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The "Tarborough Press,"

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Miscellaneous.



THE DEW.

When beams upon the verdant lawn
The glowing monarch of the skies,
Ere the wet rye drops are drawn,
And last in spreading vapor rise:
But when the glowing monarch yields
His kingdom to a darker reign,
Then gently, to the parching fields,
Some fresh'ning drops return again.
And so when blessings from above
Beam bright on man,—the feeling mind
Will yield its pure, devoted love
Towards the Sun from whence they shine.
But when a mental night impends,
And when the dark'ning shadows roll,
Oh then, how sweet from heaven descends
The dew of peace upon the soul.

THE DISCARDED.

They have given thee to another,
Thou never canst be mine!
They have given thee to another,
And I all hope resign:
And thou thyself hast sent me word
Our love was all moonshine,
And bid me stop in Sense's name,
My sentimental whine!
Thou false one! thou false one!
When I met thee at the ball,
And thou, by look and mein, didst first
My gentle heart enthral,
I never thought 'twould come to this—
That thou wouldst bid me roam,
Or tell thy maid, when'er I call'd,
To say—"She's not at home!"
No cruel parents chide thy love,
Or forced thee to forget;
Nol' 'twas that my rival rolled in wealth,
And I was much in debt!
And then that large house in Broadway—
Alas!
The heart where love alone is,
Is sacrificed for furniture,
For style and two mouse ponies.
Well! it is done! The blow is struck;
No heavier can befall,
To turn through all succeeding years,
Life's honey into gall.
For thou art now another's bride—
Cease, cease, fond throbbing heart!
And the babes will now be baptiz'd Brown,
That should have been christen'd Smart

Domestic scenes in the West.

The author of several graphic pictures, "The Sleigh Ride," "Courtship," &c. which adorned the columns of the Portland (Maine) Courier, and which were superior to any thing of the kind ever given of manners "down east," has, we are sorry to see, retired under the obscurity of his anonymity. Why do not talents of this high order come out more? Why do not men like him publish, instead of surfeiting us with the trash that bookmakers do? A writer in the West who seems of a general temperament with the Portland sketched, has published a spirited scene in the Louisville (Ky.) Gazette, which we insert, and hope he will furnish us more such, drawn out more in detail. This is much in the vein of Sterne.

Tom Towson's Story.—Tom Towson was telling me a story the other day, about the way he was first introduced to his present wife, Col. Ridgely's daughter. Now I can't tell it as well as Tom told it to me, but I will tell it as well as I can.

Tom, you see, was poor, and had but a sorry education; but he was very quick to learn, and some said that Tom had the clearest head in the country. Tom lived on Poverty Plantation, as he call-

ed it, with old widow Towson, his mother, and the farm, which was small, was all they had between them. The fact is, Tom was a handsome fellow, in homespun or broadcloth. One cloudy afternoon Tom went down into Silver Valley to see old Ridgely about a division line on Joe Gibson's plat of Poverty Plantation.

A storm came on just as he drew up opposite Col. Ridgely's lane gate. Ridgely was a proud old chap—rich too—and report said that his daughter Lucy was "mighty" handsome. Now Lucy had been brought up in the best of style, and was a high lady in the neighborhood. Some said that she had refused several capital offers, but that is neither here nor there, as Tom, you know, could not think of her.

Well, the storm raged and in rides Tom—hooks his horse to an apple tree—goes up the wide steps, and ends with a loud knock at the door. Jim Squirrel opened the door, an old negro, who had carried water to Tom's father when he (Tom's father) cradled in Ridgely's green fields.

"The Colonel in!"

"Yes, sir, come in," was the ready response.
Tom was led into a large old fashioned parlor, where he found the Colonel reading, his wife sewing, and his daughter writing. The old man nodded without rising, and told Tom to sit down; while the old lady very reservedly drew her chair closer to the wall. Tom felt a little curious. The daughter too threw two or three beautiful glances at him, which made him feel still more curious. He made so many blunders in telling his business, that a kind smile began to show itself upon the faces of all in the room, which encouraged Tom, who instantly recovered his self possession, and added to their mirth by many intentional errors and oddities.

