



**The "Tarborough Press,"**  
BY GEORGE HOWARD.  
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## Miscellaneous.



**LOVE'S TEST.**  
'Tis sweet to think there is a spot  
We both have trod together;  
And sweeter still to know 'twill not  
Be e'er forgot by either!  
'Tis distance part, or fetters bind,  
Our frames alone they sever;  
'Tis claims and realms, and time, the mind  
Still clings as close as ever!  
Then let the world our beings part,  
And think it can divide us—  
We have a spell with mightier art,  
Will back as often guide us;  
'Tis but to let our spirits fly,  
When all around is glooming,  
To that best spot, beneath the sky,  
Where Eden's for us blooming.

**Blistering.**—A novel, and perhaps an excellent, mode of blistering, has been discovered by M. Pigeaux. After shaving the skin, if necessary, the place is to be wetted with a sponge or rag, dipped in spirits of wine, of from 26 to 30 degrees, eau de Cologne, or good brandy. The skin having been thus impregnated, a lighted paper or match is applied, and blisters immediately arise, as they do from the continued and disagreeable action of cantharides. A wet cloth should be placed around the part, to prevent unnecessary pain by the spreading of the flame.

The Fayetteville Observer states that the Hon. Henry L. Pinckney of Charleston, Member of Congress, has been invited by the Philanthropic Society, to deliver the Annual Address at the next Commencement of the University in June.

An avalanche of snow fell from a roof in Philadelphia the other day; knocked down three men and buried them alive beneath it, but without doing serious injury. Such is the weight of snow on some of the roofs in New York that the gutters have in some instances had to be taken down to prevent their falling.

**The Ten Million Bank.**—From the exposition of the plan for a Ten Million Bank, recently introduced in our Legislature, we have condensed the following account, omitting the calculations for each of the twenty years, which lead to the results set forth in the report.

The exposition starts with assuming that \$5,000,000 may be borrowed in Europe, on the credit of Massachusetts, at 4 per cent. per annum, interest payable there. Calculations are then given, which show that the difference between the interest paid by the State on the money borrowed, and the dividends received from the Bank on \$5,000,000, Bank Stock owned by the State, will, if reserved as a sinking fund, redeem the State scrip in twenty years, and leave the State a clear balance of \$5,000,000.

At the expiration of twenty years, if it is thought best to make such a limitation of the loan, the

State will owe in Europe the principal of the sum borrowed, 1,041,666 2/3 pounds—which at \$1.80, as an exchange now is reckoned at 8 per cent. advance, will require \$5,000,000 here to pay it—and the full sum is provided for by the sinking fund, leaving the State the owner of \$5,060,626 in the bank.

The above calculation is upon the presumption that the loan can be had, paying annual interest, but if required semi-annually, it a little more than equals the surplus sum of \$60,626. Some fractions have been disregarded in this calculation, but these are in favor of the State.—*Boston Atlas.*

**The Weather.**—At Philadelphia, Tuesday night, it was the coldest in that city for many years. The same may be said of last night and this morning (Friday) at New York, the thermometer being down to zero at midnight, and this morning, at sunrise, five degrees below zero.—At Albany the mercury has already been down to 15 and 20 below zero. This season from the unusually early commencement, and severe duration, of the cold, may literally be denominated a zero winter.  
*N. Y. Star.*

**Quaker Sermon.**—Verily, This Weather trieth our patience and testeth our philosophy. We like it not, for it liketh not us. It taketh us by the toes and pincheth them. It taketh us by the nose and disfigureth it—making it incarnadine. It taketh us by the fingers and crampeth them. It taketh us by the heels and, verily irritateth them with chilblains. Yet we find no fault; complaint goeth forth not out of our mouth. We remember we are but dust; that snow is but frozen water, and that cold weather cannot last beyond the dog days. Verily, we are consoled.—*Bost. Trans.*

**Horrible transaction.**—Two families engaged in moving, near Smyrna (Delaware state) last week, in all 17 in number, ate dinner together. A few hours after every individual took sick with violent pains, except one person who did not eat. They all recovered by medical aid except Mr. Joseph Moor, whose stomach has been forwarded to Philadelphia for examination. It is very rational supposed arsenic was sprinkled on the dishes by a negro woman named Rachel Saunders, who officiated as cook. She has been placed in Kent county Jail. No cause is assigned for her conduct. Why was not the individual, who like Judas did not eat, also examined? It is curious too, that the contents of the stomach should be transported to Philadelphia, when Delaware possesses so many able and learned physicians, on whom this is rather a reflection we should say.

