

TARBORO' PRESS.

Whole No. 804.

Tarborough, (Edgecombe County, N. C.) Saturday, July 24, 1841.

Vol. XVII—No. 30.

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.

Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid or they may not be attended to.

VARIETY.



HOME.

Say, what is home! a word of love—
The nursery of each soft feeling—
The glass each glowing heart revealing—
Foretaste of an eternal home above.
Home is the wanderer's place of rest,
The absent fond one's beacon light;
How welcome to the anxious sight
Of him with worldly cares oppressed.
Home is the fond wife's loved domain,
The scene of all her happiness,
The spot which she is form'd to bless,
Where peace, and love, and friendship reign.
Home is the pulse of joy—the life
Of all that is worthy our possessing;
But oh, how rich, how doubly blest the blessing,
A home made happy by a much loved wife!

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

I will read to the audience a note which I received through the post office, last Tuesday:

“Rev. Dow, jr.—Dear Sir: Will you be pleased to take for your text, Sunday, the following question:—

“What are the moral obligations of man to woman?”

“What are the moral obligations of woman to man?”

“By complying with the above request, you will oblige,
“One of the Congregation”

Beloved Hearers:—I feel it to be my duty to gratify the wishes of any one of my congregation as far as it lies in my gizzard, but I must here state, that those who wish me to preach upon any particular subject, would oblige me much by giving me text and verse—as that's the sort I deal with altogether. I come among you to translate all poetical parables, metaphors, similes, etc., into common sense; and squeeze out of them, if possible, a few drops of the pure juice of piety, morality, love, and learning, in my own peculiar but straight go-ahead style.

The moral obligations of man to woman, my hearers, are a pesky sight more numerous than he has any idea of; and a few twists stronger than he is willing to own. First and foremost, he is bound by an all-wise decree to protect her from injury, insult, and suffering want, as long as his ammunition holds out; because he is naturally the stronger of the two—has more of the fighting cock about him, and is better prepared to meet, face to face, that belligerent army of troubles which are ever threatening to invade the fair kingdom of human happiness. The very ties of consanguinity shouldn't allow a man to permit one of the fair sex to be assaulted and battered by misfortune, if he can help it; for she is bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh; or rather, some of the best, finest, and tenderest materials of man are stowed away in the fancy-shop of woman—such as can but feebly stand rough usage, and are sure to be damaged unless they are kept, like a box of glass—right side up, with care. Therefore, a man should make no bones of taking care of the best part of himself, which is woman. I know some women are death on a fight when you get 'em cornered up; they'll scratch, bite, pull hair, squall, and dely the devil himself. Such female warriors, however, are rather scarce, I trust; and they appear in battle array, only when no man volunteers his valiant services. The next obligation saddled upon man towards woman, is to love her. This he should do with all the fervency of a fryingpan; because he is the one ordained to make the first advance—and he should make them openly, honorably, powerfully and fearlessly; and push them along ardently, fairly, squarely, and undecievingly, towards the goal of matrimony. I say a man that trifles with a woman's affections, and directs the fiery steel of his love into the unhallowed avenue of deceit, ought to be ramsquadded up salt river, landed in purgatory, and wedded to the ugliest hag that ever swept out the

kitchen of endless torment! 'Twould serve him just right. A man that loves a woman, should love her to wed her, as soon as circumstances will permit. After he has done this, there are three obligations combined, viz: to love, cherish, and protect her. He should love her, as being the sole object of his affections and the only one set apart to sweeten his tea for him, and strew his pathway through life with the choicest of flowers. He should cherish her because he has taken her to himself, even as a man taketh a bird from its own happy groves to be a companion in his lonely hours, and cheer him with the melody of its song. He should protect her, because she is a protector to his peace, and ever ready to share with him the kicks and cuffs that beset the wanderer through such a soap-lockish and evervexing world as this.

