

THE TARBORO' PRESS.

Whole No 1114.

Tarborough, Edgecombe County, N. C. Saturday, July 31, 1847.

Vol. XIII. No. 31.

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 with 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.

New and Beautiful

Spring and Summer

MILLINERY, &c.

Mrs. A. C. HOWARD,

HAS just received her Spring supply of Goods, which as usual comprises a general assortment of the most neat, useful and ornamental articles, in the

Millinery line.

All of which will be sold on her usual liberal and accommodating terms. Tarboro', April 24, 1847.

Just Received,

AND FOR SALE BY

RBIDGERS & PENDER,

3500 lbs Baltimore castings, consisting of pots, ovens, spiders and skillets. ALSO, a large quantity of Swedes Iron, from 1 1/2 inches to 8 inches wide; round and square do.; nail, rod, and hoop do.; German Steel &c. &c.

Sugar, Coffee and Molasses,

Mrs. Miller's Snuff. Stocked and unstocked Ploughs, Heels, points and wings, Spades, shovels and hoes, Collins' broad and narrow Axes, Chopping Hatchets of all sizes, Cooper's tools of every description. Tarboro', April 6, 1847.

The Graefenberg

Vegetable Pills.

20,000 boxes sold each and every week!!

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY hereby give notice that their General Agent for the State of North Carolina is Col. Wm. Jones, Louisburg, Franklin county.

The General Agent is fully prepared to appoint sub-agents wherever there is no branch of the Company; either on personal application or by mail, post paid. The rapid sale of these celebrated Pills, and the extraordinary cures they are constantly effecting, render them, by far, the most popular pill of the age. An Agency will consequently be very valuable.

The Graefenberg pills are inconceivably superior to any ever before discovered. In all bilious complaints; in general derangement of the system; in all disorders which result from a bad state of the blood, these pills are a sovereign remedy.

In the class of diseases called chronic, the Graefenberg pills achieve their highest triumphs. Here they defy all competition. Entering within the hidden recesses of the system, they quietly but surely purify the blood, root out disease, and give tone and vigor to the body.

CURES are constantly EFFECTED By these pills, in cases where every other means had utterly failed. The most abundant proof of this could be given, but a trial of one box will convince the patient. They can be ordered and sent by mail, at trifling expense. The price is 25 cents a box. Where two dollars worth are ordered and money remitted, the Company will pay the postage on the pills. Remittances at the Company's risk. Wherever there is no Agency of the Company, they can be ordered by mail.

These pills are taking the place of all others, and no sick person should be without them.

ALL BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, Bowel complaints, constipation, Dyspepsia, Fever & Ague, Headache, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, all stomach complaints, green sickness, &c. &c. yield at once to these pills. They purge away offensive humors, arrest the progress of disease, and at the same time restore tone and vigor to the system. In cases of general derangement of the health, they are SOVEREIGN.

BY THEIR USE,

the weak will become strong; the pale and bilious complexion be restored to a perfectly fresh and healthy color; all the bad symptoms will one by one disappear.

In short, these pills are an inconceivable advance upon any other medicine ever before offered to the public. A TRIAL WILL SATISFY ANY ONE OF THIS.

Geo. HOWARD, Agent.
Tarboro', July 2.

POETRY.

FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

"YOUTH

Is a flower, of which love is the fruit; happy is he, who, after having watch'd its silent growth, is permitted to gather and call it his own. Love is never the fruit of age, because age hath no flower from which it can spring—least of all where it hath been blighted in the flower.

"No more—no more—oh! never more on me,

The freshness of the heart can fall like dew;

Which out of all the lovely things we see, Extracts emotions beautiful and new.

"Days of my cherish'd youth, farewell, Ye fleeting joys adieu, Hence memory, hence thy potent spell Cease on the happy past to dwell, No vain regrets renew.

Hope, joy and love, ye spectres bright, ye vanish'd shades, adieu.

