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BY GEORGE HOWARD.
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Miscellaneous.



NEW DRINKING SONG.

By Mrs. Sigourney.
Drink, friends, drink deep—the moon is high;
Drink, and forget your care—
The sultry summer suns are high—
Drink, and your strength repair;
The deer, that from the hunter flies,
The warrior, red with slaughter,
The camel, 'neath the burning skies,
Quaff deep the crystal water!
Our father, Sun, the example gives,
Our mother, Earth, also;
He, jocund, drinks above the clouds,
She blushing drinks below—
Pledge high, pledge long, the friends you love,
To absent wife and daughter,
Or blooming maid who rules your heart,
Drink deep—but only water!

A LOVE SONG.

Rather unlike the modern ones.
Dear Kate, I do not swear and rave,
Or sigh sweet things, as many can;
But tho' my lip ne'er plays the slave,
My heart will not disgrace the man.
I prize thee ay, my bonnie Kate,
So firmly fond this breast can be,
That I would brook the sternest fate
If it but left me health and thee.
I do not promise that our life
Shall know no shade on heart or brow;
For human lot and mortal strife
Would mock the falsehood of such vow;
But when the clouds of pain and care
Shall teach us we are not divine,
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,
And I will strive to lighten thine.
We love each other, yet perchance
The murmur of dissent may rise;
Fierce words may chase the tender glance,
And angry flashes light our eyes,
But we must learn to check the frown,
To reason rather than to blame;
The wisest have their faults to own,
And you and I, girl, have the same.
You must not like me less, my Kate,
For such an honest strain as this;
I love thee dearly, but I hate
The piling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."
There's faith in all I've said or sung,
I woo thee as a man should woo;
And though I lack a honey'd tongue,
Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

MY WIFE'S HISTORY.

'What angel of beauty was that, who smiled so sweetly and so familiarly on you from the carriage that just passed us, Ellsford?' said I to my old friend, with whom I was walking arm in arm along Market street, having just met him after an absence of three years, as happy as a young girl before love makes her serious.
'Oh! that's my wife.'
'Your wife! Well, you are a happy dog, Ellsford. Why I never heard that you were married.'
'But I am, though, and to an angel, as you say truly, my friend,' and a half perceptible tear filled his eye, while a smile played over his manly face.
'When were you married?'
'Three weeks ago, and a happier man never lived than your old friend Ellsford.'
Truly she was a lovely creature. My friend was a man of most refined taste, united with high manly independence, of feeling, and all was purified and elevated by the most liberal education. Mrs. Ellsford was worthy

