



The "Tarborough Press,"

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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Miscellaneous.



THE SLEEPING INFANT.

How calm thy sleep, my little one!
Gift of a hand divine!
Care hath no wreath to place upon
That little brow of thine.
Yet on thy cheek are tears of grief,
Like pearl-drops on a flower;
Frail emblems of thy sorrow brief,
At evening's lonely hour.
Yet thou wilt wake to boundless glee
When dewy morn appears,
Nor e'er remember'd more will be
Thy bitter evening tears.
But what are these thy hopes which
share—
Thy feeble hands which fill?
Thou'rt grasping with a miser's care
Thy little play-things still.
Come yield to me each useless toy,
Fill morn's young beams shall
peep—
Nay, struggle not!—can'st thou enjoy
These trifles in thy sleep?
Slumber her silken plumes has furled
Around thy placid brow,
And yet an emblem of the world
Thou pictur'st to me now.
Tis thus with man, when old age
brings
To life's declining vale,—
He weeps at Time's stern call, and
clings
To trifles just as frail!

A GOOD FELLOW.

There is a great difference between a good fellow and a clever fellow; a clever fellow is far from being a good fellow, he is rather a good-for-nothing fellow. A clever fellow is always bustling about like a parched pea on a shovel; but a good fellow is as quiet as a mouse, and as easy as an old shoe. A clever fellow has all his eyes about him, but a good fellow never has his eyes above three quarters open. He takes the world as he finds it, and thinks it on the whole a pretty sort of thing, and never meditates pulling it to pieces to make it go better, as babies do watches. A clever fellow will be sure to contradict all you say; a good fellow will be sure to agree with you whatever you say. A good fellow is a kind of tame bear, clumsy, but tractable; you may lead him any where, and persuade him to any thing. He will tell you good stories if you like to listen to him, and if you do not, he will listen to your bad ones. He will laugh at your jokes and pity your grief. He will eat at any table and drink at any tavern. He will chirp over his glass, and praise the nastiest wine that was ever bottled. He will never be the first to break up a party, but will sit beyond midnight, kindly oblivious of his wife and children. A good fellow is quite in his glory, and at the very perfection of his goodness, when he is half drunk or half asleep. If you have wit, you may make him your butt; and if you have not you may play off your stupidity upon him, and he will take it for wit. He must care for nobody, but be at every body's service. He bears no resentments, and is obliging to all the world, except his own family, of whose existence he seems hardly aware. His mind, like his body, seems to have ac-

quired a habit of setting quietly down and confining itself to a place. He is a man who looks as though he had forgotten yesterday and had no thought for tomorrow. He is a complete nose of wax, to be twisted or squeezed into any shape. He has no mental or moral characteristics whatever—he is not a good man or a bad man, but he is a good fellow; he has neither wit nor wisdom, but he is a good fellow; he has done nothing that any one can recollect—he has filled no heart with gratitude and no tongues with his praise, but he is a good fellow. If he fall into trouble (which he is pretty sure to do, for he takes no pains to keep out of it,) his friends pity him, it is true; but they have a very queer way of pitying him—they laugh at him with tears in their eyes. They will not give him a sixpence, but they will say he was a good fellow.

A POOR FELLOW.