The moral obligation of woman to man, my dear believers, are few, but most almighty powerful. They commence with her, in reality, at the time when she makes the sole vow at the altar of Hymen, that she will love and be faithful to the accepted of her heart, let him be a messenger of light and purity from heaven, or a disgusting, runaway vagabond from the dark valley of hell. Faithfulness of a wife to her husband, is the only stone on which the superstructure of domestic happiness can be permanently built. It is all gass for a couple to think of getting along without it. I know from experience—when a woman is once guilty of a faux pas, in this respect, suspicion will groundlessly accuse her of ten thousand more—and then the Old Harry will be to pay, and no small change ready. The man that daren't leave his wife at home two minutes, lest some nice young man should look at her, is in a very fine stew—I don't think. Beware of unfaithfulness! Nothing raises the bile on my stomach so quick as to take up a newspaper, and read: “Whereas, my wife Sarah has left my bed and board,” &c. I always know, then, that there was fault on both sides—neither Sarah nor her dear husband left themselves to be under any obligations towards each other. I know, too, that mutual love was a scarce article in their house; if it wasn't so, there wouldn't have been so much kicking in bed, and fighting at the table. Yes, my friends, faithfulness in woman is the first obligation to man. The next is a reciprocation of love. It encourages a man onward through the stormy ills of existence, and enhances his happiness to an unlooked for extent. It was a talisman to his peace, and a watchdog to his hopes. Mutual love is like the union of two rippling streams that blend their waters together and then flow calmly on, through flowery meads in majesty, beauty, and silence. It is this mixing up, rye and Indian sort of love, that naturally places woman under the next obligation—sympathy. She should sympathise with her husband under all the clouds of woe that may lower upon his house—bedew his rough pillow with tears—be an administering angel to his wants, and endeavor to cover up the thorns of affliction with the roses of tenderness. If he is guilty of a few frail errors, she should neither scold or upbraid him, but weep for his misfortunes, and gently pull him back again into the path of rectitude by the silken thread of persuasive affection.

My hearers—I'm done; but to conclude, let me remind you that you are under everlasting obligations to a Being who has a right to expect much at your hands—and will have it too, or take the body in default thereof. I pray you be prepared. So mote it be!

DOW, Jr.

The Bank Bubble in France.—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, for July, contains its usual variety of instructive matter. The leading article is a history of the Bank Bubble in France, or of the Mississippi, from which we take the following passage for the especial benefit of Mr. Biddle and other Whig financiers:

“More than 500,000 persons are said to have been reduced from wealth to want by the depreciation of the stock of the bank, and the dishonor of its notes. The victim of the Mississippi Scheme might look to the replenished coffers of the Government, or the disencumbered estates of the princes of the blood, with the consciousness that it had been through his own destruction that their revenues had been built up. Private fortunes had been melted together by wholesale, to create the estate of a minister or a favorite, like the ordinary coins which are drawn from the usual purposes of circulation, and are brought together in one great mass, to form a splendid, but unnecessary article of plate. The grounds of Chantilly, which had been mortgaged, and even alienated in part, during the misfortunes of the family, were recovered by the Duke of Bourbon, though the means which his successful speculations afforded, and built up in magnificence suitable to the condition of the most princely house of Europe. An English gentleman, by the name of Gage, amassed so immense a fortune, that, in defiance of the usual de-

corum of continental etiquette, he offered three millions sterling to the King of Poland for his crown; and the monarch is said to have been so deaf to the voice of self-respect, as to have actually treated for the sale. It would have seemed as if the wealth of the whole nation had been thrown into the Government foundry, and recast into colossal shapes, which astonished, not only from their grandeur, but their solidity. The face of the country was reduced to a wilderness—its fields were dry—its laborers starving—its trade confused—while here and there, on the shore, or in the forest, might be seen a splendid palace, or a grotesque pagoda, which had been built by the collected energies of the State. But who can estimate the misery that was then suffered? The eye of the traveller was caught by the monuments of wealth which stood out in the distance before him, and he forgot to notice the miserable hovels by their side. The chronicles of the Court of Louis XV. are too much wrapped up in the momentous weight of the intrigues which they relate, to bestow a thought upon the silent sufferings that were endured by those who were not involved in the masquerade. Madame du Barri says carelessly, that the poor were found starved and frozen in troops, in the dreadful winter that ensued; but she relates it as a matter of speculative curiosity, in the same way that almanac writers in our own day relate the extraordinary movements among wild beasts, who were driven by the extremity of the weather to the road-side to die. The Princess Elizabeth wondered that the people should starve; she asked whether they were too proud to eat bread. In another reign the cup was full, and the Princess Elizabeth was led to the altar, to expiate the crimes of those from whom her honors were descended. She might have looked to the other end of the street in which she was sacrificed, and seen there, led on a similar errand to that in which she was employed, a victim far more frail, but not less obnoxious to the executioners. The daughter of king Louis XV. and the mistress who countenanced him in his last atrocities, might have called to remembrance in that solemn hour, the miseries which the one had endeavored to alleviate, and which the other had aggravated till the moment of their revenge had arrived.