**Great Race.**—A match race for \$32,000 is to take place between Col. Wade Hampton's celebrated horse Argyle and Col. Jno. Crowell's stable, consisting of Jno. Bascombe, 4 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon; Lady Nashville, 5 years old, by Stockholder, dam by imported Strap; and Bolivia, 4 years old, by Bolivar. \$17,000 on the part of Argyle, and \$15,000 on the part of Col. Crowell's stable, to be run over the Augusta Course, 4 mile heats, half stake to be forfeited in case of either not running. This race excites an unusual degree of interest among the lovers of the turf, both in the North and South.

**A Narrow Escape.**—Several young men of this place, says the Portsmouth Times, "ventured upon the ice between Portsmouth and Norfolk on Thursday last, on

a Skating expedition. After enjoying themselves for some time, at their wonted sport, they suddenly found the sheets of ice on which they had collected, cracking and bending beneath them.—Fortunately, they had the presence of mind to throw themselves horizontally upon the ice, and in that situation with the aid of a little scrambling and floundering in the water, to reach a better foundation. They came out of their trying situation as wet as wharf rats, and as handsomely iced as wedding cakes."

**Fire.**—The last Petersburg Intelligencer contains the following account of a fire, that broke out in Petersburg on the 6th: "A fire broke out on Saturday evening last about 9 o'clock in the back buildings attached to the Coach making establishment of Mr. Carter Bethel, on Bank Street; and, before its progress could be arrested, destroyed a dwelling (occupied by colored people) on Brick House Run, the Paint and Blacksmith Shops of Mr. Bethel, and all the stables and frame out houses in the rear of the tenements occupied by Mr. Mordcai Brown, Mrs. Carey and the Reading Room. We understand that the heaviest loss sustained, will fall upon Mr. Bethel, a worthy and industrious mechanic—nearly the whole of the unfinished work in his establishment having been entirely destroyed."

**Greenville, Jan. 30, 1836.**  
**Melancholy Occurrence.**—The Editor of the Petersburg Constellation will please give the following Obituary an insertion in his paper.

Mr. John R. Webb, a young gentleman of highly respectable connexions, on the 28th inst. put an end to his life (in the office of Dr. Tho. A. Harrison with whom he was studying Medicine,) by shooting himself. No reason can be assigned for his course, save that contained in the following letter, which was found in the room in which he shot himself.

January 8th, 1836.  
Dear Father: The cause of my killing myself was, that some of my relations were always telling some tales about me, from which I thought that I should run distracted, and I thought that I had better put an end to my life first. You all must not grieve after me. You must carry me home and put me in the Garden.  
**JOHN R. WEBB.**  
P. S. I want you to read this to the highest and let my Father hear of my death as soon as possible.  
J. R. W.

**An Invention.**—The New York Times says:—"We understand that Mr. Clinton Roosevelt, of that city, has invented an invulnerable Steam Battery, calculated to do great service. It is rendered invulnerable, as we are told; by making the bows and stern of the vessel alike sharp, and plating them with polished iron armour, with high bulwarks and a sharp roof, also, plated in like manner, with the design of glancing the balls, which can be done if the angles of incidence be sufficiently acute. The means of offence are a torpedo, which is made to lower on nearing the enemy, and be driven by a mortar into the enemy's side under water, where by fusee it will explode. There is also a very large cannon at each end of the battery, to use in case circumstances should render an attack by the torpedo impracticable. There are also mortars to throw all kinds of combustibles upon the sails and decks of opponents. This mode of approach is always to keep one end of the battery opposed to the enemy. There are means to prevent balls from

reaching any part of the machinery."

