

THE TARBORO' PRESS.

Whole No 1003.

Tarborough, Edgecombe County, N. C. Saturday, May 21, 1845.

Vol. XII. No. 21.

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.

To the People of the Eighth Congressional District.

Fellow Citizens, we invite your attention to the following resolution passed by the late Democratic Convention at Washington and offered by Mr. Dewey of Craven:—

“Resolved, that the ‘Tarboro’ Press’ from its zeal and devotion to the advancement of the principles of democracy, is entitled to the support of every democrat, and deserves the especial patronage of this Congressional district, as it is the only democratic paper in its limits, and has sustained itself through all its difficulties.”

We return our sincere thanks to Mr. Dewey particularly and the Convention generally, for this mark of their approbation and esteem. We have labored arduously in the cause of sound principles and expect to do so still, should a kind providence spare us and should our friends mete out to us the patronage, which the only Democratic paper in the District deserves.

The patronage of the Press is very small, but by proper exertions it may be enlarged. In the mean time, we repeat, that the Press will earnestly advocate the claims of Mr. Clark; because, we believe he was fairly—yes, fairly nominated, and if elected will be an honor and ornament to the District. We hope our friends will exert themselves to extend the circulation of the paper.

To effect this object, we propose to furnish the Press for the ensuing three months at 50 cents the single number, or six copies for \$2.50 to clubs—for a year we will furnish six copies for \$10 to clubs.

Those friendly to our paper are earnestly requested to use their influence in our behalf. Our readers will also bear in mind that no postage will be charged on news papers, after the 1st of July next, when not carried by mail over thirty miles.

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, 184 Nassau street, New York.

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, biles, 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.

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

Wormell's superior Russian Cement, for mending glass, china, or crockery ware—a most useful article.

Geo. Howard, Tarboro'.

April 9, 1845.

POETRY.



[SELECTED.]

NOTHING LIKE A MOTHER.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing;
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

A Mother! How her tender arts
Can soothe the breath of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A Mother! When like evening's star,
Her course hath ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regard us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

TO BETSEY S*****S.

u luvly girl I Dus luv yu
Wy carnt yu luv pore i
to git won ki wot wud i du
i think ide ner bout di

u Bets i axed u tu love me
but u told me u kuddent
ide luv u like bark dus a tree
but then u sed i shuddent

i lase my hand rite on my hart
and sez betz i luvz u
an til u takes a worsor part
tu u i will prov tru

o wunst i luvd a nuther girl
Hur name it was murrier
but betsey deer my luv for u
is 45 times hire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

A PRACTICAL STORY PLEASANTLY TOLD.

“A pleasant day this, neighbor Ghaskill,” said one neighbor to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from his wheat crop, by means of a fan.

“Very fine days, friend Alton. Any news?” returned the individual addressed.

“Know nothing of importance; I have called over to see if you would not join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is only two dollars.”

“Nothing cheap that you don't want,” returned Ghaskill in a positive tone. “I don't believe in newspapers; I never heard of their doing any good. If an old stray one happens to get into our house, my girls are crazy after it, and nothing can be got out of them until it's read through. They would not be good for a cent if a paper came every week. And, besides dollars aint picked up in every corn hill.”

“But think neighbor Ghaskill, how much information your girls would get if they had a fresh newspaper every week filled with all the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading it would be nothing to what they would gain.”

“And what would they gain, I wonder!—Get their head filled with nonsensical stories. Look at Sally Black, isn't she a fine specimen of one of your newspaper reading gals? Not worth to her father, three pumpkin seeds. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising little bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could see a change in Sally! She began to spruce up and look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meeting in. After that she must be sent to school again, and that at the very time when she had begun to be worth something about home. And now she's got a forty piano, and a feller comes every week to teach her music.”

“Then you join us neighbor,” Mr. Alton said, avoiding a useless reply to Ghaskill.

“O no. That I will not. Money thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted, I never heard of their doing any good. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your newspaper in my opinion, is a dear bargain, at any price.”

Mr. Alton changed the subject, and soon after left neighbor Ghaskill to his own fancies.

About two months afterwards, however, they again met, as they had frequently done during the intermediate time.

“Have you sold your wheat yet?” asked Mr. Alton.

“Yes.”

“How much did you get for it?”

“Eighty-five.”

“No more?”

“Why, I thought every one knew that the price had advanced to ninety-two cents! To whom did you sell?”

“To Wakeful, the storekeeper in R—. He met me day before yesterday, and asked me if I had sold my crop yet. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price, and I said he might as well have it, as there was doubtless little chance of its rising. Yesterday he sent over his wagon and took it away.”

“That was hardly fair in Wakeful. He knew the prices had advanced. He came to me also and offered to buy my crop at eighty-five cents. But I had just received my newspaper, in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-two, which after some little higgling he was quite willing to give.”

“Did he give you ninety-two cents?” exclaimed Ghaskill, in surprise and chagrin.

“He certainly did.”

“Too bad! too bad! No better than down right cheating, to take such shameful advantage of a man's ignorance.”

