

THE TARBOROUGH PRESS

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The Tarborough Press,

By GEORGE HOWARD, JR.

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Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted at One Dollar the first insertion, and 25 cents for every succeeding one. Longer advertisements at that rate per square. Court Orders and judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher.

NEWS FROM THE CANADA LINE.

The following is from a highly respectable merchant:

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—I am very glad to inform you that your medicines are going very fast. Indeed I feel much encouraged from the good account I get of all who are using them. The SANA-TIVE PILLS are selling beyond any thing of the kind in the country. Every one seems to praise them as well as the other medicines.

The ALTERATIVE is going very well. I am nearly out of the TONIC VERMIFUGE, having only 4 or 5 bottles left. The call for ten days past has completely astonished me. The HAIR TONIC is doing wonders here:—a gentleman whose head has been bald for 15 or 20 years, has his hair nearly half an inch long, and has only used one bottle. My wife began to use the HAIR TONIC shortly after I received it, to prevent her hair from falling off, and only used it twice a week. It not only stopped her hair from falling off, but has produced new hair three inches long by the use of three bottles. Every one is pleased with it that has used it. Yours,

T. C. BUTLER.

Derby Line, Vt., Jan. 29, 1846.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

The following letter is from a highly respectable merchant, dated

Lewistown, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1844.

Dr. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir: It is said by Physicians, and is by the mass of mankind believed, that Consumption cannot be cured—that when once it becomes seated in the human system, nothing can eradicate or stay its progress. But that it will continue the work of destruction until its victim sinks into the grave.

However true this may be in theory, I am disposed to doubt it in fact; indeed, my own experience, and a desire to benefit others, compels me to pronounce the assertion untrue. You will probably recollect, sir, that in the beginning of 1840 I wrote to you, stating that I had the Consumption, and that it was fast hurrying me to the grave. I did not then, nor do I now doubt, every symptom was too painfully visible. My Physicians considered me incurable, but the advice which I asked of you was given, and I am happy to say that by using a few bottles of your incomparable medicine—the EXPECTORANT, I was restored, and never in my life have I enjoyed better or more uninterrupted health than since that time. If you should see me now, you would not imagine by my appearance that I had ever been sick, much less that I had had the Consumption, but that I am still living, I ascribe wholly and entirely to your EXPECTORANT.

LEONARD SHEPPARD.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, Philadelphia, and sold on agency by

GEORGE HOWARD.

Tarboro', Nov. 9, 1847.

Names and Prices of Dr. D. Jayne's

FAMILY MEDICINES, viz:

Jayne's Expectorant, per bottle, \$1 00
 " Hair Tonic, " 1 00
 " Tonic Vermifuge, " 0 25
 " Carminative Balsam, large, 0 50
 " " small, " 0 25
 " Sanative Pills, per box, 0 25
 " American Hair Dye, 0 50
 " Alterative, " 1 00
 " Aque Pills, " 1 00

For sale in Tarboro' by

GEORGE HOWARD.

October 5, 1847.

New Arrangement.

THE STAGE

From Rocky Mount to Washington, COMMENCED running on the 1st instant under the new schedule, viz: leaving Rocky Mount on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 o'clock A. M., and arriving at Washington before 11 o'clock P. M. same day—leaving Washington at 4 o'clock A. M. on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, and arriving at Rocky Mount before 5 o'clock P. M. in time to passengers going North to take the Wilmington train of cars the same day.

GEORGE HOWARD.

Tarboro', Nov. 4, 1847.

POETRY.



From the Washington Democrat.

MACHINE POETRY.

"Pompey, is that machine in good order to-day?"

"I tink him is, massa, and will grind in a fuss."

"Very well: give it a few turns, and we shall soon see the grist."

"Yes, massa."

DID YOU EVER KNOW?

To any known or unknown tune.

Did you ever know an oysterman that liked to wear a wig—

Did you ever know an Irishman that didn't keep a pig—

Did you ever know an alderman that didn't love his belly,

And like to line it lustily with beef & Guava jelly?

