TARBORO' PRESS.

Whole No. 678. Tarborough, (Edgecombe County, N. C.) Saturday, October 21, 1837. Vol. XIII—No. 42.

The "Tarborough Press,"
BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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, *Twenty five 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 a 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.

THE WORLD.

Oh! this were a bright world,
Most pleasant and gay,
Did love never languish
Nor friendship decay.
And pure rays of feeling
That gladden the heart
Like sunshine to nature,
Did never depart.

To fair eyes no weeping,
To fond hearts no pain,
Did hope's buds all blossom,
And blooming remain.
No sorrow to blighten,
No care to destroy,
Oh! then what a bright world
Of gladness and joy?

Did time never alter,
Nor distance remove
The friend that we cherish,
The fond one we love.
A sky never clouded
Nor darken'd by wo,
Oh! then how serenely
Life's streamlet would flow!

Were pleasures less fleeting,
Nor brought in their train
The mem'ry of joys fled
That come not again.
Oh! then what a bright world,
All gladness and gay,
Did love never languish,
Nor friendship decay.

WILSON CONWAY.

[*An Extract.*]

I had hardly become acquainted with Miss Clair when she suddenly left the village for an absence of three months. I cannot describe the pain I underwent during that time. I could not study or read, even novels. She promised to correspond with me, and all I did was to write letters to her. I wrote every day, and at night threw them into the fire. They did not suit me. Sometimes they were too warm. What I had written in the morning, seemed a different thing in the afternoon. I was now angry, now penitent, and in that conflicting state of mind which lovers, particularly young ones, know so well; and which I will venture to say they all agree is the most unenviable state of feeling in the world.

At last she returned. She would not see me for a week, for some cause or other—I never could discover what. When I did see her, at last, she received me with stately coldness. I did not know what to make of it. It made me feel very unhappy, and I recollect I did not think of blaming her, but supposed the fault lay in myself.

This fickleness of hers did not cool my passion, but rather inflamed it. During these formal visits, there was always a look given, or a flower, or some appeal to me in a matter of literature, from which I drew encouragement that she was not indifferent to me—something I always carried away to dwell upon with pleasure; that kept her in my thoughts, and kept me from giving up the pursuit of such a charming object.

The character of this high and impetuous young lady, was the effect of books acting upon a very susceptible temperament. My own character was quite as impetuous as her own, though not so high and disinterested. Having been, as I thought, in love before, I had a certain familiarity of acquaintance with emotion, 'Twas love I loved.' She loved me. She acted from strong feeling, and so did I; but I am ashamed to record, that my movements were tempered with a vein of calculation, that detracted my enjoyment.

But how much did we enjoy! Here for the first time did I fold a woman in my arms, and impress upon her lips—giving all that lips can give—burning kisses! I played with the rich black hair upon her forehead. I kissed her white hand and encircled her waist. I laid my head upon her bosom, and felt the heavings of her heart.

Oh God! what scenes of agonizing bliss! I never can know you again! Age, care, and want, have come upon me, and I am dying in a foreign land, without one tear to water my grave!

When Alice Clair first confessed her love to me, it was with weeping, and an excess of emotion, which alarmed me. Her whole frame was shaken, as if by an ague. I had endeavored for a long time, to wring the secret from her. I wished her to say the words, '*I do love you!*' I wished her promise; I now can easily see her hesitation. She loved me better than I did myself.

One night, we were walking late on the banks of a river, in a beautiful meadow. The town was far above us. Every sound of labor was hushed, and we were alone, in the stillness of a moonlight night, with no witnesses except the stars, and the long shadows of our figures, as we alternately walked and sat by the way. The scene was a bewitching one; the river was calm, and reflected the heavens; the night was balmy with new-mown hay. We were alive with health, and youth, and love. I had been singing low, plaintive airs to her, expressive of ill-requited affection, as we walked along. She said but little. Her face looked pale and thoughtful, as ever and anon she turned her large eyes full upon me, as if to search my very inmost soul. She was deliberating upon my proposal. I was unsuspecting, but free and open to tell her all. Suddenly she threw her arms about my neck, and seemed fainting, by the weight pressed upon me. I seated her upon the bank of the river, and still she wept, and spoke not a word, while her tears flowed, and her frame trembled. I cried out for help, but she stopped me; and as no one came, I waited till she recovered herself. That night we sat long by the bank of the river, and she gave me her heart, and the compact was sealed by the first kiss I had ever given to pure lips. She then confessed to me all her doubts, and in a dignified manner, which confused while it charmed me, told me the risks she incurred in yielding to her feelings. I had nothing to boast of in the conquest, for while it displayed to me the weakness and tenderness of woman, it told me how weak and inferior I was in all the essentials of a useful man. It certainly was the most singular confession and compact that ever took place between man and woman, since the time Adam took Eve to wife, in the garden of Paradise.

