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BY JOHN CAMERON. OXFORD, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 23, 1844. VOL. III.—NO. XL.

EXTRACT FROM BISHOP IVES'S ADDRESS:
Delivered before the Historical Society of the University of N. Carolina, June 5, 1844.

3 An investigation into our early history, however, must not only be conducted in a spirit of christian philosophy, but it must be laborious and thorough; or it may lead to aggravate the very evils, which it might otherwise correct—tend to keep up among us the existing popular delusions; rather than show us our true state, show us exactly where we stand, in reference to these great principles which actuated our fathers in the trying, but glorious events of the American revolution. That, by some influence, we have been insensibly borne off from these principles, is to the reflecting man but too apparent. In the plain facts of our history, we shall discern, I think, two causes that have been especially active in producing this result. Both of which may be traced to the circumstances that attended the achievement of our national independence. (1) This was effected not by peaceful negotiation, but by conflict and blood. Not in the quiet halls of Senates, but in the fierce storms of the battle field. The circumstance has left, I fear, its indelible impress upon the nation; at least, it is still acting powerfully upon the ardent minds of our young men. Their eye is manifestly fixed, rather upon the sanguinary struggle of our fathers, than the blessings of peace which it achieved—upon the staggering blow which they struck rather than the lofty principles which served the uplifted arm. The proof may be had in their political harangues—evinced more of the fiery temper of the soldier on the eve of battle, than the dignity of the citizen, proudly conscious of the true blessings of freedom—it may be seen in their eager scramble for military titles, and their obsequious devotion to military renown. (2) Besides this, we struggled for liberty against tyrannical oppression. Struggled against the exactions of arbitrary power, the restraints of unjust domination. This circumstance too has not been unattended with injurious effects. It has left in the minds of our people, a hatred for their oppressors—extending itself to the very principles and privileges which they abused. And more and worse than this, it has left among us the notion that true liberty consists in resisting all restraint. Hence it has tended, to some extent, to give us licentiousness instead of freedom—to take the fetters once upon our limbs and place them upon our souls—to substitute for the rule of a King, the despotism of a word—"Libert," to many only another name, I fear, for "the unchecked lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life"—has thus become invested, with the most cruel and faithful attributes of Tyranny. The only corrective of this deplorable evil, which we can hope for within ourselves, is a recurrence to *first principles*; the principles, which guided and animated the great and good men who laid the foundation of our liberties in acts of deep, personal sacrifice. But to discover these principles our search must be thorough, and without prejudice. It must extend entirely beyond ordinary historical detail. The arena of strife will not furnish what we seek. We may linger over the pages, red with the carnage of war, and glowing with the high deeds of heroic valor; may read, till our souls shrink in horror from British oppressions and cruelties, or exult in admiration of the bold daring by which these oppressions were triumphantly resisted; but, if we read no further (and no further shall we be likely to read till better histories are provided) we shall know little of the true basis and bulwarks of our constitutional liberty. We must go deeper in our enquiries; must uncover the secret springs that moved our fathers to the great struggle; bring to light those long neglected records, which will unfold to the people, that undying love of virtue—of integrity and justice and law—which gave such stout hearts and unyielding hands to the veterans of the revolution. Gave hoary heads to our young men, and young hearts to our old ones. Instead of teaching the people, the modern doctrine, that they have the power to invent new truths, to strike out new paths to glory and prosperity, we must show them, in the light of these records—what our good fathers taught—that essential truth is eternal—that the principles of true liberty, while they may be presented under different forms of government, can never change in themselves; that our revolutionary resistance, was not to the British constitution, but to the oppressive acts committed in defiance of it, by British usurpation. Instead of courting popular favor, by conniving at popular vices; seeking the people's votes, by giving coun-

