



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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GEORGE HOWARD, Agent.

VARIETY.



From the Western Argus.

DE WETO ON DE BANK.

As I went down street de oder day Who should I meet but Massa Henry Clay, So long in de visage, and so low in de jaw, Caus Massa Tyler wouldnt make de Bank a law, Hey Jim along, can't you get along, Josy!

I chanc'd for to go out in de afternoon, And dar I met Massa John C. Calhoun, As strait as an arrow in de middle ob de way; Bowin mighty smilen to Massa Henry Clay, Hey Jim along, &c.

A little farder down I met Massa King, Lor bless my soul, if he didnt gin to sing; Harry Clay's a goner, as every body know, Caus he wouldnt fight & his Bank he wouldnt go, Hey Jim along, &c.

Along wif Massa King come Benton and Linn, And de way dey was a luffin I tell you was a sin, Oh, it was nuts to know how de Wiggies crests did fall, Clay, Preston, Southard, Tallmadge, Crittenden and all, Hey Jim along, &c.

I kept on a goin till I found it was most night, When here comes along, Allen, Tappan & Wright; Well, says old Ben, dey've had de extra session, And I am willen now to give dem my poor blessin, Hey Jim along, &c.

Dat dey have, says Allen, and spent de nation's money, And got plenty ob wormwood & berry little honey, Dey've had de extra session, and what did dey do? Made a law to borrow money, & to gib away too, Hey Jim along, &c.

Now you see by dia time I got to Capitol Hill, And dar sot dem youngsters, Massa Steenrod and Medill, Wif little Massa Weller, all so merry you must know, Caus Massa John Tyler gib de Bank de weto, Hey Jim along, &c.

Now I could tell you lots more, but indeed it wouldnt do, For de Wiggies are so sore, and look so berry blue Bout Wise and Hunter, Mallory, and Riles, Adams, Marshall, Archer, Gilmer, all lafin' in deir sleeves, Hey Jim along, &c.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

The editor of the Chicago Democrat has requested me to preach from the following:

Go it while you're young,

For when you're old you can't.

My hearers—the old proverb says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," but this modernized, reads, "Train up a child in the way he would go, and, before he is old he will go it." Yes my friends there is no mistake about it—if you let a child run loose over the fenceless fields of his own inclination, he will wear out more moral shoe leather in one day than an old man will in six weeks, who walks moderately along the gravelly high way of sin. I would, however, have you understand that I have no objection to the sons and daughters of earth going it while they are young, provided they don't go it too strong, for I know that the honeysuckles of pleasure grow only in the green valley of youth, and that they all shed their sweetness in the morning of life; that the declining sun of age casts but a sickly glare on the tomb of worldly enjoyment—and that old men, tottering towards the lone tenement of death, are often times compelled to bear the insults and jeers of thoughtless juveniles, who run after them shouting "Go it, ye cripples!" when the young rascals know they are no longer able to go it as they once did, when their wheels of life were new—when every thing in the physical machinery operated without squeaking—and when their heart's talow was always kept melted by the warm blaze of youthful enthusiasm.

My dear children! go it while you are young, but be careful how you go it. Lie down, roll over as you please upon the perfumed beds of indulgence, but mind and not roll into the brambles of everlasting misery. Kick up your heels along the gay walks of pleasure, don't crush the plants of virtue, beneath your careless tread; and, above all don't run so swiftly as to produce a spontaneous combustion of morality—for when that spiritual essence is once destroyed, you are just as surely done up and bursted as tho' you were obliged to borrow a shirt to keep up appearances. Drink deep from the cup of rational enjoyment, but shun the inebriating bowl as you would the small pox or the double width measles. Don't meddle with it my young friends—for, when you once get your sucker in, you will find it scorched before you can get it out—your fine sympathies crushed to einder—and your reputation blasted forever. In a spirit of mildness, mercy and modesty, I warn you against that worst of all vices, gambling. It is but a trick of the devil to entice you into his slaughter-house. It induces you to lie, to cheat, and

indulge in profane language; and it moreover offers you an invitation to get a living by other means than those prescribed in the golden catalogue of honest industry. Be careful also how you go it in your approximations towards the female sex. Let your love be of the purest and most excellent nature. Instead of hankering after flesh, you ought to have your affections placed on those heavenly virtues with which it is stuffed—for it is the stuffing alone that contains the true spice of reciprocal love.