Now, hereby we are brought to the acquaintance of another species of fellow—to wit, the Poor Fellow—another, and yet not another. A worn out good fellow makes a poor fellow, and so does a done up clever fellow. A poor fellow is a kind of waste butt for superfluous pity, and the dress of sympathy; compassion is not kindly administered, but carelessly thrown at him. His name is mentioned at tables where once he sat gaily and gloriously; and there starts up at the sound of it a vision of a threadbare coat of doubtful color, of a napless hat with a crown that flaps up and down in the wind, and with a flabby brim that will never flap up again—a vision of leaky shoes, of greasy trousers, of lantern jaws, and long grey hair and the guests say, 'Poor fellow'—then they drink their wine to drown the thought of him—thus laying the ghost in a red sea. A poor fellow is like a drone in autumn—there is something passing melancholy in the slowness of its gait, and there is in its form and aspect that which tells of a bygone summer—an evanescent brightness—a temporary flutter and gaiety; but cold winds are come, and heavy clouds hang their damp drapery in a gloomy sky, and the poor shivering drone is creeping to as warm a death as it can find. The pity with which men look upon a poor fellow is as different from the compassion with which they regard a poor man, as the praise they bestow on a good fellow differs from the respect with which they treat a good man. There is something painful in the familiarity of pity, and the pertness of a half humourous sympathy. Even the truly generous feel some repugnance in administering to a poor fellow, which they do not feel in relieving a poor man. A poor fellow reminds you of gay days; and there is a thought, not to be surmised, that some mortal obliquities have assisted to form the slope into the valley of adversity; while the poor fellow himself feels more deeply than all the contrast of the present with the past—he knows that the past will never be present again, therefore he wishes the present to be past as soon as possible—Poor fellow!—Drop the curtain.

From a Paper printed in 1753.

Proposed Matrimonial Enactments.—The following clauses are humbly proposed to be added to the late act against clandestine marriages, in case the legislature should hereafter take that subject into their consideration:—
When thoughtless young fools having no visible way to maintain themselves, nor any thing to begin the world, yet resolve to marry and be miserable, let it be deemed petty larceny.
If a young man marries an

old woman merely for the sake of a maintenance, let it be called self-preservation.

When a rich old fellow marries a young woman in her full bloom, it shall be death without benefit of clergy.

When two old creatures that can hardly hear one another speak, and cannot propose the least comfort to themselves in the thing, yet marry together, they shall be deemed *non compos*, and sent to the mad house.

When a lady marries her servant, or a gentleman his cook maid, especially if there be any children by a former marriage, they both shall be transported for fourteen years.

When a woman in good circumstances marries an infamous man, not worth a groat; if she's betrayed into it, shall be called accidental death; but if she knows it, it shall be made single felony, and shall be burnt in the hand.

When a woman marries a man deeply in debt, knowing him to be so, let her be sent to the house of correction, and kept to hard labor for three months; and if he deceives her, and did not let her know his circumstances, she shall be acquitted and he doomed to beat hemp all the days of his life.

When a man having no children marries a woman with five or six, let the delinquent stand thrice in the pillory, loose both his ears, and suffer one year's imprisonment.

If a man marries a woman of ill fame, knowing her to be so, he shall have a pair of horns painted on his door, or if she be a known scold, a couple of neat's tongues in the room of them.

And when a man or woman marries to the disinheriting of their children, let them suffer as in case of high treason.

"The Hens have had a meeting too."—A countryman drove his cart up to a grocer's door, and asked him what he gave for eggs—"only 17 cents," was the reply, "for the grocers have had a meeting, and voted to give no more." Again the countryman came to market and asked the grocer what he gave for eggs—"only 12 1-2 cents," said the grocer, "for the grocers have had a meeting and voted not to give any more." A third time the countryman came and made the same enquiry, and the grocer replied, that the grocers had held a meeting again and voted to give only 10 cents. "Have you any for sale," continued the grocer—"No," says the countryman, "the hens have had a meeting too, and voted not to trouble themselves to lay eggs for 10 cents a dozen."—*Boston Post.*

A Veteran Printer.—The Editor of the Weekly Messenger lately paid a visit to Hartford, where he records the following interesting incident:

"Since my arrival in this city, I have had a very interesting interview with the very venerable Geo. Goodwin, who is now, I believe, the oldest practical printer in America—being in his eighty-third year, but as hale, hearty and active, apparently, as most men are at fifty-five or sixty. I found him in the same place and at the same employment, that I did when I called on him twenty years ago, viz: setting type for the Connecticut Courant. When I expressed some little surprise thereat, he observed that he had been setting types for this same paper more than 70 years, and he could not feel contented to abandon his favorite employment at this time of life."

