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ROBERT TYLER'S SPEECH.

At the great repeal meeting in the Tabernacle, Boston, June 19, 1843.

Mr. Tyler was received by immense cheering upon his entering the Hall, accompanied by Mr. James, the president of the association, and was soon vociferously called upon to address the multitude present, when he arose and said, that,

Being on a transient, but most interesting and agreeable visit to the city of Boston, he had received a kind invitation to be present with his friends on this evening, and he had accepted their politeness with but little hesitation, for, being a friend both in interest and sympathy of the cause in which they were engaged, he felt desirous of witnessing the proceedings of their association. But altho' he could not altogether refuse a response to the call which had been made upon him, still he could not but reflect that justice, both to himself and to them, in his then state of fatigue, agitation, and very inadequate preparation, would rather seem to require that he should remain silent. But still, fellow citizens, (he said,) if the honest outpourings of a heart which, since it first beat with any sentiment, has been devoted to the cause of liberty and justice, can interest you, most assuredly you are welcome to the homely expression of my opinions and feelings. (Applause.) And is there a man on the face of the wide earth—an educated and enlightened man—who can fail to be interested in Irish history? especially can there be an American—and, more particularly, can there be a Virginian, or a Massachusetts man? Here where the tall shaft on Bunker Hill, around which, a day or two since, the free people of a republic congregated—here, where this majestic monument commemorating the first battle fought for civil and religious liberty in America, raises its imposing and imperishable head towards the sun, and speaks of revolutionary pride—of revolutionary fame, and of the history of patriots and of patriotic deeds—it is not to be suspected that the men of that soil, in whose deep foundations the base of this monument rests, could look upon it and not feel a hatred of oppression and a sympathy for the oppressed. [Immense cheering.] And we in Virginia, where almost every foot of land has been trod by heroes, and every acre has been crimsoned with heroic blood, all who behold the ancestral light of revolutionary victory blazing up at York Town, and illumining every hill and valley in that "unterrified" commonwealth, cannot fail to catch and feel in their inmost souls the ardor and inspiration imparted by its beams. (Loud cheering.)

Every breeze that sweeps across her deep rivers and broad sea, every voice of the waters and of the land, the wild sounds of her foaming cataracts, the solemn chauntings of her primordial forests, her rugged hills, and the very sunlight that plays upon her refreshing rivulets and smiling vales, all speak of freedom, of sovereign right, and of supreme liberty to the heart of man; [immense cheering;] and kindred feelings to these must agitate the breast of every republican in the U. States. We born in this country most naturally sympathize with those of our brethren who claim Ireland as the land of their fathers. Their hopes, and feelings, and wishes must necessarily to a great extent be those of the native-born citizen; for the positive ties of affiliation and consanguinity bidd many of us together, and all others who, like myself,

have witnessed the generous and noble traits of a people whose hostility is seldom unjust, and whose friendship is never fickle, besides being operated upon by other and controlling sentiments of general philanthropy, must find in the winning features of the Irish character a fit reason for kindness and respect.— [Great cheering.]

I shall not ask you, fellow citizens, continued Mr. Tyler, to read with me on this evening the lengthened history of your much scourged land, where the wailing voice of the accumulated tyranny of seven centuries cries aloud for vengeance. (Sensation.) I will not present to you that cruel and bloody page from which the eye of an insulted humanity shrinks back in horror. I will not recount to you the various acts of injustice and of fraud by which Ireland's rights have been denied to her, and her wrongs inflicted, and by which the sovereign powers belonging to her by the laws of nature and of God, have been torn from her grasp, trampled on, and violated with every act of disgrace and contumely. I will not here speak to you of the mockery of her judiciary authority, where the arbitrary will of an English paid judge, or an English viceroy has been permitted, and will again when convenience demands it, be permitted to supersede both the letter and spirit of the written law.

I will not now speak to you of the mockery of justice exhibited by England towards Ireland, in the construction of her legislative power, when her parliamentary representation is in its very constitution a degradation and an insult. I will not talk to you of her burdensome taxes, when Ireland has been denied even the poor consolation of voting their imposition—nor of the powers of a government, grinding and oppressive in their general character, often administered on a reluctant people at the point of the bayonet—nor will I so offend you, so offend myself, so offend these walls and the very floor on which I stand, as to give utterance to the wish that you should cast your eyes over the universal sufferings and misery of this outraged people. (Immense sensation.) No, gentlemen; on this the occasion of my first introduction to you, let mine be a more pleasing task. Let me endeavor at least to present the subject in an aspect more congenial with my own feelings, and more in accordance, possibly, with your own.

Fellow citizens, said Mr. Tyler, the Declaration of American Independence witnessed the dawning of a new era, morally and politically, upon the world. You have often heard of the ages of iron, of brass, of silver and of gold, but American Independence came like a celestial herald to mankind to announce the advent of the age of Freedom. The loud voice of Uranian Liberty has broken over the earth, and the very centre of this solid globe has trembled at the thunders of that sound. The genius of free institutions is walking on the face of the waters, and is striding with colossal steps over the remotest lands.

As I have once before in substance observed, as well may the Canutes of these modern times bid the ocean cease its flow, as to endeavor to curb the progress of that providential tide which, swelling up from the broad sea of civilization and humanity, is destined to bear the human race to the accomplishment of their lofty destiny in the universal recognition of free principles and free institutions of government.

A voice has come down from on high, like the word of prophecy of old, which has proclaimed the regeneration and redemption of nations as of man, and the spirit of conversion, of change, and of life, has already been aroused in the bosom of Ireland, and the signs of

that change is exhibited in the bold, resolute, unceasing and triumphant cry of Repeal! Repeal! that sound of alarm to the oppressor, that watchword of hope to the patriot, which is now bursting from her lips.