The postmaster at Jackson, Mississippi, endorses on the back of a letter post-marked January the 18th, that Thomas H. Dickson was killed on that day, about two miles from that town, by the accidental discharge of his own gun while on a hunting excursion. He was the eldest son of General David Dickson, now a member of Congress. He was the Mayor of the town in which he lived, had nearly completed the 24th year of his age, and had just commenced the practice of the law, in which he bid fair to excel. The deep affliction of his bereaved parents and brothers and sisters, can be better imagined than described. The community in which he lived will long remember his manly bearing and devotion to their interest.—*Globe.*

**Mail Robber Retaken.**—We learn that Richard Hawkins, who was recently arrested in Richmond, Va. upon a charge of robbing the mail, and made his escape, after committing a violent assault upon the officer, has been retaken in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. John M. Anderson, of Richmond, despatched by the Postmaster at that city, traced him to this city, and having discovered that he had gone out in the western stage, immediately pursued him under orders from the Department. Having arrived in Cincinnati on the evening of the 30th ult. he made the necessary arrangements, and had the fugitive arrested the next morning, on the point of his intended embarkation on board a steamboat for Louisville. He will be taken back to Richmond for trial. Mr. Anderson merits applause for the skill, energy, and perseverance with which he conducted the pursuit.—*ib.*

**Melancholy.**—Miss Martha Wilson, of Effingham co. Geo. who on returning from Savannah with her mother and brother, had "camped out," as the custom is on road, caught fire in her bed, and running some distance before her clothes could be torn off, the flames were thereby so increased by the motion, that she was in a few minutes literally charred to death.

**Caution.**—It is the worst plan in the world to attempt to run on such occasions, as the circulation of air thereby created, always increases the flames and thus makes death certain. We know several instances of lives thus sacrificed, which if the persons had remained quiet in the room and been enveloped in the rug carpet or blanket, might have been saved.—*N. Y. Star.*

A shocking murder was committed at the Planters Hotel, New Orleans, in the latter part of December. Several fellows who had been carousing in the refectory came to the bar, and picked a quarrel with Mr. Armstrong the proprietor, and his brother and the two bar keepers, began finally to throw the glasses, when one of them, Washington Whitaker, a gambler, drew a Bowie knife and plunged it through the heart of a young man by the name of Murphy, who remained in the bar after the rest had escaped. The wretch Whitaker and his brother, who was also an accomplice, were arrested the same night.

**Quite Pleasant.**—A Dr. Caldwell of Va. has invented a method for drawing teeth which renders the operation a very pleasant recreation, according to the papers—all who have had their grinders ground out by Dr. C. have been highly gratified with his modus operandi. The Paris Academy

of Dental Surgeons have sent the Dr. a medal, and a New York Surgeon has had a sound tooth extracted by Dr. C. merely to test his skill.

**Extraordinary Power of Steam.**—An ingenious Englishman, named West, has lately erected, on a copper mine at St. Austell, a steam engine, on an economical principle of preserving the heat, in the manner, we should judge from the description, of Professor Nott, of our country. In an experiment, it raised 125 1/2 millions of pounds weight one foot high with every bushel of coals consumed!

A fire was lately extinguished in a factory near Bury, in England, by steam! A person had the presence of mind to break one of the steam pipes, and upon closing the doors the fire was extinguished in a few minutes.

**Female Gallantry.**—A fire, which broke out at night in the wash room of the steamboat Randolph, on her passage from Nashville to New Orleans, was arrested by the presence of mind of Mrs. Forbes, (wife of the former editor of the Western Methodist,) who alarmed the ladies in the cabin, and with their assistance, extinguished the flames. The passengers held a meeting on board, and returned thanks.

