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BY GEORGE HOWARD.
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Miscellaneous.

The price of things.

From the *Charleston Mercury*.
The present price of Cotton and Rice, gives rise to many forebodings that it must end in another commercial blow up. What has been, will be again—so say the wise ones. Men of experience will say they have seen such things before, and it always ended in bursting the bubble. Now, in fact "grey hairs are not wisdom."—The world is older now than it was when our sages were in their prime, and good sense tells us to enquire what were the causes of former high prices, and what produced the sudden fall. If the same causes exist now, the same effects will follow; but if they do not exist—if the present high prices result from healthy causes calculated to last, then there is no need of alarm—mere old saws and wise sayings should not shake the public confidence in the stability of that prosperity which is based upon increased energy and industry, and universal peace. Since the Christian era began, no such period has existed. The discovery or application of steam power to navigation and travelling and manufactures, co-exists with the cultivation of cotton, the best material for clothing, and its manufacture by machinery, with a state of profound peace between England, France, Germany, and the United States of America, comprehending a population struggling with each other in all the arts of peace. The exhaustless resources of these great nations, instead of being wasted in war, are all elevated to the arts of peace. The consequence is, that millions upon millions are added to the consumers of life, who before only attained its bare necessities. Those wear shirts who never wore them before, those own ten who were once glad to get one. All household stuff is now accessible to those who, if they got food, never thought of a table cloth. Cotton, at twice its present price, would be cheaper as a raw material, than linens or silk. Every improvement in machinery lessens the price of the fabric, and of course leaves room to add to that of the raw material. Let us then see what are the elements which enter into the price of Cottons.
First.—The demand. This increases with the population, and the means they possess to obtain the comforts of life. In England the peasantry are getting into the use of sheets, table cloths, underclothes and other articles made of cotton, which were dispensed with when these fabrics were linen only. The same may be said of the peasantry and working classes of all Germany, including Holland, also of France—then comes the United States, growing by millions, every one using cotton in all its varieties. Again—cotton is found to be a good substitute for linen and woollen, for articles of furniture and dress, even of the very best fabrics. I say nothing of the demand in Spain, Portugal, Russia and South America. But

the demand is plainly just beginning, its limit is inscrutable; we must then enquire what is the relative supply.
Second.—The supply—and here it is that the greatest error prevails. I will first get rid of Egypt, Brazil and India. In Egypt the Government is unsettled, the population barbarous, its institutions crude—its neighbors wandering barbarians—what with the robbers of the desert and the arbitrary character of its government, he who sows in the spring has no certainty that he will reap at harvest.—The habits of the people are predatory and averse to steady industry. Thus ages are yet to pass away before agriculture can acquire that stability which is essential to a steady supply of the raw material. Brazil is still worse. Its succession is unsettled—whether its next Chief Magistrate will be an Emperor or a President or a Military Dictator, is uncertain. Then its population is a mixture of Indian, Portuguese and Negro—its climate is enervating, and civilization, after centuries of efforts, has scarcely penetrated beyond the atmosphere of the seaboard.
A country subject to revolution, with a population possessing all the vices and laziness of our slaves without the controlling influence of intelligent white men to direct them home, has ages to pass over before agriculture will be so settled as to afford a supply. In the East Indies—the labor of the cotton fields must be performed by the natives—that too by compulsion, for a Malay, indeed any child of the sun, would rather bask in its rays than work; England holds her possessions by force, and force may wrest them from her; either the natives will drive out the invaders, or the Creoles will shake off a government on the other side of the globe. A temporary forced cultivation in all these countries may produce occasionally fluctuations in supply. But the world, the United States in particular, must depend upon the steady agriculture of our own country. The south-western States of all the world alone, possess a climate fitted to the cultivation of cotton and field laborers able to endure the climate, and yet kept steadily at work under the care of an intelligent white population. This is the true source of all our national prosperity. It is the several institutions of the South that alone gives motion to every wheel that moves, from Maine to Mississippi. So far from its being a curse, it is the greatest blessing a kind Providence ever bestowed, both upon the masters and their slaves. It combines skill and economy with agricultural industry, in a climate which would render the whole country a wilderness if either master or slave was removed. The combination makes the South the garden of America: without the negroes there could be no cultivation, without the master there would be no skill, no industry, no order; a climate that will grow cotton is fatal to a white man if he attempts to field labor in the summer. This solves the question as to the price of cotton. I have shown that the demand is increasing every day; and that the steady agriculture which settled government and the happy combination of labor and the intelligence of an educated white owner, afford the only supply to be depended upon. Then it only remains to fix the limits to that supply. This is easily done, when all the slave labor is concentrated on the most productive lands of the South, the produce will be the utmost that can be raised. The increase of laborers must depend upon the increase of the slave population, the natural increase. Importation is prohibi-