“The founder of the Mississippi scheme found himself brought down in the course of a few short months, from a pitch of honor second to that alone which belongs to the king, to a point so low that there were none in that great realm who would have done him reverence. In the desolate retreat at Venice, in which he hastened to draw around him that obscurity which could form his only shield, he might have looked back to a time, only a year distant, when he stood in the highest pinnacle of the State. The Earl of Hay, in a letter written at the crisis of the speculation, says that he found Mr. Law's antechamber guarded by Swiss troopers, who were placed there to keep out the crowds of suitors who pressed about its door. Peers of France and princes of the royal blood, were seen daily waiting at his door, hoping by their hollow compliments, and their humble attentions, to win the notice of the great financier.”

Perilous Situation.—Dr. Judd, of Honolulu, who accompanied the Scientific Corps of the Exploring Squadron in their excursions on Hawaii, had a most wonderful escape from an awful death. He had descended into the crater of Kilauea, to obtain some specimens of the liquid lava. Not succeeding in procuring any at the Great lake, as it is called, he approached one of the smaller ones, or chimneys, and descended a few feet into it. While gathering specimens, the lake suddenly became active, and discharged a jet of lava into the air far above his head, but which most fortunately fell in the opposite direction from him. He then commenced making his way out before another should follow, but the ascent was far more difficult than the descent. He became alarmed, and called on five natives who had accompanied him to the spot, for assistance. The heat had become so great that they were frightened and retreated with the exception of one man, who threw himself flat upon the bank, and reaching over his right hand, enabled the Doctor to reach the top. But before he reached the brink, his clothes were burnt by the hot air, and he would have been scalded had he not been protected by wollen garments. The native in stooping over, had his face and hands blistered. They both had barely time to leave the spot, when the lake filled up and poured out a stream of liquid lava.—Polynesian.

Excitement in Apalachicola.—There was quite an excitement a few days ago in Apalachicola, (Flo.) in consequence of the exposure of a nefarious plan, to smuggle away some four or five slaves belonging to the citizens of that place. The slaves were invited to get on board a certain vessel in the bay, where it was promised their

passage to New York should be paid by a certain white man. A free black, a steward or cook on board of a vessel in port, was the agent of communication. The plan was exposed by one of the slaves, a girl about 12 years of age, being carried by a lighter down the bay, to the wrong vessel. On applying on board for passage, under the instructions given, the Captain presumed something to be wrong, and had her sent back to her owners in town. Before the affair could be investigated, the other vessel, with the Abolitionists on board, was off under a stiff breeze for New York.—Charleston Patriot.

Look to this, Parents.—“If he had brought me up properly, I should not have been here,” were the last words of Peter Robinson, who was hung in New Brunswick, (N. J.) for the murder of Suydam. This monster in the form of man, had been permitted while a boy to do pretty much as he pleased. Like too many in the present day, he was subject to no restraint. Instead of being made to work, he was allowed to lounge through the week and to fish on the Sabbath—and as might have been expected, he has come to a disgraceful end. What must be the feelings of the father's heart, when his felon son reproaches him with being the author of his crime of ignominy.

Parents, remember the dying words of Robinson: “If he had brought me up properly, I should not have been here.”
Saturday Courier.

Attempted Escape Frustrated.—A slave belonging to a gentleman of Petersburg, Va., attempted to escape to the North a few days ago, in a schooner bound to Boston. His escape was discovered, and the schooner followed and overhauled, when he was found secreted. The vessel was allowed to proceed.

The Oldest Republic on Earth.—The American Quarterly Review contains a letter from G. W. Irving, Esq., giving a sketch of his visit to San Marino, a republic in Italy, between the Appennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this state is only 40 miles in circumference, and its population about 7000. The republic was founded more than 1400 years ago, on moral principles, industry and equality, and has preserved its liberty and independence amidst all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a Captain Regent, chosen every six months by the representatives of the people, 66 in number, who are chosen every six months by the people.

The taxes are light, the farm houses are neat—the fields well cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort and peace, the happy effects of morality, simplicity, liberty, and justice.—Mr. Irving was received by some intelligent citizens in the most hospitable and affectionate manner; they were delighted with him because he was an American. They professed a profound attachment to our country, and look to it as the preserver of their pure principles; they were intimately acquainted with our institutions and affairs, and had a library well furnished with books and pamphlets relating to America.