tenance among them to that notion of liberty which is essentially and totally subversive of their dearest rights, as it is of all power of self-government—we must proclaim to them, in every public speech, every legal enactment, every judicial sentence, from every press, from every seat of learning, in every school book, at every mother's knee, throughout the land, that noble sentiment written and subscribed by the noble sons of our State—"He only is the determined patriot, who willingly sacrifices his pleasures in the altar of freedom." It is true, the lesson to the disciple may prove humiliating and unpalatable to the teacher—the lesson, given under the seal of our father's blood, that as freemen, we are to enquire—not what is popular and to pursue it for self promotion—but what is right and follow it at every hazard of self sacrifice. 4 In conclusion, the history of our State, philosophically considered, will expound another, and, to the rising generation, most instructive and animating lesson. North Carolina, has received, with much that is disparaging, the enviable praise of being an honest State. I feel that it is deserved; that her sons may justly be proud of the distinction. And, at these times, of moral degeneracy in the nation, a greater could hardly be coveted. But that which most deeply concerns us to know—especially our youth—is, by what means, this blessing has been acquired, and hitherto preserved? The character and habits of a large portion of the first settlers in our country, would certainly have assured a very different result. How then has this most invaluable one—*honesty in the people*—been secured? A knowledge of our history will furnish the answer. (1) The controlling mind of our State have been sound. Our eminent men, men of sterling integrity—men who have set their faces sternly against "deceit and fraud;" though propped by family, or veiled by talent; Pretenders could find among them no place, and adventurers no spoil. Their lives might have justified the motto—"No deceitful person shall dwell in my house; he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight." While at death, the epitaph might have been inscribed, with few exceptions, over each—"He hath sworn unto his neighbor, and disappointed him not, though it were to his own hindrance." The effect upon the mass of the people, has been such as I have noticed. And we see in it, the immense value to a State, of virtue and integrity in its leading men. And hence how indispensable the duty, to guard well these fountains of knowledge and morality, upon whose overflowing streams, either life or death is borne to our people. (2) An additional cause of honesty in North Carolina is the character of its soil. A soil almost every where sufficiently productive to yield an adequate return to honest labor; but generally too poor to allow in any one idleness and profligacy. This circumstance has not been without signal advantage to us. Our citizens, as a body, have been compelled to habits of industry. And industry is proverbially the parent of virtue. But it were not, the condition of Scotland and Switzerland and Germany and New England would show its immense value. But besides the direct influence, in this respect, of a soil like our own; other incidental advantages have arisen from the peculiar situation and resources of the State. They are of a character to hold out few temptations to speculation; and hence to its honest gain. The consequence is favorable to our social state—property is slowly acquired, and generally diffused. Economy and contentment and fair-dealing are the crowning result. Thence has arisen, our good name—the title awarded us—and which we cannot too highly prize—of "honest North Carolina." But we may forfeit the distinction. May lose it, amid the general scramble for wealth, or barter it away for the paltry enticements of an artificial life. In truth, there are some sad symptoms of a turn in the tide of our honorable, though humble advance. We have manifestly become infected with the national contagion—the money getting mania, now the blighting curse of our whole country. The young men of our State,—and may I not add the old men too?—are fast learning to despise the healthy, the happy but well-earned competence of our forefathers; and to look for broader fields and larger results and more speedy accumulation, to meet the enormous and ever increasing demands of artificial want. Oh what is not less pregnant with evil, their thirst for consequence lifting them above the honest, the unpretending pursuits of agricultural life, is sending them in crowds fit or unfit, to the professions of law and medicine. Already, to say the least, sufficiently full. If these evils continue to increase for the

next twenty years, as they have increased for the last, we may tremble for the effect upon the integrity of our people. Our farming interests will become subordinate. The example of the higher classes cease to impress at all, or favorably, the bulk of the people. Sympathy between the poor and the rich be destroyed—desires for wealth, or, what flows from it, luxury and ostentation become too inordinate to be gratified by honest means. And then, as all history shows, we may relinquish our need of praise, and inscribe "Lehahod" upon the fading tablets of our country,—for "our glory will depart."

From the Alexandria Gazette.
LOCO-FOCO ARGUMENTS AGAINST THE TARIFF, IN FAIRFAX CO., VA.
The other day, I chanced to meet in the county of Fairfax, a certain Loco, who is well known for his blind zeal in favor of the peculiar doctrines of his party. He immediately broached the subject of the Tariff, and launched out in denunciations of the Wigg Act of 1842. Among other things he declared it more odious than the Tariff of 1828, familiarly called the bill of abominations, inasmuch as it levied higher duties than that act upon many very important articles. I asked him to prove it. Immediately he whipped from his pocket, a soiled and dirty copy of Mr. Woodbury's speech on the Tariff, and exhibited to me the following table:

Articles.	1828.	1842.
Boots, silk	30 cts. per pair	40 cts. per pair
Coal	6 cts. per bush.	
at 28 bush. per ton or at 25 net	1.48	\$1.50
Corriage, tarred	4 cts. per lb.	4 cts. per lb.
Cottons,	80 per cent.	100 per cent.
Cotton bagging	34 cents per square yard	4 cts. per sq. yard, and 5 cts. per sq. yard.
Cotton lace	12 1/2 per cent.	25 per cent.
Glass, some kinds	400 per cent.	500 or more
Glass bottles	\$2 to \$3 per doz.	\$2 to \$4
Saddlery	5 cts. per gallon.	51 on weight
Molasses	25 cts. per gallon.	30 per cent.
Shoes, some	25 cts. per pair	30 per cent.
Silks, some	20 per cent.	30 to 60 per cent.
Steel, per cwt.	\$1 50	\$2 50
Twine	5 cts. per lb.	6 cts. per lb.
Ware, crockery	20 per cent.	30 per cent.
Ware, japanned	25 per cent.	30 per cent.
Woolens, some	50 per cent.	40 to 67 per cent.
Woolens, camlets	15 per cent.	