ted—here then is the limit of supply, and how narrow when compared to the demand. The increase of crops for a few years past has arisen from two causes: first, withdrawing agricultural labor from the production of rice; and second, the cultivation of more productive lands. These causes are going on, and crops may increase but not to keep pace with the demand. The removal of negroes prevents their increase.
The above will also account for the prices of the other staple. As laborers are removed the quantity of rice land cultivated must decrease and the supply diminish. Thus cotton keeps up the price of rice, and as the proportion of negroes is not enough to cultivate an acre in a thousand of the western wilderness, their value must increase. They are now the cheapest capital in the world. An hundred negroes will give fifty workers, each worker can earn three hundred dollars a year, that is fifteen thousand dollars for the whole; if they cost a thousand dollars round, the investment would yield fifteen per cent. beside the increase, and that will be their value as soon as capitalists consider the matter in its true light. Indeed a twelve month may bring it about. At present prices the inducement to purchase is enormous. Thus the present prices of cotton and rice, result from the demand and supply. Land only is abundant; there are ten acres, nay an hundred, to every laborer. The northern landjobbers will make a south sea affair of their towns and lands in the southwest. The slaveholders alone can profit by their lands, and they can take their choice of them.
AGRICOLA.
Death of Col. Burr.—Died, on the 13th at Staten Island, Colonel Aaron Burr, formerly Vice President of the United States, in the 81st year of his age. Col. Burr occupied a large space in the history of this country. He was a man of extraordinary talents, of undoubted courage, and his services during the war of the revolution were great and varied. His history, which was a remarkable one in every respect, will be left to the pen of the historian, or to those who know him best.—*N. Y. Star*.
A severe frost on Tuesday night, 13th inst. seems to have prevailed throughout New England. The corn and beans in the town of Chelmsford have been destroyed by it.—*ib*.
Frost in Maine.—Extract of a letter from a town near Portland, dated Sept. 8th. Tuesday last was like a winter day, and the night following was so cold that the vines and their fruits were frozen. It is melancholy to look on the desolation. Not an ear of corn is there any where in this neighborhood that has arrived at a fit state even for boiling. Potatoes are about half grown, and every thing much in the same condition.—*Jour. Com*.
An Entire New Invention.—M. Dubois, the industrious engineer of Paris has just applied for a patent of a new machine which he calls *Dandygeometer*; and by which our fashionables may sit in their carriages, and know the exact rate they are travelling at.
Portland, (Me.) Aug. 17.
A novel arrival.—A vessel arrived here to day with eight hds. of eggs from Labrador. They are sea duck eggs—large and beautiful. The owner is now retailing them at 25 cents per dozen.—Many of our citizens have purchased them, and pronounced them delicious. The captain reports that he

