

# TARBORO' PRESS.



Whole No. 653.

Tarborough, (Edgecombe County, N. C.) Saturday, April 29, 1837.

Vol. XIII—No. 17.

The "Tarborough Press,"

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

It is published weekly at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per year, if paid in advance—or, Three Dollars, at the expiration of the subscription year. For any period less than a year, Twenty-five Cents per month. Subscribers are at liberty to discontinue at any time, on giving notice thereof and paying arrears—those residing at a distance must invariably pay in advance, or give responsible reference in this vicinity. Advertisements not exceeding 16 lines in length (or a square) will be inserted at 50 cents the first insertion & 25 cents each continuance. Longer ones at that rate for every square. Advertisements must be marked the number of insertions required, or they will be continued until otherwise ordered, and charged accordingly. Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

PROSPECTUS

**Tarboro' Scavola.**

WE propose to publish in the town of Tarboro', Edgecombe County, N. C. a weekly paper, entitled, the

**Tarboro' Scavola,**

EDITED BY

**M. EDWARD MANNING,**

And printed by J. & W. Manning.

(We have adopted for the title of the paper; Scavola, in honor of Mucius Scavola of ancient Rome, who was willing to lay down his life as a sacrifice for Republicanism, and did burn and torture the hand in fire, that missed Porcenna the invader of their Rights.) According to custom we proceed to lay before the public an analysis upon which this paper will be conducted. Its columns will be devoted to Politics, Commerce, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Mechanics, Medicine, Literature, and Science in general. It cannot fail of being useful to the Politician, the Merchant, the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Physician, and Literary men who dislike to trouble themselves (entirely) with the plenitude of political strife. We are resolved to exert every nerve of our sensorium to render it useful and pleasing to the Ladies; who, Veturia-like are the arbitresses of the world. The principles of Democracy (the watch tower of liberty,) will be defended with every talent we are master of. The administration of Martin Van Buren, and R. M. Johnson; will be supported, and its Jackson-like course advocated with sanguine fervency. All the most important and interesting proceedings of Congress, and the State Legislature, will be reported. We shall endeavor to obtain the latest commercial news from the North, and lay before our patrons with despatch. We intend to avail ourselves of the advantage of the best publications on the subjects of internal improvement, and agriculture, and by that means will be able to select a number of essays, which cannot fail, of being useful to all who have the prosperity of their country at heart.

We will procure all important and necessary information in Medicine, within our sphere, of country and hospital cases, and give their pathology and treatment, publicity. A portion of the Scavola will generally be devoted to anecdotes, and polite literature; and whiggery blown sky-high. Knowing the necessity of the publication of a truly democratic periodical in the town of Tarboro', we call on the good people of Edgecombe and adjoining counties, and the inhabitants of the U. S. to patronize and sustain us in carrying out the principles of Democracy.

**TERMS.**—The Scavola will be printed on an imperial sheet at \$3 per annum or \$3.50 at the end of the year. No subscription will be received for a less period than a year; and the paper will not be discontinued until orders are received to that effect, and all arrearages settled. Advertising at the rate of one dollar per square for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. All letters to be addressed to Tarboro', Edgecombe Co. N. Carolina, post paid. The first No. will be issued the 10th of May next. All those holding subscription lists will forward them by the first of May, and those that will obtain six responsible subscribers will be entitled to one paper gratis.

**All P. Masters in the State will please act as Agents for the Tarboro' Scavola.**  
March 14, 1837.



**The Young Jack, EDGECOMBE,**

**WILL STAND** the ensuing season at my stable, on the north side of Tar River, on the road leading from Teat's bridge to the Falls Tar River, three miles above the bridge—and will be let to mares at **THREE DOLLARS** the single leap, **FIVE DOLLARS** the season, and **NINE DOLLARS** to insure a mare to be in foal—with twenty-five cents to the Groom in every instance. A transfer of property for its insurance. The season will commence the 10th of March and end the 10th July. Every attention will be paid, but no responsibility for accidents, &c.

**Edgecombe,**

Is four years old, and a very large sized Jack to his age. His appearance is the best recommendation that can be given.

**R. D. Wimberley.**

February 24, 1837

**Miscellaneous.**



**BECAUSE I'M TWENTY-FIVE.**

By Mary Horton.

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change

Since I was in my teens; Then I had beaux and billet-doux, And joined the gayest scene.

But lovers now have ceased to vow; No way they now contrive To poison, hang, or drown themselves, Because I'm twenty-five.

