



**The "Tarborough Press,"**

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

It is published weekly at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per year, if paid in advance—or, Three Dollars at the expiration of the subscription year. For any period less than a year, *Tarborough Press* is published at the rate of Six Cents per month. Subscribers are at liberty to discontinue at any time, on giving notice thereof and paying arrears—those residing at a distance must invariably pay in advance, or give responsible reference in this vicinity. Advertisements not exceeding 16 lines in length (or a square) will be inserted at 50 cents the first insertion and 25 cts. each continuance. Longer ones at that rate for every square. Advertisements must be marked the number of insertions required, or they will be continued until otherwise ordered, and charged accordingly. Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

**Miscellaneous.**



**GOD IS LOVE.**

God is love—his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss he makes, and wo he lightens—  
God is wisdom—God is love.  
Chance and change are busy ever,  
Man deceys, and ages move;  
But his mercy waneth never—  
God is wisdom—God is love.  
E'er the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will his changeless goodness prove;  
From the mist his brightness streameth—  
God is wisdom—God is love.  
He, with early cares, entwineeth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Every where his glory shineth—  
God is wisdom—God is love.

**MY LAMENT.**

Of wedded bliss, birds sing amiss—  
I cannot make a song of it;  
For I am small—my wife is tall,  
And that's the long and short of it.  
When we debate, it is my fate,  
Always to have the wrong of it,  
For I am small, and she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it.  
And when I speak, my voice is weak,  
But her's—she makes a gong of it;  
For I am small and she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it.  
She has a brief command in chief,  
But I am aid-de-camp of it;  
For I am small, and she is tall,  
And that's the long and short of it.  
She gives to me, the weakest tea,  
And takes the whole souchong of it;  
For I am small, and she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it.  
She'll sometimes grip my crowther whip  
And make me feel the thong of it;  
For I am small, and she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it.  
Against my life, she'll take a knife,  
Or fork, to dart a prong of it;  
For I am small, and she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it.  
I sometimes think I'll take to drink,  
And hector when I'm strong of it;  
For I am small, and she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it.  
Oh, if the bell would ring her knell,  
I'd make a gay ding-dong of it;  
For I am small, and she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it.  
John Bull.

**A CLEAN FIRESIDE.**

The *Kilmarnock Annual*, a plain little volume of original miscellaneous literature, which lately appeared at the town whose name it bears, presents the following sketch with the signature of Mr. John Reid:—

There is nothing throws so genial a glow over our mind as a well swept fireside, and there is nothing of household economy, productive of so much advantage in the reflection which follows. When we see a clean swept hearth, our heart not only warms towards the mistress of the house, but also warms towards the domestics, and we begin to look upon the harshness of the world in a more pleasant spirit. What this arises from, we cannot tell. But of a surety we would go almost as far to see a well swept fireside as to chat with a pretty girl. Some people, it is true, treat the idea of going a long way to see a pretty girl as a mere phantasia of the brain, and as never affording half the pleasure necessary to compensate for the cost and fatigue; but we could tell these folks who talk thus, that they have yet to experience one of the most delightful sensations that man can possibly experience.

We have travelled in our day many a dozen miles to see the pretty girls, yea many hundreds, with the sole object of having a chat with some of them, and we do not regret it. Some of the brightest and most splendid imaginings that we can call forth in our dreams, are gained from the remembrance of some of those scenes; and when we met, as we have rarely done, one worthy of our choice, at a well swept fireside, the charm has been doubly enhanced, and we would not give our dream of well swept firesides in the company of the ladies, for all the wealth in the mines of Peru. But the fact is, we cannot bear a dirty hearthstone, and are perfectly certain, that when we were ushered into the world, there was a glowing peat fire in the bed-room grate, and a clean swept hearthstone.

