



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

Is published weekly at *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* per year, if paid in advance—or, *Three Dollars* at the expiration of the subscription year. For any period less than a year, *Twenty-five Cents* per month. Subscribers are at liberty to discontinue at any time, on giving notice thereof and paying arrears—those residing at a distance must invariably pay in advance, or give a responsible reference in this vicinity.

Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted at *One Dollar* the first insertion, and 25 cents for every continuance. Longer advertisements in like proportion. Court Orders and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher. Advertisements must be marked the number of insertions required, or they will be continued until otherwise ordered and charged accordingly.

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VARIETY.



SPRING.

By D. D. Haynes.

The spring is now approaching,
The flowers begin to bud,
Vernal beauty now is coming
Past like a rushing flood.

The spring is now approaching,
O what a pleasing sight;
The winter is now declining,
Like darkness yields to light.

The spring is now approaching,
The birds begin to sing,
Their notes are so enlivening,
They make the wood-land ring.

The spring is now approaching,
New beauties seem to rise;
All nature now progressing
And growing harmonize.

The spring is now approaching,
And joy is spread around,
All nature animating
The land scapes all around.

The spring is now approaching,
The husbandman awakes,
Early to his ploughing,
A hand in renovating takes.

The spring is now approaching,
Your seed begin to sow,
Your fields be overspreading
With plants that make a show.

The spring is now approaching,
All nature be engaged,
To welcome her bright coming
And dulness now assuage.

A DEFINITE ANSWER.

"Marriage!" quoth Kate; "define it if you can sir!"
"The bachelor's last folly," was the answer.

MORE BANKS! MORE BANKS!

There never were a people in the records of human society so thoroughly run mad about Banks as are a portion of those of the United States. They seem to think nothing is necessary to get money but to incorporate Banks. Though, there are already more than Eight Hundred in the Union, not one of which redeems its notes, yet the cry is still, "give us more Banks." The truth is, a large part of our population is unproductive; a large number are idlers; and thousands live and die without producing a dollar's worth from the soil, which is the only true source of national wealth. Men, anxious to live luxuriously and without labor, have resorted to a thousand contrivances to get on without labor, among the number of which are Banks. One or two in each State would be amply sufficient to subservise the legitimate purposes of the system. Instead of which number we have nearly a thousand, and the clamor is still for more Banks. More offices and agencies are required to support idlers; more stamped paper is wanted to give a bloated appearance of wealth; more means are wanted to enable men to live without labor. There is but one response to all this clamor, and the farmer, planter, and laborer would give it at once. To the fields! Go to work and make bread on the terms of your creation. Cease to call out for Banks, and cease to live without labor. Let the idler and slogger, the speculator and the stockjobber, the broker and the banker, and the thousand and ten thousand times ten thousand that congregate in our cities, and exhaust the proceeds of honest industry, in high living; in luxury, in debauchery, in parade, and every other vice; let them go to the fields, and from the ever bountiful globe draw out by their labor the necessities and comforts of life.

Washington City Chronicle.

Another Broken Bank.—The directors of the Farmers' Bank of Canton, Ohio, have announced to the public that they are unable to redeem their paper. They state, however, that they well have secured debts sufficient to redeem their circulation. When this bank was asked by the Legislature of Ohio, when it intended to resume

specie payments, it replied that it would do so when the specie circular was repealed. The falsehood of this answer is now proved—instead of specie, they are not even able to pay in paper—even the paper of other suspended banks.—*ib*

Banking run mad.—The New York Sun gives an account of a recent examination of the affairs of the Farmers' Bank of Genesee County, Michigan, which caps the climax of all the Bank follies that we have ever heard of. The committee appointed for the investigation were unable to discover any officers in charge of the institution, and it was clearly proved that no set of books had ever been kept in it. They found a file of notes, designated "stock notes," a file of receipts of the several subscribers to stock, and unendorsed notes to the amount of \$168,653 50. Two of these notes, amounting to upwards of \$60,000, were given by H. R. Jerome, the President, payable five years after date! Two others, for \$53,000 and odd, were given by Delos Davis, payable also five years after date! Two others, for \$52,000, given by Rufus Brown, Jr., were also made payable five years after date! No specie or foreign bills of any kind were found—and copies of the bonds and mortgages given as securities. It was impossible to ascertain the amount of notes in circulation, and to meet the liabilities of the bank there were about eleven thousand dollars of endorsed notes, and the above hopeful unendorsed ones.—*Examiner.*

