

# THE TARBORO' PRESS.

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## 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 CHRISTIAN Parlor Magazine.

The Christian Parlor Magazine is issued monthly, and contains 32 royal octavo pages, making a volume of 384 pages, embellished with a steel and colored engraving, music, &c. Price, \$2.00 a year in advance, \$2.50 if paid after six months.

Any individual sending us five names may have the sixth copy gratis, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

The co-operation of clergymen, and others, favorable to the circulation of such a work, is respectfully solicited.

Communications adapted to the object of the work, will be favorably received.

Newspapers advertising the work and sending us a copy of the advertisement may have the Magazine for one year.

All communications respecting the work may be addressed to D. Mead, No. 148 Nassau street (Tract House.)

Individuals ordering the work will be particular to direct to the office of The Christian Parlor Magazine, 104 Nassau street, New York.

## The N. C. Standard,

W. W. Holden, Editor and Proprietor.

When the undersigned took charge of the Standard, on the 1st of June, 1843, its list numbered about one thousand subscribers. Since that time this number has considerably increased, but it is still insufficient to support such a paper as the democracy of the State desire to have at the seat of government. All the friends of the paper, with whom the undersigned has conversed and corresponded on the subject, think that the list may be increased to at least four thousand. Cannot this be accomplished? The undersigned respectfully submits whether, out of 40,000 democratic voters in North Carolina, there cannot be obtained for the Central Journal a permanent circulation of four thousand copies?

It is needless, perhaps, to say that the Standard will be constantly devoted to the support and promulgation of democratic principles, and that its Editor will labor, month by month, & year by year, with whatever abilities he may possess, to destroy the odious and dangerous doctrines of the Federal party. And it may not be improper to state here, that at a late meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee for North Carolina, a Resolution was passed heartily and entirely approving of the Standard since it has been under the control of the undersigned, and recommending to the party throughout the State the importance of increasing its circulation. The Standard will continue to give attention as heretofore, to miscellaneous reading, and to the general news of the day; and no efforts nor pains will be spared to render it an useful and interesting sheet. To those who, at the commencement of his labors, gave to the undersigned a generous support and confidence, and who continue to cheer him by their patronage and friendship—and indeed to the whole democratic party of the State—he tenders his sincere thanks.

### Terms of the Standard.

For a single copy, three dollars per annum in advance. One copy for two years, or two copies for one year, for five dollars, in advance. For four copies ten dollars; for ten copies twenty dollars—in advance. Any person procuring and forwarding five subscribers with the cash (\$15) will be entitled to the paper one year free of charge.

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN.

April 23d, 1845.

## Notice.

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, bites, piles, corns, and external diseases generally.

The subscriber has just procured a fresh supply of this invaluable Ointment, direct from the Patentee, which he is enabled to sell at greatly reduced prices.

Geo. Howard, Tarboro'.

April 9, 1845.

## POETRY.



The following beautiful song, to the popular air of "Lucy Neal," is from the pen of I. H. McMichael, Esq., of Natchez:

### LUCY LEE.

One by-gone morn, as village bells Rang bright o'er stream and lea, Young Walter breathed a sad farewell To lovely Lucy Lee.

A glossy ringlet next his heart, He braves the stormy sea; The melting sigh—the tearful eye Remain with Lucy Lee.

Oh! poor Lucy Lee, Oh! poor Lucy Lee, The melting sigh—the tearful eye Remain with Lucy Lee.

And gone are years of hopes and fears; From Walter o'er the sea, No tidings came to fan the flame, The light of Lucy Lee.

The flower with perfume scents the heath, Tho' withering it may be; So gently passed the wasted breath Of lovely Lucy Lee.

Oh! poor Lucy Lee, Oh! poor Lucy Lee, So gently passed the wasted breath Of lovely Lucy Lee.

How sadly tolls the village bells! Tho' bush, and flower and tree, Bloom gladly forth, yet every knell Mourns lovely Lucy Lee.

A stranger join'd that tearful train— Young Walter's crossed the sea; Beside her tomb—oft true love's doom!— He weeps for Lucy Lee!

Oh! poor Lucy Lee, Oh! poor Lucy Lee, Beside her tomb—oft true love's doom! He weeps for Lucy Lee.

### THE PARTING.

Saddened are those deep dark eyes—

Tell me why.

Do they mourn for Sundered ties,

Hopes that die?

