



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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For the cure of diseased Lungs, chronic affections of the stomach and bowels, and all diseases produced by sudden changes in temperature. Price 75 cents per bottle.

Their Anti bilious Tomato Pills.

These pills combine the extract of Tomato and Slippery Elm, with several of the most approved remedies of the Materia Medica, and if taken according to the directions, will cure all diseases within the reach of human means. As a cathartic they are copious and free; as an aperient they are mild and certain; as a tonic they are prompt and invigorating; as an alterative they are superior to calomel or any other known remedy, and as a purifier of the blood, they are unequalled in the history of medicines. Price 50 cents per box.

Their Superfine Tooth Powder.

For curing and hardening the gums, cleaning, preserving and keeping white the teeth, and for sweetening the breath. Price 50 cents per box.

The above preparations are offered to the public generally and Physicians especially, not as nostrums, or panaceas, but as neat and convenient preparations made on strictly scientific principles. They contain the active virtues of their respective ingredients, in a concentrated form, and will do all in removing disease that such medicines can possibly effect. Since their invention, many afflicted with the preceding diseases have been restored by their transcendent virtues; and the great and desirable reward of health still awaits those who avail themselves of their use according to prescribed directions. They are for sale at the office of

GEO. HOWARD, Agent.

VARIETY.



THE BARK OF LIFE.

My bark of life over the waters of strife,
Has long been sailing slow;
With rudder lost and tempest tossed,
It bears its weight of woe.
Like a troubled dream does my voyage seem,
So rough has been its course;
For against my bark the billows dark
Have spent their utmost force.

As a living grave, o'er the sullen wave,
Listless my bark moves on;
And clouds of ill are hovering still,
Though the ireful storm be gone.

Now all around a gloom profound,
Enshrouds the circling air;
Of hopes bereft, my bark is left
A prey to false despair.

But see from afar, heaven's polar star,
The beacon of grace shines clear;
And the radiance bright of that blessed light,
Dispels each gloomy fear.

Faith springs the gale that fills my sail,
And wafts me towards the shore—
That land of peace, where troubles cease,
And sorrow is no more.

FISCAL CORPORATION.

In the House of Representatives on the 21st ult. the first question was to strike out all of the bill No. 14, as reported to the House, and insert the amendment which made a hybrid animal of the whole concern.

Mr. Sergeant now proceeded to amend the amendment, by inserting correct figures. He then went at length in favor of it.

Mr. Wise said he confessed that he was not prepared to debate this bill, and he did not believe that any body else was excepting the gentleman from Pennsylvania, who had just taken his seat. The bill was laid upon his table this morning, and he had, with a friend, been engaged in comparing the bill No. 14 with the amendment of the committee, and with the vetoed bill. He went on to give his views as to the difference between them. He said his views were half made up, and crude, and if he was incorrect, he would ask gentlemen to correct him. He said the difference between the establishment of branches and the establishment of agents was about the same as between a Fiscal bank and a Fiscal Corporation.

He said you might fly kites and run race horses as well upon this course as upon the course at New Market. He said you could not obtain discounts by name, it was true; but he asked what the difference was, when he wanted a discount, between his drawing a bill upon a friend at New Orleans for \$5,000, and selling it to the Bank, and his friend drawing upon him here for \$5,000, when he wants a discount, and selling it to the agent Bank, at New Orleans. He asked after reading the paper that he held in his hand, the veto, whether any gentleman here believed that this fiscal measure could become a law.

Mr. W. read an extract from the veto message, and asked if this was not a bill to create a National bank to operate *per se* over the union. The President did not object to the form of the creation, but to the power to create—to incorporate a National Bank to operate *per se* over the Union.

He said all the power this Government held was in national or in its local character. If it never could create a bank to operate *per se* over the United States; and if it held it in its national character, why steal it from the Constitution, by cheating the conscience of the President by calling a branch an agent, and a bank a corporation? He asked if any one would pretend that a capital of \$21,000,000 was necessary for the District of Columbia. He claimed that it was a National Bank, to all intents and purposes—to collect and disburse the public money from Passamaquoddy to the most Western tribe. It was to be the omnipotent Treasury, to operate *per se* over the country. He asked, why press again upon the President a bill which he had expressly declared it would be a crime for him to sanction?

