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POETRY.

ARISTOCRATIC EBULLITIONS.

Mr. W.—, fresh from College, having seen Fanny Vining at a theatre, addressed to her the following verses expressive of his passion:—

Around my heart I feel entwining
Foudest thoughts of Fanny Vining!
Constantly my eyes are pining
For the sight of Fanny Vining!
I would glory in resigning
All the world for Fanny Vining!
By mistake I'm often signing
For my own name "Fanny Vining!"
And my note-book underlining
With "accounts" of Fanny Vining!
Yesterday, with stranger dining,
Twice I asked for Fanny Vining!
All my senses are refining
Into one of "Fanny Vining!"
And my health is undermining
For the sake of Fanny Vining!
But—ah me! 'tis useless whining,
Deaf to me is Fanny Vining!

The gentleman in question was not long in discovering that one Mr. Gill had forestalled him in the heart and hand of the object of his effusion. Upon his dressing table, soon after, was found the following amendment to his first stanzas—they are now going the round of his acquaintance, and may amuse our readers:—

Oh! good Heavens, what a pill,
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
Grind me in a cotton-mill—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
Stew me in a whiskey-still,
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
Fling me from the highest hill—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
All my heart's blood freely spill—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
Critics stab me with your quill—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
Drown me in a muddy rill—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
Never felt I half so ill—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
Fate, come, do thy worst, and kill—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
Bring me "rue and daffodil,"
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
Make my coffin—and my will—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
All who hate me, have your fill—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!
I'll cut my throat—or sign a bill—
Fanny Vining's Mrs. Gill!

Age and Argus.

MISCELLANY.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Journal.

WALTER C. YOUNG'S CORN CROP.

We perceive that some of the Eastern editors, in speaking of Mr. Young's corn crop, 195 bushels to the acre, say they presume of course it was not shelled corn—When we say that Mr. Young produced 195 bushels of corn to the acre, we mean corn. If it had been 195 bushels of corn and cobs it would not have been so extraordinary. Mr. G. W. Williams, of Bourbon county, Ky., had previously produced 167 bushels to the acre; but Mr. Young's corn goes far beyond even that, and it was precisely because it did so far transcend the highest recorded crop, that we deemed it of such vital importance to make Mr. Young's method known. That Mr. Young did produce 195 bushels to the acre, we feel just as certain as that we now hold a pen in our hand. It was measured by as respectable gentlemen as any in Jessamine county, gentlemen appointed for the purpose by the Jessamine Agricultural Society. And let it be remembered that this was no first experiment on a single acre. The corn was planted and cultivated according to the method long adopted by Mr. Young, and his whole crop was pronounced equal to the five acres measured. This extraordinary crop was produced in 1840, a year very favorable to corn; but we are told by Mr. Young, that the drier years, he does not get less than 100 bushels to the acre.

Here then is not "book farming," but a method of cultivation practised for years by a plain, practical, but intelligent farmer.

—Here then is actual experience for a course of years, the very thing the farmer says he must have before he can be convinced. But reader are you convinced. No. You cannot get round the experience, provided it was an experience, and you will take a short way of evading the matter, by simply saying that you don't believe a word of the whole story.

Strange as it may seem, those worthy farmers that go so strong for facts and experience, and who yet deny all facts and all experience, that do not tally with their own notions—these very farmers are fond of arguing, and like vastly to have the reason or rationale of things explained; and many of them will yield to a theory which will not listen to a fact. Well, then let us look into the theory of Mr. Young's practice. Hear him.

"My universal rule is to plough my corn land the fall preceding the spring when I plant; and as early in the spring as possible I cross-plough as deep as circumstances will permit; as soon as this is done, I commence checking off—the first way with my large ploughs, and the second with my small ones the checks three feet by three, admitting of working the land both ways. And then I plant my corn the 20th to the 25 of March—a rule to which I adhere with scrupulous exactness, planting from eight to twelve grains in each hill, covering the same from four to six inches deep, greatly prefer the latter depth. So soon as my corn is of sufficient height, I start the large harrow directly over the rows, allowing a horse to walk each side, harrowing the way the corn was planted; and on land prepared as above and harrowed as directed, the hoeing part will be so completely performed by this process, that it will satisfy the most sceptical. Then allowing the corn thus harrowed, to remain a few days, I start my small ploughs with the bar next the corn; and so nicely will this be done, that when a row is thus ploughed, so completely will the intermediate spaces, hills &c be lapped in by the loose earth, occasioned by this system of close ploughing as to render any other work useless for a time. I thin to four stalks upon a hill, never having to transplant, the second ploughing is performed with the mould board towards the row of corn; and so rapid has been the growth of the corn, between the first and second ploughings, that this is performed with ease; and when in this state I consider my crop safe; my general rule being never to plough my corn more than four times, and harrow once. My practice is, to put a field in corn two successive years, then grass it and let it lie eight years—a rule from which I never deviated. Now I do not pretend that the labor bestowed upon a sod field to put it in a state of thorough cultivation does not meet with a fair equivalent from one crop; but I presume no farmer will doubt when I say the second year's crop from sod land is better than the first, with no more than one-half the labor. The best system of farming is to produce the greatest amount of profit from the smallest amount of labor."

