



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 continuation. Longer advertisements in like proportion. Court Orders and Judgments must be marked the number of insertions required, or they will be continued until otherwise ordered and charged accordingly. Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid or they may not be attended to.

Morus Multicaulis.

ABOUT 1000 Chinese Mulberry Trees of this years growth are offered for sale on favorable terms, by the tree, four or five, deliverable in the fall. They will be sold altogether, or in lots to suit purchasers. Apply to GEO. HOWARD, Tarboro, Aug. 30, 1839.

North Carolina Justice.

THIS work, the appearance of which has been unexpectedly delayed for some time, is now made known to the public, and will be speedily published. In the course of next month, (AUGUST,) A few hundred copies will be completed and ready for delivery to subscribers and purchasers. THE PROPRIETOR, July 31, 1839.

NEW PROSPECTUS Of the Republican

THE REPUBLICAN, has been published in Washington, North Carolina, for six months, and will be continued so long as sufficient patronage is received to defray the expense of its publication. It has now upwards of four hundred subscribers, and it is believed that if those friends to whom this Prospectus is sent will make a little exertion, the number may be doubled. For the support of our paper, we are compelled to rely almost entirely upon our subscription list, as the advertising patronage is almost exclusively in the hands of the Whigs; and they cherish towards our press the most bitter hostility. It is important that a Republican press should be sustained at this place. It is peculiarly important to the Republican party of this Congressional District. This town is about the centre of the District. The importance of the press may safely be inferred from the malignant and bitter persecution we have received from the Whigs for our effort to establish it. It is important to the whole Republican party of North Carolina, that this press should be sustained. There is no other Republican paper published in a circuit of 50 miles; and if we except the Tarboro Press, there is none within 75 miles. There is no Republican paper published in the Newbern District. We are thankful to our friends in that District for the aid we have already received in extending our circulation, and hope they will help us still farther. The name of our paper indicates its character. It is a warm advocate of the old Jeffersonian doctrines as set forth in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798. It is the unsparing foe of monopoly. It wages no half-way opposition, but war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. We will not compromise on this point; interests may be compromised, but principles never. In the contest now going on between the money power and popular liberty, it will be found as heretofore a zealous, and we hope, an efficient advocate of the rights of the people. It will advocate free trade and the rights of labor, and oppose the union of Bank and State, and as not less corrupting than the union of Church and State. It supports the present Administration, and will continue to do so as long as the Government is administered on sound Republican and State Rights doctrines. All sectarian and irreligious matter will be carefully excluded from the columns of "The Republican." Our paper is published in the midst of constant personal danger; in fact we are almost weekly the subject of personal assault. We hope those to whom this is sent will make some effort to procure subscribers. Our terms are Three Dollars per annum. We do not expect a profit of one dollar beyond the support of the press. September 2, 1839.

VARIETY.



[SELECTED.]

From the Knickerbocker.

"TIME STILL MOVES ON." Time still moves on, with noiseless pace, And we are loiterers by the way: And many lose the race, For which they struggle, day by day. And even when the goal is gained, How seldom worth the toil it seems! How lightly valued when obtained, The prize that Hope esteems!

Submissive to the winds of chance, We toss on life's inconstant sea; This billow may our bark advance, And that may leave it on the lee: This coast, which rises fair to view, May thick be set with rocky mail, And that, which heetles o'er the blue, Be safest for the shattered sail. The cloud, that like a little hand, Slow lingers when the morning shines, Expands its volumes o'er the land, Dark as a forest-sea of pines.

While that which east a vapory screen Before the azure realm of day, Roll's upwards from the lowland scene, And from the mountain tops away. Oh, fond deceit to think the flight Of time will lead to pleasures strange, And ever bring some new delight. To minds that strive and sigh for change.

Within ourselves the secret lies, Let seasons vary or they will; Our hearts would mourn thot' our skies were bright as those of Eden still!

From the Washington Republican.

OUR NEXT GOVERNOR.

It will be seen by the proceedings we give below, that the recommendation in our last, respecting arrangements for bringing forward a Republican candidate as the next Governor of this State, has been promptly responded to. It is unnecessary for us at this stage of the business, to expatiate on the talents and high standing of the gentleman recommended to that important office. We trust he will, in due time, receive a handsome majority of the suffrages of the whole State. From the feeling prevailing among all parties here, we anticipate a favorable result in this eastern quarter. The meeting was numerously and respectfully attended, and we have no doubt the example will be speedily followed in all the other counties.