The man who can sit down quietly and contentedly before a fire, where the hobs, the fender, the tongs, the poker, the hearth, &c. are covered with dust, must be a savage of the most savage kind. We can believe it possible for a man to sit for one half of the day under a pelting shower of rain on the banks of a river, at the one end of a rod with a line at the other, even if he should not get a solitary nibble; for that is sentimental; and if he catch no fish, he can at least say he had been fishing, under a dreadful shower of rain; yea, we can conceive it perfectly possible that a man, after sitting the first half of the day in water, will walk home during the other in the mud, and thereupon enounce himself before a glowing peat fire; but we cannot for a moment conceive that the most atrocious vagabond could ever under such circumstances condescend to dry his clothes before any fire, unless the hearth was clean swept, the ribs free from ashes and the fire-irons all clean and in order.

It was said once, that a gentleman who wanted a wife, determined to test the candidates by observing the manner in which they ate cheese. But we would put our sweethearts to a much more fiery ordeal—would pop in upon them and look how they kept their fireside; if it was slovenly, even although the coals were piled up in wagon loads, we would shun them, yea, even though they possessed every other accomplishment; for no woman could possibly make a good wife, who had not been taught to keep a clean, nice, comfortable, and well ordered fireside.

On entering a room, and observing a well swept fireside, we instantly conclude that the mistress is an affectionate, orderly creature, beloved and happy in being beloved, that her mind is well regulated, her intellect good, and her education liberal; besides, we are sure that her daughters must be lovely, that her domestics must be well trained, and she herself, and all she possesses, the envy of all around her. But turn to the reverse of the picture; and we venture to say that you never see an ill swept fireside, without at the same time finding the lady of the house have a red nose, the husband discontented and unhappy, never at home until late, but away engaged in some tavern brawl or drunken spree; and the servants with dirty faces and still dirtier hands; and even the piano covered with dust and the house in a complete scene of confusion and discomfort.

The man who chides and quarrels with his wife upon any occasion, must be a savage of the most atrocious kind; still we think there is one thing he may be allowed to find fault with, if so unfortunate as to meet with it; and that is a dirty fireside. The woman who takes a pleasure in see-

ing her hearthstone well swept, and the hobs and ribs free from white ashes, is sure to make a good wife; but the woman who has not this feeling inherent, ought never to marry. Her husband will lead a miserable life, and die broken-hearted, or he will be driven from his own fireside and take refuge in a tavern; and wo to the married man who does not love his own fireside next best to his wife, and his wife best of every thing; it were better for him that he had never been married.

**The three Wives.**—A late minister of religion in Worcestershire used to relate the following anecdote of one of his friends, who had been three times married. The unfortunate speculator in matrimony had married his first wife, a very worldly avaricious woman, who grasped at every thing, and never was satisfied. The second was a corpulent, easy, dirty, quiet soul, always in good humor, and satisfied with every thing; the last was a most violent termagant, who rendered his life miserable while she lived. The good old man, upon reviewing his past life, used to observe, "My friends, I have had variety enough in the conjugal relation, and may literally say, I have married the world, the flesh, and the devil."

**Cato's reason for marrying.**—Cato the elder being aged, buried his wife and married a young woman; his son came to him and said, "Sir, in what have I offended you, that you have brought a step-mother in your house?" The old man answered: "In nothing, quite the contrary, son; thou please me so well, that I would be glad to have more such."

**Good News.**—An ingenious but waggish fellow in Northampton, Mass. has contrived a funny little apparatus to prevent babies from crying in church.

**Origin of Fashion.**—"Grandpa, where do people get their fashions from?" "Why, from Boston." "Well, where do Boston folks get them from?" "From England." "Ah, and where do the English get them?" "From France." "And where do the French get them from?" "Why—why, right straight from the devil—there; now stop your noise."

**Discontent.**—How universal it is. We never knew the man who would say, 'I am contented.' Go where you will, among the rich and poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the daily sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of murmuring and voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze around the cask, 'Ah, mine is a hard lot—forever trotting around and around like a dog, driving away at a hoop.' 'Heigho,' sighed a blacksmith, in one of the hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed on his anvil—'this is a life with a vengeance.' 'Oh, that I were a carpenter,' ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap stone, 'here am I, day after day, wearing my soul away in making soles for others; cooped up by a little 7 by 9 room'—'heigho! I am sick of this out of door work,' exclaims the carpenter, broiling under a sweltering sun or exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, 'if I were only a tailor!' 'This is too bad!' perpetually cries the tailor, to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the time, would that mine was a more active life.' 'Last day of grace, banks won't discount, customers won't pay, what shall I do?' grumbles the merchant. 'I had rather

be a truck horse, a dog, any thing. 'Happy fellows!' groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry dusty record, 'happy fellows—I had rather hammer stone, than cudgel my brains on this tedious, vexatious question.' And so through all the ramifications of society, all are complaining of their condition, finding fault with their peculiar calling. If I were only this or that, or the other, I should be content, is the universal cry; any thing but what I am. So wags the world, so it has wagged, and so it will wag.