Tragical Affair.—Mr. Loftin, a respectable young man of this neighborhood having early one morning last week left his house to hunt turkeys, was attracted by the rustling of the leaves at a short distance from him, which he supposed was caused by the footsteps of some animal. Proceeding in the direction whence the noise came, it seemed to descend into the ground, and within a few feet of where he stood, he heard a man conversing in a strange language. He called repeatedly; when at last the head of a man was seen rising through a crevice in the rocks, and at the same time a weapon presented which Mr. L. took to be a pistol. He presented his rifle, when the stranger, who proved to be a negro man, begged him not to shoot. Mr. L. demanded of him, then to come forth. The negro obeyed, but having extricated himself fully from the cave, he made a desperate lunge at Mr. L. with his butcher knife, (Mr. L.) having in the mean time discharged his rifle, which failed to take effect from being so near that the desperado threw the muzzle up with his arm. The parties grappled, and staggered, when Mr. L. having released himself, and supposing that he was mortally wounded, having a stab on his face extending to the ear, retreated, and was pursued by the negro, who had obtained possession of the rifle. Having gained sufficient distance he turned upon his pursuer with two stones, and fortunately, with the second he brought him to the ground. The negro was merely stunned, he very soon recovering, renewed the attack. Mr. L. had recovered his rifle in the mean time, and gave him a blow over the head, which again felled him to the ground. He repeated the blow as long as the negro made resistance, which he continued to do until overpowered. When neighbors arrived who heard the cries of Mr. L. the negro was found senseless—and although the best medical aid was promptly procured, the negro died of his wounds on Sunday last. His skull was fractured to the extent of more than six inches, and the bone driven in upon the brain. We are happy to say, that Mr. Loftin's wound though a severe one, is not dangerous.

The negro was apparently about 25 years of age, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, black, of good countenance, doubtless a runaway of many years, his den having the appearance of having been long inhabited.—*Murfreesboro' Tenn. Tel.*

A Modern Desdemona.—"There is no accounting for taste," is an old saying, and "beauty is a matter of taste," is a truism equally as old, both originating with the very respectable old lady who put into practice the maxim of "every one to their liking," by kissing the unwashed face of her pig. We have great respect for the independence of that old lady, and do not doubt that the aforesaid porker possessed many amiable qualities seldom found among his two-legged brethren; but on what principle must we account for the taste of a young—no, no, we cannot call her woman—of a white female, then, young, handsome, and well educated, who falls in love with a filthy negro, and becomes for him a vile degraded thing? An instance of such infatuation, which we hoped would ever be confined to the fanatical amalgamationists of the North, has occurred in a neighboring county. The female is of a highly respectable family, and lives somewhere on Pike Creek, in Carroll county; the sable Adonis whose charms have captivated her heart, was a servant in the house where she resided. Their intimacy becoming too apparent, her friends caused the boy to be sold to a slave-dealer in this city, for the purpose of getting him out of the way. She was, however, her own mistress, and being possessed of some property, determined not to be separated from the father of her child. To raise the necessary funds for his liberation, she sold a house, worth at least \$1,500, for \$1,000, and hastened to the city to purchase his freedom. The price demanded for him was \$800, which she instantly paid down, and so anxious was she to regain possession of her darling, and so fearful of some obstacle being thrown in the way, that she could scarcely wait until the necessary articles were drawn up.—When every thing was completed, they went off together, she evincing the greatest delight at having her paramour (laugh!) restored to her arms. The polluted wretch gloried in her shame, and avowed that she had first wooed him.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Manners in Missouri.—A member elect of the lower chamber of the legislature of this State was last year persuaded by some wags of this neighborhood that if he did not reach the State House at ten o'clock on the day of assembly, he could not be sworn, and would lose his seat. He immediately mounted with hunting frock, rifle and bowie knife, and spurred till he got to the door of the State House, where he hitched his nag. A crowd were in the chamber of the lower house on the ground floor, walking about with their hats on and smoking Cigars. These he passed, ran up stairs in the Senate chamber, set his rifle against the wall and bawled, "strangers, whars the man what sworns me in?—at the same time taking out his credentials.—"Walk this way"—said the clerk, who was at the moment igniting a real Principe, and he was sworn without enquiry. When the teller came to count noses, he found there was one Senator too many present, the mistake was soon discovered and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there. "Fool whol with your corn bread!" he roared. "You can't funk this chile no how you can fix it. I'm elected to this here legislatur, and I'll go agin all banks and eternal improvements, and if there's any of you oratory gentleman wants to git skinned, jest say the word, and I'll light upon you like a nigger on a wood-chuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two-legged animal, hop on, jest as soon as you like, though I'm from the back country, I'm a little smarter than any other quadruped you can turn out of this drove." After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie knife between his teeth and took up his rifle with, "Come here, old Suke, and stand my me!" at the same time presenting it at the chairman, who, however had seen such people before. After some expostulation the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound congee, remarked, "Gentlemen I beg your pardon, but if I didn't think that a lower room was the groggery may I be shot."