“Certainly, Wakeful cannot be justified in his conduct,” replied Alton. “It is not right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But does not any man deserve thus to suffer who remains wilfully ignorant in a world where he knows there are always enough ready to avail themselves of his ignorance. Had you been willing to expend two dollars for the use of a newspaper, for a whole year you would have saved in the single item of your wheat crop, alone, fourteen dollars. Just think of that! Wakeful takes the newspapers, and by watching them closely, is always prepared to make good bargains with some dozen others around here who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only sure avenue of information on all subjects—the newspapers.”

“Have you sold your potatoes yet?” asked Ghaskill with some concern in his voice.

“O no. Not yet. Wakeful has been making me offers for the last ten days. But from the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they must be above thirty cents here.”

“Above thirty! Why I sold to Wakeful for twenty-six cents.”

“A great dunce you were, if I must speak so plainly, he offered me twenty-nine cents for four hundred bushels. But I declined. And I was right. They are worth thirty-one to-day, and at that price I am going to sell.”

“Isn't that too bad!” ejaculated the mortified farmer, walking backwards and forwards impatiently. “There are twenty-five dollars literally sunk in the sea. That Wakeful has cheated me most outrageously.”

“And all because you were too close to spend two dollars for a newspaper. I should call that saving at the spigot and letting out at the bung-hole, neighbor Ghaskill.”

“I should think it was indeed. This very day I'll send off money for the paper, and if any one gets ahead of me again he'll have to be wide awake I can tell him.”

“Have you heard of Sally Black?” asked Mr. Alton after a brief silence.

“No. What of her?”

“She leaves home to-morrow, and goes to R—.”

“Her father takes the paper you know?”

“Yes.”

“And has given her a good education?”

“So they say. But I never could see that it had done any thing good for her, except to make her good for nothing.”

“Not quite so bad as that, friend Ghaskill. But to proceed. Two weeks ago, Mr. Black saw an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to teach music, and some other branches in a seminary at R—. He showed it to Sally and she asked him to ride over and see about it. He did so and returned for Sally and went back again. The Trustees of the seminary liked her very much and engaged her at a salary of four hundred dollars a year. To-morrow she goes to take charge of her classes.”

“You cannot, surely, be in earnest!” farmer Ghaskill said, with a look of profound astonishment.

“It is every word true,” replied Mr. Alton. “And now, you will hardly say that a newspaper is dear at any price, or that the reading of them has spoiled Sally Black.”

Ghaskill looked upon the ground for many minutes. Then raising his head, he half ejaculated with a sigh,

“If I hav'nt been a confounded fool I come plaguy near it! But I'll be a fool no longer. I'll subscribe for a newspaper to-morrow—see if I don't.”

☞The Milwaukee Courier says that William L. Marey, the present Secretary of War of the United States, captured with

his own hand the first British flag that was taken during the war of 1812.

Fayetteville Car.

From the New York Tribune.

ELOPEMENT—FOLLY & CRIME

Troy, April 27th, 1845.

A few days ago a young man in this city by the name of S. Vanderheyden came in to possession of about \$12,000 cash on the day he attained his majority, and the same evening ran away with another man's wife. The woman is Mrs. Wetmore—she is about 21 years old, and has been married five or six years. She is a handsome creature—an accomplished singer and pianist—is very respectably connected, and has moved in good society.

The young man has heretofore borne a good character, is said to have been an obedient and affectionate son, the pride and hope of a widowed mother. He is the victim of seduction; he has fallen a prey to the wiles and arts of a wicked woman. She will probably fawn upon him till his money is gone, and then sell her charms to a rich lover.

From the N. Y. Courier des Etats Unis

Paris is horror-fed just now, with the details of a surgical disclosure, showing the ground of a rumor which has been for some time whispered through the noble circles of Europe. It has been credibly asserted for a year past, that there was, shut up in the Hotel at Berlin, a young Polish Countess, immensely rich, and wanting a husband, but who had the draw-back, (or rather the make draw-back,) of a skeleton head upon an otherwise healthy body! The story has been somewhat doubted, but a celebrated surgeon, Frickenback, has lately published an account, which we condense as follows:

On a certain evening three persons called on this celebrated practitioner. An Italian and a Polish gentleman came forward, leaving a veiled lady in the back ground. On retirement of the other two, the ineognita timidly looked round, advanced hesitatingly, and finally uncovered her head. A man whose profession was to look on horrible scenes was not likely to be easily moved, but from what now met his sight, he started back with a scream of fright and horror. A grinning skeleton, with the bones of the head scarcely covered with a reddish epidermis, stood before him. The tongue lay entirely visible, and the passages of the nose and throat without a covering. In the attempt to speak, the tongue played like a serpent half protruded from a corpse. The eyelids were turned inside out, and of the upper jaw there remained but a small portion, entirely deprived of teeth.

Such was the portrait of a lady of 18, daughter of one of the most brilliant and wealthy families of Europe, who has been to this degree a victim to scrofula!