To show the Difference between Raw Corn and Corn Meal cooked as food for Hogs.—Some two years ago while I was confined to the fireside by a cold, I amused myself with several experiments to find the increase by weight of corn, rye, shorts, &c., by boiling and cooking, with a view of economizing hog food. I soon became convinced that wonderful effects might be easily produced; and though I then made regular record of what I did, strange to tell, I had never till lately attempted to put my theory in practice. I had since the first of December an actual experiment going on between raw corn and meal made into good thick mush; two pigs of about one hundred weight each, have been eating seven lbs. of raw corn per twenty four hours; and two others of near the same size have had exactly seven lbs. of meal made into good mush between them. I weighed my pigs accurately at beginning, and weighed again a few days since to mark the progress. The two eating fourteen pounds of corn per day, had increased seventeen pounds in sixteen days. The two eating seven pounds of cooked meal per day, had increased twenty-four pounds, in the same time. Here is a saving of one-half the corn.
American Farmer.

Fanny Ellsler is said to have cleared upwards of sixty-five thousand dollars by her visit to the south. How much was it for each hop?

Fatal case of Poisoning.—We learn by the Baton Rouge Gazette of the 22nd, that about thirty negroes were poisoned a day or two previous, by drinking water from a well in which a copper pipe, communica-

ting with an engine, had been inserted. It is further stated that three of the negroes had since died from the fatal effects.
N. O. Bee.

Shocking Death.—A correspondent of the Zion's Herald gives the following account of a most shocking accident and death which occurred at Soughton, (Mass.) on Wednesday, the 9th ult.

Mr. Nathan Drake, and his brother, Dea. Ebenezer Drake, with their sons Aaron and Nelson, both about 12 years old, had been plowing with the two yoke of oxen and two ploughs. The boys were directed to drive the oxen up to the barn, which was but a short distance from the field. Accordingly each of them took a pair, swung the chains over the right oxen's backs, and held the hooks of them in their hands, and thus walked by their side. Aaron then hooked the end of the chain he held around his body, and Nelson also hooked the chain around himself. Just then Aaron's oxen started, and passing Nelson's oxen started them also. Aaron swung his whip over his oxen's heads and stopped them, but the others continued on, and before Aaron could get liberated to help him, the oxen were running with Nelson thrown down to their heels at every leap, or hitting the ground and bounding into the air. They then came to a fence, in jumping which the chain slipped off from the dead and mangled body. His father, who had witnessed the whole scene, got to him first, took him up and carried him into his brother's house. His neck and back were broken, and the bones about his chest, and his face was dreadfully torn.

The Protestant Clergymen of Baltimore, with a view of more effectually promoting the cause of Christianity in that City, have resolved to hold meetings on Sabbath afternoons at 5 o'clock, in the “Streets, fields and market places!” Several appointments have been accordingly carried out, at the most public points of the city and vicinity.

Among the passengers in the Great Western, which sailed lately from New York, was a Mr. Charles W. Dayton, who it is said, has gone to bring Samuel Swartwout, who is now reported to be residing in London in penury.

Thrilling Incident.—The Richmond Star of June 30, says:

“We understand that one of the workmen upon the roof of the Capitol slipped, on Monday, and falling upon the smooth surface of the copper, slid down towards the caves. For a moment, a horrid death seemed inevitable; but with great presence of mind he clasped the gutter as he went over and was instantly dangling 80 feet from the ground, with no security but in the grasp he held upon the gutter of the building. His fearful position at this moment can scarcely be realized; with the dreadful prospect before him, of being in a few moments dashed to pieces upon the earth below. The workmen, however, soon procured ropes by which he was in a slight measure sustained until another could be obtained, reaching to the ground. This he grasped and attempted to descend by it, but his strength had become so much exhausted that he could not sustain himself, and he slipped down, the rope passing rapidly through his hands and cutting to the very bone; but he came safely to the ground, rescued as by a miracle. His position, for a time, was fearful indeed.”

We find the following floating about in our exchange papers. If true, the information is of value to the wheat grower. We give it for what it is worth:

“Salt is said to be a complete preventative against the destruction of wheat by weevil. Mix a pint of salt with a barrel of wheat, put the grain in old salt barrels, and the weevil will not attack it. In stacking wheat four or five quarts of salt to every hundred sheaves, sprinkled among them, will entirely secure them from the depredations of the insect, and render the straw more valuable as food for cattle.”

A Little Romantic.—The New York Sun says that a young lady appeared at the jail in Dedham, Mass., last week, with a certificate from the town clerk of the marriage bans, and requested to be united to her lover who was shut up for debt. The ceremony was legally performed, and the “bonnie lassie” went on her way rejoicing. In less than an hour the prisoner bridegroom was set at liberty—his debt having been fully satisfied doubtless by his bride.—That is what we call marrying to advantage.

Remedy for Kicking Cows.—A bed-rord drawn tightly over the loins of cows, in front of the udder, it is said, will cause them to give down their milk, and also prevent their kicking.