Talking Machine—The New York Tribune, of a late date gives the following description of a Talking Machine, now exhibiting in that city:

Having seen in one or two papers an account of this new invention we went with a friend yesterday to see it. Mr. Faber, the artist, speaks only German, yet he has taught his machine to speak English, and speak it too better than German. And what is still more curious, it gives some of our difficult sounds better than Mr. Faber himself can pronounce them. The *th*, for instance, which is the Rubicon in our language to a German, it gives like a native born American. Indeed, we do not believe the "Native American Party" itself could tell the difference. On asking Mr. Faber how it came to pass his machine could speak better English than German, he replied: "Why shouldn't it?—it is American born." The sounds issue from the lips of a mask that as they open and shut reveal a tongue that plays like the living member, though not so limberly. It is really laughable to see this bust placed upright with a turbaned head and whiskered face slowly enunciating in a whining tone, sounds which we have heretofore considered as belonging exclusively to our species. It beats the parrot out and out. It will go through our alphabet and numerals with great decision, and say "three hundred and thirty three thousand three hundred and thirty three," as a German may despair of ever saying. It speaks with a decided *tone*, as if it had lost its palate; and with great deliberation. If Mr. Faber himself could speak English, we have no doubt his wooden pupil would improve rapidly, and enunciate much more readily. —The grave, solemn countenance never changes, no matter how funny the words may be. Unceasing as it may seem, one cannot help laughing in this mysterious creature's face, when with head erect and glassy eyes fixed on some distant object he

says:—Good-mor-nin—Gen-tle-men—and la-dies" He undertook to sing "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," but we cannot say he was a Grisi or a Clara Norvella—however, he stopped now and then and performed some "shades," admirably. We thought he *sung* better in Dutch than English. The perfection of the instrument may be seen in the correctness with which it pronounces not only the full vowel sound but the middle sounds. Mr. F. has been engaged on it seventeen years, and it took him seven years to get the sound of "e" alone.

Mr. Faber is a good musician and composer, as well as instrument maker.

Machines versus men.—It is even so—we have seen—we have heard a machine talk! We heard it say, "Mr. Speaker," in a tone so distinct and startling, that no Speaker could have failed to be attracted by it; and then it went on, now in German, now in English, then in Latin—and to its *tongues* there need be no end—to utter whatever was desired. We assure our readers that this thing of wood and paint, coutehour and keys, did distinctly articulate as though having trachea, larynx, glottis, and epiglottis; tongue, palate, and gums—each acting as in the living human subject.—The tone alone was not natural, but the syllables and words entirely so; and there beside it sat its ingenious and patient German inventor, Mr. Faber, playing as on a piano on the sixteen keys—no more—which cause the utterance of all language.

For fourteen years this unwearied mechanic has labored at this invention. The letter E was that of which he found it most difficult to give the sound. He devoted to the accomplishment of that one sound, seven years! and he has accomplished it. By long continued anatomical investigation, he first mastered all the physical *minutiae* of the organs of speech, and then, mainly out of India rubber—prepared so as to resist the changes of temperature—he imitated all these organs, and by springs moved the parts as they are moved in life. So far as talking is characteristic of man, he has made a man.

N. Y. American.

Lecture against Odd Fellowship.—The Rev. Mr. Collier delivered a lecture at Boston, on last Sunday evening, in the Tremont temple, against Odd Fellowship, which is said to have attracted one of the greatest crowds ever assembled together at a similar discussion in that city, whilst thousands were unable to gain an entrance. He took his text from 2d Corinthians, 6th chapter and 14th verse, as follows:

"Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?"