"Examine for yourself," said the loco triumphantly, "these are eighteen important articles, each of which is higher under the present Tariff, than that of 1828; the list is perfectly correct. Mr. Woodbury prepared it himself, and he knows, for he is better acquainted with the subject than any other man in the country."

When the loco paused, I said, "but suppose I prove to you that there is not a word of truth in what Mr. Woodbury says—that this list is incorrect from beginning to end. You can't do it, sir, you can't do it," interrupted the loco. "As to that we shall see," replied I; "but suppose I do prove it, what will you think of Mr. Woodbury?" "Why," said the loco, "I shall think that he has deceived me—grossly deceived me—and I shall never again have confidence in what he may state." "Are you in earnest?" I asked. "Perfectly," replied he, "because I do not believe you can prove what you say." "Well," said I, "now for the proof."

"Let us first take the ten articles boots, coal, corriage, cotton lace, saddlery, shoes, twine, crockery, japanned ware and wollen camlets. Now, here is an authenticated copy of the Tariff of 1828. I will give you a week to examine it and I defy you to find any mention whatever of any one of these ten articles in it; in stead of laying a higher duty upon them than the Act of 1842, it lays no duty upon them at all; the fact is, Mr. Woodbury has inserted these ten articles into the Act of 1828, and assigned them duties for the purpose of making a comparison between the two acts; he first makes the act of 1828, and then compares it with the act of 1842—what do you think of such conduct?"

The loco took the Act of 1828, read it over very carefully, could find nothing about the ten articles, appeared much confused, and remained silent.

"Now," said I, "the eight other articles (silks, steel, glass, glass bottles, cottons, woolens, cotton bagging and molasses,) are included in both the acts; but I will show you, that even here Mr. Woodbury has committed gross errors. Here are copies of the two acts, examine them, and you will find the following facts:

The duty on *Silks* by the act of 1842, is 25 per cent on the foreign cost—not from 30 to 60 per cent as Mr. Woodbury says. The duty is for revenue not protection, there

are no silk manufactories in this country to protect.

The duty on imported *Steel*, by the Act of 1842, is the same as by the act of 1828, about 15 per cent or 1.50 per cwt. Upon such kinds of steel as are manufactured in this country, the act of 1842 lays a duty of about 25 per cent, or \$2.50 per cwt; but this is an exception. Mr. Woodbury takes the exception for the general rule.

The duty upon *Glass*, by the two acts, is from 30 to 40 per cent, instead of Mr. Woodbury's 400 to 500 per cent.

The duty upon *Glass bottles*, by the two Acts, is \$1.75 the gross, not from \$2.50 to \$4, as Mr. Woodbury says.

The minimum duty on all *Cottons*, by the Act of 1828 was 35 per cent. The Act of 1842 reduces this to 30 per cent.

The duty on *Woolens*, by the act of 1828 was about 55 per cent. The act of 1842 reduces this to 40 per cent.

The duty on *Cotton bagging*, by the act of 1828, was 5 cents the square yard, and not 34 cents, as Mr. Woodbury says. The act of 1842 reduces this to 4 cents per square yard.

The duty on *Molasses*, by the act of 1828, was 10 cts. per gallon, and not 5, as Mr. Woodbury says. The act of 1842, reduces this to not quite 6 cents per gallon.

Thus it will be seen, Mr. Woodbury has not only interpolated the tariff bill of 1823 with ten of the eighteen articles in his list, but has committed gross errors in regard to the other eight, particularly woolens, cotton bagging, and molasses. What do you now think of Mr. Woodbury?—has he grossly deceived you?—will you believe his statements in future?

"Oh!" said the loco, "Mr. Woodbury must have made a mistake." "Mr. Woodbury," I replied, "was convicted of these misstatements in the Senate of the U. S.; and told, at the time that his table was framed for the express purpose of deceiving the people; and yet, he had not the honesty to correct his misrepresentations, although frequently called on so to do. Do not, I beseech you, imitate his example, and persist in error when informed of it. Above all things, do not again produce Mr. Woodbury's table to show that the Tariff of 1842 is higher than the act of 1828, the 'bill of abominations.'"

Before I could utter this last sentence, the loco was gone. I wonder whether he will ever bring up Mr. Woodbury's list again?

Upon examination, Mr. Editor, I find that there are only two articles the duties upon which are higher by the act of 1842, than by the previous tariffs, *twine*, and *one or two kinds of steel*. I cannot well account for this increase, except it be that the humane Whigs of the 27th Congress, knowing the use to which those articles are sometimes put for the purpose of self destruction, wished to check their importation, and thereby save a portion of our Loco-foco brethren from the inevitable consequences of the election in November, 1844. If such was their reasoning, I cannot approve of it. I am decidedly of opinion that the sooner that mischievous stock is eradicated, the better will it be for the country.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF THE LATE HON. ALFRED MOORE, ONE OF THE ASSOCIATE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Among the eminent men, whose great qualities have been developed and brought into action by the revolution, few have a stronger claim to the admiration and gratitude of posterity, than ALFRED MOORE—the subject of this memoir.