After this, her manner changed toward me entirely. There was no reserve. She pointed out my faults; she endeavored to excite me to honorable exertion.

N. Y. Star.

Police in Boston.—Ann Higgins never was thought of when women were named the weaker vessel. She weighed nearly a stone when calm, and a little more when she used her 'pickers and steerers.' Her principal faults were—1st, being an active member of the loafing gang; 2d, dressing uncommon and unclean; 3d, taking three cent nippers whenever she could get them. The first was positive, the second comparative, and the third was superlative.

One who well knew Ann's little indiscretions, said she was in the habit of keeping late hours, and was a constant visitor to all the *black balls*, conversaziones and colored and musical *sore-eyes* that were held either in or about the city. Whenever the spirited and soul-stirring air of

Going down sandy hollow tother afternoon,
Going down sandy hollow tother afternoon,

the first person that the watchman would meet would be not old Zip Coon, but Ann Higgins.

And she could vociferate with wonderful power of lungs

Oh, Mr. Coon is a very fine fellow,
Plays on the banjo down in cooney hollow.

She was seen a few evenings since on the pinnacle of Negro Hill, acting as Mrs. Sashay of the evening, playing out her elbow grease on a cracked fiddle, and giving orders something as follows:—

'Why-don't you dance-up-to-that-are-man-with-the-turkey buzzard-buttons-on?'

Row—dow—dow—row—dow—de—dow.

'And-why-don't-you-dance-up-to-that-dear-girl-with-the-hole-in-the-heel-of-her-stocking?'

Row—de—dow—dow.

When she got whiskey into her she was uproarious, and generally terminated the evening with a row. She was sent over for one month.

Gazette.

A Female Bandit.—According to an account in the Augsburg Gazette, a noble lady near Rome, has just been discovered to have been engaged for some time past, as the chief of a gang of banditti. She was in the habit of receiving and entertaining her men at her mansion in the country, and the property taken by them on the road was regularly exported to London and France. This woman is supposed to have had agencies at Florence, Leghorn and Geneva, whither the property was forwarded, and the investigations of the police thus evaded. Several persons in respectable society, have been arrested on suspicion of having been concerned with this Rinaldini in petticoats.

N. Y. Star.

☞There is no better antidote for hard times and disappointment in business than a cheerful face and a hearty welcome at home. As without them, all the wealth of Peru cannot confer happiness so with them the deepest poverty cannot take it away. A man may be fretted and wearied, crossed in business, nay ruined if you please, and a single glance of kindness from the woman that he loves and the children that he dotes on, will drive away care and make him as happy at heart as if millions were his to command and worldly friends as plenty as black berries.

Crimes of Idolatry.—The following horrible transaction, which took place in Ahmednugger, in the British East Indies is recorded in the Bombay Gazette of April 6. It is one of the appalling superstitions that result from idol, or rather demon worship; and we are glad to learn that the British authorities have apprehended two of the monsters who assisted in the enormity:

It is distressing to relate that for these few days past several native children have been missed from the Pettah of this place, and general report says that a Raj pootnee of distinction, residing a few days' march hence, and who has for some days past been in a dangerous state of health, having been informed by her medical advisers that all endeavors to restore her would prove ineffectual, unless she consented to eat the heart and liver of twenty young children, at length acquiesced in the measure. Three days since, (says my correspondent, whose letter is dated the 2d instant,) a child was found in a nullah near this place, with the belly cut open, from which the heart and liver had been extracted. There are now two men confined in the bazaar guard, who have been taken up on suspicion of being connected with this horrible traffic. The inhabitants of Ahmednugger are in such a state of trepidation, that their children are kept closely confined to their homes.