Once, if the night was clear so bright, I ne'er abroad could roam Without 'the bliss, the honor, Miss, Of seeing you safe home.'

But now I go through rain and snow Pursued and scarce alive, Thro' all the dark without a spark, Because I'm twenty-five.

They used to call and ask me all About my health so frail, And tho't a ride would help my side, And turn my cheek less pale.

But now alas! if I am ill, None cares that I revive; And my pale cheek in vain may speak, Because I'm twenty-five.

Now, if a ride improves my side, I'm forced to take the stage; For that is deemed quite proper for A person of my age.

And then no hand is offered me To help me out alive; They think 't won't hurt me now to fall, Because I'm twenty-five.

O dear! 'tis queer that every year I'm slighted more and more, For not a beau pretends to show His head within our door.

Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address, My spirits now revive, And she might near as well be dead, As say, 'I'm twenty-five.'

**THE WHISPERER,**

*A legend of the south of Ireland.*

If you walk through the ruined town of Kilmallock, just outside of it you will see, hard by the big old oak, a dilapidated forge. In that forge the strokes of the sledge hammer have ceased to vibrate on the ear, and he who once wielded it so stoutly, now sleeps quietly under the east window of the old abbey.

A pleasant fellow he was before he was laid where he is, and a clever fellow withal. But what made him most famous in his day and generation, was his power of breaking horses by a whisper; whence he went by the name of "The Whisperer," and his fame was spread over the six counties of song-abounding Munster. Give him the fiercest horse that ever broke a man's neck, and Terence O'Sullivan—for that was the Whisperer's name—boldly went up to him, clapped his hand upon his mane, applied his mouth to his ear, whispered something. God knows what, into it, and in two minutes afterwards, the animal was as quiet as a quaker! Some said it was effected by this method, and some by that; but it was all mere guessing, and to this day nobody knows the real truth, excepting his son Dennis, to whom the old man told the secret on his death bed. But there is an old saying, that the world always goes on from bad to worse, and it is verified in this case; for Dennis does not manage the business half so well as his father. They say the reason is, that he does not go up to the horse as boldly as the old man, (a dashing, off-hand fellow, who feared neither man nor beast) was wont to do; and it may be that there is something in it, for a man's horse in this respect, is like his sweetheart, and it is not the worse for being approached with some degree of spirit.

However, it matters not as to the precise way the Whisperer operated, the manner in which he originally acquainted himself with the art was this. Terence was one day at his forge, busily employed, as usual, in fashioning a horse shoe, thinking of nothing at all, but barely whistling; when there came by a soldier, lame and

way worn, toiling along slowly on the dusty road, in the heat of a July day.

"The blessing of God and the Virgin be upon you," said Terence to the weary man.

"I am afraid," said the soldier, "I have little chance of either; thank you nevertheless for the kindness of your prayer. But add to the good wish a good deed. I am faint with thirst, give me a drink of water."

So Terence answered him from amid the sparkles of the fire, as he still labored at the iron:

"I drink no water except when I cannot help it, and I've no notion of doing to another, what I would not wish to be done to myself. The best of buttermilk from this to Dublin shall be at your service," and laying down his sledge hammer, he went and brought some to the poor soldier.

The traveller drank eagerly of the proffered bowl, and when he had finished it said, "you have done to me a kind service, and though you see me here poor as the poorest, yet I know that which will make you rich. Come behind the forge and I will let you into a secret."

Terence O'Sullivan wondered at the man's language but he followed him behind the forge; and there the weary soldier told him his secret. Terence was somewhat sceptical, but promised to make trial, and when at length he did so, to his very great amazement, every thing turned out as the soldier had predicted. After the soldier had told his secret, he shook the hand of the smith, and walking away westward, was never again seen or heard of in Kilmallock.

Terence's fame spread far and wide, and he broke every horse twenty miles round. The only complaint was, that he broke the horses so completely that they had no spirit after his whisper. Certain it is, that when they first heard it, they trembled from head to hoof, a cold sweat stood all over their bodies, and it was said, that they never were good for either the chase or the race afterwards. And it became a saying in the country when, as sometimes happened to be the case, a rattling and rioting young bachelor became a quiet and sober sort of man after his marriage, that he had endured the infliction of Terence O'Sullivan's whisper.