Go it young man now in the days of your youth! Revel in the sweets of enjoyment while Fancy's flowers are in their fullest bloom—while pinions of hope droop not in the cold storms of adversity—while the sun of ambition still shines upon the far distant summit of fame. Let your heart abound with good cheer—banish ever suicidal thought from your mind—and let the soul surfeit upon the luxuries of mental bliss! but while you are partaking of those bounties you must try young friend, to lay up a portion of them to feast upon when you become old and no longer able to go it with that looseness with which you are now privileged. The time will come when the sweetest soup of life will taste as insipid as dish water—when every lump of joy will lose its seasoning—when your bread of hope won't rise for want of leaven—and when like a dried sapping, you will have grown so stiff and old that you can't bend without cracking.

My dear friends—when you are old you can't go it any more than a broken down stage horse; and if you don't enjoy yourself while you are fed upon the oats of youthful anticipation, you will find out that you can never go it when you come to graze in the barren pastures of age. If I compare you to horses, my respected hearers, I trust that you will forgive the comparison, inasmuch as the mortal part of man is subject to the same decay which flesh is heir to. Yes the juices of our bodies are become dried in the autumnal winds of age—our hearts are robbed of all their former delights, and the few jewels that remain in the casket of memory, although, pure and brilliant, are hardly worth cherishing, considering that the little comfort they give is so overspread with the mustard of regret.

Colonization.—In the course of an article on this subject, the N. O. Bee says: "Twenty years have elapsed since some of the most distinguished citizens of the Old States, set on foot a system of colonization, to drain off the free colored population of the Union.—Within these twenty years, about three thousand have been sent to Africa, while nearly four hundred thousand remain behind. Yet the American colony is no contemptible place—it extends along 200 miles of coast, and runs a considerable distance inland.—Respectable towns, with school houses, churches, &c., have been established; genial governments, municipal and general, have been created, and the spirit of commercial and agricultural enterprise has been fairly awakened. The mishaps and mortality attending the enterprise have thus far been much less than those which marked the first peopling by Europeans of this country. The colony of Plymouth and that at James town suffered much heavier losses from sickness than from the savages. There is a first cost about all colonization efforts in new climes, which no sagacity or foresight can entirely evade. The experiment in Africa, we must say, has been singularly fortunate, and affords, we think, no sufficient ground of objection to its opponents."

Capital Offence.—A man named Michael Lowry has been arrested in Boston, charged with the commission of an offence to a married woman, punishable with death.—Sun.

One of the Smith's.—A Hoosier candidate for Congress, says he is one of twenty nine sons and two daughters by the same father and mother, all now living; and that if any one can beat him on that score he will withdraw from the course. His name, as might be expected, is Smith.

Too much Truth.—A young lady lately observed: When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church, I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves.

Caution to Builders.—A mechanic and builder showed us this morning a sample of nails which his men had been using in erecting a staging, some part of which had fallen before it was used. On examination it was discovered that there was no strength in the nails, being readily broken with the fingers, like a pipe stem. It was fortunate the discovery was made thus early. Two casks were purcha-

sed together, one of which was good, the other bad. They are supposed to be made from railroad iron, and are entirely worthless. It is even said that this iron is imparted free of duty, solely for this iniquitous purpose. Let it be looked after, or frightful accidents will result from their use. The accident in the south part of the city a few weeks since, by which several worthy men were made cripples for life, was caused by the use of these nails.

Transcript.

Aeful Casualty.—We are informed by a gentleman of respectability, that on the evening of 24th ult. in the upper part of Cleveland County, a Mr. John Bayless was killed by lightning, while sitting at supper at his own table.—Several of the family besides him were so stunned, that they were prostrated by the shock.

Rumor also says, that in the same county on the same evening, on First Broad River, a Mr. Sparks was also killed by the same element.

What an awful thought, to be hurled in a moment into eternity without reflection.—Surely this should admonish us to be also ready.

Rutherfordton Intelligencer.

Reform with a vengeance.—A pamphlet has been published by some of the Charlists in England, in which as one means of relief to their surplus population, it is gravely proposed "that all the children of the working people after the third, be disposed of by painless extinction!" In other words, that they be smothered at their birth, to rid the parents of the responsibility of their support. These English patriots are, in this matter, disposed to go beyond the Chinese, where infant female-ones are thus removed from this world of sin and sorrow. And now even in China there is a prospect of reform; for some months ago we read a Chinese essay, in which it was gravely argued that it was immoral to put female children to death, since it could not be disputed that women are human beings!

New York Commercial.

Affecting.—A gentleman passing by the jail of a country town heard one of the prisoners through the grates of his cell, singing in the softest and most melodious tones, that favorite song—"Home, sweet Home." His sympathies were very much excited in favor of the unfortunate tenant of the dungeon, and upon inquiring the cause of his incarceration, was informed that he was put in jail for beating his wife.

Knoxville Post.

POLITICAL.



From the Globe.

VETO MESSAGE.

MESSAGE

From the President of the United States, returning, with his objections, the bill "To provide for the better collection, safekeeping, and disbursement of the public revenue, by means of a corporation, to be styled the Fiscal Corporation of the United States."