He said gentlemen had drawn deductions from the veto message not justified by the language. He said the change of language of the bill would not alter the bill. Neither could an agent be put in a State without the assent of a State. He asked why the Sub-Treasury was repealed at the moment it was. He said gentlemen had overlapped themselves in repealing it. They might, after the veto, have left him with the Sub-Treasury unrepealed, and gone home. He said the House had passed a Bankrupt Bill as it had passed its Bank bill, by dodging it; and had made a minority bill of it. He laughed at the idea of throwing at John Tyler the bloody bones of purse and sword. He

did not believe that he ever had a sword buckled to him; and a purse, the nation had none. He said it had been said that the Cabinet was in favor of a Bank. But who were the Cabinet! Tenants of suffrance, and not his Cabinet. He said the cabinet was organized with seeds of its own destruction in it. It was an Union of the House of York and of Lancaster—of the white and red roses. He asked who it was that read lessons to the friends of the President of the United States *par excellence*. A disappointed politician; who failed to get the vote of his own party, and who now not only determined to be the power behind the throne, but the power to stride over the throne, King and all, like a colossus. He did not acknowledge the cabinet of the majority here as the President of the United States. He asked when the President ever recommended a bank or a distribution of the public land to tax the people eight millions of dollars, and break the compromise act. He said any man who endorsed the rumor that he and his friends were the Kitchen Cabinet, lied. He said if the President had a Kitchen Cabinet with a barber from Fredricksburg to preside over it, another had a man Charles to preside over his cabinet, and white Charleys, too, to do his bidding. He said the friends of the President *par excellence* had been compared to a corporal's guard. He would tell them that they might be a corporal's guard here, but they would point to the masses.

Tall oaks from little acorns grow,
Large streams from little fountains flow.

He said the Whig party, like every other monstrous fetus, was pretty much still born. It died before the inauguration.

Mr. Wise's hour now run out.

Mr. Turney of Tennessee now moved to strike out the enacting clause of the bill.

Mr. Wise now claimed and succeeded in getting the floor upon the new motion.

He now began upon Mr. Clay, whom he scored under the image of Rumor, and showed his arguments in relation to the alternatives in the most true and laughable light. He said Rumor, a tall, sandy haired, long nosed orator, wished the President to resign, and if the President had resigned, Rumor would have considered him the most clever fellow in the world. Rumor might then have got his place. He said Rumor, without such resignation, would get but little here below, nor get that little long.

Mr. Marshall of Kentucky followed Mr. Wise, and after a few words moved that the committee rise.

The committee then rose.

Mr. Pruffit of Indiana offered a resolution, declaring that if Congress chartered a fiscal agent, it should reserve the power to repeal the same whenever it saw fit: objected to.

From the Madisonian.

The following extraordinary letter was forwarded to us late last evening, as having been written by authority for the Coffee House at Richmond, where such delectable scraps of news are made as public as at an Exchange of a commercial city. Under any other circumstances we should not have felt authorized to publish it. It will no doubt, strike every friend of the administration with equal astonishment and regret—regret, not that the president should be treated with such indignity, but because he is thus abused by one who ought to be his friend—one, who doubtless ought to feel some gratitude, at least for such influence as Mr. Tyler contributed to give him the seat he occupies—astonishment, that one who has worn the guise of friendship should disclose such a deep feeling of enmity and bitterness. Forewarned, as Mr. Tyler will be forearmed. We shall see whether Mr. Botts, and such as he, will succeed in "heading" him—whether they will perpetrate a legislative fraud, such as the letter describes, for the heartless purpose of "fastening" Mr. Tyler and forcing him into a measure which neither his conscience sanctions, nor his judgment approves. We have not room for further comment at present.

August 16, 1841.

Dear Sir: The President has finally resolved to veto the Bank bill. It will be sent in to-day at 12 o'clock. It is impossible to tell precisely on what ground it will be placed. He has turned and twisted and changed his ground so often in his conversations, that it is difficult to conjecture which of the absurdities he will rest his veto upon.