A Meeting of the Democratic Republicans of Beaufort County, was held in the Court House, on Tuesday, being the 3rd of September. The Meeting was organized by calling William L. Kennedy to the chair, and by appointing William B. Rodman, Secretary. The object of the Meeting was explained briefly and appropriately by George Houston, jr. He concluded by moving the following resolutions which were put separately and carried with unanimity.

1st. Resolved, As the opinion of this Meeting that it is necessary for the Republican party of North Carolina, to organize for the purpose of presenting a candidate for the office of Governor to be elected next summer.

2d. Resolved, That we recommend a convention of the Republican party to be held in the city of Raleigh on the third Monday of December next, composed of delegates appointed in primary assemblies of the people in the several counties for the purpose of making a nomination.

3rd. Resolved, That the Chairman appoint eight delegates subject to the approbation of this Meeting to represent this County in said convention.

4th. Resolved, That we recommend to our Democratic friends in other Counties of the State to hold Meetings and appoint delegates to the proposed convention.

In compliance with the third resolution the chairman nominated the following gentlemen as delegates, viz:—Vineyard E. Campbell, Col. John W. Williams, Henry Harding, Henry I. Toole, Benj. F. Latham, Joseph D. Satchwell, George Houston, jr., and Richard Respass; their nomination was submitted to the Meeting and approved.

Col. John W. Williams then submitted the following resolution, which was unanimously carried.

Resolved, That this Meeting recommend to the attention of the proposed convention for the office of Governor, General WILLIAM A. BLOUNT, of this County, as a gentleman eminently qualified to perform the duties of the station—a sound Republican of the school of '98—warmly devoted to Southern interests, and ardently and sincerely attached to the welfare of his

native State. It was then moved and carried that the name of the chairman, William L. Kennedy, be added to the list of delegates. The meeting was addressed by Henry I. Toole, Esq. He commended the devotion of General BLOUNT to State Rights and his adherence to the pure doctrines of democracy, as taught by Jefferson, and expressed an entire confidence in his abilities and integrity. He doubted not that the nomination would be acceptable to the entire Democratic party.

He was followed by George Houston, jr., who referred to the known friendship of Gen. BLOUNT to the Internal Improvement of the State whether in the East or West.

A resolution was introduced and carried that the proceedings of this Meeting be inserted in the Washington Republican, and that Democratic papers throughout the State be requested to copy the same. After a vote of thanks to the chairman, the Meeting adjourned.

WM. L. KENNEDY, President WILLIAM B. RODMAN, Secretary.

A strange Adventure.—Tennessee may boast a conqueror of the beasts of the forest—her eccentric, her lamented Crockett; and New York may boast an explorer of the mighty deep—her unfortunate, her ill-fated Sam Patch; but to old Rip—sup-er-nannated old Rip Van Winkle, is reserved the honor of producing a son who wrestles with the monsters of Ocean—aye, and conquers them in a fair fight—[is it a bull?—on their own ground.

Washington Whig. "Some few days since, Francis Dixon, a Pilot at Ocracoke bar, [who stands five feet six in his stockings,] whilst on a fishing excursion in Pamlico Sound, discovered some large specimen of the finny tribe entangled in one of his nets. His companions, four in number, on closer inspection, discovered that the intruder was a well grown shark, and in dismay fled to their boat and plied manfully the oars to its sides with a view of intimidating the sea bully from approaching nearer—hallooing the while to Dixon (who was wading breast deep on the shoal,) to seek shelter with them; but judge their surprise when they saw that, instead of following their example, the daring pilot making his way towards the scene, rolling up his sleeves, and swearing "the d—d cretur should not tear up his net that fashion." Up to his word, with clenched fists, he pounced upon his adversary. His shark-ship, though conscious of his powers, seemed unwilling to risk an engagement on the shoal, and made for deeper water, which in spite of his rider he reached, and commenced his fight by plunging and rolling entirely over,—(this fish turns upon his back when he attacks,)—yet his antagonist with his left arm and legs retained his hold, aware that the loss of it would be certain death.

