

THE TARBOROUGH PRESS.

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The Tarboro' Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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MISCELLANY.



From the Norfolk News.

EDUCATION.

Men of thought, with iron nerve,
Fronting error, take your stand;
Never from your purpose swerve,
Till it cease from out the land;
Long and dread the strife may be—
Ye yet shall have the mastery.

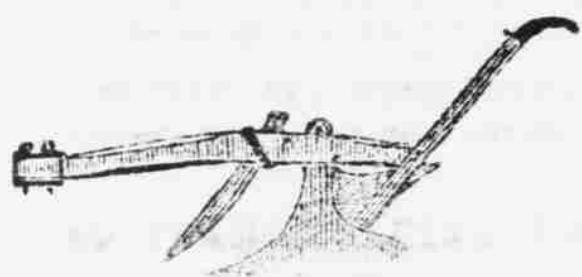
Wisdom's garb though it assume,
Tear the flimsy veil aside;
Let the light of truth illumine
Falseness's kingdom far and wide—
Though around you darkness clings,
The dawn is nigh of better things.

Ignorance—the sleep of mind—
Holds it in a fatal trance;
To you bright creation blid,
Waiting now its opening glance—
Be it yours the spell to break,
The souls of men shall then awake.

When before that mighty host,
Error's dark dominion falls,
His were then a feeble boast
Who the body disenfranchises,
The tyrant's chain he breaks—but ye
Boldly bid the soul be free.

Fritz

AGRICULTURE.



From the Raleigh Star.

We take the following humorous "advice" from the Chambers (Ala.) Tribune, published by J. J. Hooper, formerly of North Carolina. Some of it, perhaps, may not be inapplicable to his native State.

ADVICE—GRATIS.

It will be seen by the caption that we charge nothing for this advice. The reason why, is that it pertains to subjects agricultural, whereof it is presumed that we are profoundly ignorant. Argal, our advice may be worthless—and so we price it. We think we can say some things that will bear a striking resemblance, at least, to the truth; and if we do, our farming friends may make a clear profit out of this number of the Tribune. —And if so, that will be more than the most of them will do out of their crops the present year. Capital! The very thought that one agricultural friend may make more out of one number of our little paper than out of his whole crop, thrills, electrifies us, with delight. Let us try.

Our appeal is to the farmers of Chambers. We are mad enough with the whole brood, almost to wish that the gripes of hunger may get hold of and intensify their small bowels, to a degree.

And we are not angry without reason. It is true, we have not many reasons; but the one or two we have are invincibly potent. Firstly, we can't get any thing to eat. Secondly, nobody else, about this town, can get any thing to eat. There are two good and sufficient reasons why we should be at "drawn daggers" with the farmers. Whose business is it to see that people who have the money to pay for provisions, which by the way we have not, but we'll make a good note at short time, for meal, meat, chickens, potatoes, butter, and so forth, get provisions a plenty? The farmer's, indubitably. —And whose fault is it, then, that butter has become "novel and difficult," and chicken pie an "obsolete idea"? The farmers can't dodge the responsibility. How comes it, that this blessed day, we

our editorial self, are upon a short allowance of Montgomery ground meal. Let the farmers take shame for it. Who is responsible for the fact, that Montgomery Grocers are selling "middling" bacon, to farmers in this country, at 13 cents? Why these same identical, leather-headed, low-fenced, poor-horsed, half niggered improvident farmers themselves! We recd it against them, that here in Chambers, one of the best grain counties in East Alabama, meal is worth from 80 to 100 cents a bushel, bacon 13 cents, butter 15 cents, chickens of the tenderest age 15 cents, and eggs about 25 cents, if you count out the rotten ones!

Ye gods! Can human nature be expected to survive amid such a state of things? Is it to be expected that we as an impartial journalist are to allow such things to be, without words of plainest reprehension? We trow not.

But the answer to all these grievances, is a groaning about the drouth of the past season. We take it, that this is no answer at all.—The last was a fine wheat season. Those who sowed that grain in this, and all the surrounding country, received a most abundant return. What is the reason, then, that flour is not, at once, plentiful and cheap, hereabouts? Simply because our unthrifty farmers will insist on converting good grain lands into poor cotton lands. They pitch their grain crop for a moderate supply, if the season should be a good one; and every drouth puts the country on short allowance. This is miserable policy; and in the long run the farmer is injured by it. The little cotton for which all the advantages of raising abundant supplies are sacrificed, does not compensate in a series of years, and strange as it may appear, although every farmer you talk to admits as much, not one in fifty but follows the starvation policy. This county will buy, the coming winter, nearly all the pork for next year's consumption, at enormous prices from Tennessee drovers—if indeed any hogs fortunately should be driven here for sale. What a shame? We hope that every man that planted a small crop of corn and a big one of cotton, this year, may suffer in the pork market. All such richly deserve it.