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

It is with extreme regret that I feel myself constrained, by my duty faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States, and to the best of my ability to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, to return to that House in which it originated, the bill "to provide for the better collection, safekeeping and disbursement of the public revenue, by means of a corporation to be styled the Fiscal Corporation of the United States," with my written objections.

In my message sent to the Senate on the 16th day of August last returning the bill "to incorporate the subscribers to the Fiscal Bank of the United States," I distinctly declared that my own opinions had been uniformly proclaimed to be against the exercise "of the power of Congress to create a National Bank to operate *per se* over the Union;" and entertaining that opinion, my main objection to that bill was based upon the highest moral and religious obligations of conscience and the Constitution. I readily admit, that whilst the qualified veto with which the Chief Magistrate is invested, should be regarded, and was intended by the wise men who made it a part of the Constitution, as a great conservative principle of our system, without the exercise of which, on important occasions,

a more representative majority might urge the Government in its legislation beyond the limits fixed by its framers, or might exert its just power too hastily or oppressively; yet it is a power which ought to be most cautiously exercised, and perhaps never except in a case immediately involving the public interest, or one in which the oath of the President, acting under his convictions, both mental and moral, imperiously requires its exercise. In such a case he has no alternative. He must either exert the negative power entrusted to him by the constitution chiefly for its own preservation, protection, and defence, or commit an act of gross moral turpitude. Mere regard to the will of a majority must not, in a constitutional Republic like ours, control this sacred and solemn duty of a sworn officer. The Constitution itself I regard and cherish as the embodied and written will of whole people of the United States. It is their fixed and fundamental law, which they unanimously prescribed to the public functionaries, their mere trustees and servants. This, their will, and the law which they have given us as the rule of our action, has no guard, no guarantee of preservation, protection, and defence, but the oaths which it prescribes to public officers, the sanctity with which they shall religiously observe their oaths, and the patriotism with which the people shall shield it by their own sovereign will, which has made the constitution supreme. It must be exerted against the will of a mere representative majority, or not at all. It is alone in pursuance of that will that any measure can ever reach the President; & to say that because a majority in Congress have passed a bill, the President should therefore sanction it, is to abrogate the power altogether, and to render its insertion in the constitution a work of absolute supererogation. The duty is to guard the fundamental will of the people themselves from (in this case, I admit, unintentional) change or infraction by a majority in Congress. And in that light alone, do I regard the constitutional duty which I now most reluctantly discharge.

Is this bill now presented for my approval or disapproval, such a bill as I have already declared could not receive my sanction? Is it such a bill as calls for the exercise of the negative power under the constitution? Does it violate the constitution by creating a National Bank, to operate *per se* over the Union? Its title, in the first place, describes its general character. It is "An act to provide for the better collection, safekeeping, and disbursement of the public revenue, by means of a corporation, to be styled the Fiscal Corporation of the United States." In style, then it is plainly national in its character. Its powers, functions, and duties, are those which pertain to the collecting, keeping, and disbursing the public revenue. The means by which these are to be executed is a corporation to be styled the Fiscal Corporation of the United States. It is a corporation created by the Congress of the United States, in the character of a National Legislature for the whole Union, to perform the fiscal purposes, meet the fiscal wants and exigencies, supply the fiscal uses, and exert the fiscal agencies of the Treasury of the United States. Such is its own description of itself. Does its provisions contradict its title? They do not. It is true that by its first section it provides that it shall be established in the District of Columbia; but the amount of its capital—the manner in which its stock is to be subscribed for and held—the persons, bodies corporate and politic, by whom its stock may be held—the appointment of its directors, and their powers and duties—its fundamental articles, especially that to establish agencies in any part of the Union—the corporate powers and business of such agencies—the prohibition of Congress to establish any other corporation with similar powers for twenty years, with express reservation in the same clause to modify or create any bank for the District of Columbia, so that the aggregate capital shall not exceed five millions—without enumerating other features which are equally distinctive and characteristic—clearly show that it cannot be regarded as other than a Bank of the United States, with powers seemingly more limited than have heretofore been granted to such an institution. It operates *per se* over the Union, by virtue of the unaided, and, in my view, assumed authority of Congress as a National Legislature as distinguishable from a bank created by Congress for the District of Columbia, as the local Legislature of the District. Every United States Bank heretofore created had power to deal in bills of exchange, as well as in local discounts. Both were trading privileges conferred, and both exercised by virtue of the aforesaid power of Congress, over the whole Union. The question of power remains unchanged, without reference to the extent of privilege granted. If this proposed corporation is to be regarded as a local bank of the District of Columbia, invested by Congress with general powers to operate over the Union, it is obnoxious to