



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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VARIETY.



FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

TO MY LITTLE GIRL.

One sweet creature yields my fate serene,
Her home is upon a grass-rich green;
Augh it runs one happy little stream,
As bright and silent as a dream.

In front of it one fatherly old tree,
O'er shades this little girl for me;
And shelters her from winter's rain and storm,
And summer suns when over-warm.

And from the tree one wakenly nightingale,
Pours forth so soft and sweet a wail:
That most who pass and all who linger by,
Feel moved with love they wiss not why.

Dear innocent gem with flaxen hair,
Thou knowest me constant as thou art fair;
I go—rude winds are whistling thro' thy bowers,
Still I go—yet return if but for an hour.

Should we pass in sweet converse one "love de-
lighted hour?"

Thou speak in soft accents of early love's power,
Thou wert "blind angelical" tho' yet in affection
pure,
When diaped with smiles you seek for a wooer.
IDOLIZER.

ENGLISH COTTON vs AMERICAN.

We have before noticed the plans of the British Government to extend the cultivation of Cotton in their Colonies, particularly in India. The designs that were developed last year of substituting their own production for the slave labor production of this Country, by taxing the importation of ours while their own should be admitted free of duty, and by other means, are in a fair way of being accomplished.

By referring to the English and East India papers, we find many such statements as the annexed, which show that the views expressed last year were correct. Our Southern friends may before long see that England is not their only market, and that the home market, which takes 286,000 bales, is a most sure one, and we may see the time when they will be as much interested to sustain the home manufacture as we are.—*Boston Atlas.*

From the Bombay Times, June 23, 1841.

Production of Cotton in India.—On examining into the supplies of cotton brought to this market during the twelve months ending the 31st of May, we find that the result is well calculated to astonish those who have not been marking the progressive increase of this product, but have been dwelling with fancied security on the recollection of what used to constitute a large supply for us, viz:—200 to 250,000 bales. It appears, then, that from the first of June, 1840, to the first June, 1841, the imports of cotton into Bombay have amounted to 174,212,755 pounds, or, on the previous average, of 34 cwt to the bale, 478,606 bales, little short of half a million of screwed bales! This is a larger quantity than America produced up to the year 1826, and more than was consumed in England during the same year. In 1825, the entire product of the United States amounted to only 169,860,000 pounds, though twelve years after it had reached 444,214,537 pounds.—*Vide McC's Dict.*

As a further encouragement to the cultivators, we may state that the consumption of East India cotton in Great Britain has increased in a greater ratio than that of any quality whatever. In 1816, at which period the average of American Upland was 184d., and Surat at 154d., all the consumption of American was 4,036 bales, and East India 207 bales per week. In 1839, when the average price of Upland was 78d., and Surat at 54d., the consumption of American was 15,644 bales, and East India 2142 bales per week; the increase, in twenty-three years, of the last mentioned, being in the ratio of 1 to 18. In the same period, the consumption of Egyptian, Brazil, and West India varieties has not doubled.

From the London Literary Gazette, Sept. 11, 1841.

Indian Products and Manufactures.—Connected with this subject, we rejoice to see that measures are being successfully taken to form a national intercommunication of valuable products and manufactures between England and her mighty eastern empire. This has been long and most strangely neglected; and it would have been well worth while to establish a board of commission, with government influence and authority, to direct and superintend so important a concern. As it is, the stimulus appears to have been given by the committee on trade, &c., emanating from the Royal Asiatic Society; whose proceeding has had a most beneficial effect both at home and in India. We now learn that experiments on the cultivation of cotton are promising the greatest results; and

that other branches of industry are all being improved and promoted by European skill and encouragement. The Himalayan fine has been acclimated, and found extensively useful; and the "prodigious" lucerne, and other nutritious grasses, of which travellers have spoken in such high terms of praise, are also introduced with every prospect of adding much to our agricultural prosperity. Teas, coffees, silks, and hundreds of fruits, gums, dyes, medicines and other precious articles of commerce remain yet to be cultivated, and interchanged in abundance, to the incalculable advantage of both countries.

From the New Orleans Courier.

We imagine no man now living ever expected to see, in his day, a renewal of those unequal combats between nations, which distinguished the commencement of the sixteenth century, when Cortes and Pizarro overthrew large empires with a few hundred men. And yet, from our last accounts from China, there is every probability that the English, comparatively a few in numbers as were the first conquerors of Mexico and Peru, will attempt, nay, succeed, in conquering China, and expelling those who have governed it for ages.

The English, probably, intend dashing on to Peking, where they may expect to find much treasure stored up. During the whole of the eighteenth century, and part of the nineteenth, immense sums in silver have been sent to China to purchase silks and teas. The greater part of that silver is still in the country.