No, no! you never heard such stuff—I say it plain and flat—

But if you have, say not a word, and only "take my hat!"

Did you ever know a doctor wise, that caused a patient's death—

Did you ever know a parson preach himself quite out of breath—

Did you ever know a lawyer plead, with all his legal might,

His client's cause as being wrong—his adversary's right!

No, no! you never, &c.

Did you ever know a patent drug not warranted to cure—

Did you ever know of Port wine sold for any thing but pure—

Did you ever know a merchant say, without some fear or favor,

His goods were not so good as those just offered by his neighbor!

No, no! you never, &c.

Did you ever know a man of rhyme, but thought himself a poet—

Did you ever know a man run mad, that could be made to know it—

Did you ever know an officer, on regimental day, but what he could, with his good sword, a valiant ferman slay!

No, no! you never, &c.

Did you ever know a candidate that never told a lie—

Did you ever know a child, when whipped, that couldn't raise a cry—

Did you ever know an arrant rogue believe himself a sinner,

And visit the confessional instead of eating dinner?

No, no! you never, &c.

Did you ever know a bachelor that thought himself too old—

Did you ever know a ternaunt that thought herself a scold—

Did you ever know of married folks, in Hymen's silken fetter,

But thought, if they could try again, they surely could do better?

No, no! you never, &c.

Did you ever know a girl of sense that liked to follow fashion—

Did you ever know an antique maid that never felt a passion—

Did you ever know a pretty girl, that quite performed her duty,

But thought herself, above all girls, a paragon of beauty!

No, no! you never, &c.

Did you ever know a boy half grown, but thought himself a man—

Did you ever know a blooming face to hide behind a fan—

Did you ever know a girl in love, when questioned apropos,

Could sigh and shut her eyes and say, "You ugly fellow, No!"

No, no! you never, &c.

"Dat, I tink is fuss rate—I turn de machine agin for you by'mby."

"No, no! you never heard such stuff—I say it plain and flat—

"But if you have, say not a word, and take de nigger's hat!"

"Ya! Ya!! Ya!!!—Get out de way—Whew!"

BONES.

Washington, N. C. Jan'y 18th, 1848.

POLITICAL.



From the Union.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

We understand the democratic members of Congress felt some delicacy in meddling, in the slightest degree, with the National Convention. But, when they found themselves appealed to upon the time and place of its meeting by various meetings of the people, and when they found the State Convention of Georgia invoking their interposition, they could not reconcile it to themselves to abstain altogether from ex-

pressing some opinion upon the question. They accordingly met and conferred together; and the result is now laid before our readers—being a respectful recommendation to the democrats of the Union to meet, as of old, according to the usages of their party, at the usual place and time of meeting. In taking this course, they do not pretend to dictate to their fellow-citizens, but most respectfully recommend the former course of the democratic national convention to the adoption of their republican brethren. The following is the official account of the proceedings of the meeting of the republicans of both houses on Monday night:

Democratic National Convention.—Meeting of the Democratic Senators and Members.—At a meeting of the democratic Senators and members of the House of Representatives, held in the Senate Chamber of the United States, on the evening of the 24th of January, 1848,

Gen. Sam. Houston, Senator from Texas, was called to the chair; and

Mr. Richard Brodhead, of the House of Representatives, from Pennsylvania, appointed Secretary.

Mr. Sevier, of Arkansas, from the joint committee appointed at a previous meeting, reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That it be respectfully recommended to our democratic friends throughout the Union, to hold the proposed National Convention, for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, at the usual time and place, to wit: on the 4th Monday of May next at Baltimore.

Mr. Thompson of Mississippi, moved to strike out Baltimore; which motion, after some discussion, was not agreed to.

Mr. Bradbury, of Maine, moved to strike out the 4th Monday of May, and insert the 4th of July; which motion, after some discussion, was also decided in the negative.

The resolution submitted by Mr. Sevier was then unanimously adopted.