left a brig at Labrador, loading with them for some southern port.
Sweet Corn.—The Fredericksburg Arena has the following notice of the process of preparing sweet corn as practised by the Indians:—
Sweet Corn is nothing more than our common corn, taken at this season, boiled as for table use, cut from the cob and dried on clean cloths in the sun. It must be thoroughly dried and then placed in a dry room. When wanted for use, all that is necessary is, to throw a few handfuls into a pot of boiling water, and in ten or fifteen minutes you have a fine dish of corn in dead of winter, as delicious as if it had just been plucked from the field at this season. It is also an excellent ingredient for soups. The Indians sometimes put dried beans with it; it is then called Suck-atash.
Attempted sale of a Wife.—The New York Sun says: On Saturday afternoon an Englishman, who said his name was Jehiel Jones, that he was a mason by trade, and had arrived here with his wife and family, early the present month, made his appearance in the vicinity of the horse market with his wife, whom he had tied by the arm with a handkerchief, and who walked a little in his rear, with downcast eyes, and her hands clenched before her. Behind them both followed three little children, apparently of the ages of 5, 4 and 3 years, the middle one a boy, barefooted and in rags. The clothing of the mother, who was in her stocking feet, though ragged, appeared clean; her hair was smoothly disposed of, and her appearance was decidedly to her advantage. She might have been 28 years old but more; her husband was perhaps five years her senior. In this fashion they walked about in the vicinity of the market more than an hour before they were spoken to by any person, though the singularity of their appearance and movements attracted the notice of a good many. Curiosity finally prompted several individuals to accost them, and in reply to their queries, Jones stated that he had brought his wife there to sell, to provide means for rescuing the children from starvation. He was somewhat surprised when told that such things were not tolerated here, and said it was often done in England, even against the consent of the wife; and as Mrs. Jones had acceded to the measure for the sake of her starving little ones, he appeared to think it particularly hard that it could not be done here. Quite a large collection of persons, attracted by the novelty of the thing, soon gathered about them, amongst whom a contribution amounting to nearly six dollars, was made and presented to them—which sum they appeared to consider almost a princely fortune. One of the gentlemen present gave this distressed family a shelter in his barn, till something better could be done for them, and they were soon supplied by families in the vicinity with food and covering sufficient to make them comfortable over Sunday. It appeared from their statement that they had been transported to this country by the parish authorities of Bristol, by whom they had been maintained for several months, a white swelling on his leg having disabled the father from labor. He is now, however, already recovered from his lameness, and will soon be able to go to his work, of which he soon will have abundance and good pay.
Iron Roofs.—The New York Star speaks in terms of high admiration of a plan recently invent-

ed in that city, for covering houses with sheet iron. The Editor has examined the roof of a large warehouse constructed of iron, and asserts that for durability, strength, tightness, and lightness, it is greatly superior to roofs of any other material. It consists of 17 convex rows of iron plates on each inclination of the roof. They are made of pieces of sheet iron, riveted firmly together like the boiler of the steam engine, and form as many groves or gutters which carry off the water. They are traversed outside and within by iron arched bars, which are anchored in the walls, and thus hold the whole roof as well as the upper part of the house compactly together, on the principle of the chain bridge. By wedges inserted in the middle junction of the bars outside, the roof may be at any time made still more firm and water-tight. It will bear any weight of snow, and the whole structure is less in weight than ordinary roofs.
Bleeding.—A correspondent of the Charleston Courier says: An incident which occurred during the last week, and which has been noticed in the papers, (I allude to the death of Washington Bowers, from a wound in the thigh,) has impressed forcibly upon my mind the necessity of the general diffusion of a knowledge of anatomy throughout the community. In this instance a very deserving young man was hurried from time to eternity by a slight injury, the sed effects of which might easily have been prevented, by a very little knowledge of human anatomy, and the circulation of the blood. The femoral artery was punctured about the middle of the thigh, and the individual bled to death before any medical assistance could be had. Now, had it been known to his companions that simple pressure on the artery above the point of injury would have suspended the hemorrhage, the life of this person might have been saved.
Where an artery of considerable size is cut, it is in general necessary to tie it up; and in most cases, if a surgeon be not at hand, the person dies in a short time. The following simple plan for checking the hemorrhage, until surgical assistance can be had, may prove useful. Pass a strong cord, string, or handkerchief, around the limb, and above the point of injury; tie it tight, so that it will not slip, and insert a stick of any kind between it and the limb; by twisting the stick around (which is thus formed into a kind of lever) the cord or handkerchief may be made so tense around the limb, as to stop the circulation of the blood, which may be thus restrained for several hours, without injury to the individual.
Singular Affair.—A young lady, elegantly dressed, and wearing several articles of rich jewelry, was observed on Thursday morning by Mr. Rigger, gardener, (whose premises are situated between Third avenue and Kip's Bay,) lying senseless in one of his cornfields. He immediately went to the Alms House, and gave notice of the affair to Mr. Stevens, when that gentleman and a physician promptly repaired to the spot and found a fine looking girl, apparently about twenty, nearly in the agonies of death. The doctor concluded that she had been taken poison, the stomach pump was placed in requisition, and other immediate measures used happily with the best effect: and she is now out of danger.
This young lady is a daughter to one of our most respectable citizens, residing in the Bowery. She was to have been married on