of her husband. Her mind was but a gentle image of his own—a kind of softened reflection.
Their house soon became the most attractive spot to me in the city, and most of my evenings were spent in their company. I was often led to remark the peculiar delicacy and exquisite perception of the beautiful, which distinguished the mind of my friend's lovely companion. Between her soul and nature in its varied manifestations there was a sympathy which seemed almost to make her a part of the great whole of creation. To her, 'high mountains were a feeling,' and the low breathings of the summer airs with their wings of perfume, the loud swell of the tempest, the clear lake as it held the blue sky in its crystal depths, the whisper of the playful stream, and the strong rush of the mighty river—all had the power to charm her heart as with the spell of an invisible spirit. And from nature her soul went up to nature's God in pure devotions.
It is not necessary to the perfection of such character that it should have no feeling in common with busy life. No, Caroline Ellsford was a choice friend and an interesting companion. She was not a vain dreamer, but one who understood the operations of her own mind, and who would control them.
A few brief years passed away, and the blight and the shadow fell upon my friend's bower of peace. The angel of death came with his fearful summons, and the high-minded and noble Ellsford was no more.
It was three months after this sad event that I returned home from a long journey in the 'far west,' and called to see the widow of my early friend. I found her as I had expected to find her—not paralysed in mind; but a calm, and at times an almost cheerful—mourner. She was guarded in her allusions to her husband; and only so, it seemed, from the fact that experience had taught her that it were far better not to indulge in grief. But oh, what a change had come over the spirit of her dream!
I soon learned to my great grief that affairs with Ellsford had not been as prosperous as was supposed. His lovely widow was left with a bare pittance after his business was settled up—and she soon began to feel great concern for her future support. In this dilemma she advertised as a teacher in a private family, and notwithstanding my gentle but earnest remonstrance, accepted the place of governess in the family of Mrs. Dobbs.
Mrs. Dobbs had served her time in the kitchen, from which she had been elevated by Mr. Dobbs, a man whose ideas could comprehend a little beyond the multiplication table. By degrees he succeeded in adding dollars, little careful of the means, until he became one of the most wealthy merchants of our city. His wife soon began to feel her consequence, especially as her husband's reputed wealth and her own splendid coach and gaudy trappings, introduced her into the best society. In a few years a new edition of the Dobbs became apparent, and as graceless a set were not to be found in Charles-street, from Fayette to Franklin.
'Emily, my dear.'
'What.'
'Come, my love, I want you.'
'What do you want?'
'I want to introduce you to your new governess.'
'Is she cross, ma!' and a fat awkward girl of some eleven years-old came rudely into the room, and made her way boldly and familiarly to where Mrs. Ellsford was sitting.
'This my dear is—what's your name! I forget.'
'Mrs. Ellsford.'
'No—not that, your first name.'
'Caroline,' said she, half weeping, as thoughts of other days, and her high-minded and honored husband came over her.
'Well, Caroline, this is Miss Emma—I want you to take particular care of her manners—she is quite polished now; indeed, I cannot ever be enough grateful to Madame Gallopade for the great attention she paid to her polite education; she was invaluable, and I fear I shall never cease to regret her leaving me. Do pray, Caroline, be careful, not to make my children rude; of all things, I shudder at plebeian manners. Emma, my dear, this is Caroline, your new teacher.'
'I don't like her much, ma!'
'I am sorry for that. Caroline, you must be very careful to make the girls like you; they are very amiable now, and I don't want them to become rude. If you are polite to them, you will soon make them like you.'
Just at this moment Angelina Dobbs, the celebrated belle, the admired of all admirers of money, came sweeping into the room. She did not deign to notice Mrs. Ellsford at first, but when her mother told her this was Caroline, who would give her some lessons in music, as well as take charge of the girls, she rolled her inexpressive eyes upon her, and after scanning her from head to foot, with a half sneering air remarked—
'Well, I reckon she'll do.—What's her name—I didn't hear.'
'Caroline.'
'Caroline—hem! Ma, I wish you hadn't went to Mrs. Melonée's ball last night—you really looked so awkward that I was ashamed of you. And when you do go out, why in the name of common sense will you dance? I never saw any one in my life dance so ungracefully. Why, Mr. Fortunatus laughed right out when you made that false move in the cotillon—and he is such a gentleman in all his manners, and so intelligent and interesting, I wouldn't have it happened for all the world.'
Even the heartlessness of wealth softened when such a woman as Mrs. Ellsford became known in her real character, and she was now respected, and in many cases where good sense happened to accompany elevation, greatly esteemed by such as visited Mrs. Dobbs. This change in the tone of visitors produced a corresponding one in the family, and Mrs. Ellsford was consequently treated with more respect and less rudeness. Her intelligence and true dignity, united with a winning gentleness of manner and perfect freedom from any effort at effect, insensibly won the good will and admiration of all; and it at length became a matter of almost necessity that Mrs. Ellsford should be in the parlor whenever company were present, because visitors always asked for her, and would not be satisfied unless she were present. She soon drew around her an intelligent coterie of both sexes, and rendered the drawing room of Mrs. Dobbs quite attractive.
This could not be suffered to continue long, as Miss Angelina and her mother began to perceive too plainly that the daughter was thrown deeply in the shade by the governess. Her situation was soon rendered too disagreeable for endurance, and she very reluctantly determined to leave a place where, notwithstanding the constant shocks which her feelings received she preferred remaining, to again submitting to the scrutiny and coldness of strangers.
'Caroline,' said I tenderly, for

she had become to me a sister—indeed more than a sister, and I used the name in the fondness of confident familiarity. 'Caroline, where do you intend going when you leave here, as you say you must?'
'I have not yet determined,' said she, half despondingly, where I shall go—the Misses Wilfords are anxious that I should take charge of them, and they are an amiable and sweet family of children. Their mother has often hinted a wish that I should come into her house, and the little girls were only an hour since coaxing me to come and live with them. I could not become domesticated in a pleasanter family, and shall probably go there.'
'Will you take my advice on the subject, Caroline?'
'You have proved yourself a true friend—such as he said you were; (her voice slightly trembled) and I think I may say with confidence that I will.'
'Then don't go there!'
She looked at me with momentary surprise, and then said, half bitterly, 'Would you have me stay here?'
'Here! no, Caroline—no! not here.'
'Where then? I know of no other home.'
There was something so melancholy in her tone that it instantly confirmed my resolution; I said earnestly but tenderly—
'I will give you a home!'
She looked at me enquiringly, but not without an air of surprise, and merely said—
'I do not understand you.'
'Simply and frankly then I wish to give you a home in my heart, and by my own hearth. Will you accept the offer made in all tenderness and affection?'
Her hand was in mine, but she did not remove it. A tear gath-ered in her eye, but a faint smile played about her lips. For a moment she remained silent, and then turning towards me said, calmly and feelingly—
'To the keeping of no one would I sooner give my happiness; if you think a heart that has been bruised and wounded like mine worth having, it is yours.'
Reader, I am a very happy man. And the once sorrowful Caroline, now Mrs. —, is, I think, a very happy woman, at least she says so, and I have no motive for doubting her word. She passed, as all right minded persons can through fire, and it did not consume her—and she came from it refined as gold, that is tried in the furnace. If you would choose a good wife look out for one who has known sorrow, but has not been subdued by it—who has borne affliction with calmness, and privation without repining. They only who have had adversity know how to bear prosperity.'