"Colonel," said Tom, "it is out of the question for us to settle this now."

"Why so," inquired the Colonel.

"On account of your daughter, Sir," replied Tom.

"My daughter!" returned the Colonel astonished, "pray what has she to do with it?"

"Why," added Tom, "she has knocked me into a cocked hat with these black eyes of hers."

The old lady drew up, altho' she could not suppress a smile, while the daughter blushed, in spite of her attempts to laugh contemptuously. As for the old Colonel he was so astonished at Tom's impudence, that for a while he lost the use of his tongue. They all looked at Tom in silence, and in the mean time they remarked his fine figure, high forehead, and intelligent eye; while the irresistible good humor of his countenance, entirely disarmed the Colonel, who burst out with a hearty laugh at Lucy. Miss Lucy curled her sweet lip into a sort of good humored scorn, and hastily withdrew.

The next thing we see, is Tom in his homespun, seated at the supper table, delighting the Colonel with his droll stories, complimenting the daughter and flattering the old lady. The old lady put a plenty of sugar in Tom's tea, and Miss Lucy was a full half hour in drinking one cup.

Tom took leave shortly after supper.

"Damn that fellow!" cried the old man as Tom rode out into the lane, and the tears of joy still stood in his eye.

"He is quite handsome," quietly remarked the old lady.

"Not he," rejoined Miss Lucy, and a few months after she was Tom's wife.—*N. Y. Star.*

Rum Salad.—There must be something in the American atmos-

phere peculiarly favorable to the development of the inventive facilities. Where was it that they contrived perpetual motion!—Where were steamboats invented? Where was it that they discovered the secret of the Automaton chess player, and the talent of Malibran? To whom is it that the world owes wooden nutmegs, basswood squash seeds, tallow pomatom, horn gun flints and Mormonism? Even a foreigner arriving on our shores becomes inspired. The latest invention is by our friend the Count de —

"Waitare, go you down staire, and bring me—what you call, hey!"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, bring me—dam—ven rum salade!"

"Rum sallad, sir!"

"Oui, rum salade. You put brandi, and rum, and sugare, and de little weed—what you call him?"

"Mint, sir?"

"Ah, oui; de ment."

"Oh, you want a mint julap, sir?"

"Ah, yes, ver well, mint julap—rum salade; quelle difference!"

N. Y. Times.

Lucifer Matches.—It is said the spontaneous combustion of these articles caused the late fire at New York—and that they were part of a large parcel bro't from France in the packet Erie, the ignition of which had endangered that ship at sea. There can be but little doubt of the fact. We remember the circumstance, last summer, of purchasing one of these match boxes, on accidentally dropping which the whole mass took fire, with an explosion as quick as gunpowder. They are a very dangerous commodity, even in the safest and most quiet positions. When exposed to friction, or sudden movement, as in transportation from one country or place to another, they are peculiarly so—and great care should be taken that they are properly deposited, where they can be easily reached and removed. The same precaution should be used respecting them, that is employed with reference to powder itself.

Phil. Gazette.

Bricks.—Few people, except builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them. A wall twelve inches thick built up of good mortar with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick built up dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are saturated with water they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization, and on the contrary they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become almost as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take up all the moisture from the mortar, and leave it too dry to harden, and the consequence is that when a building of this description is taken down, or tumbles down of its own accord, the mortar falls from it like so much sand.

N. Y. Sun.

A great blast.—The York (Pa.) Republican, mentions a striking exhibition of the "vast power of those agents employed by man in effecting his designs and improvements," as having been lately given on the line of the Wrightsville, York and Gettysburg Rail Road. It is stated that a portion of rock, upwards of eleven perches, and computed to weigh twenty-three tons, was detached from a solid mass of rock in the bottom of an excavation 30 feet deep, by means of a sand blast, and thrown up to the surface, and seventy feet from the line of the road, where it lies unbroken, a proof of the mighty force which operated on it. The

York editor deems it, as we think with reason, matter of doubt whether a similar exhibition of power, by any agency employed by man in blasting rocks, has ever been made in the United States.