Righteous Sentence.—A Mrs. Tyler was recently sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the Baltimore county jail for atrocious cruelty towards a friendless and helpless little girl, aged nine or ten years, who had been placed under her charge. For the slightest offence, the fiend would beat the child with a rope, tear her hair out by the roots, and to cap the climax of her barbarity, she at one time heated a Dutch oven, and brought it in contact with the bare flesh of the sufferer. The husband of Mrs. Tyler was also convicted of abusing the child, and fined \$5 and costs.

It was stated at the anniversary of the Mississippi Colonization Society, held at Natchez on the 14th of March, that Captain Isaac Ross of that State had bequeathed to the American Colonization Society his entire estate estimated at \$400,000. His will emancipates all his slaves, amounting to 170, and provides for their removal and settlement in the Society's Colony.

A Wolf Story.—We learn from undoubted authority, that an Indian hunter, a few days since, while hunting near the Alligator Bayou was attacked by a gang of ferocious wolves, and that after heroically battling it among them, he succeeded in slaughtering seven of the gaunt and blood thirsty animals, but was finally overpowered. He was next morning found by his comrades, literally torn to pieces, with seven dead wolves scattered around him, and a number of live ones banqueting on the dead carcass of the poor Indian.
Grand Gulf Adv.

A gentleman asked a wag the other day, the reason why so many of the tall gentlemen were bachelors? The reply was that "they were obliged to lie cornerwise in the bed to keep their feet warm, and a wife would be in the way."

A dutchman in describing the appearance of his two horses, said that—
"They were so much alike that, when you saw the one you would think it was the other. One was a plack horse mid a white spot in his face, and the other was a white horse mid a plack spot in his face."
Saturday Courier.

A Monster.—On Saturday the 31st of March last, a male child was born unto Mr. John Salisbury, of Weymouth, in this State, who had four eyes, four ears, four arms, and four legs! It died the day after its birth. The duplicate eyes, appeared above the natural eyes, in the forehead—the duplicate ears just behind the true ears—the duplicate arms grew from below and immediately under the true arms—and the duplicate legs sprung from the hips and extended in length a short distance below the knees of the true legs.—*Boston Trans.*

Important to Snuff Dippers.—It is a fact, that much of the snuff, which our young Ladies are so fond of dipping, is manufactured of the Tobacco which has been chewed and spit out by tobacco chewers. We once heard of a man whose rigid economy led him to preserve every quid of his own, and not only so, but he picked up all he could find in the public streets and elsewhere, and after collecting a goodly quantity, would sell it to the trader in tobacco, who, drying and pulverizing it, bottled it up, and sold it for Scotch snuff, and is it possible that our young ladies can brook the idea of bedaubing their mouths with an article every particle of which, has been thus used?
Carolina Gaz.

Round Robin.—One of the best legal stories we know of is that of Round Robin, as it is familiarly called in the lower courts of North Carolina, and owes its humor to the very fertile and cultivated mind of a lawyer who is still alive but in a West ern State. All the lawyers attending court about the year 1820 boarded at the House of Mr. S—, who at the beginning of his life as a publican was assiduous and provident, but riches multiplied and Boniface became lazy, crusty and parsimonious. His accommodations, as they are usually, from being the very best had by degrees degenerated into the very worst in the whole country. This was borne with moanings from time to time until in a fit of desperation, the whole fraternity of lawyers, after mature deliberation in Congress assembled, resolved to quit the House and go to another in the same village. The duty of announcing the separation was developed upon the gentleman above specified, who wrote the following, and sent to the Landlord, signed with the names of all the decidents in a round ring below:

A DECLARATION.