On motion of Mr. Turner, of Illinois, it was

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the officers; and that all the democratic editors be respectfully requested to publish the same.

SAM. HOUSTON, Chairman.

Richard Brodhead, Secretary.

The Toast of the Brave General Shields.—At the great celebration of the 8th of January, in Washington, the following toast was proposed by the heroic General Shields:

The Union of the Northern and Southern Democracy.—They united in shedding their blood together in battle; only let them be united in maintaining the integrity and glory of our free institutions, and the Democratic party will always be triumphant.

At a time when Faction seeks to strike down the glorious ensign of the Union, such a sentiment is full of irresistible power. It speaks to the hearts of the people. It shows at a glance, how much we should lose by perilling the Union, and how much we should suffer in maintaining it.—Why, then, should not the Democrats, North and South, unite for the common cause? There is no strife between us. If there had been, it would have been washed out by the precious blood which flowed in the valley of Mexico, where the three great States alluded to by General Shields, united and perilled all to save the honor of the nation. That was a great and glorious sacrifice which gave so much of their best blood for the sake of the country. Is it not, therefore, an easy thing for us to bear and forbear a little in our own way, and in the more peaceful walks of life, for the same glorious cause? Why shall we endanger by quarrels in Congress, and in the press, what thousands would give their lives to save? Let the sentiment of the brave Shields be our motto, and all will be well.

Pennsylvanian.

From the Petersburg Republican.

The Order of the Day.—The political world is at this moment productive of the most interesting problems. The Mexican war—its causes, progress, and consequences—the Wilmot Proviso, with the whole series of resolutions to which it has given birth—the measures necessary for prose-

cutting the war with vigor—the policy of a defensive line—the extent of territorial indemnity which we ought to claim—the propriety of throwing before the country, in the midst of a foreign war, the instructions which have been given by the President for accomplishing a treaty of peace—these, and a variety of other questions, are filling the public mind and addressing the public ear. But the great lion of the day appears to be the presidential question. Who is the favorite candidate of the Whigs? Will Mr. Clay abandon the course to General Taylor? Will the friends of the General submit his claims to a national convention, or attempt to supersede such a reference by means of separate State conventions? If they go into a national convention, will they accompany his nomination with a declaration of the old whig principles; or will they attempt to smuggle him into the presidential chair under the cover of his being a "no-party" candidate? These and other speculations are rife in Washington; and they are no doubt increased by the presence of Mr. Clay in this city.

We do not, of course, profess to see behind the whig curtains. We do not pretend to know what they mean to do, and probably they do not yet know themselves. It is rumored, however, that Mr. Clay will not be ruled off the course without strenuous opposition; that many of his former friends are determined to adhere to him with scrupulous fidelity; and that neither he nor they will acquiesce in any nomination which is not sanctioned by a national convention, which will not only select the candidate, but announce the whig principles on which alone they can consent to support him.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for these rumors. But it is certain that many of General Taylor's friends are zealous and active in his favor; and that many of the most decided and thoroughgoing Clay whigs, as they were once called, are organizing for the support of Gen. Taylor.

Military Orders.—It is stated in despatches from Washington that orders have been received from General Scott, requesting officers of the army now in the United States, on leave of absence, to return to the seat of war at the earliest practicable day, and resume their respective commands in the army.

Washington letter-writers says that there is an authorized agent in that city from the State of Yucatan, with propositions for annexation. They further say, that the said agent has had interviews with Mr. Polk and the Secretary of State, and that they discourage the project.

The Attack on Col. Miles' Train.—We have received a file of the Vera Cruz Free American, to the 10th of January. We find the following in relation to the recent attack of guerillas on the Col. Miles' train, from which it will be seen that the worthy Col. is in no manner regarded at Vera Cruz as responsible for the result of the affair:

"The pack mules which were captured by the guerillas on Tuesday last, were the property of merchants of this city, many of them Mexicans. Does not this show at once, that it is not patriotism that guides these scoundrels? They knew that the property of the United States was in advance, and took good care not to show themselves; but when that of their own countrymen passed by them, escorted by a few men, which the commander of the train had generously detailed to protect it, then they cowardly attacked them, and robbed their friends!"

