

The "Tarborough Press," BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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Miscellaneous.



DISINTERESTED LOVE.

I loved her for herself alone,
For she was all to me;
Her virgin heart was Cupid's throne,
Her voice—its minstrelsy,
(Her father was a man of wealth,
A man he was of feeble health.)
Old she was fair as spotless truth,
As beautiful and bright,
Or, like a glowing dream of youth,
A vision of delight!
(She had no brother, sister dear,
Nor poor relations—very near.)
Her form—a Venus' model rare,
Such dignity—such grace,—
The ringlets of her jet black hair,
Adorn'd her lovely face,
(Her pa would never marry more.)
I gazed upon her speaking eye,
And dropped upon my knee,
And told her that I soon must die
If she'd not pity me.
(If pa should offer up his soul,
I knew my love would have the whole.)
She turned away—I dared not speak,
I thought she was enraged—
A tear coursed down her burning cheek,
Sighed she, "I am engaged."
(Some other chap would cut a dash
Upon the old man's hoarded cash.)
She was not what she seemed to be,
Her voice was cracked and hoarse,
And then she squinted dreadfully—
Her skin was very coarse.
(Her pa got well—and failed one day,
Her gentle husband ran away.)
Yes—'tis a very pleasant thought—
My fortunate escape!
But had I in the act been caught,
'Twere then a sorry scrap!
(You can't catch me with chaff—oh no!
I always knew 'twould turn out, so.)

COURTING AND COW-HINDING.

Oh, woman, woman! how much hast thou to answer for! How many cities sacked, and soldiers slain! How many empires lost, and fortunes ruined! How many broken hearts, and broken heads—broken vows, and broken windows! For Eve—the first, and prettiest, and best woman God ever made—father Adam lost immortality, and Paradise, and a most beautiful garden. For Helen, Paris lost Troy—the commercial emporium of the eastern world—the New York of Asia Minor. For Cleopatra, Mark Antony lost the empire of the world. And—but we might go on for ever to enumerate the instances of the disastrous fascinations of fairy forms, and brilliant eyes, and ruby lips, and rosy kisses, and thrilling tones, and pretty feet and ankles, and all those sort of delightful things—which, alas, ruin us poor deluded men, and get us into scrapes and rows—and cause our bones and credit to be broken, and put our conscience, virtue, morals, noses, and reputations, out of joint.

'Tis a bad world—the men are bad, selfish, deceiving—and the women, heaven bless their bright eyes, are sad, wicked, dear, delightful creatures, and make more mischief than all the banks, speculators, failures, monopolists, vetees, and humbugs put together.

Well, well, there is no help for it; and if men have pretty wives, and other men will carry on intrigues, and behave naughty, and pretty women will encourage them, and ungallant husbands will intercept letters, and lay plots, and break lovers' heads—why, what can we do but make the most of it, and in our own original, inimitable, & unapproachable style, serve up these delightful incidents for the amusement of our readers?

Mr. D. was going home to dinner the other day to his house in F—square, congratulating himself on having an excellent appetite, and the prospect of dining off a dish of shad in a sociable way, with his pretty wife and a large family of boarders.

Apropos—what right has a man to keep a boarding house, who has a pretty wife, and is inclined

to be jealous? We have a theory that he ought, in the first place, to be bound over to keep the peace.

As we were saying, Mr. D. was coming home to dinner, when he found a suspicious looking boy standing suspiciously on his door step, with a suspicious looking billet, suspiciously directed to his wife. His suspicions were aroused, and he, like a fool, took the letter—and, like an ungallant wretch, opened it—and, like a cunning man, copied it—and, like a deceitful man, sealed it up and sent it per direction—and, like a hard-hearted man, went home and asked his dear, innocent, unsuspecting wife, what letter she had received? She, like a—a—woman, denied having received any; when he, like a cruel, jealous husband, read the following:

"Dearest —, If you have any compassion on one who is wholly and devotedly yours, meet me this evening, at half past seven, at Mrs. —'s, — street. I am dying to see you. It is an age since my eyes feasted on your loveliness, and drank in rapture from those bright founts of beauty, that sparkle light twin-stars in the firmament. Each minute will be an hour till I taste the sweetness of those ruby lips, and prove myself as I now subscribe, your devoted lover."