Gives the heart, with sorrow weary,

To the future still more dreary,

One sad sigh?

Ties we weave we soon must sever,

Such is fate.

And the heart is left forever

Desolate.

Like some calm unruffled ocean,

Dead to every past emotion,

Love or hate.

To me no more as to another

Canst thou be,

Love which sister hath for brother

Bare not me.

Here that dream forever endeth,

Other hopes with friendship blendeth,

Mournfully.

Less, or something more, than friend,

Willt thou be,

Nor doubt, enduring in the end

Trustfully?

Tho' we parting words have spoken,

Still, I owe, through life unbroken,

Love to thee.

## POLITICAL.

### From the Union.

#### TEXAS.

We now run very little risk in congratulating our country upon the cheering prospects of the re-union of Texas. We hope we are not too sanguine in the result. Mr. Hague, the astrologist of Philadelphia, may now safely consult the Horoscope, and calculate the moment of conjunction. The question is nearly safe; and Texas will come into our arms and repose on her legitimate mother, in spite of Mexico or of Great Britain—in defiance of the abolitionists, and in despite of the anti-Texas whigs.

We have just seen very late and important letters from Washington, in Texas, to the 19th of April. One of these letters, from a very intelligent American, runs as follows:

"I find, from the tone of the Richmond Enquirer, and some others, that they are alarmed at the course pursued by the National Register, and that of the Civilian, which are both against annexation. As I before informed you, they are the only papers in Texas against the measure, and I am pleased to see, from the Civilian of the 12th instant, that the editor has changed his course and is now out for it; and the National Register of the 16th inst. says not a word on the subject, which is a strong indication that he, too, will cease to war on the measure; so I hope you will not take

any alarm at the squibs of those newspapers—more especially as the President has convened Congress. That Congress will be, or was at the last session, unanimously in favor of the measure; and I may add, that nine-tenths of the people are for it.

"We look upon the question as now safe. Nothing can defeat it—not even the recognition of her independence by Mexico."

Another letter, from an equally respectable source, of the 18th of April, says:

"Affairs are so far changed, that not a doubt need now be entertained of the success of the measure. The editor of the National Register admits that the question is settled. He is a clever, amiable, promising young man—one of those who will not long stay in the wrong."

At one time, there was some reason for apprehension and doubt. An evident change had come over the "spirit of the dream" of all the executive departments. The British and French ministers had visited Washington. The government paper was in opposition to us on all the points of our basis. The Secretary of State had gone off, then the acting Secretary, Mr. Allen, after him; and then the Secretary of the Treasury. These events are said to have happened the day after Major Donelson's arrival at Washington. Yet President Jones talked kindly, and intimated the course which he has since adopted. Gen. Houston was at Montgomery Court-house. Unfortunately, for the moment, he seemed mysteriously silent, or perhaps indisposed, to annexation. The British minister, (Elliott) it is said, had attempted to profit by this feeling; but it will all be in vain. Gen. Houston will see his own glory, before it will be too late to tarnish it in any degree. The British intrigue will be foiled; and, though an attempt may be made, as we mentioned the other day, to present a counter project of independence, in some form or other, yet it is doubtful whether it will be submitted unconditionally on the part of Mexico. We trust, therefore, that every thing in relation to this long protracted and agitated and agitating question will go off smoothly, and the difficulty be settled forever. We cannot doubt that Gen. Houston now sees, or will soon see, his true interest and his proper course. In vain has he fought the battle of San Jacinto—in vain crowned his brows with brilliant laurels—in vain carved out a name for himself among the great men of the earth, if he now attempts to defeat the reunion of the two republics; and if he should listen to the siren voice and the desperate intrigues of a British minister, who has dared to talk of war between England and the United States, and in conjunction with a nation which is jealous of our power, and envious of our influence. Should such be General Sam Houston's course, his influence must be lessened, to the great regret of every American who respects his services and honors his name. But he cannot fall into such an unfortunate blunder. Let him recollect that *finis coronat opus*—it is the end which crowns the noble work—and act accordingly. The eye of all America is upon him; every heart is anxious to do him justice, and anxious that he should do justice to himself.

In a word, we feel every proper assurance of a glorious consummation of our efforts. As a correspondent from Washington, in Texas, writes on the 17th, "A little light has dawned upon us. The collector on the Sabine is instructed not to press the claim of the United States. The President talks kindly; Congress will soon be here; nine-tenths of the people will ratify the proposals; and Texas will be in the American Union before the first message of President Polk is delivered."