We doubt the justice of the war which the English have thus commenced. We think, moreover, that Russia, France, and Austria will not allow England to retain permanent possession of China, and add the control of her immense population, industry, and wealth to the already overgrown British power in India. Russia is most interested in this Chinese war, seeing that its results may affect her tranquility and trade. Russia is, at the same time, the power whose interference is likely to be the most effective. We may, therefore, calculate that the Emperor Nicholas will not remain an indifferent spectator—especially should the first successes of the British arms be as complete as many anticipate.

We shall conclude, for the present, with the following extract from a late number of Blackwood's Magazine. It may be read with profit by those who take the history of the past as a guide in their calculations of what is to come:

"There are more extraordinary things in history than romance; and the history of British India is among the most extraordinary. If any great speaker in the British Legislature had risen, a hundred years ago, when some concern of the little 'company of British merchants trading to the East Indies' was mentioned in its proceedings, (for it could scarcely have been suffered to occupy a debate,) and had pronounced that even the nabobship of Bengal would yet be a British province, we have not the slightest doubt that he would have been listened to with vast incredulity. But what would have been the ridicule of the wis of the honorable House, if he should have proceeded to declare that Bengal would not form the limit; that England would yet be the sovereign of an Indian territory more than four times the size of France, more than seven times the size of the British isles, governing more than a hundred millions of subjects, and influencing a hundred millions more? The next wonder might be, that the British force in Hindostan would equal the whole army of France in the time of her most splendid and ambitious king, Louis XIV—a force of 300,000 men, and 1,000 pieces of artillery in the field; completing this political and moral prophecy, by predicting that the whole would be accomplished in little more than a single generation. It would have required the largest measure of personal respect to make such a soothsayer listened to with patience. His views would be called dreams, his calculations repelled as the conjectures of a disordered fancy—promises laughed at as the sport of a spirit willing to try the utmost extent to which public council could be deluded by the passion for conquest, or the captivations of oratory.

"The conquest of a country of such vast extent, diversity, and power, by a little island, at a distance of half the globe, has undoubtedly a right to excite feelings and inquiries superior to those with which we regard the routine of this world's affairs."

From the Charleston Mercury.

English Liberty.—We find the following admirable article in the Philadelphia Pennsylvania, and, as it is not leaded, and without credit, we know not whether it is an editorial or a selection of that able journal. Come whence it may, it falls in so thoroughly with our own views, that we earnestly commend it to the careful consideration of our readers:

English Liberty.—The last papers from England hold up the curtain of a scene of horror, such as the annals of the world full as they are with crime and misery, can scarcely parallel. While the table expenses of the English Sovereign are given at £300,000 a year, it is stated that, in one manufacturing district, there are 400,000 of the Queen's subjects without work, in a state every hour verging nearer starvation, without the remotest prospect of relief.

By day and by night, this terrible tale has been ringing in our ears—This picture of horror has been constantly before us. We have seen the madness of the father, the despair of the mother, and the pale beseeching faces of mourning babes. The sun shines on them from the azure heavens, the gentle rains fall round them, and they live upon the beautiful earth, denied the privilege of toil, with nothing before them but the prospect of a horrible death.

Here, in one district, within the compass of a few miles, is a population larger by thousands than that of New York city, which has been sinking by slow but certain degrees, lower and lower, till human woe and wretchedness seem to have its lowest depth, and there lies humanity, helpless—hopeless—the grave yawning alike for the old and the young—all enduring a common fate; and that the most awful that ever scourged the world.

Can any thing be done? Our consideration avails not—our arms could not reach them, and if they could it would be a prolongation of misery. What if we remonstrated? Will the haughty aristocrats who now govern England and aspire to the supremacy of the world, listen to remonstrance? They, on whose ears the groans of millions of the down-trodden fall idly as the whirling of the autumn leaves—they, whom the moans of women and children, famishing for bread, cannot soften—will they thus listen to the faintly whispered reproof that comes across the Atlantic?

The thousands of priests, who, by huge establishments fleece the nation of a tithe of its productions—the thousands of the rich and titled, who hold in their unrelenting grasp the wealth, with the law and sword for their protection—will they let go their hold, or give up one of the privileges which their lawless, bandit ancestors seized, and they claim and defend—will, will they rescue poverty from starvation?

When the negro slave is sick, he is nursed—when old and infirm, he is fed and sheltered; infancy is cared for, age protected. If there is famine, the master kills his cattle, sells his property to feed his slaves. In England the white slave labors longer and harder for a poorer living than the negro, and when provisions are dear, and his work not wanted, he is left to starve. This England sends her Thompsons to declaim on the sin and curse of negro slavery. In the eyes of the Almighty the Southern slaveholder is less guilty than the English capitalist.