In the course of his remarks he should discuss, he said, the following points, viz:

- 1st. The claims of the institution of Odd Fellowship to benevolence, and should attempt to show that it was supremely selfish.
- 2d. The character of the institution for secrecy.
- 3d. The obligations of the order.
- 4th. The ceremonies of the institution.
- 5th. The brotherhood.
- 6th. The tendency of the order.

It was his intention at first to discuss only the last two points, but he found he had stuck upon a serious matter, and he should put the plough a little deeper and see what was there. The subject grew upon his hands, and he should be compelled to take another evening to finish it.

He spoke nearly two hours, having only disposed of the first and a portion of the second point, announcing his intention to continue the subject on next Sunday evening.

The Rev. D. S. King was present, and announced his intention to reply to the Rev. Mr. Collier, if his charges were ill-founded. He was frequently interrupted by the cry of "It's false, prove it!" &c.

Death to the Doctor.—A meeting of the citizens of St. Peter's parish, South Carolina, was held recently to "reduce the price of medical services." After a preamble as long as the Declaration of Independence, setting forth their grievances, they adopted a scale of prices, which they recommend to the citizens, "in order that something may be left to the family of the patient, after the disease or the doctor shall have removed him from the stage of life." The highest charge allowed in this scale is \$10—for "cutting stone out of the bladder." The other charges are "small by degrees, and beautifully less," until they reach 25 cents for each hour's attendance by the sick bed of the patient. In chronic cases, no charge shall exceed eight dollars for the entire attendance during the curing or killing of the patient.

No "Minority Report" on the part of the doctors, has yet been published in reply to this specimen of insubordinate nulli-

fication, or to suppress this rebellion of the patients, who not only make ugly faces at their physic, but dispute the physician's bill. It is however scarcely to be anticipated that the doctors are to be put down thus, or that your "whereas" and your "be it resolved"—your preamble and resolutions, can maintain a successful war against calomel and the lance. The best thing the people of St. Peter's can do is to hold a town meeting and to resolve unanimously not to be sick at all, and to appoint a suitable committee to carry the resolution into effect. That would be the most effective Declaration of Independence, and would be the administration of a bitter pill to the faculty, justifiable on the doctrine that "turn about is fair play." If, however, the rebellion be successful—if the cost of attendance be reduced to "twenty-five cents an hour," why St. Peter's must become populous; for every invalid will hasten there to enjoy the cheapness of its luxuries. Four hours of doctoring for a dollar! Who could refrain?

Pennsylvanian.

Extract of a letter from London, received by the last steamer: "We have a Yankee here who has opened a shop in the Strand for the sale of *American manufactured articles*, such as cut tacks, screws, augurs, combs, pins, milk pails of cedar, wine coolers, corn brooms, wooden clocks, &c. &c. John Bull will find out, at last, that we can now make our own mouse-traps."—*Boston Atlas*.

Mr. Phillips, of Assumption, stated in debate the other day, in the Louisiana House of Representatives, that in his parish there were, on an average, *twelve children to every family in it*.

The Gaines Case—A decision was made a few days ago in the Supreme Court of the United States, on the case in which Gen. Gaines and his wife were plaintiffs, and the executors of Daniel Clarke, of New Orleans, defendants. A Washington correspondent of the Evening Post says that the points on which the defendants appealed have been decided against them. One of the points has been decided absolutely, and the two other points with a qualification that requires the cause to go again before the Circuit Court, but which will not probably affect the result. This decision makes the General and his lady the lord and mistress of an immense property; some say fifteen millions of dollars.

The Girard Will Case—The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, it will be understood, establishes the validity of Mr. Girard's Will, in which the city of Philadelphia is so deeply interested, in opposition to the claims of the heirs at law.

This suit was instituted, not on the ground of the illegality of the will of Mr. Girard in general, but against that clause of it which authorized the establishment of a college, for the education of white male children, between certain ages. It was objected to this clause, that it was void, on two principal grounds. First, that there was no sufficient authority under the laws of Pennsylvania, for the acceptance and administration of the trust by the city of Philadelphia, which was made the almoner of the charity—and secondly, that it was not such a charity as the laws of the country would enforce and maintain, because, by the will of Mr. Girard, all ministers of religion, of whatever denomination, were excluded from entering upon the grounds of the college, even as visitors, and that this direction of the will prohibited the teaching of the Christian religion to the pupils in the school—the teaching of religion, it was contended, being an essential part of all charity endowments.