Judge Israel B. Grant, of Galway, Missouri, in returning from Fulton to his residence, was inhumanly murdered within half a mile of his own house—being shockingly mangled and stabbed six or seven times, his throat cut to the bone of the neck, and his body bruised apparently with a club. Though he was a kind master, his murder is attributed to one of his negroes.

**Fashion.**—The fashion that the ladies of some of our cities have of walking upon their toes, is said to have grown out of the custom of combing the hair up behind and turning it over the forehead. A lady who was considered a model combed her hair so firmly forward that her heels could not touch the ground, and in this way made her appearance in public. The next Sabbath morning, all the female tribe might be seen mincing to church upon the tip end of their toes.—*New England Times.*

**Liberia.**—An interesting letter from a Mr. McElroy, addressed to the Secretary of the American Colonization Society, and published in the National Intelligencer, describes this African Colony as possessing a soil of surprising luxuriance and adaption both to northern and tropical vegetation. Not only the best of wheat and corn, but cotton and rice, and the plantain and banana, and other West India fruits, flourish in great abundance. The climate is not as healthy as could be wished, but like most of the Western shores of Africa, the miasmata which are exhaled from its rich swamps and bottom lands, is the price which must be paid for the extreme fertility of a soil of that character. The people are very temperate. Monrovia, the chief settlement, has 500 houses, and five places of worship, and several schools. Nine vessels, English and American, were seen moored in its harbor at one time. It is certainly making immense progress towards the colonization and emancipation of Africa, when it is considered that this spot was lately the famous Cape Mesurado, so well known as a slave market. The writer states that the slavers are of great speed, being generally Baltimore clippers, and thinks they might be effectually destroyed if a few steam vessels of war were

concentrated at Monrovia.  
*N. Y. Star.*

**Miraculous Escape.**—On Friday evening last a party of Ladies and Gentlemen of our village, who were returning from a ride, descended the "Short Clove" after night fall, and when at the most dangerous part of the dugway, the horse of Mr. Isaac Marting became unmanageable, and plunged off. When Mr. M. saw it was impossible to keep the horse upon the track, he told Mrs. M. to jump out, and at the same time cleared himself. Persons have since been up the Clove, and ascertained, by actual measurement, that the distance at which the horse landed from the top of the dug-way was forty feet. The sleigh was but little injured, and the deep snow upon which the horse fell, saved his life, though somewhat injured. No person can stand upon the dug-way, and believe it possible that any animal could descend it with life.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

**How to have Mince Pies at any time.**—Prepare the meat by boiling and chopping, as for immediate use—mix it with a suitable portion of suet, spice and salt—then put it in an earthen pot, pound it down, and cover it with the best of molasses, keep it where it will not freeze, and it will be fit for use any time. My wife has adopted the above course for four or five years, with perfect success; so that we have had mince pies made from meat killed in December, as constant in July following as in January.  
*Maine Farmer.*

**"Paddle your own canoe."**—The sayings of a good man are never forgotten; is, and may we not add, "a word fitly spoken like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Some six years ago, we were present at a camp meeting where Lorenzo Dow attended, and this was the last time his sepulchral voice was heard in this quarter of the western region. Eager to improve the time, we had an interview with him, and we can never forget the impressions made upon our mind, when taking our leave of him—upon asking him to preach in our neighborhood he replied in these four emphatic words, "paddle your own canoe."

How many times since have these words stared us, as it were, in the face, and presented to us a moral almost at every step in life—*paddle your own canoe.*

Where we see individuals meddling and troublesome, interfering with business which ought not to concern them; where we behold members of the church creating disturbance among themselves, then it was that old Lorenzo's words came in full force, and we were constrained to say—*paddle your own canoe.*

When we have neglected our duty as a steward, and omitted to tell what we thought was wrong in some of our preachers, then it was we neglected "to paddle our own canoe."

When we have refused to take up our cross and follow our Saviour, through evil as well as good report—when we omitted our duty again, in striving to do all in our power to create funds, and thus be diligent and faithful, we have been forced to exclaim "why did we not paddle our own canoe."

May all who read this, at least paddle their own canoes.  
*Pittsburg Con. Jour.*