Thursday evening. Her lover and intended husband is a fine young man, and it was supposed, (and there is yet no reason to believe otherwise,) that the affection is reciprocal. She left home Thursday evening. Search was made in every direction for her, but in vain. The bridal hour came. It was a sad one for the inmates of that house. The bridegroom and the friends were there, but tears and lamentations absorbed the place of the anticipated joy. In the midst of the mourning the young lady was brought to the door in a light wagon, she having told her name.
The scene may be imagined. There is a mystery over the affair and a secret in that young head known only but to God and herself. The fortunate discovery of her by Mr. Rigger only prevented her from perishing, which she must have done in a short time, and the cold and narrow coffin or tomb proving her bridal bed.—*N. Y. Times*.
Melancholy Suicide.—Peter Baccot, Esq. formerly Cashier of the U. S. Branch Bank at Charleston, committed suicide in New York, at the City Hotel, 31st ult. in a state of temporary insanity. He had sustained through life an unblemished reputation, and had just been unanimously appointed Cashier of the Morris Canal Bank in New York, with a salary of \$5000 per annum. It is supposed that his deep regret at leaving Charleston, the home of his early years, the scene of all his enjoyments, the land where his affections were centered, was too much for his sensitive feelings; and that his mind yielded to the heavy pressure. He has left a wife and ten children.
Barbarity.—One of the most astonishing cases of brutality, which ever came within our knowledge, is related in a Card in the Buffalo N. Y. Journal, over many respectable signatures, relative to the conduct of Capt. Geer of the steamer Victory, on Lake Erie. While the boat stopped to wood at Grand Island, a little girl who was passenger with her mother, stepped on shore, and was not able to get on before the boat started, and notwithstanding the request of the various passengers and the pleadings of the wretched mother, the Captain refused to put back, although he was but a few rods from the landing when the request was made. We should like to see the brute held over a slow fire, until he was sufficiently scorched to be convinced, that there is such a sense as feeling.
There is something in the subjoined notice from a Portland (Maine) paper, that tickles our fancy amazingly. Mrs. Elizabeth is one of the right kind of women to manage some men:
"This is to certify, that I, Elizabeth Wright, wife of George Wright, have left his bed and board, on account of his misconduct. I do, therefore, give up all right and title to him for life, as I flatter myself that I can take care of myself, as I have always done, ever since and before marriage."
Frightened to death.—The Troy (New York) Whig states that a little girl aged eight years, the daughter of John Peterson, residing about five miles from Whitehall, was frightened in such a manner, on Thursday last, that she died two hours after the fright. Her brother, a lad of 14, dressed himself in a dried bear's skin, and chased her as she was going to school.
The Rev. Joseph Carter of N. York, was recently fined \$250 for an assault on Mrs. Griffen.