

THE TARBORO' PRESS.

Whole No 992.

Tarborough, Edgecombe County, N. C. Saturday, March 8, 1845.

Vol. XII. No. 10.

The Tarborough Press, By GEORGE HOWARD, JR.

Is published weekly at Two Dollars per year if paid in advance—or, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of the subscription year. Subscribers are at liberty to discontinue at any time on giving notice thereof and paying arrears. Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted at One Dollar the first insertion, and 25 cents for every continuance. Longer advertisements at that rate per square. 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 directed, and charged accordingly. Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

THE Columbian Magazine, FOR 1845.

PROSPECTUS FOR THE SECOND YEAR.

At the close of his second volume, the magazine having been commenced on the first of January, 1844, the publisher finds himself irresistibly called on to express the satisfaction and gratitude with which he has been filled by the brilliant and unexampled success that has attended his endeavors to win the public favor. Notwithstanding the difficulties, disappointments and vexations that almost invariably follow the establishment of a new periodical, in the production of which there must be the harmonious co-operation of many heads and many hands—notwithstanding occasionally short-comings, especially in the pictorial department, which no care or diligence could avert and no expenditure prevent, the *Columbian Magazine* has gone on steadily increasing in support and popularity from the opening number, and if the unthoughtful testimony of the press may be received as unswayed by partiality and unbiassed by friendship, the efforts of contributors and editor have been satisfactory to the public and accepted as fulfilling the promises made for them at the commencement of the enterprise.

The publisher undertook the work with a firm conviction that the great city of New York was the best and the true home for a magazine of general literature; that notwithstanding the failure of many previous attempts to establish such a work, there could be no impossibility of success with sufficient capital, perseverance and the right system of management both by publisher and editor; stimulated by this conviction he embarked in the enterprise and the result of the first year has proved that his judgment was correct.

It has long ceased to be necessary, or reasonable, that we should speak of the *Columbian* as an experiment. At all events, it is now an experiment substantially tried. We feel ourselves upon as firm a basis as any similar journal in the world. Our principle cares now regard not so much the securing what ground we have gained (for we consider this sufficiently secure) as the extension of our sphere of action and utility—not so much, even, the mere enlargement of our subscription list, as the most suitable modes of catering for the amusement (and shall we say occasionally for the profit?) of our subscribers in the present and in the future—the many whom we have, and the many more we shall undoubtedly have as time rolls on.

We have made arrangements which will enable us to present our friends with embellishments of very superior taste, style and finish. In this respect it is our firm purpose, if possible, to outvie all competition. Our music and engravings, we confidently believe, will not be equalled—very certainly they shall not be surpassed in real merit by those of any other magazine. We propose to give each month two or more superb engravings, independently of two pages of music, by the most eminent composers, and a plate of authentic fashions.

Regarding the literary and editorial conduct of the *Columbian*, the publisher does not feel called upon to say more than a very few words. The general management of this department is, as heretofore, entrusted to a gentleman possessing every qualification for the task, and who has given abundant evidence, not only of the highest ability to put forth a meritorious magazine, but of the ability to put forth a magazine exactly adapted to the tastes of our readers. The publisher, therefore, has every confidence that what has already been done for the literary value of the journal will be done again. We are perfectly willing that our future in this respect shall be estimated by our past. The subjoined list of those who have furnished articles for the *Columbian* during the by-gone year will satisfy, we feel assured, the most fastidious that we are resolute to spare in no particular neither exertion or expense.

Mrs L H Sigourney T S Author
Mrs Kirkland H P Gratant
Mrs A S Stephens The Author of the
Mrs F S Osgood "Widow of Bru
Mrs E O Smith gesa"
Mrs A C Mowatt H T Tuckerman
Mrs E F Ellet James F Otis

Mrs M St Leon Loud Robert L Wade
Mrs J G Brooks S D Patterson
Mrs J Hall E S Gould
Mrs M P Hunt Seba Smith
Mrs H Lighthipe T S Fay
Mrs C H Butler C Fenno Hoffman
Mrs E C Embury C D McLeod
Mrs Cary Wm H Willis
Mrs E R Steele Walter Whitman
Mrs M A Erving Rev F C Woodworth
Miss M L Lawson Isaac F Shephard
Miss Colman T B Read
Miss Isabel Jocelyn Wm G Bourne
Miss M Russell R G White
Miss Emily E Chubbuck H A Clark
Miss L M Brauner C Wilkins Elm
Miss F Forester E J Porter
Miss M G Quincy E Parmly
Author of "Summer H Myers
Frolicking" M C Hill
J K Paulding M E Wilson
Wm C Bryant J Boughton
Fitz G Halleck C McLachlan
E A Poe Wm Russell Jr
John Neal The Author of "Time's
Doings"
Henry W Herbert A M Ide Jr
H H Weld O G Warren
Park Benjamin Augustus Snodgrass
Wm Cox J T Headley
Geo W Kendall F L Hagadorn
H S Schoolcraft H B Hirst