Again—every other man in this neighborhood is fixing to move to Texas or Louisiana this winter. They are going to settle fresh lands and wear them out—and then move again. That is the policy of our people. They scorn the idea of improving land; the great agricultural idea of our people is to reduce to hopeless sterility as much of the earth's surface as possible, in one's life time. They care no more for pleasant homes, fine orchards, fat herds, and the pleasure of producing at home what is needed at home, than the Cuban Creoles do for the blessing of liberty. It is cotton, cotton, cotton! Every man who works a half dozen hands, imagines himself a great cotton planter, and would be insulted if it was supposed that he raised his own meat. He is a cotton planter and buys Tennessee pork. As for producing smaller matters in the provision line, for sale, he'd knock you down, if you hinted at such a thing. All our people are "better raised" than that comes to, and we have here on the red hills of Chambers just as sorry horses and mules, as few sheep and hogs, and are as guiltless of selling beef, poultry, butter and the like, as they are in Lowndes, Dallas, Greene and Marengo. We are entirely respectable in our ways. We are cotton planters.

We have an agricultural friend in the lower part of this county who knows all about these things; and he has promised us to give his brethren a rasping on the matters we have hinted at, and we hope he will go to work immediately. Pitch it into them without mercy, and be sure not to do it in an agricultural periodical; for our "Planters" are too respectable to patronize publications which might possibly enlighten them on the economy of farming.

From the Warrenton News.

To Farmers.—Here's a hint that will be worth the price of the "News" twelve months to any farmer who takes it. We are indebted to an old friend for it, who

assures us he has tried it for many years with uniform success.

To kill Lice on hogs and Cattle.—Sturgeon oil is infallible in killing lice either on hogs or cows. For hogs—rub it about the flanks and belly, or any other part to which the lice are attached; they will fall off almost immediately. For cows—apply in the same way, or take a soft cotton string of the bulk of the little finger, saturate it with the sturgeon oil and tie it around the cow's neck as tight as possible so as not to choke. Our old friend says that the lice on cows draw their sustenance entirely from the region of the mouth, to which they repair at least once in twenty-four hours; they are excluded by the oiled rope around the neck, therefore, they die or fall off.

Rats may be destroyed or run off from corn cribs by the same oil. Take a mop dipped in the oil and draw it along the cracks and sides of the house and the rats are taken with an immediate leaving—half a pint is sufficient for a crib 10 by 12 and of the usual height.

Common train oil may be used when the other cannot be obtained, but the sturgeon oil is best.

Draining Land promotes health.—We establish expensive sanitary regulations to prevent epidemics, but little is ever said in this country about draining lands to promote health.

A French gentleman, who purchased a large tract of marshy land, reduced the percentage of sickness upon his estate from twenty to one half of one per cent. in a few years, by drainage alone. We have read a graphic account of an experiment of this kind, with similar results, in Georgia. Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, has rendered large tracts of pestilential swamp inhabitable, by the same means.

The healthiness of large districts of England, not swamp, has been greatly improved by the thorough system of under-draining lately practised in that country.

American Agriculturist.

From the American Farmer.

Weights and Measures.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to some of our farming friends:

Of wheat, sixty pounds.
Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.
Of corn in the cob, seventy pounds.
Of rye, fifty-six pounds.
Of barley, forty pounds.
Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
Of beans, sixty pounds.
Of bran, twenty pounds.
Of clover seed, sixty pounds.
Of timothy seed, forty five pounds.
Of flax seed, fifty six pounds.
Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
Of buck wheat, fifty-two pounds.
Of blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Of castor beans, forty-six pounds.
Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.
Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.
Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Of salt, fifty pounds.

Corn—Hogs.—The growing crop promises to be the most abundant there has been for years; and we find on inquiry that there is an evident scarcity of hogs to feed it to. Three dollars and fifty cents per hundred gross are freely offered for hogs fit for feeding, but farmers who have hogs prefer feeding them their corn to selling at its price. Unless there should spring up some foreign demand, we do not see what is to be done with the large supplies of corn that will be left in the country after fattening the limited number of hogs that are on hand.

New Castle (La.) Courier.

Song.—Oh, marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is rich as Croesus or as poor as Job in his fall.—Pray, do not marry for pelf, girls, 'twill bring your soul into thrall, but marry the man you love, girls, if the purse is ever so small. Oh, never marry a top, girls, whether he's little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you, he knows nothing well but to drawl. But marry a sober man, girls, there are a few

left on this ball, and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

A western girl, after giving her lover a hearty smack, exclaimed—"Dog my cat, if you han't been takin' a little rye, old hoss?"

POLITICAL.



From the New York Express.

GEN. SCOTT.

Gen. Scott, being written to, some months since by a gentleman of Pennsylvania, at the request of eight members of the State Senate, addressing him as the undoubted Whig candidate for the Presidency, and requesting his opinions on the various political questions which have agitated the country, wrote the following characteristic letter, in reply:

Washington, Mar. 26, 1851.

Sir: I have received your letter (marked "confidential," in which after committing the error of supposing me to be "fully before the country as the Whig candidate for the Presidency,"—you proceeded to interrogate me on many points of grave public interest.