Balt. Patriot.

New York Periodicals.—There are no less than ninety-two periodical publications in the city of N. York, which may be enumerated as follows, viz: 8 quarterly, 20 monthly, 7 semi-monthly, 33 weekly, 9 semi-weekly and 16 daily.—*N. Y. paper.*

A remedy for hard times.—We recommend to general notice and imitation, the excellent example of the sensible shoemakers at Bradford, as set forth in the following paragraph. They are acting wisely and profitably on the maxim of the illustrious Sam Patch—that some things can be done as well as others.

No people in the world are so well calculated to meet the reverses of fortune, and conform themselves to the times, as the Yankees. If they cannot succeed in one occupation, they immediately look out for another. We have a case in point in Bradford (Mass.) where, says the Haverhill Gazette, there were, during the last winter, 26 shoe shops stowed full of men and boys; the sound of the hammer was incessant from daylight in the morning till 10 o'clock at night. A few weeks since the whole system of shoe business was deranged; instead of a press for hands, there was little employment, and less pay. Our people walked the streets, talked politics, and played a few days, to prepare their limbs and bodies for other operations, and then took to farming and gardening, with an industry truly amusing and praiseworthy. Lots of land are procured by almost every mechanic who has a family, the door yards and out houses are searched for manure, and on every pleasant day the fields are all alive with cheerful laborers. One small farm of 18 or 20 acres which was let out this spring, had thirteen occupants. If some of these industrious mechanics would emigrate to this State, and settle upon some of our rich farming lands in the east, they could not fail of reaping a rich harvest for their toils, avoiding the evil effects of the fluctuations of trade, and obtaining a livelihood far better than can be procured in the best times, with the aid of the hammer and the last. There are already too many mechanics and traders in the country. We want cultivators of the soil, to render us more independent of foreign countries, and now is the time to break ground.

Money Lost.—The amount of specie on board the Ben Sherrod, steamboat, lost on the Mississippi, is ascertained to be \$220,000, which had been drawn from the New Orleans banks. It is supposed none of it will be recovered.

'Ebony and Topaz.'—Mr. Jonathan Toppet, colored gentleman, and Miss Elizabeth Everett, a white abolition lady, of Boston, have been sent to jail by the police of that city, until sufficient evidence can be produced against the magistrate John Williams, for uniting the parties in this unnatural wedlock, and thus violating a fundamental law of the Commonwealth.

The Mormon Prophet arrested for murder.—Joe Smith, of golden bible memory, it is reported has lately been taken up in Geauga county, Ohio, as accessory to an attempt to murder. Joe had a revelation that a certain sceptic merited martyrdom, and

induced a couple of his deluded dupes to carry his ministrations into effect. They shot at the individual, and failed in their attempt, whereupon they delivered up Joe as the instigator.

N. Y. Star.

FROM TEXAS.

The latest information, in any thing like an authentic shape, that we have from Texas, is contained in the following extract from the New Orleans correspondent (under date of June 1st) of the New York Courier:—

"On the 15th ultimo, the Senate of Texas passed a resolution, authorising the President to send an agent to the Court of Great Britain, to solicit a recognition of the independence of the infant Republic as a separate nation, and to make the treaties of peace, amity and commerce; \$9,500 were voted for the salary and outfit of said agent. I have anticipated this resolution in my communications to you, and now I have further to observe, that the present policy of the Texian Government is decidedly opposed to the incorporation of that country with the United States, and that a determination was shown to the British agent, Mr. Crawford, to constitute Texas an independent nation; a policy which it is generally expected will meet with the approbation and countenance of the British Government, and the sympathy of all English freemen; the more so, as it will be the most effectual mode of putting an end to importation of slaves, even from the United States, which would then be considered as a foreign, though friendly country, in relation to Texas. It is said that Houston is now opposed to slavery, from a conviction that it would impede the progress of industry, and the march of free and republican institutions; that he has expressed a decided opinion on this head, and openly declared that "whilst the emigration of free, independent, and industrious white people from the United States continues at the rate it is going on now, they do not want slaves in Texas." I understand that the report of Mr. Crawford to the British Government is written in this spirit; that it expresses the readiness of the Texian Government to put an end to the importation of slaves altogether; and this being the case, the recognition of the independence of the Republic by England cannot present any difficulty. Now it remains to be seen whether the people of Texas will sanction this new policy of their leaders, which I very much doubt."