Here was a pretty poetical situation. The lady burst into tears—fell into hysterics—and threatened to put an end to her existence by throwing herself into the river. One would suppose that Mr. D. had done mischief enough for one day, but he was not content. He went to his store, dressed himself like a porter—went to the place of assignation, armed with a ferocious cowhide. In the meantime our gallant had dressed himself, re-curl'd and perfumed his black whiskers—what killing things whiskers are! left his desk in William street, and at the time appointed, a few minutes before, perhaps, Mr. D. saw him approach.

"Do you know a Mrs. D.?" said the husband.

"I have the honor," replied the lover.

"I am sent to request your company at her house."

"O then, that fool, her husband, is out of the way." But this was said aside.

How shall we describe the catastrophe? How shall we tell how the unsuspecting lover was entrapped into the house; and how he got one of the most savage horse-whippings a discovered gallant ever received; and how he was compelled to deliver up one of the most tender, and most delightfully funny of all intriguing correspondences; full of delightful kisses; and "pulling whiskers;" and—and—the rest must be imagined.—New York Her.

PARAGRAPHS UPON HEIGHTS.

Height of Folly...To get drunk and lie across the Rail Road to obtain repose.

Height of Inquisitiveness...To climb the house top, and look down the chimney to see what one's neighbor has for dinner.

Height of Dignity...To run against a post in the street, and then beg pardon for the encounter.

Height of Gallantry...When intoxicated to reel along the street, with a lady under your arm to escort her safely home.

Height of Honor...To defraud one's landlord or tailor, for the sake of discharging one's gambling debts.

Height of Temperance...To keep one's skin constantly soaked in ardent spirits, without ever getting drunk.

Height of Imprudence...To quarrel with all your neighbors,

who will not agree with your own views and notions of things.

Height of Benevolence...To tumble down the staircase and break your head to avoid stepping on a kitten that is reposing on the stair.

Height of Charity...To give a poor beggar a dollar, and at the same time threatening to horse-whip him if he ever troubles you again.

Height of the Ridiculous...After being tumbled down a precipice in a stage coach full of passengers, amidst the shrieks and groans and faintings, to hear a lady, with tears in her eyes, inquiring for her band box.

Height of Absence, or Obliviousness...To forget that you are unmarried, while abroad, and pay your addresses to another.

Height of Chagrin...To pick up a reticule, dropped by a lady of very genteel figure and appearance, walking before you, and upon her turning round to receive it from your hand, behold a set of features as black as ebony.

Height of Mortification...To make an offer of your hand to a lady, and learn for the first time, that she had long been betrothed to your partner.

Style.—A country editor recommends the following style of making love, as being of the newest pattern: "Will you undervalue yourself so much as to overvalue me so much as to keep company with me?" The propitious answer to this is: "No undervaluation at all, sir."

Edification of married men.—"Ven you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's vorth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste. I think it isn't."—Pickwick papers.

A dialogue on hogs.—A Providence paper gives us the following adroit dialogue.

"Friend," said a shrewd quaker, to a man with a drove of hogs, "hast any hogs in this drove with large bones?"

"Yes," replied the drover, "they all have."

"Hast any with long heads and sharp noses?"

"Yes, they all have."

"Hast any with long ears, like those of the elephant, hanging down over his eyes?"

"Yes, all my drove are of that description, and will suit you exactly."

"I rather think they would not suit me, friend, if they are such as thou describeth them. Thou may'st drive on."

