

# THE TARBORO' PRESS.

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## The Tarborough Press, By GEORGE HOWARD, JR.

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## POETRY.

FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

### ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

'Tis not the ruby lip, and sparkling eye,  
Can raise a passion that shall never die;  
Beauty, the brightest, is the frailest flower,  
To what amounts its weak, tho' boasted power!  
Perhaps some giddy, thoughtless youth to warm,  
While bloom the graces of the lovely form:  
But ah! how short the pride of beauty lasts,  
Which ends with youth, and pain or sickness blasts.

Be then advised, ye young and fair,  
And let sublimer charms engage your care;  
With every grace of mind attempt to shine  
With virtue, sense; with beauty, sweetness join.  
With these adorn'd, when beauty is no more,  
You still to charm shall have the pleasing power;  
And not a smile shall be bestowed in vain,  
But lasting as your worth, shall be your reign.  
A. B.

### OUR GIRLS.

Our girls they are pretty,  
And gentle and witty,  
As any the world ever knew;  
Talk not about Spanish,  
Circassian or Danish,  
Of Greeks 'neath their summer skies blue;  
But give me our lasses,  
As fresh as the grass is  
When sprinkled with roses and dew!

Each lip's like a blossom,  
Each fair swelling bosom  
As white as the high drifted snow,  
With eyes softly flashing,  
Like spring bubbles dashing  
O'er hill rocks to valleys below;  
All smiling with beauty,  
All doing their duty,  
Where shall we for lovelier go!

Ours are the fairest,  
The sweetest, the rarest,  
The purest, the fondest I see;  
Their hearts are the truest,  
Their eyes are the bluest,  
Their spirit so noble and free;  
O give me no other,  
True love, sister, mother,  
Our own are the chosen for me!

## POLITICAL.

From the Raleigh Standard.

**The present Tariff.**—We devote a large portion of our paper this week to the great Speech of Mr. McDuffie against the present odious Tariff law, and we bespeak for that speech an attentive and serious perusal. Let it be read and laid aside, and read again and again, for its facts are strictly true, and its arguments of the soundest and most unanswerable character.

The present revenue system—as the Federalists term it—is the most corrupt and oppressive system that ever bore with its ponderous proportions upon the people of this country. On carpeting the percentage ranges from 31 to 103! Cheap carpeting is an article of almost universal necessity; the poor mechanic wants it on the floor of his little cottage; the neat country house-wife wants it on her parlor floor; and all business men of ordinary fortunes, desire to clothe their rooms in such a way as to make them warm and comfortable in the winter season. But what says the Federal Whig Tariff! On *Anc* carpeting, such as the rich use, the rich shall pay only 31 per cent., but on *common* carpeting, such as the poor man uses, the poor man shall pay 103 per cent! This is the answer. Look also at *Flannels*. The fine article is taxed 40 per cent., whilst the coarser and more common pays a duty of 100! Printed cottons—calicoes, used as Mr. McDuffie says, by all American females who are not too proud to wear them—are taxed from 45 to 162 per cent! Nor is this the fiftieth part. This odious Whig law enters into the dinner-pot of the farmer, by taxing his salt, not five, nor ten, but *one hundred per cent*. It goes into his smoke house, and taxes his meat, for his meat must have salt in it; it follows him to his stables, and he feels it when he gives, in the winter season, a handful of the article to his poor and shivering cattle; like the frogs in Egypt, it goes up, and enters into his tray, for he must put salt in his bread, and day by day, and hour by hour, it sits over him, his lord and his master, and takes its portion of almost every thing but the air he breathes. It taxes his sugar. If he puts this article in his coffee—and perhaps a cup of coffee, and a good conscience, are all an unjust Government has left him—he must pay an hundred per cent. for it; if he would make a pound-cake at Christmas,

or on the birthday of his children, he may, 'but the tax must be paid.' It taxes his iron. One hundred per cent. is on his plough, his hoe, his mattock, and his saw! He may plough, but the tax is there, and will not off at his bidding. It follows him to his field—it clings to the very hoofs of his horses—it rattles in the chains of his wagon—it haunts him at the fire-side, for his shovel and tongs must be of iron—and it triumphs over him, finally, in the very nails of his coffin!

This—farmers of North Carolina—this is what Mr. Clay and the Federal Whigs have done for you. You pay high prices for your iron, your sugar, your salt, your calicoes, your carpetings, your tools, and the like; but do you, in return, get high prices for what you make? No. And why? The markets of the world have been closed against you by this same tariff; and while the manufacturers of the North are realizing 30 to 40 per cent. upon their capital, your produce, your cotton, your tobacco, and your wheat are rotting in your barns! Are you inclined to endure this any longer? If so, remain where you are, and still vote with the Federalists. But if you wish to have better times—if you wish to provide for yourselves and your children—if you wish to save the country—be men, be independent, let party shackles bind you no longer, but come over to our side, and help us beat down this ruinous and oppressive system.