"Thoughtless and young, a wreath of flowers

Around my brow I bound; And fondly sought those blooming bowers,

Where circled by the laughing hours, I dream'd that love was found.

Fancy and hope before me flew and scattered fragrance round.

"Days of my cherish'd youth farewell, To you, I bid adieu;

No more of early scenes ye tell, Where all unheard times footsteps fell, And all unheeded flew.

Dreams of the morn of life farewell, a long, a last farewell."

POLITICAL.



From the Raleigh Standard.

Opposition to Conventions—This Congressional District.

It is a notorious fact, that the cry against Conventions of the people to nominate Candidates for stations of honor and trust, comes in nearly every instance from the interested few, who imagine that they have been slighted, or that the claims of their friends have been overlooked. This cry finds but a feeble response from the masses, for the reason that the people are devoted to principles, and can take but little interest in the personal claims or demands of politicians. Both parties have resorted to Conventions—both have found them necessary, useful, and proper; and they have been resorted to, as we have often said & proved heretofore, not for the purpose of advancing or honoring a particular clique or set of men, but to unite all portions of the party on some agent to carry out principles. Who that agent or representative shall be, is properly a question before the Convention has acted; but after action, and after a fair hearing of all sides, that man who refuses to yield to the will of the majority, throws himself in the way of the triumph of his party, and, consequently, of its principles, and by so doing, aids and assists the common adversary: In union there is strength. How shall union be attained? How has it been done heretofore by the Democratic party? Has it been accomplished by voting for two or three Candidates in a Congressional District for two or three in a County, where only one or two could be chosen, or for a number of Candidates for President? Unquestionably not. It has been done by Conventions; and at this moment the Democratic party and the people of this Republic, owe the modification of the Tariff of 1842, the establishment of the Independent Treasury, the death-blow which a mammoth National Bank has received, and the present unexampled prosperity of the country, to the action of the Baltimore Convention, which nominated James K. Polk. And how was North Carolina represented in that Convention? By eight or ten Delegates; these spoke for a great State, and their advice was taken by the party; but now it seems that the advice of

forty or fifty Delegates, given in a Convention of seven Counties in favor of a Candidate for Congress, is to be scouted and trampled on! Suppose New York and other States had run Mr. Van Buren in opposition to Mr. Polk, and the party had been thus divided—does any one believe Mr. Polk would have been elected? No. Henry Clay would have gone into power, and the country would at this moment have been groaning and struggling under the Federal yoke. Look, then, in this instance, to say nothing of others, at the rich fruits of a Convention of the party, and say, if you can, that the principle of Conventions is not a good one—say, if you can, that there is safety in opposing the nominees of your party, and that you run no risk, when you divide your votes and place yourselves at the tender mercies of the Federal party. United, we stand—divided, we fall! Let every true Democrat in this Congressional District remember that.

And how, we would most respectfully ask, do the personal friends of Mr. Arrington expect to elect that gentleman to Congress? Do they calculate upon a sufficient number of Democratic votes to effect that object? No—they look and he looks to the whig vote, and without that vote he knows he stands no chance. Well, then, what are the Democrats going to do? Will the Nash Democracy vote with the whigs? Will they contribute to achieve a Whig triumph? Will they say, it is true we are good Democrats and love our good cause dearly, but we love Mr. Arrington better? And will they, saying this, and doing this, unite with that gentleman in efforts to strike down the only great feature in our organization which has heretofore given success and permanency to our principles? We cannot believe they will. We learn that the "sober second thought" is doing its work in that stronghold of the Democracy; that as the election approaches the Republicans of that County are more and more impressed with a sense of the great interest at stake; and that the probability is, that a majority of their votes will be cast for Mr. Daniel. That would be a noble result—it would place the Democrats of that County on the highest round of honor's ladder. It would show to the world that they indeed prefer principles to men, and that through all changes and all trials they are still fast anchored to their cause and to the usages which sustain it.