Newspapers.—The fashion of enlarging newspapers is now carried to a ridiculous extremity. Not a day passes but we receive a paper which has undergone an enlargement. All swelled and distended, like the poor frog rivaling the ox—seeming actually to suffer from its accumulation of bulk—as one laboring under a dropsy. There was a day, about the time we first bore our stick in the cause of typography, when the diminutive size of newspapers might have been complained of; but the other extreme is now reached. And the fact is, there is little improvement—no additional interest, in nine cases out of ten. They swell out all on a sudden, tremendously; and very frequently a racy, agreeable, handy sheet, is converted to an overgrown, awkward, dull, heavy concern; containing such a mass of stuff, that you are almost deterred from a perusal. You must look and peer with all your eyes, to find the news; and when you are done,

your arms are so fatigued, you drop them helpless by you side. We are not actuated by the spirit of that unfortunate fox, Aesop tells us of, who lost his tail in a trap, we assure you, gentlemen. The Compiler, which ten years ago would have been thought a mammoth, suits our readers admirably, and if we should be forced to follow the example of these swelling gentry, we don't know what we should so much regret.

Richmond Compiler.

New Printing Press.—One of our most ingenious and worthy mechanics, Mr. Thomas Trench has invented a new Printing Press, which will eclipse every thing of the kind heretofore put in operation. It is intended for stereotype plates, and will work off fifty reams of paper, of mammoth size, per day. It is intended to be attached to paper mills, and will print as fast as any mill manufacture, without any other help than that required to manufacture the paper. The register, by a simple regulation, can easily be changed and made perfect. We have now a sheet in our office, worked on this new press, twenty-six feet long, printed on both sides at a time, in a quarter of a minute. The sheet contains two books of 160 pages each. The cost of a first rate press, on this principle, will not exceed \$1,000. N. Y. Post.

Wonderful discovery of mechanical power.—Several of the papers have referred to an immensely important application of magnetic and electro-magnetic power, which can be applied with great safety to the propelling of steamboats, locomotives, or to any branch of manufactures, requiring power of an inexhaustible character. Mr. Thomas Davenport, a blacksmith of Vermont, is the inventor, and professors Silliman and Henry both speak in high terms of the improvement and its application. Mr. Davenport has associated with him Mr. Ransom Cook, of Saratoga Springs, who has suggested many improvements in this surprising invention; and we believe all that is required is means to carry out this novel application. And where would steamboats, and steam batteries and engines have been in this country, if Fulton and Chancellor Livingston had not expended their own money to carry out the bold project? This new power is safer—no danger, no explosion, no fuel, very little expense, and immense expedition.—N. Y. Star.

Gilbert E. Hudson, of New York, and Mr. Gonon, formerly of France, have invented an improved method of telegraphic communication, and intend establishing a line of Telegraphs between New York and New Orleans, by means of which, a despatch containing one hundred words, may be transmitted from one place to the other, in the space of half an hour. Newbern Sent.

A villanous hoax.—Some anonymous scoundrel lately wrote a letter with the signature of a house in Norfolk, ordering a quantity of hardware, to the amount of \$800, from their correspondents in New York. The goods were promptly put up and shipped, and a bill of lading and invoice forwarded by mail, which arrived some days ahead of the vessel, and on the receipt of which as might be supposed, the consignees were not a little surprised. As they had no occasion for the articles, they were of course returned; and the house in New York, besides their trouble, were saddled with the expense of freight on goods going and returning. Whether the trick was

played for the sheer love of mischief, or with a view to fraud, is uncertain; but certain it is that the author of it deserves to be "slicked."

Marble Quarry.—We have seen a specimen of a stone pronounced to be marble, and which admits of a very fine polish, found some miles south of Germanton, in the neighboring county of Stokes.