With the aid of these contributors, (of whom it is needless to say the word in the way of commendation) and of numerous others perhaps equally meritorious if less celebrated, who have promised us their support; we flatter ourselves that, as a literary work, the *Columbian* need be under no apprehension of being excelled.

But what we have done is already before the public, who will not fail to judge us with impartiality; and in respect to what we intend to do, it will be both wiser and more becoming (alho' less fashionable) not to boast. We may be permitted to assure our friends in brief, however, that we have matured numerous plans (for the third volume) with which we feel confident they will be pleased. It is our purpose to put forth every energy; and it will be no fault of our own if the *Columbian* shall not be found at least equal to any magazine, of any class or price, in America.

DEALERS IN PERIODICALS throughout the United States and the Canadas who wish to become agents for the *Columbian Magazine* will please apply to the publisher immediately. The usual discount will be made to them.

Editors who will insert this Prospectus and send a copy marked and addressed to the *Columbian Magazine*, shall have a copy sent to them for one year.

Terms of the Columbian Magazine.

| |
|-----------------------------------|
| One copy one year in advance, \$3 |
| One copy two years, 5 |
| Two copies one year, 5 |
| Five do do 10 |
| Eight do do 15 |
| Eleven do do 20 |

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A FRESH supply of Peters' Pills just received and for sale by
GEO. HOWARD,
Tarboro', July 19.

APPROVED Patent Medicines.

GRAY'S invaluable Patent Ointment, for the cure of white swellings, scrofulous and other tumors, ulcers, sore legs, old and fresh wounds, sprains and bruises, swellings and inflammations, scalds and burns, scald head, women's sore breast, rheumatic pains, tetters, eruptions, chilblains, whitlows, piles, corns, and external diseases generally.

Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash, for preserving the teeth from decay, protecting the gums, &c.

Dr. McNair's Acoustic Oil, a certain cure for deafness.

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Judekin's Specific Ointment, for the cure of white swelling, sore legs, felons, chilblains, tetters, eruptions, &c.

Roach and bed bug bane, an effectual antidote against these noxious insects.

Condition Powders, for the cure of yellow water, botts, worms, &c. in horses.

Bullard's Oil Soap, for cleansing coat collars, woolen, linen and cotton goods, from spots occasioned by grease, paint, tar, varnish, and oils of every description, without injury to the finest goods. It also possesses very healing and penetrating qualities, and is used with perfect safety for bathing various external complaints upon man or beast.

For sale by
GEO. HOWARD,
Tarboro', June, 1844.

POETRY.



[SELECTED]

A "werry," sad Lamentation.

We cut the following from the Knickerbocker. It is good for a laugh at any rate. The last stanza we think especially rich. It is not that she bade me go, And said I'd better stop my calling, It is not that she answered "No," As loud as she could—short of bawling; It was not that she slammed the door, And set her nasty lap-dog on me; Oh no—a greater, keener grief, Weighs down my heart & preys upon me I cannot bear to see her go, And prouder with other fellows; I cannot bear to see her walk, On rainy days; 'neath their umbrellas,— To see such things a going on, Excites my virtuous indignation; It makes me swear, as one might say, In vulgar phrase, "like all creation."

To see her seated in a chair, With half a dozen fops about her; And hear that fool Augustus swear, He "can't exist a day without her;" 'Tis this which makes my withered hopes Fall thick and fast like leaves in Autumn, And cause my poor lone heart to beat Like a young bear's when the dogs have caught him.

What if her father is the Squire, And I'm a briefless-lawyer devil? She needn't cut me in the street— It wouldn't hurt her to be civil. But ah! my heart-strings are a lute On which her hand unfeeling lingers; Well, be it so! the tune is sad; But then 'tis played by Beauty's fingers.

Enough! enough! I've lost the maid, My mind is bordering on distraction; Yes, yes—I'll leave this classic shade; And seek a wider field of action; For in the distant Texas land, In war's proud ranks I'll seek for glory; And then perhaps in later years My name will sound in verse and story.