And to the Democrats of the whole District we would say, work is to be done! You have, it is true, a large majority, but in that fact, permit us to say, you must look for danger. Who the whigs will vote for we cannot say, but we know, from all past experience, what they will do. They will either rally en masse upon the strongest "independent" Candidate, or they will start a man of their own party a few days before the election. One thing or the other, beyond question—brother Democrats, be warned in time! If the leaders here say Toole, then Toole it will be; if Arrington, then Arrington it will be; but if Miller, or George W. Hayward, or Thomas, of Franklin, or Gee, of Halifax, they will drop both Arrington and Toole, and rush in solid phalanx to the polls to vote for their own candidate. Let them do this—let them vote for a man of their own, and let our party be divided upon Daniel, Arrington, and Toole, and what will the result be? Won't they beat us? Look, for an answer, to the "Little Tennessee" District in Virginia. There the Democratic majority was some three thousand, but our party had two or three candidates in the field; and but a day or two before the election a whig was brought out. That whig was elected; and he will go to Washington City to oppose the Democratic policy, to vote for another high Tariff and for a National Bank, and to unite with his brethren in pronouncing the Mexican war "unjust, unrighteous, and damnable." How would the Democrats of Franklin, Edgecombe, and Nash, like to be represented in Congress by such a man?

Again we say, work is to be done! If the Democrats intend to succeed at all hazards and over all opposition, they must burn out and go to the polls; and not only that, they must do their duty on the day of the election. Let them see that the people are supplied with tickets of the

right sort, and let our leading friends be at their respective precincts at an early hour in the day, to stimulate the lukewarm, to meet the sophistries and false charges of the opposition, and to rush in the votes. Let each and every Democrat do his duty, and success is certain.

From the Florida Democrat.

FOURTH OF JULY AT THE NAVY YARD.

The glorious Anniversary of American Independence was appropriately celebrated by the citizens of the Navy Yard and vicinity, by a public dinner given to our esteemed fellow citizen John Fisher—"uncle Jack," as he was familiarly known amongst his compatriots in Mexico. The dinner was a sumptuous one, and passed off in a style truly creditable and pleasant to all. The day was most propitious and the grove in which the table was spread a most delightful spot.

Mr. J. A. Baughey was called to preside, and Mr. Morrill to assist as Vice President, and Mr. E. C. Parkhurst appointed reader of the Declaration of Independence.

After the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the President requested Mr. B. J. Bell to address the assembly, who complied in the following happy and appropriate manner, which was received with hearty cheers:—

Friends and Fellow Citizens: You have imposed a duty upon me as difficult to perform as it is embarrassing to undertake. For the first time in my life, I rise to address a public assembly, and if I should fail in my purpose to entertain you in the manner expected of me, I beg you will pardon the effort. The compliment thus conferred in calling upon me to address you has been unexpected as it is undeserving, but if you will take the will for the deed it shall not be said that I was wanting in just appreciation of so flattering a compliment, so I will endeavor to make a few brief remarks.

In thus tendering, my friends, this public demonstration of our admiration and esteem for our distinguished guest, Jack Fisher, we should have selected an organ before coming here through whom to express our feelings, and to preface our meeting with the appropriate and customary address. But instead of doing so we have come hither preferring to be our own Orators. Doubtless you all know, fellow citizens, what brought us here to-day, and from the brightness of an unclouded Sun, from whose burning rays we are sheltered by these stately oaks it is at once made manifest that we have assembled for a good, glorious, and holy cause. We have come hither to meet our worthy friend and guest Jack Fisher, and to participate in this our humble offering as a tribute of respect. We have come here to meet a man whose face depicts the sorrows of hard and arduous services rendered to his country. We have come here to meet a face familiar, I presume, to us all. In a few words, we have come here to make this humble demonstration as the only method allowed us of expressing the love and gratitude we feel and owe to him whose life has been jeopardized for the good of his country. With a conscious assurance, therefore, that I but speak the sentiments which now pervade the bosom of every one present, we greet our honored guest with a hearty welcome—we welcome our citizen soldier, Jack Fisher, back to his friends—"with glad tidings of great joy."