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a half hungry, half fed imposed on set of men, to dissolve the bands of Landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, requires that they should declare the causes which have impelled them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created with mouths and bellies; and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which is that no man shall be compelled to starve, out of mere complaisance to a Landlord; and that every man has a right to fill his belly and wet his whistle with the best that's going.

The history of the present Landlord of the White Lion is a history of repeated insults, exactions, injuries all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over their stomachs and throats. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to keep any thing to drink but ball face whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner, any thing but turnip soup with a little bull beef and sour crout, which are not wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has refused to let his only servant blink eyed Joe put more than six grains of coffee to one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of fleas and swarms of bed bugs, to assail us in the peaceful hours of the night, and eat our substance.

He has kept up in our beds and bedsteads standing armies of these merciless savages with their scalping knives and tomahawks, whose rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection amongst us, by getting drunk before breakfast and making his wife and servant so before dinner, whereby there is often the devil to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature herself by feeding our horses with broom straw; and carrying them off to drink where swine refused to wallow.

He has protected one eyed Joe in his villany, in the robbery of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock trial, after sharing with him the spoil.

He has cut off our trade with foreign ports and brought in his ball faced whiskey, when we sent him to buy better liquor abroad, and with a perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, he has been known to drink our foreign spirits and fill our bottles with the most dire poisons.

He has imposed taxes upon us, to an enormous amount, against our consent, and without any rule but his own arbitrary will and pleasure.

A Landlord whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant and a miser, is unfit to keep a boarding house for Cherokee Indians.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to Mrs. S—, or Miss Sally. We have appealed to their native magnanimity, we have conjured them to alter a state of things which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They, too have been deaf to the voice of justice. We are, therefore, constrained to hold all three of these parties alike inimical to our well being and regardless of our comfort.

We, therefore, make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our former Landlord, and cast our defiance at his teeth.

A rich man lived in a house between two blacksmiths, and was disturbed by the noise they made. At last they promised to remove, on condition that he should give them an excellent dinner, which he readily agreed to do. When the promised feast was ended, he asked them whether they intended to transfer their domiciles.— "Why," answered one of them, "my companion will remove to my house, and I to his."

Important Decision.—A question of great importance came up yesterday before the Circuit Court of the United States, now sitting in this city, and was decided by the Court, Judge McKuley, of the Supreme Court of the United States, presiding. The Carrollton Bank, a banking company chartered in Louisiana, purchased in Mobile, through an agent, a bill of exchange, which being unpaid, the bank brought an action against one of the parties to the bill. The Court decided that a bank corporation of another State could not make a contract in this State for want of capacity to contract; and, therefore, that the bank could not recover on the bill. The case will go up, as we understand, to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the question will be settled.—*Mobile Adv.*

A French chemist at Paris, M. Granul, announces the discovery of the means, ample and economical, of preserving the human body, by a new process of embalment and mummification, for an indefinite time, the features presenting the expression of sleep only. The expense varies from three hundred to two thousand francs. A company is formed to guarantee the preservation.

Receipt for Washing.—Put the clothes in common water over night. In the morning, to seven gallons water slice up half a pound of soap, two ounces sal soda, two quarts strong lye or lime water. Let the mixture boil one hour. Wring out the water first the fine clothes and those least soiled; put into the mixture as many as the kettle will hold; let them boil for one hour, then place them on some pieces of wood across a tub to drain. The mixture that drains from them put again into the kettle, and put in more clothes; and so continue until finished. Then rinse them through three different waters, to the last add fig blue and starch. Do not be alarmed at the appearance of the clothes; when taken from the kettle they are very yellow, but will become as white as snow in rinsing. They must be rubbed through the first rinsing.

The above quantity is calculated for ten dozen pieces, which can be done by one servant in a day. This receipt is strongly recommended as being more economical, a great saving of labor, and as preserving the clothes much longer than the usual method of washing.