In the last conversation reported, he said his only objection was to the provision which presumed the assent of the States, where no opinion was expressed, and if that was struck out he would sign the bill. He had no objection to the location of branches by the directors, in the absence of dissent expressed, but whenever it was expressed, the power to discount promissory notes must cease, although the agency

might continue, for the purchase and sale of foreign exchange. However, you will see his message.

Our Captain Tyler is making a desperate effort to set himself up with the Loco Focos, but he'll be headed yet, and I regret to say it will end badly with him. He will be an object of execration with both parties, with one for vetoing our bill, which was bad enough—with the other for signing a worse one; but he is hardly entitled to sympathy. He has refused to listen to the admonitions and entreaties of his best friends, and looked only to the whisperings of ambitious and designing mischief-makers that have collected around him.

The veto will be received without a word, laid on the table, and ordered to be printed. To-night we must and will settle matters, as quietly as possible, but they must be settled.

Yours, &c.

JNO. M. BOTTS.

You'll get a Bank bill, I think, but one that will serve only to fasten him and to which no stock will be subscribed; and when he finds out that he is wiser in banking than all the rest of the world, we may get a better. The excitement is tremendous, but it will be smothered for the present.

The above letter is postmarked "Washington, 16th August" and addressed to "Coffee House, Richmond." (Free)

JNO. M. BOTTS.

Robbery of the Danville Bank.—Information reached town yesterday morning that the Branch of the Farmers Bank, at Danville, had been entered by means of false keys and robbed to the amount of ninety-two thousand one hundred and thirty-five dollars. A reward of \$5,000 is offered for the thief by the President.

The loss to the Bank cannot exceed \$20,000, as the balance was in notes that had been cancelled,—a pretty heavy loss however, even at \$20,000.

When shall we cease recording these robberies?—*Richmond Whig.*

Salisbury, N. C., Aug. 21, 1841.

Melancholy Accident.—A most distressing accident occurred at the Threshing Machine of Dr. Kerr, in this county, on the 13th inst., which resulted in the death of a very promising youth, John Wilson, aged about sixteen years, son of Dr. James Wilson, was driving the horses to the Machine, and getting on the lever or beam by which the Machine is moved, he sprang upon one of the arms of the "big wheel" to ride, but was suddenly caught between the arm and timber in which the trundle head is confined, and was so badly crushed as to die the next day about 2 o'clock.

Watchman.

The Correspondent of the "Wilmington Chronicle" is accurate in his suggestion, with respect to the number of the first Class of Graduates at our University, but is slightly in error in one or two other particulars. The names of Graduates of 1798 were Samuel Hinton, William Houston, Hinton James, Robert Locke, Edwin Jay, Osborne Thomas, Alexan'r Osborne, and Adam A. Springs. Of the seven there are but two now living, viz: Hinton James, Esq. of Wilmington, who was the first Student that entered the Institution, and William Houston, M. D. then of Cabarrus, but, for several years past, a citizen of Bedford County, Tennessee.

Rul. Reg.

Lynch Law.—The New Orleans Picayune contains the particulars of a wholesale exercise of Lynch law in the state of Arkansas. It seems that Phillips county of that State, and the county Cloohoma, on the opposite side of the river, have been the harbor of an extensive band of counterfeiters. The citizens enraged at this system of things, resolved to rid themselves of them, by any and every means placed within their power. They accordingly proceeded, about 100 in number, in pursuit, headed by a Captain Barney Bedford, all well armed. The following stratagem was then resorted to, for their apprehension. The Volunteers engaged a trading boat at Helena, and hid about 50 men in the stern room; they then descended the river, landing at every place where they expected to fall in with the Counterfeiters. These depraved men came on board to purchase produce, with the intention of paying for it in counterfeit money. They were thus taken and secured in the boat. When the number had increased to 27 men, they were tied hands and feet, and, as the report says, drowned in the Mississippi, near Island No. 69, in the presence of two men, Harrod and Burgess, who, it appears, officiated, or at least took an active part in the execution of the sentence.