Permit me to say, that considering we shall probably, only have a Whig candidate for the Presidency through a National Convention, and that I cannot be its nominee except by the force of the unsolicited partiality of large masses of the countrymen:

Considering, also, that if my character or principles be not already known, it would now be idle to attempt to supply the deficient information by mere paper professions of wisdom and virtue, made for the occasion.

And considering that if I answer your queries, I must go on, and answer others already before me as well as the long series that would inevitably follow—to the disgust of the public.

I will beg permission to close this acknowledgment of your letter by subscribing myself,

With great respect,
Your obedient servant,
WINFIELD SCOTT,
Esq.,
Harrisburg, Penna.

P. S.—I must add, that I write and say nothing, on public subjects, which I am unwilling to see published. W. S.

Another New State.—By the late treaty with the See-see-tran and Wah-pay-toan bands of Sioux Indians, the United States obtain over twenty-one millions of acres, lying east of a line drawn from the head waters of the Red River of the North, to intersect the north-western corner of the State of Iowa. The purchase includes part of the magnificent Blue Earth River country, and that around the head waters of the Des Moines and St. Peters Rivers. The Indians are allowed to remain on the land two years. For this cession they are to receive \$1,665,000. The Galena papers propose that the name Dakota be given to the new territory, and such may yet be the name of one of the States of the Union.

Raleigh Star.

More Lynch Law—A Baltimorean Hung!—The El Dorado News, extra, of the 9th of August, contains the following: Yesterday, at about 2 o'clock P. M., as two miners, Jim Graham and Alexander Leslie, were returning to Greenwood Valley, and when within a mile of that place, while stopping to rest, Graham asked Leslie to lend him a needle and thread to mend his pantaloons. After ho

had got through with it he returned it to Leslie and while he was putting it up Graham shot him with a shot gun, five buck shot lodging in the back part of the head and neck. Graham then robbed him of seven hundred dollars in gold dust, and started for Sacramento. In about half an hour Leslie, recovered sufficient to crawl to a cabin about a mile distant, and gave the alarm, when a party immediately set out in pursuit of Graham, and succeeded in capturing him about three miles below the place, and recovering the gold.

He was taken back to Greenwood Valley, when a Court of the people was called a jury of twelve men chosen, and the trial commenced. Everything was conducted in a cool and deliberate manner. After a patient hearing, which lasted from 10 o'clock at night till 12 next day, the jury retired and soon returned with a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to be hung. He was allowed a few hours to prepare for death, and at 7 o'clock this evening, was taken to a tree in the rear of the American Hotel, where he was hung.

Graham was a sailor from Baltimore, Md. Leslie is yet alive, but very little hopes of his recovery are entertained. He has a father and mother residing in Rondleville, N. C.

The Great Earthquake in Naples—Over Two Thousand Lives Lost—Cities Destroyed and Damaged.—The Washington Republic publishes a letter from the Hon. E. Joy Morris, the American Minister to Naples, giving a minute account of the terrible earthquake which occurred in the western portion of the kingdom of Naples, on the 14th of July, by which some 2,500 lives were lost, and several towns either totally prostrated or greatly damaged. Mr Morris says that previous to the shock a small stream that runs near the city of Melfi suddenly disappeared, and adds:

At the first shock, Melfi, which contains ten thousand inhabitants, was prostrated in the dust, nothing but a few crumbling walls surviving the general ruin. An unknown number of its inhabitants were buried under the falling mass of fabrics. Up to the present moment seven hundred dead bodies have been disinterred, and many others are constantly being found. More than two hundred persons lie in an adjoined hospital, suffering under grievous wounds, while many have been dug out alive from the ruins. Amongst others, a female infant, a year old, after lying buried for two days, was brought out living and unharmed, and restored to its afflicted mother, widowed by the same calamity.

The shocks and rumbling of the earth still occasionally occurred at the time of writing the letter, and all eyes were turned upon Vesuvius as the safety valve through which the struggling fires might escape, although no local signs were yet apparent.

The neighboring towns of Atella, Riomero, Barile and Rapolla are suffering by the same convulsion. Riomero is a general wreck, not a sound house remaining; more than one hundred persons have here perished, and as many have been maimed or wounded. In Bar'le, the only edifice not entirely destroyed is the orphan asylum, while the discovered dead amount to about one hundred and fifty. In the commune of Bari, the towns of Crato, Minervino, Andria and Trani were all injured more or less. In Canossa, the ancient Canosium, founded by Diomed, and whose walls once enclosed a circuit of sixteen miles, three hundred and seventy-six houses were thrown down. At the last report the shocks around Mount Volturne continued, and one half of the city of Venosa, the ancient Venusia, containing six thousand inhabitants, and celebrated as the birth-place of Horace, was destroyed. The mountain provinces of the Abruzzi and of Calabria, where the earthquake of 1783 destroyed three hundred cities and buried thirty thousand human beings, have thus far escaped.

When travelling, put your watch and wallet at night into one of your stockings, and then place the stocking under your head. It will then be impossible to leave them, unless you have been accustomed to go barefoot.