For awhile, the chances were in favour of the shark; he had the advantage; a blow with the hand spent its force ere it could be felt under water; his neck was too slippery to allow choking; his eyes too well protected by bony gills to render gouging of any avail; he was in his own element and had unobstructed road to the ocean. Dixon could not live very long in this plight, and whenever he should be compelled by fatigue and weakness to let go, his business would be settled. All these reflections served only to render more cool the too daring native of terra firma. At length, as a dernier resort, he felt for his knife; but what difficulty in getting a wet hand into a wet pocket! he did however, and opening it with his teeth, dashing the salt spray from his brow, he took his aim and buried it to the hilt in the monster's throat raking him down to the tail. The tables now turned; relieved of so much weight, and rendered resistless by this operation, the shark was easily towed to the shoal. The companions, animated by the example of the brother fisherman, plunged into the sound and swam to him; but their aid was not wanted now; Dixon alone had survived the battle.—The shark measured nine feet two inches. Should any of the fallen champion's tribe feel disposed to make a match, the best three in five, for one hundred dollars, to come off any time before White Frost, and at any place inside of Ocracoke bar, by depositing stake at Fruxton's bank, dry shoal point, it will be immediately covered by

Dixon's Second.

Who says the times are hard?—Walk Broadway at the promenade hours, and see the wealth of the Indies carried on the backs of the ladies; notice the tasteful and elegant establishments that roll along the carriage paths; see the doors of the fashionable shopkeepers, with as many carriages drawn up before them as if a great man's levee were held at each—who says, in the face of these facts, that the times are hard?

Look at the elegant fabrics which Cleopatra might have desired—by the way, of Cleopatra. Had Egypt offered a Broadway to go a shopping in, she could have melted the revenue of a province there faster than by dissolving pearls in vinegar. Look into the interior of the splendid stores which line the principal thoroughfares in our city—turn into the furniture and furnishing warehouses—and see the means of gratification for republican luxury. For all these things, which in elegance surpass any thing which Xerxes knew, there is apparently no lack of purchasers, and yet times are hard.

Watch our young men, catching with anxious promptitude the last new fashion, and going from extreme to extreme as dissimilar as the fluctuations and the changes of the butterfly—all costing money, though the butterfly's mutations cost none, and are more beautiful. Wait until night fall, and hear the click of the cue, and then the rattle of the balls upon billiard tables. Look in at the elegant places of public resort, and see the refreshments under discussion upon marble tables. Take an ice yourself, and sit half an hour, to hear or see, if you can, any indication that times are hard. Visit one only theatre now open, and see if there be such a falling off in the audiences as bespeaks poverty. Listen if the laugh at Burton be less cheerful, or the attention to the spectacle less intense, than when times are acknowledged easy.

Ride upon the avenues, and notice the fast goers that trot by you. Look at the equestrian parties—notice the stately establishment of "old families," and the gaudy turn-outs of new millionaires. Travel farther—to the Springs, Saratoga, Brandywine or Sulphur; go up the Hudson—to Niagara—to Trenton Falls—to Canada—Nahant, any where—and see if you find any body travelling beside yourself. See rather if all the world has not turned birds of passage in these hard times. Money is not to be had—ergo—they travel for nothing. Call in at the markets, and learn if the choice cuts go begging. Point to some one who buys shins, liver, or rumpsteaks, or buys fish for economy's sake. Walk home with that young gentleman who has sent a week's provision for a garrison to feed his family of half a dozen, and who will call to-morrow for as much more. As you walk, he will be sure to tell you that money is awful hard. It is a little strange that the hardness of money is so seldom indicated by the outlays of those who complain most bitterly. They cannot cash a tradesman's bill upon presentation because there is no danger of a protest upon refusal. They cannot show debtors any grace or give extensions—and they are actually compelled to pay from one to two and a half per cent. per month for money to lift their notes. All this time, however, they do not remember that twenty dollars saved of their personal expenses or household disbursements, will be so much less that they will need to borrow. When the stake is counted in thousands and hundreds, tens and fives are passed as of no consideration. The very desperation of shinning and borrowing makes people more extravagant when the day's work is done; and the wives and daughters of merchants find them most liberal when they can least afford to be. The parties themselves may not be aware of the true reason of this—but it is a desire even to impose upon their wives an appearance of greater prosperity than they are enjoying. They are too many, however, who are compelled to realise the truth of hard times, when they do come. These are the tradesmen whose accounts are never paid too promptly, and which are put aside as long as possible upon the pretext of "scarcity of money." Always counting the cost before their purchase, even in good times, they are yet more careful during a season of reverses. After all, theirs is perhaps the most satisfactory lot; for by proper prudence they suffer less than those in gilded misery who are subjected to the mortification of turning away demands which they know should be paid. Their bank account may not be injured by such refusal to pay, but their conscience is pricked, if they have any.