And if, oh cruel Marianne! You hear them tell about "a stranger, Who wore the 'loner star on his crest; And never cared a cent for danger;" Perhaps you'll proudly look around; And with a sigh of sympathy Exclaim to all your wondering friends, "That brave young man once courted me!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

There is a terrible fellow somewhere 'down east,' who ought not to be permitted to run at large. He threatens to 'play the very devil,' all in consequence of his faithless GAI. If he should put his threats into execution, the Lord have mercy on us! His first threat is;

I'll gash the loud thunder,
With lightnings I'll play
I'll rend the earth asunder,
And kick it away.

That's attempting considerable for one man—however if he has a mind to take the responsibility, and pay the damages, let him smash away—we are not afraid! He next says;

The rainbow I'll straddle,
And ride to the moon;
Or in the ocean I'll paddle,
In the bowl of a spoon.

That won't hurt any body. Go-a-head, old chap; we like to encourage a laudable spirit of adventure.

I'll set fire to the fountain,
And swallow up the fill;
I'll eat up the mountain,
And be hungry still.

Goodness gracious! is there no way to appease his wrath and stay his stomach? Must we suffer all this because he and his girl hav'n't anything to say to each other at the present? No; never! Down with him! we say.

The rain shall fall upwards,
The smoke shall tumble down;
I'll dye the grass purple,
And paint the sky brown.

Hear that? a pretty world this would be, truly, with the rain falling up, and the smoke tumbling down, the grass dyed purple, and the sky painted brown. We might as well live in an old boot with a dirty sole for the earth beneath, and brown upper leather for the heavens above.

The sun I'll put out,
With the whirlwinds I'll play;
Turn day into night,
And sleep it away.

There's no doubt, if he cuts that caper, the

sun will feel as much put out about it as we shall. We leave it to the whirlwinds to say whether they are to be tried with or not; and as to his turning day into night, and sleeping it away, we would just as lief he would as not—if he can do it.

I'll flog the young earthquake,
The weather I'll physic,
Voleanoes I'll strangle,
Or choke with the phthi-sic.

Oh, ho! he dare not flinch with the old he earthquake, and so he threatens to flog 'young'un of the neuter gender! Coward! why don't you take one of your siz'z?

The moon I'll smother
With nightmare and woe;
For sport, at each other,
The stars I will throw;

Serve them exactly right—they have no business to be out when they ought to be a-bed.

The rocks shall be preachers;
The trees do the singin' g.
And clouds shall be teachers;
And the comets go speering.

That's all well enough—except getting the comets upon a spree. We don't like that pretty well.

I'll tie up the winds
In a bundle together,
And tickle their ribs
With an ostrich feather;

Oh, crackey! now he does it! We didn't think it lay in the gizzard of mortal to do half so much.

Really, we think such a desperate and dangerous individual ought to be caught; cast into a spider's web, and a delfy guarded by one flea, two mud-ditoes, and a vigilant wood louse.—There is no knowing what the chap may do.

Randolph Manufacturing Company.

This establishment is situated in the handsome village of Franklinville, on Deep river, in Randolph county. It has done a flourishing business the past year. We are informed that the Company divided 15 per cent. and left 6 per cent. for contingencies. They use 700 pounds of raw cotton per day, and make, in the weaving department, 700 yards of cloth per day. The operatives are all white, and sustain a moral character equal to that of any portion of the surrounding population. The capital of the Company is \$35,000. Cedar Falls Factory, on the river two or three miles above Franklinville; under the immediate superintendence of its proprietor, H. B. Elliot, eq., is likewise doing a good business.—Greensboro' Pat.

Important Improvement in Cotton Spinning—We learn from the New York Post, that Francis McCully, an American by birth, and from his infancy a resident of the town of Paterson in New Jersey, where he has been engaged in the construction of machinery, has recently made an important simplification in the process of spinning cotton. He has invented an improvement of the machine called a Throble which according to the opinion of competent judges, is likely to work a great revolution in the cotton manufacturing business.

The new process requires less than half the power required by the ordinary machine; takes less oil; dispenses with the use of bands, makes a smaller amount of waste; enables one person to attend to a larger number of spindles, yet with all its economy in these several respects, produces more yarn and of a better quality. A small model of the invention; containing about 132 spindles; is now and has been for several weeks in operation at the factory of Gen. Godwin in Paterson, where its utility and success have been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the practical men who have seen it at work. Mr. McCully, the inventor, has already secured patents for his machine in England, France, Belgium, Mexico and this country; and is likely to realize a considerable fortune as well as extensive fame as a mechanic; by his ingenuity.