A correspondent of the Ohio Register, writing from Cincinnati, says:—
Our landing was yesterday as-

tonished by the appearance of a young man from down the river, who, when caught and measured, proved to be seven feet six inches high. As he stood in the crowd, his shoulders high above the heads of the tallest, he looked around him without the least interruption to his prospect, which was doubtless an extended one, while the pigmy tribes of Adam, your common six-footers, were walking round him at a suitable distance for the purpose of seeing his whole length, as men walk wide of the house to read a sign board, or to see if the chimney be on fire. I afterwards saw him standing on the guards of a steamboat, apparently surveying, over the top of the boat, some object on the other side. Of course, this "most delicate monster" was the talk of Front street for the day. Upon inquiry of the captain who brought him up, I found he was a Louisville hackman, named Porter. His age is only 22 years, and he has not yet ceased to grow! "He is filling up," said the captain; "he'll be quite a large man yet, he's a young fernomenon, aint he?"

Be off, Girls!—A gentleman formerly of New England, writes from Jackson, Miss. to a friend in this city, who contemplates emigrating to the west this fall, and says:—"Just bring out a thousand of your industrious Yankee girls; I want a wife, and I will find husbands for a hundred more. How unequally the good things of this world are distributed. I will venture to say that twenty thousand New England maidens would meet with a welcome reception by the gallant and noble hearted Mississippians. I think every one would have offers in less than a year."

[Boston Traveller.]

Breakfast in Alabama.—The following conversation is said to have taken place some where in that State.

Marm what do you charge for a breakfast here? Why, if you have corn bread and common trimmings, it will be two bits (25 cents.) But if you have wheat bread and chicken fixins, it will be three bits. Let's have the chicken fixins.

The way to get rid of the heathen.—A ship lately carried out to the Sandwich Islands, eight missionaries & one hundred hogsheads of ardent spirits for the benefit of the heathen.

N. Y. Star.

Shockingly Disappointed.—The author of 'Jack Brag,' narrates an amusing incident which occurred to his hero (an English cockney) while stopping at a hotel in a village near the sea-shore. The waiting-maid chanced to be a poor orphan, but possessed of unusual beauty. Jack, who was always smitten with every new face, soon conceived an ardent passion for the pretty waiter, and while cogitating on the subject one night some hours after he had retired to bed, the door gently opened, and to his surprise and pleasure Fanny, the pretty waiting maid, stood before him.

After a good deal of hesitation and timidity, she informed him that, unexpectedly, every bed in the house was occupied, and she was under the necessity of asking if he would be so very kind as to spare a part of his. Jack, (now fully conscious that he had not overrated his powers of fascination) gave his assent with the greatest pleasure imaginable, when in steps Mr. Van Slush, a North Sea trader, who was six feet four in height, four feet six in circumference, and wet to the skin—"I dank you ver moch, sir," said he to Jack, 'vor de commodazun; I sleeps zound.' 'I dont understand,' said Jack.—'Bot I too,' re-

plied Van Slush; 'Vanny ask you vor alf de ped; you zay yes; I aff not zlept dry vor deze dree weeks, von vay and odder, zo Vanny pring up my bipe and my bacco, and zom prandy and vater, we'll aff a zwig before I durn in.'

Atrocious Murder.—A correspondent in Pittsylvania county writes to us as follows:—"On Thursday evening the 10th inst. Doct. Joel H. Echols, residing at the court house, was called on professional duty, to the neighbourhood of Berger's Store, 12 miles distant, where on alighting from his horse, he heard Mr. William Bennett, (who had previously been employed by the Doctor's father,) engaged, as was his habit, in "raising a row." The Doctor mildly stepped up for the purpose of interposing, and preventing any unpleasant occurrence; whereupon Bennett, incensed at any interference, rashly threatened him. The Doctor, believing that no unfriendly motive could be attributed to him, again interposed, when he was cut across the abdomen with a rough neighborhood made butcher knife—of which wound he expired next day. Dr. Echols was in the bloom of life, of good family, and highly respected by his friends and acquaintances.—Bennett has been committed to jail, to await his trial."

Lynchburg Virginian.