Descent from a line of illustrious ancestors, is creditable only to a man who has found in their merits an incentive to an honorable course of life, and has thence felt himself pledged to the scrupulous discharge of every duty, and the anxious cultivation of every virtue. But to him who has passed through life, in the neglect of the high obligations which he owes to his country and fellow citizens, a distinguished lineage is an added opprobrium; the virtues of his ancestors, throw his own vices into stronger relief, and we all deplore the contamination of a name, long revered amongst men for the benefits it had conferred on the human race.—With a full conviction that the life of Mr. Justice Moore will bear a comparison with that of any of his ancestors, we may mention—that he was descended from an ancient Irish family, of which the Marquis of Drogheda is the present head; I is great grand father, the first of the family who came to America was appointed Governor of Carolina in 1705, and discharged that trust, in periods of great civil contention, with singular prudence and reputation; his grand father was a general officer in the British service; and his father was one of the king's judges for the province of North Carolina, where the subject of this memoir was born, the 21st of May, 1755.

At an early period, young Moore was sent to Boston for his education; and on the arrival of the British troops there in 1768, he attracted the notice of a Captain Fordyce, a man of fine taste and acquirements, who became much attached to the youth, and offered to procure him an ensign's rank in the army. This he declined, but under the instructions of his friend, he learnt the elements of military science, and furnished himself with a variety of knowledge, which highly qualified him for the stormy period in which he was destined to live.

At the beginning of the revolution, he was appointed a *Captain* in the first North Carolina regiment of the line; marched to the southward, where he served with reputation; and was on duty in Charleston, when the memorable attack was made on Fort Moultrie. Possessing the ardour of patriotism, from a deep conviction of the justice of the cause in which he had engaged, and endowed with an active and intelligent mind sustained by a fearless heart, there is every reason to believe that he would have attained a high rank in the line of life which he had chosen. But the peculiar misfortunes of his family, forced him to retrace his steps, and hasten back to the protection of the females and children of his connexions, whom death had bereaved of their defenders. Within a very short period, his brother Maurice was killed at Brunswick, and his brother-in-law, General Nash, at Germantown; his father, and also his uncle, General Moore, died—the latter while on his march to join the army of Washington. The families of all these citizens were left in the utmost danger; exposed to the fury of a disaffected populace, and in the continual dread of an insurrection of the slaves.

When the British landed at Wilmington, Captain Moore left his family, consisting of a wife and two small children, and put himself in the ranks of the militia. He harassed the enemy by his persevering activity, and made the raw troops by whom he was accompanied, so formidable, that he became the peculiar object of Major Craig's resentment and rage. A party sent to his plantation, took away all that was moveable of his property, and despoiled what they could not plunder. Thus reduced to poverty, and singled out for the direct vengeance which his enemy could inflict,—his fortitude remained unshaken, his virtue triumphed over every difficulty; and accident soon presented him with an opportunity of displaying towards that enemy, an example of magnanimity, which is refreshing to the mind to remember and to record.

After the battle of Guilford, Captain Moore with other officers, was detached to obstruct the march of Lord Cornwallis; and for this purpose, five hundred men of the Brunswick militia were directed to be put under his command; but he could muster only *three men!* With the aid of these, he had destroyed several bridges, and was in the act of setting fire to that on Hood's Creek, when suddenly the enemy under Craig made their appearance. A thick swamp through which the creek ran, furnished the small party with a place of retreat,—whence they observed the enemy, who halted about two hundred yards from the bridge, for the purpose of cooking. The officer advanced towards the bridge to reconnoitre, and when within gun shot, one of Captain Moore's men (by whom the officer was recognised to be Major Craig) presented his rifle, and would inevitably have destroyed him, but for the prompt interference of his captain. "I cannot," said he, "consent to kill the wretch from behind a tree—it so much resembles assassination. Gladly would I meet him in the field with half his number, but it would degrade us to the level of himself, thus to imitate his savage mode of warfare."

Great exertions were made by Major Craig, to capture or kill the captain; and when at length all his efforts had been unavailing, he conveyed an offer to Captain Moore, for the restoration of his property, if he would return home and remain inactive. The answer which he promptly returned, was, "Tell your commander that I cannot be corrupted into indifference for my country, that I will struggle in her defence as long as I can get five men to march with me."

His sufferings during the whole of that gloomy period, while the British were in possession of Wilmington, may be better conceived than described. Without any pecuniary resources, sometimes without food, and almost destitute of covering; torn from

*See Proceedings of the Safety Committee, &c., p. 6.