Fellow citizens, said Mr. Tyler, the experience of time should shed no partial light on men or nations; and the truths which experience teaches, and the rights which experience guaranties, affect all, and apply to all. If by the eternal laws of nature and of right, if by the immutable principles which exist in the unwritten charter of human rights and human liberties, an American citizen has the privilege to be free, an Irish peasant has the right to be free. What should make a difference between them in condition? Is there any thing inherent in the nature of an Irishman that he should be a slave? Is he ignorant, vicious, unprincipled, of a savage and barbarous nature? On the contrary, is not Ireland, "ould Ireland," the land of wit and of song—of orators and statesmen—of brave and fair women? Her sages, her authors, her judges and her generals, have illumined the entire British empire with a flood of unsurpassed splendor. Are not Irishmen, as well as Americans and Englishmen, MEN? Are not their animal functions equally admirable? Have they not similar feelings? Do they not both walk erect in the face of heaven, and both kneel to worship at the shrine of the same holy God?

Is not Ireland a state within herself? Has she not armies, and navies, and wealth, and commerce, and population—all the pride and resources of a great and growing empire?—Why then should an American or an Englishman be free, and an Irishman be a bondsman? Has nature and justice ordered it. Has Almighty God stretched forth His hand to curse the soil where St. Patrick preached, and where Emmett bled? It so, where is the word or sign of this woful revelation? Is it to be found among her green hills or blue mountains? Is it to be found in the bosom of her fair rivers or brighter lakes? Is it to be found in the bravery and accomplishments of her sons, and the beauty and virtue of her daughters? No, fellow citizens, I will tell you what makes this difference in their condition. Not nature or the sacred rules of justice; for these both guarantee to any one man all the rights, powers, privileges and dignities appertaining to any other, but custom and treachery and war forge the chains with which tyranny binds its victim; and presently, when cruelty and arrogance can dare to exult over, and to insult their fallen foe, the sharp point of the dagger enforces the error and the abuse, by which unwilling submission is made to assume the form and the consistency of a voluntary contract. This was the union forced from Ireland by Pitt and Castlereagh, and this is the union now attempted to be sanctified in prescriptive right by Peel and Wellington. Yes, fellow citizens, this has been the course of England towards Ireland, and this was the course of England towards her American colonies—now these confederated sovereign States.—But let not Irishmen despair—let no unworthy feeling of despondency enervate their souls. Let not Erin's green banner be trailed ignominiously in the dust—but let it be raised up amid the hurrahs of congregated thousands of patriotic souls; and while the vision directed to its broad surface is enraptured with the splendor of its ancient renown, let the assembled millions, as they read the letters of glory, telling of the noble spirits and sacred deeds of past times, swear to live in freedom or die in the ennobling contest.

Look, fellow citizens, (continued Mr. T.,) to the example of America. We in this now

free and happy land did not win our liberties without much care, anxiety of mind, toil and suffering; but at last we did succeed—at last the star-spangled banner, though torn and tattered through a long and bloody war, waved proudly and majestically above the heads of the conquerors and the conquered, and all eyes were turned upon it in its simple yet grand magnificence. A thousand spirits, happy and hallowed, of warriors and of statesmen, who had fallen during our revolutionary struggle, looked down from their blessed abodes in the skies on its consecrated folds. What America has done, Ireland can and will do; nay, is now, if report be true in the very act of accomplishing. I tell you gentlemen, that I believe in the truth of these reports—I believe that the tide of human freedom cannot be stopped or controlled by mortal hands—I believe that the deep and boisterous sea of public opinion and of popular will, cannot be restrained in the small space of the small reservoir into which despotism seeks to compress the waters of this mighty ocean.

I tell you that the man now lives who shall write the epitaph of Robert Emmett, for that sainted patriot and most eloquent statesman desired with his dying breath, that no man should write his epitaph until his country should be free. How touching this language, how ennobling this sentiment, how grand and magnificent the soul which conceived it. I myself, would desire no higher honor, no loftier distinction than the proud appointment to trace that record. His soul, and those of his distinguished and valorous compeers and friends, are now happily in the regions of the blest, but even there their eyes, penetrating beneath the dull mists and clouds of earth, are ever turned on their beloved green isle of the ocean, and the spirit of their immortal example is yet alive on earth. That spirit and that example shall nerve and animate every Irish heart and every Irish arm, until, in my imagination, I already behold Ireland, as America, free and independent. Oh great and glorious consummation! Then shall the ardent prayer of the patriot and philanthropist have been answered by an echo from the eternal throne of God—then, too, my fellow citizens, shall the beautiful face of the Emerald Isle wear an aspect of gladness, and old Ocean himself, as he murmurs around her feet, shall chant, as in the olden day, his song of liberty.

PORTRAIT OF WHIGGERY.

How any member of the whig party can face the people, and ask again to be trusted with power, after practicing the vile deceptions of 1840, and their profligate course since, passes our comprehension. We particularly apply these remarks to the two men who have backed out as candidates for Congress in this district, but yet continue the canvass in view of a contingent hope. In 1840, Col. Barringer and Gen. Edney both took the field as travelling coon-skin orators—they went from county to county harranguing the people in the most approved slang of that slang-wanging era. They were active in wrangling the false charges and the deceptive promises which produced the tremendous, but temporary, revolution of that year, and drove the democratic party from power. And what were those charges and promises, and what have they performed as a party?

They charged that the national treasury was bankrupt, and promised to provide means immediately to replenish it;—they redeemed this promise by passing a law to give away the proceeds of the public lands, and then to gratify Clay and the northern manufacturers, raised the tariff so high, as to make it pro-

(See 4th page.)