We have been favored by a friend with a late number of the Texas Telegraph, published at the capital Houston, and an interesting journal it is. The editor sets out with a detail of his calamities in reaching the place of his destination, calamities which kept his paper from the light for the best part of a month. Storms and tides, sand bars and bayous were all against him, but with the true spirit of a printer, he overcame them all. On landing, he sought the "nearly finished building intended for the press"—and such a building!—It was a shanty, and like the Capitol of Texas—

"Without a roof, and without a floor,
Without windows, and without a door."

In such a building this patriarch of future Texan editors is compelled to chronicle the proceedings of the first Congress of the young Republic. Poor fellow! the beams were tumbling about his ears and "disgusting pi" was staring him in the face, but he shrank not.

For the edification of all discontented persons hereabouts, we subjoin the following prices of pro-

visions and labor.—Flour \$15 to \$20; sugar, coffee and tea, three times the New Orleans prices; corn \$2 per bushel; board \$23 to \$45 per month; mechanics \$3 to \$9 per day; rooms 20 feet square, \$40 per month; pine boards \$150 per thousand, and every thing else in proportion, except the Telegraph, which is \$5 per annum.

Portsmouth Times.

Death from Poisoned Pickles.—Chester Nims, aged 26, and Laura his wife, aged 19, residing in Palmyra, Leawee county, Michigan, died within a few days of each other, by eating pickles which had been prepared in a copper kettle.

Fatal Carelessness.—On Saturday evening, about half past 8 o'clock, Mrs. Phebe Whitlock, residing at No. 27 Renwick street, being somewhat indisposed, went into the basement of the house for the purpose of getting a dose of magnesia, and taking from the shelf a package which she supposed contained that drug proceeded to mix a couple of table spoons full in a cup of milk, which she swallowed. She soon afterwards complained of severe illness, and being apprehensive that she had made a mistake in the medicine, a physician was sent for, who ascertained that the unfortunate lady had taken arsenic instead of magnesia. Every effort to counteract the effects of the poison was resorted to, but without success; the patient after suffering the most excruciating pain, died at half past 12 the same night. The package containing the fatal drug was labelled with the words "Poison," and "Arsenic," in large letters, which might easily have been perceived if the lady had taken a light with her at the time of mixing the dose. The deceased is 30 years of age, the wife of Mr. Whitlock, one of the city watch, and has left one child. A coroner's inquest was held yesterday upon the body, and a verdict rendered of "death from accidental poisoning."—*Phil. paper.*

The Abolitionists caught.—A negro man named Lewis, belonging to Mr. McKain, of Mobile, was a short time since enticed from thence by some black legs, whom he accompanied to this city. He was here arrested, brought before the Recorder, and put on board a vessel to be sent home at his request. On application of Counsellor Sedgwick and several philanthropists, a habeas corpus was granted by Judge Oskley, and Lewis brought up yesterday. The claimants having been duly cited to prove his identity, Mr. Sedgwick rose to say he appeared as counsel for Lewis, when Lewis replied in substance, "no, you are mistaken, I want no counsel, I've been in New York long enough—and now I want to go home to massa McKain—I've seen enough of New York niggers, and they aint half what they are crack'd up to be. So, there is no use in saying any more!" It is unnecessary to add that the request of Lewis was granted, and he is now on his way to Mobile.—*N. Y. Star.*

Extraordinary effects of Lightning.—Mr. Edmund Clark, of New Milford, (Conn.) had a few days since 64 sheep, comprising the entire flock, killed by lightning. They were under a tree which was struck, and several were found standing dead. If feathers are a non-conductor and protector from electricity, wool certainly is not. This dying standing savors a little of the dead partner whom the young lady found herself walking with lately in France sometime after he had been a corpse.—*ib.*