The surgeon goes on to narrate that he could not, at midnight, when this interview took place, stand without almost intolerable dread before this frightful apparition, but she made an attempt at last to speak to him. It was an appalling attempt at utterance. She pointed with frantic vehemence at his nose. He at last comprehended that she wished a surgical supply of this member to her denuded face, but he shook his head in despair. The scene of abandonment to grief which immediately followed, was, he declares, wholly indescribable. She threw herself on the floor in an agony of convulsive despair.

The surgeon departed next day for Vienna and thither the lady followed him. Another interview with her and some of her relatives, ended in his giving his attention to see what could be done. He called together a few mechanical artists, and the first results were a false palate and set of teeth which enabled her to chew and articulate distinctly. After a few months more he succeeded in drawing the skin over a frame nose, and finally he has sent her into the world, not beautiful, but at the same time not hideous. She frequents balls and operas without a veil, & by the aid of flowers in her hair and other adornments passes without attracting extraordinary notice in public. It is said to be one of the greatest triumphs ever attained in the surgical and mechanical arts. The lady's hand is now open to competition.

From the Fayetteville Carolinian.

Baptist Church.—A Convention of Southern Baptists assembled at Augusta, Ga., on the 7th inst., for the purpose, we believe, of taking into consideration a separation from the northern wing of the church. A difference has arisen among the northern and southern Baptists upon the same subject (slavery) which is about to cause a division of the Methodist Episcopal church of the north and south. We find the case stated thus by a correspondent of the Charleston Mercury:

“The Baptists have for a long time been carrying on missionary operations through a ‘Triennial Convention,’ representing all the States. This Convention has a ‘General Board,’ which meets annually; also an ‘Acting Board,’ to sit at all times as occasion may require. But twelve months ago the Triennial Convention declared its intention to remain ‘neutral’ on the slavery question. The Acting Board, after the adjournment of the Convention, replied to the interrogatory of the Alabama church—that it could not consent to the appointment of a slaveholder to any field of foreign missionary labors. This Board is charged with all such appointments, and southern money has been for years and years going to support its operations.

The General Board has been lately occupied in examining this decision. They have been in session at Providence, R. I. Messrs. Jeter and Taylor, of Virginia, attended the meeting, and are here to report the results. They left the meeting in session. Dr. Wayland, President of the Triennial Convention, was understood to be opposed to the decision of the Board. He offered a resolution to that effect, but it was not thought at all probable that it would be carried. Amendment after amendment was tacked on to it, and the impression seemed to be that the Board would be sustained, or at most but slightly censured, just enough to save appearances.”

The Convention at Augusta has determined to organize a separate society for the propagation of the gospel, and committees were appointed to draw up a scheme, and make all the necessary arrangements for enabling the Baptist church of the south to act separately and independently of the same denomination of the north.

The M. E. church.—A Convention of the Methodist Episcopal church met at Louisville, Ky., on the 1st of May, for the purpose of arranging a separate southern organization of that church, and no doubt the object has been accomplished.—ib.

Infidel Convention.—A meeting of infidels, mainly delegates, from various parts of our country, convened at the Coliseum, in New York, on Sunday. We understand says the Tribune, that ten States were represented. The number present must have been about five hundred, of whom probably one-half were delegates. A committee was first raised to nominate officers, and during its absence for consultation, Robert Owen, (the Socialist) being loudly called for, addressed the assembly in opposition to the name ‘Infidels,’ recommending as a substitute thereof, ‘friends of universal mental freedom and unlimited charity.’ A number of the delegates were opposed to having their names published, and withdrew them. Julia A. Collins (the socialist) and a number of ‘ladies and gentlemen,’ figured at the meeting. Some of the speeches show quite as much zeal, and no little of the bitterness of sectarian feeling which they denounce so much in others.—Judge Herttelt, of New York, was appointed president; Wm. C. Bell, of Kentucky, and nine others from different States, vice presidents; James M. Becker, of Massachusetts, as secretary, (two assistants) and Thomas Thomson, of New York, as treasurer.—Balt. Sun.

Heart-Rending Affair.—We learn, says the Cincinnati Commercial, that a most heart-rending affair took place at Columbus, O. on Saturday last. A young man, that place was crossing the Miami river on horseback, with his intended wife, a lovely girl, when the latter's horse stumbled and she fell into the water. Her lover hastened to her assistance, when she threw her arms around his neck. The current carried them both into deep water; both were drowned, while locked in each other's arms. On Sunday the body of the young man had been recovered, and between one and two thousand persons were gathered to search for the other.

Artificial Arm.—A tailor by the name of William Dodd, informs the Boston Transcript, that having lost his right arm below the elbow joint, he had manufactured a very simple arm which looks quite natural, & has enabled him, since July last, to make with it fifty-two coats of various descriptions. He is very willing to show it to any one who has had a like misfortune.

New Bedford has been scourged with the scarlet fever especially among the children. The Bulletin speaks of no less than twenty-five bodies waiting for interment at the same time, on one day of last week.

Not a Marrying Man.—A western contemporary who is an incorrigible bachelor, says that he is opposed to uniting the marrying with the printing interest—as, during these hard times, he finds it as much as he can do to issue a single sheet, without being bothered with little extras.