We have every confidence in the democratic portion of the present Congress, and we look, with considerable anxiety, for the Report of the Committee of Ways and Means. We believe the democrats of the North will prove true, as they have heretofore done, to the interests of the country; but it may be difficult, with the present Senate and Executive, to do all the South desires should be done. In the mean time we say to our friends, be firm, be united, be faithful to the great doctrines of Free Trade, and our final triumph is certain. The barriers heretofore presented by ancient usages and ancient institutions are giving way; Free Trade as contradistinguished from Protection, already waves its banner over the commercial metropolis of the world; and the period is rapidly approaching when the ruinous doctrine of Protection shall be scouted from the statute book of the Republic.

From the Raleigh Independent.

**The Franking Privilege.**—From the statement forwarded to the Senate, by the Postmaster General, it appears, that during three weeks of a session of Congress, in which an accurate account was taken, there were mailed at Washington, 466,345 franked letters, and 4,314,948 franked documents; weighing 359,579 pounds, upwards of 170 tons! This is one of the many abuses under which the people suffer; for they have to pay several millions of dollars to secure this privilege to the favored citizens, besides a heavy postage on their own business matter, which might otherwise be reduced. We hope our public men will have the magnanimity and justice to abolish this expensive monopoly. It would not be amiss for them to take an example from British Legislators. The members of Parliament have entirely relinquished their franking privilege; and during the past year, letters for one penny and newspapers free, through England, Scotland and Ireland, have cleared all the expenses of the Post office Department, and left a surplus of three millions of dollars. It is said that the British intend to establish their cheap system throughout Canada—and even the autocrat of Russia has signified his intention of establishing a very cheap rate of postage throughout his vast empire. In Republican America, alone, it would seem, is the spectacle of a scandalous monopoly to be exhibited, productive of a most onerous tax, for fear that government should be obliged to pay a few thousand dollars for the diffusion of light, and love, and knowledge, and politicians be prevented from a free system of electioneering through the Post Office.

**Street Fight.**—A fracas occurred on yesterday near the railroad depot, in which a Mr. Fowler, reporter for the Globe, and a Mr. Hart, a correspondent of the New York Evening Post; with some one or two others, whose names we could not hear, participated. Knives were drawn and used too, as it would seem from the appearance of the combatants after the affray; but nothing serious resulted from it. We have not learned whether the police have discharged their duty in the arrest of these disturbers of the public peace.

Washington Standard.

**Another Bank.**—The Legislature has established the Bank of East Tennessee, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to be located at Knoxville, with power to establish a branch at Jonesborough. Their circulation is limited to twice the capital stock paid in.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SHORT PATENT SERMON.

**Text.**—Take your time, Miss Lucy.  
My young fellow mortals—the path of existence is rather a rough one; and it mustn't be run over in a hurry. Take your time—pick your way, and keep your eyes open, and you will arrive at the end of your journey, without getting sore-footed, & perfectly satisfied with whatever acids may have been mingled with the saccharine juices of life. Don't be too eager to get rich. Take your time for that—and above all, take your pick out of those lovely candidates for matrimony, which adorn the fair dominion of maidenhood. The girls are beautiful blossoms that bud and bloom spontaneously, as it were, along the lonely walks of celibacy. Grasp them not too hastily, lest you be pierced with thorns and remember too, that the fairest and sweetest flowers the soonest lose their beauty and fragrance. Therefore, take your time; and look for feminine posies, from which you may extract the essence of admiration, even when they become withered in autumn, and their gay corolla of outward attraction shall have fallen faded to the earth. If you can't do this, kiss where you can, and charge me with the damage.

My young beloved sisters in sin—I know you all have an itching desire to get married; and I fain would see you happy in the sacred bonds of Hymen and your hearts garlanded with the never-fading wreath of love. But just wait your time, my dears, or your prospects of matrimony will be as slim as a crop of corn in a cow-pasture. If you flirt with fools—flutter round fops—and follow the gentlemen instead of waiting for the gentlemen to follow you—you will probably soon be compelled to take your own time; & perchance, be left to decay, wither, and dry up in the cold, un congenial atmosphere of neglect. Act with becoming modesty—sit still upon the blooming banks of Love's limpid waters, as you throw out your enticing flies for us fish to bite at—don't run up and down the stream in search of suckers that merely smell of the bait but never hitch on, but keep quiet, wait with patience, and you at least will get a cat-fish for your pains. But you, ye trailer sisters of iniquity—who have no virtue to protect, no characters to lose, nor hopes to be blasted—I suppose you are bound to take your time instead of taking my advice. Poor unfortunates! Go it with a gallop down the dark avenues of error, that lead straight down to perdition! I have not the moral power to restrain you; and yet if I could only get hold of your petticoats as you approach the precipice, I'd hang on till I heard something snap besides a corset string.