*A scene at the President's house.*—Yesterday morning a man named Milton Fowler, aged about thirty-five years, and apparently deranged in mind, walked, in all the consequence of dignity, into the mansion, carrying under each arm a loaf of bread, and in each hand a bottle of wine. Having deposited his provisions with extreme nicety in a safe place, and after resting a few moments on one of the very softest cushions of the reception room, he began to take a wholesale review of the capacious premises, and appeared extremely pleased with the adornments especially the pier glasses, which reflected his beauty. But, from his manner, every thing belonged to him, "principalities and powers"—and, for fear of innovation and to draw off all rivals, he drew from his pocket a knife, and flourished it, *en militaire*, as he passed through the empty rooms. At last, however, he came to expressly forbidden ground—the private apartment of the ladies—who, having received no card of announcement from the uncouth visitor, and, as a consequence, not expecting his approach, and not being altogether pleased with the manner in which he brandished his weapon, called for assistance; which, happily, was afforded; and their fearful apprehensions were thus removed. Mr. J.

Dexter, one of our most efficient police officers, arrested him, and brought him before J. D. Clark, Esq., who, (the prisoner not being able to give a good account of himself, and in the absence of bail,) committed him to jail to await his trial, on the charge of disturbing the peace, and putting the inmates of the President's house in bodily fear.—*Madisonian.*

### From the Raleigh Register.

"Barney, leave the girls alone."—Two or three persons arrived here yesterday morning in the cars, from Norfolk, Va. in hot pursuit of a man named Pritchett, who had run off with the wife of a Mr. Homes, taking along sundry small trifles such as silver spoons, money, bed furniture, &c. They got upon their track, soon after leaving Norfolk, and followed them to this place, where they were found, living at one of our hotels as man and wife. Pritchett was arrested and brought before the Intendant, for examination, the articles being found in his possession, but he begged so hard to be taken back to Norfolk for trial, that the persons in pursuit, thought it better to save the trouble of the Governor's demand, and acceded to his request—taking back Pritchett, the wife, spoons and all.

We mentioned sometime since that Commodore Elliott had brought from Syria a Sarcophagus, (in Eastern countries, a coffin for the remains of great men,) and had presented it to the National Institute at Washington, with the understanding that it should be used to embalm the body of Gen. Jackson in, when he should shuffle off this mortal coil.

General Jackson was informed of this fact, and of the intention of the Institute to apply it in that way, and he immediately replied to the letter, expressing his grateful thanks for the intended honor, but firmly refusing to accept of it. He says:

"I cannot consent that my mortal remains shall be laid in a repository preparatory to an emperor or a king. My republican feelings and principles forbid it. The simplicity of our system of government forbids it. I have prepared an humble repository for my mortal body beside that wherein lays my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid," &c

### Fayetteville Car.

### From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

*Parricide by an insane Woman.*—On the 2nd inst. a frightful murder was committed in the town of Virgil, about twenty miles from Ithaca, by a Miss Edwards. On the morning of that day she requested her mother to go on an errand to a house a few rods distant from theirs, and whilst she was absent, approached Mr. Edwards, her father, who was shaving, and struck him a violent blow across the back of the neck with an axe. He fell to the floor, his head nearly severed from his body. Having repeated the blow two or three times, she cut his throat with the razor that he had been using. Miss Edwards then called from the door to her mother, and when she returned attacked her with a razor. With the assistance of a little boy, however, it was wrested from her before she had been able to do much more mischief. The reason assigned by the murderer for these dreadful deeds, was that she thought the family had lived long enough, and after killing the other members, she intended to put an end to her own life. Miss Edwards is about 30 years of age, was a member of the Presbyterian church at Virgil, and had about \$2000 at interest, one half of the proceeds of which she annually gave for the support of the minister. She had previously exhibited symptoms of insanity, but not to a degree to alarm her friends.