When the sound of the war trumpet was first echoed in our little state, our distinguished guest quickly rallied to the standard of his country's arms, giving up all, forsaking home, friends and all that was dear to him on earth to oppose the enemies of his common country. With no other aspirations but that of serving in an humble capacity, Jack Fisher went forth at the first call and enrolled his name among the brave veterans who have since traversed the plains of our enemy's country and altho' providence has spared him to visit once more his friends, yet the bones of many of his brave companions in arms, whose blood has crimsoned its soil.

It has not been the good fortune of our hero to have been thrown in a position like many others to bear off any particular

mark of distinction, but with the vigilance of the watchful and starving eagle, soaring for the destruction of his prey, Jack Fisher has sought his enemy—He has scoured the enemy's country in quest of the object of his pursuit; he has unceasingly subjected his life to the dangers of an inclement and unhealthy climate; he has patiently endured without a murmur all the vicissitudes and privations of a soldier's life. Yes, he has hazarded his all, and for what? Was it in expectation of gain or self aggrandizement? No, my friends, it was merely to sustain the dignity, honor and glory of his country. No sinister motives led him to the field of battle. No other ambitious aspirations above the gratification of true patriotism induced him to place his life, as he did, at the disposition of his country. He went forth and tendered his services in the capacity of an humble private. He faithfully performed his duties as such, and now comes back to his friends and adopted State, not crowned with the glory of having slain thousands of his enemies, but he comes to us as justly deserving as though he had been the sole conqueror of Mexico! He comes to us, my friends, worn down by fatigue, amaciated by disease, and self sacrificed by hard and arduous service in his untiring and unceasing exertions to serve his country. We greet his coming with joy and say well done thou good and faithful servant, for thou must ever hold a place in the hearts of your countrymen which time cannot efface.

I deem it not amiss to mention that while we claim our guest as one and the only volunteer from our State, methinks that Alabama would and very justly too, contest the validity of our claim.

Eager to reach the camp of Gen'l Taylor, and no field offering for him to volunteer from this State, Jack Fisher left for Alabama; where he persevered until he availed himself of an opportunity of joining the brave Regiment from that State. Little upwards of 12 months since, while in Mobile, curiosity led me to visit the camp of volunteers then waiting to be mustered into service. In looking around me, my eyes rested, to my great surprise, upon the man now honoring us with his presence. I sought him and took him by the hand, as I thought for the last time, but he has since battled with the enemies of his country, undergone all possible hardships, and comes back unscathed, except by disease contracted in the service of his grateful country. Thrice welcome do we welcome our honored guest!

I refrain, my friends, from making any allusion to the justness or unjustness of the existing war. Our people are much divided upon this subject, and I could extend my remarks to a limit beyond your patience to endure, were I to go into detail, but I will not.

In conclusion, allow me, to thank you, for your kind attention, and may the motto which has characterized our distinguished guest, be the motto of every man in our glorious Republic. What ever the cause involving us in war with a foreign country—we go for our country, right or wrong—Our country first, and our country last—Our country always, be the consequences what they may.

A correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Naples, says:

I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Risley and his family last evening, at tea, at Mr. Polk's residence. The Professor has a rich fund of anecdotes. He related one incident too good to be lost. When he was at Venice, an American captain and an Englishman met at dinner. "You are an American sir?" said the Englishman.

"I reckon I am," returned the captain.

"You have the name of being great warriors?"

"Yes," says the Yankee, "we shoot pretty well."

"Well, how is it you are so anxious to make peace with Mexico?" this does not appear much like *spunk!*

"Yes," "Well I don't know what our folks have offered to do with Mexico; but stranger, I'll tell you one thing—I'll bet I'd if we ever offered to make peace with you."

This home thrust at the Englishman, set the whole table in an uproar of laughter.