Petit Gulph Cotton Seed. THE subscribers have received from New Orleans, 260 bushels Petit Gulph Cotton Seed. They have also on hand and are now receiving a general assortment of GROCERIES. All of which they offer for sale on reasonable terms. N. M. Martin & Donnan. Petersburg, Va. Feb. 18. 86

NEW Chinese Mulberry. THE subscriber has for disposal several hundred rooted trees and cut-

Longevity.—The Southwestern Christian Advocate announces the death, on the 28th of February, in Davidson county, (Tennessee,) of Col. Adam Binkley, aged one hundred and thirty-six years! He served throughout the Revolutionary war, at which time, it is said, he had a wife and eleven children.—Raleigh Register.

The Express mail rider from the North, was way laid by a ruffian, near Augusta, Ga. on the 22d ult. in an unfrequented spot, and shot at as he passed. The ball penetrated his thigh; but retaining presence of mind, he kept his saddle, and quickening his speed, was soon beyond the miscreant's reach.—ib.

Divorces.—At a late term of the Rhode Island Supreme Court, held at Providence, there were fourteen petitions for divorces granted, ten on the application of females and four by males. The principal cause for divorce shown by one of the petitioners was, that her husband had put her head into a kettle of hot water. It is needless to add that the husband was himself heated by ardent spirits. The petition was granted.

Legislative Candor.—A member from Salem, in the late discussion in the Massachusetts Legislature to raise the pay, said: "I rise to say I am in favor of raising my own wages, and always have been; and he who will not provide for his own household is worse than an infidel." [Laugh.]

The Death Waltz.—A French paper relates a singular and startling incident. At a ball lately given at Port Louis, near Lorient, while a young lady was waltzing, she felt the hand by which she was supported become stone cold, and on looking into the face of her partner found his features deadly pale and horribly contracted. She fainted at the sight, and fell to the ground, while the cavalier dropped by her side. The lady was taken up and recovered, but the life of the gentleman was extinct. She maintains that he was dead several seconds before she knew it, and that she made one turn round the room with him after he was a corpse. He was a married man with several children, and his wife was at the ball.

Inflammation of the throat.—Powdered alum, applied by the finger to the part affected, very seldom fails to cure inflammation of the throat in a few days.

NEW ARRIVAL OF Spring & Summer GOODS, AT THE Cheap Cash store.

James Weddell, HAS just returned from the Northern cities, where he has purchased at exceedingly Low Prices, a LARGE and Splendid Assortment of FANCY AND STAPLE Dry Goods, GROCERIES, HATS, SHOES,



Hardware, China, Glass and Earthen ware,

Which he offers at a very small advance on The New York Cost,

And feels confident he can convince all who may favor him with a call that his Stock not only comprises a most splendid variety, but having purchased them in many instances at a great sacrifice to the importer, he will offer them at such astonishingly low prices as he flatters himself will fully meet the views of those whose object is to buy

Fresh & fashionable Goods At very low Prices.

TERMS—Cash, or the usual credit to punctual customers. Tarboro', April 3, 1837.

SELLING OFF AT COST, CERTAIN.

King & Edmondson

Have now on hand a variety of Spring and Summer

GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries, &c.

All of which they are willing to dispose of At cost for Cash,

Or at a very small advance on a credit to punctual customers. All persons wishing to avoid paying a large profit on Goods, should not fail to avail themselves of this

Great Opportunity

We would further say to our customers, we do this for the purpose of making room for

A larger Stock of Goods

In the Fall. Call at the sign of H. King, where the bargains may be found.

King & Edmondson. Tarboro', July 1st, 1836.



The Young Jack, EDGECOMBE,

WILL STAND the ensuing season at my stable, on the north side of Tar River, on the road leading from Teat's bridge to the Falls Tar River, three miles above the bridge—and will be let to mares at THREE DOLLARS the single leap, FIVE DOLLARS the season, and NINE DOLLARS to insure a mare to be in foal—with twenty-five cents to the Groom in every instance. A transfer of property for its insurance. The season will commence the 10th of March and end the 10th July. Every attention will be paid, but no responsibility for accidents, &c.

Edgecombe,

Is four years old, and a very large sized Jack to his age. His appearance is the best recommendation that can be given.

R. D. Wimberley. February 24, 1837