When his fame was at the great est, it came to pass, that one of the finest young fellows in the parish, or seven parishes beyond it, a lad of the name of Jerry Ryan, fell in love with as pretty a girl as you would wish to see, Mary Mulchay, whose father had for thirty years kept the village school, and was now dead. Why Jerry Ryan fell in love with Mary Mulchay, I cannot undertake to say; but I suppose it was for the same reason that a young man falls in love with a young woman all the world over. It was his luck; and when it is a man's luck to fall in love, he may as well not make any bustle about it, for do it he must.

But as somebody says (and a clever body he was; I venture to say he was a gentleman of God's own making):

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

And the rough spot of his love was, that Mary Mulchay's mother was second cousin to Jerry Ryan's aunt; which is a degree of relationship that prevents matrimony in the church of Rome. So Jerry Ryan went to the priest about it; and as bad luck would have it, he went to him at a time when he happened to be cross, by reason of a dispute he had that morning with his niece. There never is a worse time to ask a favor of any body, than just such a time—and Jerry was accordingly refused.

"Go, get ye gone out of my house, ye good for nothing fellow," said Dr. Delany, (that was

the priest's name,) "get out of my house, & I hope it will be a long day before I see you in it again. What do you want me to break the law of God and the canons of the church? to fly in the face of the holy decretals, to violate the orders of sacred councils, and marry you to Mary Mulchay, who is second cousin to your own born aunt? Jerry Ryan, Jerry Ryan, it is with sorrow I say it of your mother's son, who was a decent woman, God rest her soul, you are not much better than a heretic."

And this and much more he said; and he roared and bawled so loud, that he got himself into a towering passion, and Jerry was fain to leave the house; which he did, looking melancholy enough, for he loved the girl too well to understand, why her being second cousin to his aunt should hinder her from being his wife.

While he was walking down the road, sorrowfully sauntering along, the Whisperer rode by.

"What is it ails you," said he, "Jerry Ryan, that you look as down in the mouth as a bull that has lost his horns?"

So Jerry told him the particulars of his interview with the priest.

"I wish," said he, "Terence, that you had as much power over obstinate priests, as over stubborn horses, and that you could whisper old Delany into reason."

"And may be I have," said the Whisperer.

"I know," said Jerry sighing, "that I had rather twenty pounds that your words were true."

"Twenty pounds!" said Terence O'Sullivan, "are you quite in earnest?"

"Perfectly so," said the amorous bachelor.

"Well," quoth the Whisperer, "have it your own way; a time may come, my boy, when you would give twenty pounds to get rid of a wife, as I know for a reason I'll not disclose. But I was not joking in the least. Give me the twenty pounds, and if you are not married by this day week to Mary Mulchay, may I never set foot in stirrup to the hour of my death."

Jerry Ryan did not half believe the Whisperer, and yet his fame was great. At length he made up his mind, and gave Terence the twenty pounds, making him swear upon the mass book, that if he did not succeed, the money should be put back again safe and sound in his hands.

Away went the Whisperer, but not at once to the priest. He knew the world better; and he waited until after dinner, when his reverence was over his tumbler of punch. Nothing softens a man's heart so much, as Terence knew from his own experience.

"Is it about the bay mare you are come to me, Terence, my friend? You'll take a glass of punch, I am sure."

"Aye," replied the Whisperer, "or two of them if it would do any good to your reverence."

So he sat down, and they talked away as fast as they could, about the heat of the weather, the potato crop, the price of whiskey, squire Johnson's last hunt, the Catholic emancipation, the new road under the hill—every thing in the world. And at last, when the priest was in the height of good humor, the Whisperer bro't in the business of Jerry Ryan, in the easiest way he could.

"Don't talk to me about it," said the doctor, "Terence O'Sullivan, but drink your punch in peace—it can't be. They are too near akin. It's clearly against the law of the church."

And he quoted St. Augustine, and Thomas Aquinas, and Sardanapalus, and Nebuchadnezzar, and other fathers of the church; which he well knew how to do, being regularly bred in the famous university of Salamanca, where he took his degree of doctor of canon law, in the year eighty one.

The Whisperer waited to the end of the doctor's speech, and then said:

"It's a mighty fine thing, doctor, to be so learned a man. How your head holds all that knowledge, is more than I can say."

On which the doctor smiled.

"But," continued Terence, "there was not a saint among them who would not listen to reason, and if your reverence would just let me whisper one minute to you, may be you'd think better of it."

"Whisper to me, man," said the priest, "do you take me for a horse?"

"God forbid," said the Whisperer, "that I should compare your reverence to a brute baste. But let me try."