My hearers—whatever you do let it be done with an honesty of purpose—a willingness of disposition—a cheerfulness of heart—and always to the tune of "Take your time, Miss Lucy." So mote it be.  
DOW, Jr.

**Economy.**—It is said that a lady removing from Philadelphia to Illinois, saved the transportation of a feather bed by using it as a *bustle*.

**The Way to Make a Doctor.**—A doctor in Ohio writes to his father thus: "Dear Daddy—I concluded to calculate the come down and git grinded into a doctor. I hardly don't think I was in more than eight hours afore out I come as slick as ever was seen."

Hale colubny happy land,  
If I aint a Doctor I'll be hang'd!  
I pukes, I purges, and I sweats 'em,  
And if they die, wy—then I let's 'em.  
"I gits plenty of custom, because they dize easy. When you rite don't forget to put Doctor afore my name."

**A couple of Rogues.**—The Knoxville (Tenn.) Post, of the 21st ult. says that "a few months back, an Abolitionist of Cincinnati, enticed a slave from his master in Kentucky—took him to his home—furnished him with a wagon and horses, and started him to peddling apples about the city. The negro finding out, after a while, that in exchanging masters he had made a bad trade, concluded to return back to his rightful owner; and, by way of compensating him for his loss of service, took the wagon and horses with him, & the money for his last load of apples—leaving his Abolition friend minus the horses and wagon, &c. Of course he will not apply for his property." It is hard to say which had the least regard for the rights of property, the abolitionist or the negro, the latter of whom is, to say the least, a scoundrel of the first water, in whatever light the conduct the former may be viewed.

**Another Defalcation.**—Mr. Kissam the third teller of the Merchant's Bank, in New York, considering himself on his

death bed, on Monday of last week, disclosed to the Cashier that he had defrauded the institution of twenty thousand dollars. An examination of the books of the bank proved the statement to be correct, exactly that amount having been abstracted. It appears that the defalcation occurred in 1836, and during all the intervening time Kissam ingeniously managed to conceal his guilt; but now, being too unwell to attend to periodical settlements of accounts in the institution, he made a virtue of necessity, and disclosed his crime. He has been in the employ of the bank for a long term of years.

The American says that this defalcation occurred in 1836, and has been kept undiscovered ever since. Kissam was always (sick as he was) at his post on the last day of the month when his accounts were to be proved and made up, and had succeeded every month for nine years in concealing his defalcation. It was done in this way: The cashier would hand him letters containing remittances to the amount of thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars, for account of some of their corresponding banks. These, Kissam, instead of entering them to the credit of the bank that day, (the last of the month,) would keep, as is often done, until the next morning, making his own cash good out of these remittances. The next morning, after his accounts were proved, he would make the correct entry, and his cash would be short again till the next settling day. In this way he managed to conceal the matter; but this time he was so sick the physician would not let him come off his bed, and so he made a virtue of necessity, and disclosed the whole thing. He has been in the bank for fifteen or eighteen years, was married, and has a large family. What he has done with the money is not known.

**Distressing Casualty.**—On Saturday night last, seven negroes crowded themselves into a canoe to cross the Cape Fear a few miles below this town, but before they reached the opposite bank the canoe sunk and five out of the seven were drowned, viz: two men belonging to Joanthan Evans, Esq., two belonging to Mrs. Kelly, and a girl belonging to Mr. Kirkpatrick. *Fayetteville Observer.*

**Fire.**—About daylight on Friday morning last, fire broke out from the roof of the Steam Rice Mill at the lower end of the town, owned by Capt. Samuel Potter and Mr. J. A. Wade. The main building was entirely destroyed, together with several thousand bushels rough rice. By the extraordinary exertions of the firemen, a shed building, attached to the main one, was saved from being burnt—a feat worthy of special notice, as showing the present efficiency of our fire department. The loss to the owners of the mill is probably five or six thousand dollars exclusive of three thousand insurance. Some planters who had rice waiting its turn to be cleaned, lose several hundred dollars each.

Wilmington Chron.