The Supreme Court has overruled all the objections against the will, and the validity of the establishment of the College is thus affirmed.

General Jackson.—From a letter received at Washington, from General Jackson, the following extracts are published in the Globe:—

"If I am to judge from my present affliction, I cannot be here at the next Congress. I must, long before, be in the tomb prepared for me; but I am in the hands of a just and wise Providence. When He makes the call, I am prepared, with due humility, to submit to his will. He has long spared me through a long and varied life. How much longer I am to be here, He knows, and only He."

"I feel truly grateful to the people as well as to Congress for this act of justice [refunding the fine] to me in my declining years."

Curious Sermon.—An English paper contains the following curious discourse, said to have been lately delivered by an eccentric preacher at Oxford:—"I am not one of your fashionable, fine

spoken, mealy mouthed preachers, I tell you the plain truth. What are your pastimes? Cards and dice, fiddling and dancing, gozzling and guttling! Can you be saved by dice? No! Will the four knaves give you a passport to Heaven? No! Can you fiddle yourselves into a good berth among the sheep? No! You will dance yourselves to damnation among the goats! You may guzzle wine here, but you'll want a drop of water to cool your tongue hereafter! Will the prophets say, 'Come, here, gamester, and teach us the long odds!' 'Tis odds if they do! Will the martyrs rant and swear, and shuffle and cut with you? No! The martyrs are not shufflers. You will be cut in a way you little expect. Lucifer will come with his reapers and his sickles and forks, and you will be cut down and bound, and pitched, and carted, and hounded in Hell! I will not oil my lips with lies to please you. I tell you the plain truth. Ammon and Mammon and Molock are making Bethoron hot for you! Profane wretches! I have heard you wrangle and brawl, and tell one another before me, 'I'll see you d—d first!' But, I tell you, the day will come, when you will pray to Beelzebub to escape his clutches—And what will be his answer? 'I'll see you d—d first.'"

Mrs. Gilmour, who was apprehended in this country on the charge of having murdered her husband, and taken back to Scotland, has been acquitted on the ground that the charge was "not proven."

A lady in London named Blyden, has lately been made defendant in an action of ejectment. The principal count in the declaration was for throwing her husband out of the window.

Mesmerism is a great science, and, in some of its phases, much to be feared by weak nerved persons. There is said to be a lady-professor of this science, in this vicinity, who, when she is in a magnetic sleep, can not only tell with what internal disease any one present, (and we don't know but she could tell just as correctly were the person *not* present) is afflicted, but can also tell just what kind of a character they possess—whether scolds, thieves, fiddlers, or what not! A few evenings since, at a small private scientific party, this lady-professor of the mysterious science having been magnetically lulled into a deep mesmeric slumber, a Mrs. — asked what kind of a woman was Mrs. — upon which the latter, in the greatest trepidation, sprang to the mesmerized, sealed her mouth with her hands, and begging her, in the most beseeching and earnest tones, not to answer the query propounded—and she *didn't*. Had the sleeping professor done so, there is no knowing what *would* have been the consequence!—*Boston Transcript*.

A good one.—A Millerite who had been lecturing not long ago on Kent Island, Md., was told at one of his meetings, that the people of that region strongly contemplated riding him on a rail, in case he persisted in promulgating his doctrines to the Kent Islanders, to which he made the following very deliberate reply—"If you place a saddle upon the rail, I should greatly prefer it to walking on these muddy streets." The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds is but a small consideration to one who can take things so coolly as this.

Some years ago a chap arrived in Augusta with one of those greatest curiosities an Egyptian mummy, which he desired to exhibit. It was requisite, then, that before the exhibition, permission should be obtained from the Judge of some of the inferior courts. Accordingly, the showman proceeded to the court house, where the court was in session, and applied to the judge for a licence, stating that with infinite trouble and expense, to say nothing of the danger, he had been fortunate enough to procure the greatest curiosity ever seen in the United States. "What is it?" asked the judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the damned critter alive?"

Explicit.—"Mrs. Grimes, lend me your tub." "Can't do it! all the hoops are off! it is full of suds; besides, I never had one, because I wash in a barrel."

Uh!—A man in Baltimore has married a Miss Tongue. Many men have married into the *Tongue family*; but this daring individual has taken a wife, who is *all Tongue*. Reckless individual!

Patrick, you fool, what makes you stare after that rabbit, when your gun has no lock on it?—"Hush! hush my darling, the rabbit don't know that!"