Those who have found the golden mean And live contentedly between The little and the great— suffer less from reverses and crises than those who ape the rich in business and style of living; and even less than those who possess actual property, to be affected by reverses. As to poverty, it is not what it is cracked up to be—let philosophers say what they choose.

A recent London publication makes the following classifications of the vicious population of that city—600,000 Sabbath breakers—100,000 who live by gambling—20,000 who live by fraud—20,000 who live by begging—23,000 annually taken up drunk—100,000 systematically depraved—amounting to upwards of 783,000 persons, more than three times the population of the city and county of Philadelphia. If this statement be true it is a lamentable state of affairs indeed!

Distressing Shipwreck—nine lives lost. The Norfolk correspondent of the Exchange under date of Friday, says: "A part of the crew of the ship Milledgeville, Capt. Porter, arrived at Norfolk this afternoon, and bring distressing accounts of the ship. She sailed from New York on the 21st of August, with a valuable cargo and a number of passengers, bound to Savannah, and on the Thursday morning following she went ashore on Clickamaconico, about twenty miles to the northward of Hatteras; eight passengers, among whom was a female and a sailor, were drowned. The ship has gone to pieces. Capt. Porter, was left on the beach, attending to such part of the cargo as was washing ashore." Bull. Amer.

War! War!! War!!!—The Missourians and Iowians are just now engaged in a most sanguinary war upon paper, about the boundary line between those two powerful empires. It seems that there is a small portion of territory over which the authorities of both claim jurisdiction, & it is evident that that portion of the world is likely for a time to be governed too much. The tax gatherer from Missouri made his appearance upon it, and the intimation is very plainly given that if he again comes, quarters will be found for him in some Iowa jail. Governor Lucas, of Iowa, knows something of marching up the hill & then marching down again, on boundary questions, as the events of the "Toledo War" will abundantly testify, and we doubt not a similar result will follow this "oozing out" of His Excellency's courage. Better be quiet this warm weather and wait until Congress settles the question, before any thing rash is undertaken.—Baltimore Chronicle.

Seizures of English goods continue to be made, in large quantities, at the custom houses in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, for false entries. The frauds generally have been prepared by the English consignor.

The interest upon the debt of Pennsylvania is not less than one million five hundred thousand dollars. The net income from her canals and rail roads, after defraying current expenses and repairs, will scarcely pay one third of that sum.

The interest upon the debt of Maryland is annually \$600,000.

It is noticed in several papers that the State of Indiana has recently lost a large sum of money by her Fund Commissioners. The Cincinnati Republican states as the current report, that the commissioners placed bonds of the State to the amount of \$1,000,000 in the hands of a broker, signed and executed, and the broker was to obtain the funds. It seems he did so and failed, and left the Fund Commissioners an empty bag to hold.

Baltimore Patriot.

The Western (Ill.) Star says that while Mr. Wilson Corey was cutting down a large oak, a flash of lightning came down the tree, tore off all his clothes, entered the ground beneath his feet, making a circular hole about five feet in depth, and burying him in it up to his neck, so that he was utterly unable to extricate himself. On the following morning he was found and rescued by his friends.

What is no less strange, the Star adds, that four panthers, which, without giving Mr. Corey the slightest intimation of their presence, were concealed in the upper branches of the tree, during the whole time he was at work on it, were all killed by the flash!

Mexico.—Accounts from Galveston, Texas, to Aug. 23, state that Thamaulipas, Coahuilla, and Nuevo Leon, have thrown off the yoke of the central government and declared themselves independent. The Texan Secretary of War is about organizing a large force to prevent any coalition of the Indians and Mexicans.

All Sorts of a Yankee.—The Hamilton Gazette relates an anecdote, under the pregnant caption of "Tennessee Yankeeism," of a man in the upper end of that county, who, wishing to "do the State some service," caught a couple of old wolves, took them home, and, in the course of years, has reared a brood of law-offenders, which he executes from time to time, as they reach the proper age, receiving for their scalps the premium in such cases made and provided!

For the last two or three hundred years there has been as many schemes for making money out of nothing, as to construct a perpetual motion. The one has been a harmless amusement, while the other has produced the most distressing results.

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said a female to her visitors one day. "I'm at home, myself, and wish you all were."