**Anxiety, the frequent cause of indigestion.**—A prevalent cause of indigestion is the depressing influence of anxiety. In the present day, with men engaged in business, the mind is scarcely ever free from care; for business is not now as formerly, a simple matter of buying and selling, and living by the profits; it is now a matter of speculative gaming. Every trader is almost a speculator and his mind is constantly kept perpetually vibrating between hope and fear, for he knows and feels that the turning of a straw may make him or mar him for ever. Never was the maxim, "Haberem," &c. more religiously observed than in the present day. No man is satisfied to live and rear his family to tread in his own steps. Every man is striving to be wealthy.

**Metropolitan Mag.**  
**Dr. Channing delivered at his church in Boston, on Sunday last, a discourse on the times.** He advised his hearers to look at their own extravagance and luxury, in connexion with the all pervading insanity for getting wealth suddenly, as the most powerful cause of the present distress.

**N. Y. Star.**  
**The State of Arkansas is the only distinct political community known to us at this time, which is not convulsed and threatened with bankruptcy and ruin.** What is the reason of this? *We have not a bank in our limits!* So speaks the Arkansas Gazette.

**Pennsylvania.**—Gov. Ritner, has issued his proclamation, declining to convene the Legislature. His reasons are 1st, that an act authorising the Banks to issue notes less than \$5 would inflict a permanent evil upon the people while it relieved a temporary embarrassment, that it would only substitute the lower for the higher denominations of the circulating medium, without withdrawing the higher or increasing public confidence in the lower, while the amount of notes would be greatly enlarged. 2d, the passage of an act saving the banks from forfeiture of their charters, for continued refusal of specie payments, would only increase and render more lasting the mischief. 3d, the passage of a stay law could not be tolerated.

The proclamation makes a strong appeal to the citizens who manage the banks. We subjoin the following paragraph:—  
"The main object then of this proclamation is to address the patriotism; the good sense, and the interest of the citizens who direct the different banks of the Commonwealth. In their hands are placed by this strange and sudden catastrophe, to a great extent the present control of our prosperity. But fortunately for the community, the forfeiture or confirmation of the charters of those institutions will depend upon the estimates which public opinion for the next six months, will form of the use which shall be made of the power that circumstances have thus given. If a reckless pursuit of profit and a disregard of the

welfare of society should lead to a sudden and injurious increase of bank issues, the next meeting of the representatives of an injured community will undoubtedly visit the full penalty of the law on the faithless agents. If on the other hand an honest and patriotic application of the power now possessed by them shall prevent the apprehended evils, and shall at the earliest possible period restore the currency to its recently healthful condition, acts, under other circumstances unlawful, thus proved to have been compelled only by urgent necessity, and thus followed by no sinister perversion of power, will beyond a doubt be confirmed. To accomplish which desirable and just result no exertion will be spared by the Executive at the proper time."

**The great houses of Dicks, and Yeatman, Woods & Co. in New Orleans are represented as involved to a far less degree than at first reported.** The liabilities of the former, stated at 15 millions, are less than four. Those of the latter, given at 16 millions, are not more than nine. The assets of each far exceed their liabilities.—*New Orleans Amer.*

**A \$100 note of the Agricultural Bank of Mississippi, was sold a day or two since in Natchez, at public auction for \$255, on credit of twelve months!** So then, our worthy neighbors having ridden their Cotton horse to death, are going to turn money dealers. Success to them in their new trade. Speculation is their very pabulum.—*ib.*

**Extract of a letter to the Richmond Whig, from Hinds county, Mississippi:**  
"There never were so many law suits before. The number of suits brought to three Courts, (the two last sessions of the Circuit Court of Hinds, and to the next session that will set in twenty-two days,) exceed 6000; about 3000 of them to the next session."