Another New Invention—The Boston Post of 9th ult. gives this account of an invention which, if successful, is likely to be a formidable competitor to Mr. Morse's magnetic telegraph:

"We were highly entertained yesterday afternoon by an exhibition of an invention for transmitting substances through tubes or pipes, with great velocity. It is the purpose of this invention to transmit letters or packages any distance which may be desired with the rapidity almost of lightning. The process by which this is accomplished is very simple, consisting merely of an air chest, which is charged with air by a force-pump contiguous to the chest. When the chest is sufficiently charged with air, the letter or package is placed in the feeder, and is immediately discharged through the pipe with great velocity and perfect safety. Col. Reed, the inventor, is of opinion that an outlay of \$60,000 would insure the transmission of letters

and packages between Boston and N. York, with perfect safety, in the space of half an hour.

Silk—The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette says:—The improvement in the quality of American Sewing Silks is such, as to lead to a belief that care and application are all that is necessary to insure perfection in the various branches of the silk manufacture in this country. We saw a sample, a few days since, of sewing silk, from the manufactory of Cheney, which, in all respects, was equal to any Italian sewing silk that we had ever seen; and those who used it pronounced it excellent.

Conviction of Fairbank—The trial of Fairbank, the Abolitionist, took place at Lexington, Ky., on the 13th inst. When arraigned, he plead *not guilty* to the several indictments found against him; but after the jury were empanelled and sworn; that plea was withdrawn, and the plea of *guilty* entered, by the desire of the prisoner, who threw himself entirely upon the mercy of the jury. Being allowed to make an address to the jury in his own behalf he avowed himself an Abolitionist, but plead the force of education to palliate the enormity of his offence; which he declared was more plain to him on reflection than heretofore. He also said that were he again free, he would neither countenance or aid the escape of slaves, since he was convinced that although the condition of some might be ameliorated, many where happier as they are, and that such a course only tended to increase the misery and discontent of those who were left behind. The jury sentenced him to five years' confinement in the Penitentiary on each of the three indictments, making *fifteen years* in all; but the judgment of the Court was not pronounced, as his counsel reserved for argument the point, whether he had committed more than one offence, and consequently, whether he could be sentenced to a separate term of confinement on each separate indictment.

From the Raleigh Star.

Highly Important to Farmers—The introduction of the method of grinding corn, cob, shuck and grain, just as it is pulled from the stalk, described in the advertisement of Maj. Collins, in this paper, will form a new era in the agricultural history of the State. If, as is estimated, it is a saving of one-third of what a farmer loses to his stock; it would not be an extravagant calculation to suppose, that it will be to those who avail themselves of it advantages, equal to the addition of one fifth more to their productive force. The very strong recommendation certificate of Wm. Boylan, Esq. whose probity, prudence, and practical good sense are known throughout the State, it seems to us, is sufficient to induce every one who has the means, to secure it for himself without hesitation. We hope it will be every where adopted, and that the enterprising proprietor will be liberally compensated for his laudable efforts to advance the agricultural interests of this old North State.

From the Warrington Reporter.

To cure the putrid Sore Throat, or "Black Tongue."
Take two large handfuls of Red Shank; put in a gallon of water; boil down to a pint; strain it clean, add 3 spoonfuls of Sage juice, 3 spoonfuls of Rum; 3 spoonfuls of sharp Vinegar, 3 thimbles full of fine Salt, the same of Alum; simmer it a little to wash the mouth and throat. For the outward application take Sheep manure and pound it up fine, put in milk and simmer it down to a poultice. If they are very bad or bleed them in the feet—also place a Blister on the back of the Neck. I have tried it.
—SHEM COOK.
Franklinton, Franklin Co., N. C.,
March 1, 1845.

Married for a Joke—A bill has passed the Senate of Missouri, declaring the marriage of Congrave Warner and Elizabeth Crockett null and void. The parties were at a wedding, and upon a banter given, probably by the gentleman, they mounted their horses and rode to a justice's, where the ceremony was performed. Upon their return, and even afterwards, the lady insisted that it was all a joke, and refused to consider it otherwise. The gentleman desired to stand up to the joke, but the lady would not.—Nat. Int.

Advice to the Ladies—A Vermont editor gives this advice to the ladies:—"When you have got a man to the sticking point, that is, when he proposes—don't turn away your head, or affect a blush, or refer him to ps. or ask for more time; all these tricks are understood now; but just look him right in the face, give him a hearty smack, and tell him to go and order the furniture."