*Trial for Conspiracy.*—George D. Morse and John M. Morse, colored men, were tried for a conspiracy against Willis Hodges, also colored, charging him with going to the neighborhood of Norfolk, Va. from this city, to induce the slaves to rise and free themselves from the white population in Virginia, destroy them, &c., and writing on to that place to a magistrate, informing him of the insurrectionary intent of Hodges, and causing Hodges, on his visit there, to be arrested and imprisoned on the charge of attempting to make the negroes rise. Witnesses testified to conversations with Hodges relative to a plan which he stated himself and others had matured to get up an insurrection of the blacks in Virginia. The jury found them both not guilty.—*N. Y. Sun.*

*Singular Presentiment.*—Mrs. Dorothy Foss, aged 99 years, died at her residence in Ensor street, near Madison, on Saturday

evening, having lived to see five generations. Mrs. Foss dreamt some nine years since, that she would die on the 5th of April, 1845, & her acquaintances have often heard her state this presentiment. About two years ago, she accidentally fell out of bed, and broke her hip, and otherwise injured herself, so that all hopes of her recovery were given up, but she readily insisted that she would get about again, and not die until the 5th of April, 1845, and singular though it may be, yet such is the fact, she did live until last Saturday, the 5th of April, and died on that day. This is indeed a most singular presentiment fulfilled.

### Ball Republican.

*A Wife nevertheless.*—An examination, resulting in the commitment of the individual, was recently held before Wellington Kent, Esq., of Pawtucket, of Edward Whiteside, charged with uniting a couple in marriage, knowing that he was not lawfully entitled to officiate. It appeared that one Ormerod had persuaded an Irish girl to marry him, and engaged Whiteside to represent himself as a clergyman and perform the ceremony. After living with the girl a few days, he told her of the trick and heartlessly bade her return to her own country and people.—Whiteside was held to bail for the offence in the sum of \$2,000.

Ormerod, however, cannot exonerate himself from the responsibility of committing the girl as his wife. The marriage, though an opinion prevails on the contrary and the law of England favors that opinion, is valid, for by the Revised Statutes of Massachusetts, Ch. 75, s. 24, it is provided that notwithstanding such irregularity no marriage shall be adjudged void which has been consummated, with a full belief on the part of the persons so married, or either of them, that they have been lawfully joined together." So the bitter was bit, and he richly deserved it.—*Phœbian.*

Every printer has felt the inconvenience which the following article is intended to remedy, and all writers for the press, who have occasion to use initials of proper names, should attend to the hint:

I vs. J.—The plaintiff in this case settles forth that J, surreptitiously, and to the great confusion of all printers and other readers of manuscript, and to the serious detriment and disgrace of the said J, hath taken, and doth continually take in chirography or hand writing, the form, fashion, and personal comeliness of the said plaintiff; to which said J is in nowise entitled; and the said plaintiff asketh of the honorable court to wit, public intelligence, that it make an order for the restraining of the said J to his own proper shape whereupon it is ordered that the said J do take and continue his own proper and rightful form; differing from I that it passeth as far below as above the line.—*Expounder.*

*Certain Cure for the St. Anthony's Fire.*—The Greensboro' Patriot says, the following is said by Dr. Hall, of St. Louis, Mo., (who passed through this place a few days since) to be a certain cure for the above named disease:

*The Remedy.*—As soon as any part is affected, rub sweet oil over the affected part thick; then sprinkle fine flour over the oil until a thick coat is formed, cover this coat with cotton batting, and wrap the whole over with a bandage, the object being to keep the air entirely from the affected part. Keep the bowels open; but the best for this is to take the Peruvian bark in wine in such doses as to purge. This remedy hath recently been discovered, and effects a cure in every instance.

Dr. Hall is very anxious that this prescription, which is so simple and effectual, should find its way into the hands of his fellow men.

A practical farmer informs the Hartford Times, that in taking up a fence that had been set fourteen years, he noticed that some of the posts remained nearly sound, while others rotted off at the bottom. While looking for the cause, he found that those posts which were set limb part down, or inverted from the way they grew were sound. Those which were set as they grew were rotted off. This fact is worthy the attention of farmers.

*The Time for Courtship.*—It is when the bright eye of nature sparkles through the warm luxuriance of animated beauty, whose tremulous wing flutters o'er a world of smiling flowers, unfolding their velvet bosoms beneath curls of drooping foliage, gracefully floating to every breeze that plays along the murmuring forests, dimpling the landscapes with those smiles that only live in the bosoms of flowers, when their heart-leaves open to the zephyr's tiny finger, that drops with delicate softness from heaven's azure bosom above!

When you court a maid, you must seek dominion come in her sight; But when you court a widow, you must court her day and night.