**Solomon Andrews, a director of the Bank of Mobile, was arrested on board of the steamboat Monarch at New Orleans, and committed to jail, being charged with having obtained \$250,000 on fraudulent pretences.** Upwards of \$50,000 in drafts and doubloons, were found in his possession.

**Suicide.**—Capt. Wm. W. Vail, formerly commanding a packet between New York and this port, in which latter he has lived for some years past with his family, committed suicide on Saturday afternoon, by strangling himself with a cord tied to a bed post. The deceased was a man of inoffensive character, and unobtrusive in his manners. No other cause can be assigned for this rash act but mental aberration, proceeding from depression of spirits.

**Norfolk Her.**  
**Dreadful Mistake.**—Antoine Rousseau went down West Pearl river, Louisiana, 21st ult. to examine his fish lines, accompanied by his own daughter and a son of Mrs. Moore. While hunting in the thicket, mistaking the children who were in white dresses for *beck roach*, he fired, and shocking to relate, killed both.

**Horrible.**—A short time since, a Mr. Brown, of Morgan county, Ky. accompanied by his son, left home to hunt wild turkeys. By agreement they separated to meet at a given point. The son reached it first—when, not seeing his father, he proceeded a short distance onward, where he climbed a small pine tree, and began to imitate 'the call' of the turkey.

The father coming up, and believing the noise to proceed from a turkey, and indistinctly seeing the hand and arm, which he mistook for a turkey's head and neck, levelled his piece and brought down his own son! The boy lived three days.—*Louisville Gaz.*

**It appears that the difficulties in the Alabama University at Tuscaloosa, arose from the students omitting one morning to come to recitations, whereupon a commotion ensued, in the course of which one of the professors fired a pistol at the students, which was promptly returned by the latter, without however, any damage.**

In consequence of facts of insubordination, all the students have been suspended.

**The identical ship in which Capt. Cook circumnavigated the globe is now lying at New York.** She was originally called the *Endeavor*; but after passing through many scenes and changes, now goes by the name of the *Reubens*.

**Attempt to kill a Judge.**—We learn from the Philadelphia Inquirer, that an attempt was made in that city on the life of Judge King, of the Court of Common Pleas. It appears that some time since, in consequence of a domestic difficulty, a husband and wife, residents of Southwark, parted, and the wife returned to the residence of her father. Subsequently she made application to the Court of Common Pleas for two of her children, both of tender age, which having been granted, a suit was forthwith instituted against the father for their support.

This question came up for decision before Court on Wednesday last, and among other evidence, the wife swore that the husband had locked her up in a room and intimidated her with a loaded musket. The case was heard in all its bearings, and the Court, through the President, Judge King, gave a decision against the father. This produced the most painful excitement in the mind of the defendant, and while in a state of great agitation, and laboring under the strongest feelings, he visited the house of Judge King, in Girard street, where he made use of violent language, and remained for nearly an hour. The Judge endeavored to appease him by every means in his power, but in vain. He finally drew a loaded pistol from his bosom, and was in the act of presenting it towards the Judge, when the lady of that distinguished judicial officer, whose attention had been arrested by the vehement language of the excited visiter, sprang suddenly between the two, struck the pistol with her hand, and the ball with which it was charged fell upon the floor. But for this act, and the presence of mind of Mrs. King, the most fatal consequence might have ensued. The hurried visiter then retreated from the room and discharged his pistol in the air.—*Norfolk Her.*

**Wooden Nutmegs outdone.**—A short time since, an animal called a Yankee pedlar made his appearance in this county, offering the people, just for comfort's sake, a few pounds of prime northern strained honey. This article being scarce about here, almost every grocer and many families, bought and ate. It now turns out that this same prime honey is nothing more or less than a compound mixture of chalk, soda and molasses, manufactured somewhere up in Vermont.

**Norwich (Conn.) Chron.**  
**Experimental philosophy**—asking a man to lend you money. **Moral philosophy**—refusing to do it.—*Chronicle.*