live, not frowningly and snappishly, but lovingly and peaceably.
Effects of Kissing.—The Cape Ann girls, after you have kissed them, exclaim, 'you impudent santon, I'll tell your father.'
The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up all at once and say, 'I should think you ought to be ashamed.'—*Boston paper.*
When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says, 'I reckon it's my turn now,' and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget for a year.—*Irvington Herald.*
A young man was charged on Thursday with having assaulted and kissed a young woman. It appeared that the complainant had been sent by a friend, Mrs. Small, to Shirley, to execute some commission for her, and that while proceeding on her way the defendant, in spite of her resistance, attempted to kiss her, and actually perpetrated the offence on a second attempt. He was committed to Winchester jail for 3 months.—*Hampshire Ad.*
Scandal.—The Detroit Post says, that whispering tubes are about being inserted in the sides of a meeting house in that city, leading from thence under ground to the chambers of some of their gentry, so that they can hear the sermon without the trouble of going to church on Sunday mornings. These aqueducts of salvation are described as being made of tin, and are about as big round as a stick of wood.
Wanted.—Six or eight respectable looking young men to stand at the ladies' door of the meeting house, in order to look at the 'fair creatures' when they come out of church, and at night to push their faces under the ladies' bonnets to ascertain who they are—also
A number of persons to go out of church when the services are about half over; male or female persons will answer—also
Two or three young men or boys to stand at the side windows to smoke segars while the congregation is engaged, so that they can be regaled with the smoke; it is so refreshing to the congregation. Enquire in Politeness street.—*Baltimore Express.*
A Yankee in Connecticut has succeeded, it is said, in making mirrors so perfect that the image in the glass will answer any question which the looker-in sees proper to ask it.
Value of Bank notes.—A servant girl at an inn at Quebec was recently charged with stealing three notes of \$5 each on two banks of that city, from one of the boarders in the house. They were found in her shoe, but the jury discharged her on the ground that the notes were of no value whatever, because the banks had suspended specie payments. The notes were returned to their owner, and the girl allowed to depart. This was a righteous, although singular decision.
Delaware Gar.
A newly constructed pistol, the invention of the Messrs. Darling, of Bellingham, Mass. has recently been exhibited in Providence. The Providence Courier thus describes it:
'It has six barrels united, placed in a circle parallel with each, and surrounding a common centre, which centre bore is for the reception of an iron axle, around which the barrels revolve. The lock of the pistol is in common form, containing a main spring, a dog, and trigger, for the moving of a percussion hammer. Each

barrel has its separate nipper at the breech. The barrels are charged for firing in the usual manner of other fire arms. The machine work of the pistol and lock is concealed within the stock, except the hammer and the trigger.'
Sub-marine Excursion.—We mentioned the other day that Captain W. H. Taylor was about preparing for a pearl fishing voyage, and that he intended using an India rubber dress, for the purpose of descending to the bottom of the ocean. His apparatus being now completed, he yesterday made his first experiment in the Hudson river, a few miles above the city, accompanied by a few friends and scientific gentlemen. Capt. Taylor first put on the dress, composed of India rubber and tin plate, and remained in the water 36 minutes. He could have staid down several hours as well as not, but he was obliged to return to the city. Afterwards, Mr. J. W. Hale, of the news room, put on the dress, and was in the water over a quarter of an hour. The wearer has perfect command of himself, and can walk on the bottom, at any intermediate space between it and the surface, or he can rise to the top of the water. After one is incased about half a minute, there is not the slightest difficulty in respiration.—*N. Y. Express.*
A natural Protector against Lightning.—The Coatesville Pa. Advertiser says: The beech tree is said to be a complete protector from lightning. Would it not be preferable on this account for shade trees near dwellings, and for fields?
If true, we should answer yes, most certainly. The beech is one of the noblest of our forest trees, and why may it not possess some mysterious conducting or preservative power of the kind indicated? We know that the most widespread and tremendous agent in the universe is electric fluid, and that its laws are shrouded in utter mystery. There is nothing after what we have seen of its manifestations in electro-magnetism which we may not believe.
Riot at Lockport.—A disgraceful scene occurred at this place Saturday. The village authorities had forbidden a Circus company to perform. The inhabitants insisted they should—the riders begin, the constables rushed in—a general battle, the drums rattle—coats torn, whiskers shorn—them vot'poses, "get bloody noses"—make more room, the ladies swoon—the old man grumble, the horses stumble—down goes the clown, "Whitey Brown"—the ringleader taken, couldn't save his bacon.
The most disgraceful part of the whole affair, however, was the finale, to wit: the plastering with tar the doors of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, and the house of the President of the Board of Trustees, by some one or more evil-minded person or persons.—*N. Y. Star.*
A long Nose.—Napoleon used to say: Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head go together.
A Whopper.—Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has milked nothing but ice-cream ever since.—*Gazette.*

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