Petersburg Rep.

Mysteries of the Army.—We find this in the St. Louis Republican. A correspondent yesterday alluded to the circumstance of a female having been discovered in the character of a soldier, at Fort Mann, the headquarters of the Indian battalion under Col. Gilpin. Another letter informs us that this woman was regularly mustered into service as a member of Capt. Haltzschelzer's company, from St. Louis. At Fort Leavenworth. The company to which she was attached left Fort Leavenworth on the 8th of October, and she remained with it until the *denouement*, took place, late in November. It is said that she was enrolled as a private under the patronage of one of the Lieutenants of the

company, and that she was afterwards detailed as a cook to the Lieutenants' mess, and remained in that situation until the 28th of November, when she was discharged from the army, and took up her march home in a return train, still in male attire.

Lieut. Cantwell.—It affords us no little pleasure to observe that the gentleman whose name heads this article, has achieved some laurels in the Mexican war. Mr. Cantwell is well known in this community; and it will no doubt gratify his numerous friends in this place to hear of his bravery and daring courage. We extract the following from a letter received by a gentleman in Charleston, from a Surgeon in Major Lally's command, dated Castle of Perote, Nov. 20, '47. Speaking of the battle at the National Bridge, between the Mexicans and Major Lally's forces, the writer says:

"We encountered the enemy at the river Tolome on the 10th August, in strength more than double our numbers—on the 12th at the National Bridge, where we fought five hours. Our loss in these two engagements was 7 officers, and more than 70 privates killed and wounded. Our troops behaved with great firmness and courage; more like veterans than raw recruits as they were. It gives me great pleasure to speak of Lieut. Cantwell's merits in this last action. At one time all our officers and men, except Lieutenant Sears, were shot down at the guns. It became necessary, as the position was unfavorable, to remove them from the Bridge, to the top of the hill, a distance of more than a quarter of a mile; for this perilous undertaking Lieut. Cantwell volunteered with ten men of his company, and carried the piece to the position directed, while Lieut. Waters, under similar circumstances, carried the other.—*Wilmington Jour.*

Murder.—A negro man named Jack, the property of Mr. Joseph Foy, of this county, was killed on the evening of Saturday last. A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body, and the verdict of jury is that he came to his death by the hands of William Sanders, who shot him in Mr. Foy's yard, inflicting a mortal wound over the left eye, of which he died immediately. Sanders has made his escape. *Wilmington Commercial.*

Free Blacks.—Proof is abundant of the wretched and suffering condition of large numbers of the free blacks of the North; wretchedness unknown and unlooked for among the slaves of the South. We learn that during the month of November, the Coroner of Philadelphia held inquests and views over the bodies of 66 free blacks in that city, whose deaths were occasioned by diseases generated by their extreme poverty, intemperance, exposure and neglect. Does not their blood cry from the ground, calling upon the Abolitionists for help? *Newbernian.*

An Owner wanted for an Immense Estate.—The old saying that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction," was never more forcibly illustrated (says the Philadelphia Bulletin) than in a case which has recently transpired in this city.



Ku Tarboro', every Dan country. No will was made, and the son was advised to take the usual legal steps necessary in the case, before entering upon the possession of the property as heir at law. This he obstinately refused to do, declaring with some warmth, that the property belonged to him of right—that he would consult no lawyer—suffer no interference—and that he would hold possession of the property in defiance of all the courts in Christendom.—Matters continued in this state until Wednesday evening last, when the son was found dead in his bed, a victim of apoplexy! The immense estate is now without an owner, but we presume in due time there will be claimants enough from the other side of the water. What a commentary upon the uncertainties of this life—upon the eventual dispositions of property acquired by years of toil, anxiety and apprehension!