What of liberty has the English artisan to boast? He has not even the liberty to labor—the liberty to eat the bread of toil. England is no country of liberty. The slave who sets his foot upon her shore is free—to starve. Does he ask bread, he is told to earn it. When he asks for labor, there is none to be had. If he attempts to kill game in the forest, or catch fish in the stream, he is sent to jail. England is a country of privilege. The nobility, the clergy, all who compose the great machinery of her Government, have privileges—privilege to oppress, to monopolize, to crush, to starve. In all the tyranny of privilege in England abounds. In all the freedom of Democracy and equal rights it is wanting. It is governed, taxed, pillaged by privileged classes. Millions toil from infancy to age—hundred of thousands live in want and starvation that their sovereigns may enjoy a thousand costly luxuries. A world's wealth is hoarded around London. We can form no adequate idea of the grandeur that is concentrated upon the few. God looks down calmly from above and sees the many starving.

Can this be always? Will generation after generation pass into eternity, after a life of horrible destruction here, leaving wealth and privilege still in the enjoyment of the few, and toil and want still the lot of the many; or will the spark of humanity, not quite stunted out, revive, and brains and muscles assert the rights they were intended to protect and enjoy? Will all the brawny artisans of England cringe under the awful power of purse and sword forever. There is no hope of reform. Wealth does not relax its grasp—power does not give up its privileges, and when did either care for right?

Every day the case of the English laborer and the Irish peasant grows more hopeless. If this year, there are 8,000,000 of the Irish, with not enough even of roots to eat; in ten years more the number will be increased. If at this moment starvation stares in the face of millions of English artisans, where is the hope of better times,

for years they have been hoping for reform. In allowing the Tories to gain the ascendancy, they tried the very last experiment. No temporizing policy will serve them longer.

The day that the people of England rise up, and, with their own strong hands, take the rights they can never peaceably attain, that day shall we think better of humanity. Endurance of a wrong is no virtue. He who submits to fraud is its accessory. Man has no right to wrong. A small evil may be endured as the only means attaining a great good, as for the sake of a cure we may submit to an operation; but then the evil becomes portion of the good.

It is unjust to the people of England, the descendants of our common ancestors, to suppose that ten years more can pass without a revolution. Heaven grant that it may be a bloodless one—but if blood must be shed, in God's name let it flow! It were better that the head of every haughty and beautiful despot in Great Britain should roll on the dust, than this state of things should continue. What matter a few headless trunks, and a few puddles of blood, in comparison with the freedom and happiness of unborn millions? If tyranny will not lay down privilege at the feet of justice, let the sword force it from her. The revolution must come, and in whatever form we shall welcome it.

Have we no lesson here? Are we removed from all fear of a similar fate? No. Monopoly and privilege are the constituents of tyranny. They are as faithful in a republic as in a Monarchy. Already we have so much of both as to produce some evil and threaten more. Monopoly and privilege have given England a luxurious aristocracy and a starving people. The same causes will produce the same effects here, and while we sympathize with the condition of the oppressed, let us never cease to oppose every encroachment of power here.

The people of the United States owe it to themselves, and to the cause of universal humanity, to maintain equal rights against the smallest encroachments of privilege, and the slightest exhibition of the spirit of monopoly. If the people of this country would save their children from the fate of the wretched starving artisans of Europe, let them grant no charters of exclusive privilege.

Hard fight.—On Thursday last, as a farmer was returning home from town, after disposing of his load of marketing, he had passed the bridge this side of the Florissant, and entered the woods on the opposite, when he heard something cry like a child, and stopped his team to see what it could be. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and the moon was shining very bright. After stopping a few minutes, and hearing nothing, he again started, when the same noise and crying was repeated, apparently nearer than before, and he again stopped and got out of the wagon. He had no sooner got out than a large Panther sprang at him from the limb of a tree, near the road, but missed him. Being possessed of great presence of mind he caught the Panther by the tail, and, having but a wagon whip in his hand, his only chance was to prevent the 'varmint' from turning on him. We must give his own account as near as we can, and you will perceive from his lingo that he was a Dutchman. "Well," he said, "when I gets him by detail he dries to jump dis way, and den I pulls him dis way, and gves him a little dump mit my vagon whip; den he dries to jump dodder way, den I pulls him dodder way, and gves one more little dump mit my whip; den he jumps right up, and I pulls him right down, and every time I gives him a little dump; den I kick him behind a little bit, and he gets very mad." "Why didn't you let him go? he was so frightened he would have run off into the woods." "Oh de tivel—no, no! If I have let go his tail it would be bad business." "Well what did you do with him?" "Well, I say 'go along' to mine horses, and drives him home, and my son Jae dakes up de axe and knocks him on de head." The distance he drove the 'varmint' was over three miles. During the fight he belabored the animal so unmercifully with his cart whip that he became conquered, and only attempted once to turn upon the wagoner in the whole distance.—*St. Louis Pennant.*

A Drunkard's death.—A man aged about forty years, whose name was unknown, drank a pint of rum at a draught, in New York, on Tuesday last and in a few hours afterwards died. He was at a liquor store, where he got a glass of liquor and drank it. Soon afterwards an individual came in, whom he impertinently treated, saying he would drink a pint. Accordingly a pint of rum was given him which he swallowed. He was then turned into the street, when he soon became insensible, and after being removed to the hospital, in a few hours died.