has exhausted its efforts, until their leaders slain and their ranks confused and thinned by terrible slaughter they retire from the intolerable fire. The sun which rose on the city devoted to pillage and lust, before he reached his meridian beheld its rescue and the repulse of its assailants. Never before was so signal a victory achieved, and such carnage done to the foe with so little loss to the victors. Peace had before been declared between the two countries, though intelligence of it had not reached the combatants. This victory alone was wanting to fill the measure of the country's honor and felicity. Its importance is not to be estimated merely by the value of the position it secured, great as that is. It gave our country pride, and a character at home and abroad—a character which will be a surer defence against foreign aggression than walls of stone. The victory of New Orleans will have its weight in the scale whenever the rights or honor of the country are decided on whether by diplomacy or arms. The fame of every such achievement moreover is national property, and strengthens the bonds of union between the States by adding to the ties of a common origin and common interest those not less enduring of the recollections of a common peril and the possession of a common glory. The intelligence of this victory diffused universal joy. The General after disbanding his troops travelled to Washington and New York, and was every where received with a gratitude and respect such as had been paid to WASHINGTON only before. The military skill displayed in the defence of New Orleans is admitted by every body: But something more than military skill was required; others might perhaps have displayed as much technical skill in the preparation and conduct of the defence and as much vigilance and courage. But who like JACKSON could have chained treason and disaffection, have calmed with a word the fears of the city and substituted a cordial zeal which brought out all its resources? Who like him could have infused into raw levies the coolness of veterans? Yet all this was necessary to success, and to effect this was needed his energy, his self confidence and indomitable will.