The Picayune states, that when their informant left, the volunteers were still in pursuit of others, the main one of whom they wished to secure, was a man named Merian Wright. Among the list of victims, the following names have been

obtained, viz: Hugh Talley, Lewis Hingston, Andrew McLaughlin, Willis Pollock, Hugh Cotten, Elliott and Robert Hunter, the latter lately from New York, Joe Merrit and McCumick.—*ib.*

A letter to the Charleston Courier from Florida states that with the Indians, who recently came in at Fort Cummings, was a lovely White girl about 13 years of age. It is supposed she was taken from some of the families murdered in the northern part of the Territory. She has been with the Indians about a year. She became perfectly frantic when her eyes caught sight of the first white face.—*ib.*

Morse, arrested as the supposed murderer of Miss Rogers, at Hoboken, near New York, has been exonerated from that charge. His arrest, however, has detected another piece of criminal conduct in him not connected with Miss R., for which he will probably be indicted.—The death of Miss Rogers is still involved in darkness.—The papers are multiplying rumors on the subject for the purpose rather of gratifying a morbid appetite for such gossip, than for the furtherance of justice.

Two outrages, similar to that perpetrated on Miss Rogers, are recorded in the New York papers, committed at a time when the whole community was excited by the dreadful fate of that unfortunate girl.

Fire and loss of Life.—We are called on to record another painful calamity by which thirty persons were deprived of life without a moment's warning, and forty-three others were wounded, three of whom have since died, and several others will not probably recover. This terrible disaster occurred about half past 9 o'clock on Friday evening, in the flourishing village of Syracuse, in the State of New York, and has cast a gloom over that place and vicinity that will not soon be dissipated. We copy the subjoined account from the "Onondaga Standard," printed at Syracuse.

One of the most deeply afflicting events that ever occurred in our town, took place last night. At about half past 9 o'clock a alarm of fire was given, which brought most of our citizens to a wooden building situated on the tow path of the Oswego canal, nearly in the rear of the Clerk's office, and occupied as a joiner's shop by Charles Goings. At the time we had reached the spot, the roof of the building was completely enveloped in flames. The engine companies were near the fire, and appeared to be doing good execution. Presently we heard the cry of "Powder! Powder! there is Powder in the building!" When the cry was first given, nearly the whole crowd rushed back, but the move was but momentary. Most of those nearest the fire maintained their position, and very few appeared to place any credit in the report. At this time we were standing within 50 or 60 feet of the flames—the building had been on fire perhaps fifteen minutes—when a tremendous explosion took place—completely checking the fire and demolishing the building. The explosion lasted we should think 4 or 5 seconds, filling the air with the fragments of the building and creating the greatest consternation imaginable. The noise of the explosion having ceased, all was still for a moment, and then the most heart-rending groans that ever reached our ears was distinctly heard.

The first person whom we met after the shock was Mr. Myers, the lock tender, a tall athletic man, with part of his face blown off, and his head and shoulders completely covered with cinders and blood. He begged some one to go home with him, and two persons readily accompanied him. The next was a person brought out dead; one side of his head having been blown off, and his brains fallen out. Oh, mercy, what a sight! From this followed other scenes which it is impossible to describe. All was confusion. Although the sight of the dead and dying was horrible, it was scarcely less than that of the living inquiring for their relatives—parents for their children, and wives, almost frantic with despair, for their husbands.

Diarrhoea.—It is said that ginger and strong camphorated spirit, with hot water, is an effectual remedy for diarrhoea.

Fragrant Odour for sick rooms.—A few drops of oil of sandal wood, which, though not in general use, may be easily obtained in town, when dropped on a hot shovel, will diffuse a most agreeable balsamic perfume throughout the atmosphere of sick rooms, or other confined apartments.

The Editor of the Chicago Democrat, who is a bachelor, is the author of the following:—

"How much happiness does the old bachelor lose! No smiling angel to stand at the door to welcome him as he returns—My dear, are you come? No lispng cherub climbs his knee and in tones of love cries out, 'Daddy, give me thum thugar kitheth.'"