A remarkable instance of cool and determined courage was displayed last week, in the Valley, near the old Boston road. Mrs. Curtis, who was picking blackberries for the Salem market, found herself within reach and almost in contact with a Rattlesnake. Instead of screaming, or fainting away, as many would have done, she took a small stick, and the way she put it over his head and shoulders was a caution to Rattlesnakes. Having amused herself in this way as long as it could be of any use, she tied a string round its neck and carried it home in triumph.

Salem Gaz.

Alarming Flour Combination.—The Buffalo, N. Y. Journal of the 1st says, there is every reason to believe that notwithstanding the immense yield of the grain crops this season, the manufacturers and dealers in flour are busily at work to forestall and buy up the market. The extent of ratiification of this secret combination is incredible, and their resources ample. The above paper says:

We could name, we believe, a single bank for instance, eastward of us, which, within a few days, has engaged to make discounts to the amount of at least \$140,000 to three individuals, for the purchase of wheat—and the agents of which individuals have already passed through this city and gone west to purchase wheat of the new crop. We could also name an association of individuals in another part of our state, who already own one bank in Michigan, and another in the valley of the Scioto, Ohio, if not indeed other banks, whose agents are in the field making purchases; to say nothing of the dozens of other large milling establishments who have their agents scattered in all directions, and whose means, obtained from a large number of banks, which are completely at their control, are of the most ample kind. And further, we think we could designate from seven to ten banking institutions in this state, which are the mere creatures of these monopolists, and three-fourths of whose discounts are either directly or indirectly made to these men, and whose demands they dare not at any time gausay. And further still, we most conscientiously believe that an effort will be made by these monopolists to induce the bank com-

missioners to deal most rigorously with, or, in the words of one of them, to "spur up" all the western banks, at least, which will not come into their measures, and minister to their speculations.

Bouncers.—There are two young ladies, sisters, now residing in Hebron, Ohio—the weight of the younger, fifteen years old, being 280 pounds, and the other, seventeen years old, 320 pounds.
N. Y. Star.

A Dangerous Experiment.—A Fisherman in England while in a state of intoxication, put out his tongue to try whether an adder would exhibit the usual ferocity, which they are said to like a Turkey gobbler at the sight of a red object.—The adder flew at him and bit him in his garrulatory organ dreadfully so that it swelled up and protruded from his mouth, and came near killing him.

Wooden Nutmegs Outdone.—A short time since, 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 eat. It now turns out this same prime honey is nothing more or less than a compound mixture of chalk, soda and Molasses, manufactured some where up in Vermont.
Norwalk, (Conn.) Chron.

The Man who can do without going to bed.—A recent author speaking of a well known reporter says, "He possesses a singularly strong constitution. I have spoken of his early rising; I should have mentioned, that he is also late in going to bed. On an average he has not, for the last twenty years, slept above four hours in the twenty-four. He is often weeks without going to bed at all. It sufficeth him, as Wordsworth would say, to have two or three hours' doze in his arm chair, and with his clothes on. In the year 1834, he was seized with the ambition of performing an unusual feat in this way. He aspired to the reputation of being able to sit up one hundred consecutive nights and days, without stretching himself on a bed, or in any way putting himself into a horizontal position, even for one moment. He actually did, incredible as it may appear, accomplish the extraordinary undertaking. For one century of consecutive nights and days, as he himself loves to express it, he neither put off his clothes to lie down in bed, nor any where else, for a second. Any little sleep he had during the time was in the shape of a doze, as just mentioned, in his arm chair." Whether this hater of Bedfordshire is married, our historian sayeth not.

"Come friend," said a creditor to a debtor, "I want that money."
"I haven't got it."
"But I must have it now."
"Well—if you get it before I do, just let me know, will you."

"Sir, do you mean to say I lie?" said a person to a French gentleman. "No, sare, I say not dat you lie; but, sare, I say dat you walk round about the truth."

"Papa," said a little boy to his father, the other day, "when a fellow strikes another, haint he got no right to strike back?"
"Certainly he has," replied the father, "the law of self-defence sanctions it."
"Well then, I'll tell you what it is," said the boy, "the next time you box my ears, I'll hit you a devil of a poult under the fifth rib!"