"Well," said the priest, "this is one of the foolishest things I ever heard of; but if you insist upon it, you may follow your own vagary, only I tell you it's no use, for I never—"

"Don't be rash, father Delaney," said the Whisperer, and putting his mouth close to the ear of the priest, he whispered something to him.

"O!" said the priest, "but you are a wonderful man, Terence O'Sullivan—that alters the case. I see the thing in quite a different light. The poor young creature! Send them to me and we'll settle the matter." And he buttoned up his breeches pocket.

Now what did the Whisperer say? I can't guess. But whatever it was, Jerry Ryan and Mary Mulchay were married that day week, and the Whisperer danced at the wedding.

"It would be a queer (queer) thing," said he, "if I, who could tame the strongest horse in the country, would not be able to tame an old priest."

Girls are so scarce at Chicago, that on the arrival of the steamboats from Buffalo and Detroit, all business is suspended and crowds of desolate, rich young bachelors, flock to the wharves with noose in hand, to catch the beautiful creatures as they step on shore! What a chance for single ladies who want husbands!—*Pet. Con.*

**A Heroine.**—An instance of female heroism is related as having taken place during the late campaign against the Seminoles of Florida, well worthy of being handed down to posterity. A Mr. Sikes, together with his wife, their only daughter, her husband, Lieut. Smiley, and infant child, and three old negro women occupied a house which was attacked by a large body of Indians. The first alarm was given by the discharge of three muskets fired at Lieut. Smiley, who was chopping wood in the yard, the balls from which caused his immediate death. His father-in-law, who was near him, fled instantly to the house, which he entered without injury. Fortunately there were seven muskets in the dwelling, which were loaded in succession by the negro women and discharged at the assailants by Mr. Sikes and his wife and daughter. The last mentioned lady was very active in avenging the death of her husband, and killed three of the Indians. The attack was continued until dark, when the savages retired having lost five or six of their number.—*Phil Enq.*

A gentleman by the name of H. W. Turpin, of Richmond, Virginia, committed suicide this morning by cutting his throat with a razor, at the Southern Hotel. No cause assigned.

We learn from the Boston Morning Post, that the mortality among children in the western part of Massachusetts is very great. Scarlet fever and canker rash are the prevailing disorders. *N. Y. Star.*

**NEW ARRIVAL OF Spring & Summer GOODS,**

AT THE

**Cheap Cash store.**

James Weddell,

Has just returned from the Northern cities, where he has purchased at exceedingly Low Prices, a LARGE and

**Splendid Assortment of FANCY AND STAPLE**

**Dry Goods,**

**GROCERIES,**

**HATS, SHOES,**

**Hardware, China, Glass and Earthen ware,**

Which he offers at a very small advance on

**The New York Cost,**

And feels confident he can convince all who may favor him with a call that his Stock not only comprises a most splendid variety, but having purchased them in many instances at a great sacrifice to the importer, he will offer them at such an astonishingly low price as he flatters himself will fully meet the views of those whose object it is to buy

**Fresh & fashionable Goods**

**At very low Prices.**

**TERMS.**—Cash, or the usual credit to punctual customers.

Tarboro', April 3, 1837.

**SELLING OFF**

**AT COST,**

**CERTAIN.**

—:—

**King & Edmondson**

Have now on hand a variety of

**Spring and Summer**

**GOODS,**

**Hardware, Groceries, &c.**

All of which they are willing to dispose of

**At cost for Cash,**

Or at a very small advance on a credit to punctual customers. All persons wishing to avoid paying a large profit on Goods, should not fail to avail themselves of this

**Great Opportunity**

We would further say to our customers, we do this for the purpose of making room for

**A larger Stock of Goods**

In the Fall. Call at the sign of H. King, where the bargains may be found.

**King & Edmondson**

Tarboro', July 1st, 1836.

**State Bank**

**Of North Carolina.**

—:—

**PURSUANT** to a Resolution of the

Stockholders of this Bank, at their

last annual General Meeting, all persons

having claims on said Bank for Dividends

of Capital or Profits—Deposites, or Notes

issued by the Principal Bank or its Branches, are earnestly desired to present them

for payment to the Treasurer of the Bank,

on or before

**The first Monday in December next,**

Otherwise, they will be barred, as the

Stockholders will then make a final dividend of the effects of the Bank.

**S. F. PATTERSON, Pres't.**

Raleigh, Dec. 23, 1836.

**For Sale.**

**A likely young negro Girl,**

Aged about eight years, is offered for sale on accommodating terms.

**Apply at this Office.**

February 6th, 1837.