From the Greensboro' Patriot, Feb. 10

**A Homicide.**—Hamilton J. Sisk was brought by the Sheriff of Stokes county, last Monday, before his Honor, Judge Dick, in this place, on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Having been arrested for the killing of a man named Moore, in the county of Stokes, an examination was had in reference to his application for bail. It appeared that Sisk and three other persons were at Moore's place, some of them on business, where a bottle of liquor was produced and all took a dram. Moore had a pen and ink entering a credit on a note; stepped out; came presently, and inquired for his inkstand; said some of the company had "taken" or "stolen" his inkstand, and said he was not to be fooled in that way; cleared all the company of taking the inkstand except Sisk. The company went out of doors, when Moore several times dared Sisk to fight, cursed him, and walked round his person touching him with his elbow. Sisk at length told him he would knock him down if he attempted to rub round him again; Moore started towards him in a brisk walk, apparently for that purpose, when Sisk struck him on the head with a stone weighing two pounds, which knocked him down and caused his death the following day.—This took place on Tuesday, Jan. 30.

Sisk was admitted to bail in the sum of \$2200—his securities to be bound in like amount.

Is it probable that most of the ill feeling and misunderstanding that resulted in this fatal occurrence, was caused by the inkstand, or by the bottle?

**Great Smuggling operations in New York.**—£700 worth of West of England roadcloths, brought over by the ship Oxford, have been seized by customhouse officers in New York. The Aurora says— "As yet no admission has been made of any goods smuggled, beyond the exact

quantity detected, which is forty-five cases. The great question arises whether the ship has subjected herself by the act to confiscation. Upon that point nothing can be speculated upon with any certainty until the innocence of the captain and owners is fully tested. The Oxford was built in this city, about nine years since, at a cost of \$70,000."

We learn from the same paper that, on Monday morning, the ship Montezuma, belonging to the same line of packets, arrived at that port from Liverpool. Capt. Marshall and others of the principal owners immediately boarded her, and communicated to her officers all that had transpired in relation to the Oxford, and demanded of them, if any goods were on board with the intention of being smuggled, to confess all and give them up. The mate then acknowledged that they had such goods on board, which are now subject to the orders of the collector.

**Bold Robbery.**—The bank book of Messrs Taylor & Hadden, while lying on the counter of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, at New Orleans, on the 25th ult. was robbed of bank bills to the amount of \$844, and this too in broad day light while the officers of the bank were at their respective posts.

**Another death from dissecting a corpse.**—Dr. Theodore Johns, of Morristown, New Jersey, son of Dr. John B. Johns, while engaged in a post mortem examination on Thursday of last week, pricked his finger, and a portion of the blood of the corpse was sprinkled upon it. Aware of his danger, Dr. J. used precautions to prevent the spread of the poison, but without effect; for the next day the swelling extended from the finger through the arm—fever and delirium set in, and he expired on Wednesday morning at the early age of twenty-five years.

**A horrid tragedy occurred at Sandtown, in the upper part of Burlington county, N. J., Sunday evening last. A young man by the name of Andrew Jarvis cut the throat of his brother Napoleon, while sleeping, so badly that he was not expected to survive. No cause is assigned for the dreadful act.**

**A Marvelous Story.**—The Boston Mail gives the particulars of a reported occurrence near Concord, New Hampshire. The narrative is of the most startling character. A drover named Pierce was returning through Concord, to his home in company with another drover. Both of them had been to Brighton market with cattle. At Concord they separated, as Pierce had business a few miles out of the way; but they agreed to meet at a place specified beyond Concord, and pursue their journey together. On arriving at the place designated, Pierce was surprised to find his friend was not there; and certain appearances induced suspicions in his mind that all was not right. On retiring to rest at night, he called his large dog to go with him, but the landlord objected. Pierce insisted, and soon after locking the door to his room, the dog made some strange movement about the fireboard to the large fire-place in his room. On removing the board, Pierce found his companion behind it, dead! He, however, fixed his pistols and went to bed. In the dead of the night he heard some one trying to enter his door. He called out, and the landlord demanded admittance. This being refused, the door was forced open, and the landlord entered with a gun in his hand, followed by two other men having large knives; the dog seized the landlord by the throat, and completely throttled him. Pierce fired his pistols at the other two, and killed them on the spot!

**Singular Experiment.**—the following experiment in England by A. Palmer, is related in the London Times. In a country where it is necessary to economize grain, it will be found of no small importance. July, 1843, Mr. Palmer put one grain of wheat in a common garden plot. August, he divided it into four plants, which in three weeks were again divided into twelve; which in September were divided into thirty-two; which in November were again divided into fifty, and set in open ground. July, 1843, twelve failing, but the remaining thirty-eight were healthy. They were cut down Aug. 19th, and counted 1,972 stems, with an average of 50 grains to the stem, affording a yield of 98,600!

This is Leap Year and of course the girls have a prescriptive right to do all the courting. Young men are to stay at home, practicing all "the pretty ways" they can and provide themselves with fans, learn to blush, (the graceless rogues; we fear this will be the hardest task) and make as much *bustle* as possible whenever they expect a visit. If the girls don't thin off the number of old bachelors this year, it is entirely their own fault.