Tragical Event.—Recent letters from Sardinia speak of a tragical event of which that island has been the theatre. The descendant of the ancient sovereigns of the island, a young man about twenty years of age, the last scion of the illustrious house of Villa Hermosa, had, it appears, conceived a passion for a young girl of plebian extraction. He had for some time continued his assiduities to her, and rumor began to ascribe to him better chances of success perhaps than he really possessed, when one morning his servants brought him the cloak of a fisherman which had been found fixed in the panel of his door by the blade of a poinard. The young nobleman understood the signal; it was a vendetta, of which fair warning was thus given him; and his grandfather, with whom he resided, prevailed on him for some days not to leave the house unattended. The young Count of Villa Hermosa, however, was too brave and proud long to submit to these fatiguing precautions. He declared his determination to go out in the same unrestrained manner as formerly, and he did so. At night he met the rival who had planted the poinard and mantle at the door of his hotel. What passed between them is not known, but it has been ascertained that the body of the fisherman was carried by the count to the beach, and there concealed under a heap of stones. The count now paid his addresses to the young girl as freely as before, to the astonishment of those who knew the history of the poinard, and who fully expected some signal act of vengeance. Meanwhile the family of the fisherman, who had disappeared, entertaining some suspicion of the truth, began to search for the body. It was found, and among the stones under which it was concealed was also found a seal-ring, on which were engraved the arms of the count. The ring had probably slipped from his finger while he was engaged in his deed of darkness. The body was immediately conveyed to the house of a magistrate, and the ring which had been found was produced. An investigation commenced, and the proofs against the count were so strong, that he was found guilty of murder and condemned to death. The sentence was submitted to the king for confirmation. Charles Albert was anxious, if possible, to save the last scion of a royal race, and accordingly caused a communication to be made to the grandfather, that if he applied for mercy it would probably not be withheld. The answer of the old man was, that having to choose between justice and his own blood, he could not hesitate to decide in favor of the former. The young Count de Villa Hermosa has since been beheaded.

A Loud Call.—The Detroit Free Press states as a rumor, that ladies who go west, frequently receive offers of marriage from *speaking trumpets*, before they reach the wharves.

The Indians.—A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Transcript says: I have just returned from the theatre, and before I turn in I will give you a sketch of one of the most interesting scenes I ever witnessed. Understanding that the various tribes of Indians now here were to be present there this evening, I wended thither with a double curiosity, to see the fascinating Miss Nelson and the effect of her playing on the minds of the savages. In one of the stage boxes were seated a party of Iowas who are small featured and more richly dressed than the others, but less gaudy than the Sioux. In the adjoining boxes were the Foxes, who appear to me more Indian-like than any other tribe I ever saw. They wear red blankets, save one fellow, who had a black one; probably he is chaplain to the embassy. They wear no shirts, and their blankets being thrown open show their noble forms in naked majesty. They wear no trinkets like the other tribes about their heads, which they shave closely, leaving only the scalp from which a mass of bristles runs back to their necks, like the crest of a horseman's helmet. This with the savage simplicity of the other parts of their bodies, gives them a peculiar antique appearance far more imposing than that of their beplumed and bedaubed rivals. After a while in marched the Sioux decked out in new blankets, and some of their chiefs rigged in blue regimentals with silver epaulets and hats with tin bands around them. They appeared delighted with their military toggery, which I think is in abominable taste.

When the buxom form of Miss Nelson, arrayed as a knight, in the piece of "The Deep, Deep Sea," sprang upon the stage, the Indians seemed absolutely amazed with the vision before them. She had not been five minutes before them when one of the Iowas suddenly rose and with an energetic exclamation threw a headdress of feathers upon the stage. At first the performer (Mrs. Slater) near him was frightened, until the interpreter arose and translated the Indian's exclamation, which was, that he gave her that as a token of his delight in seeing her! Miss Nelson bowed and took the present, which was accompanied with an applause that was almost deafening. The play went on. Knight's long serpentine train could not keep the Indians from gloating on the radiant creature before them. A beautiful song from Miss Nelson brought another present from another Iowa upon the stage, which she acknowledged with a bewitching smile. In the meantime the Sioux looked with undisguised contempt upon their gallant rivals. In the succeeding scene Miss Nelson had on the feathery presents as wings. This tasteful design overcame completely the susceptible Iowas. One of them sprang forward and stripping off his splendid buffalo robe, tossed it at her feet with an impassioned burst of feeling.—When the uproar caused by this was over, in which the Foxes yelled most hideously, the interpreter translated the sentiment in the following words—"I give this to the beauty of Washington to show my pleasure!" I really thought these generous fellows would evidently strip themselves to show their gallantry!

Miss Nelson, at this fresh proof of devotedness, in a graceful manner begged the interpreter to state that she regretted her inability to speak their native tongue, but that she esteemed them as much as she did the sons of the king of her native land! She then took from her helmet and gave to each of her admirers a white ostrich plume, which soon decked their swarthy brows! The Indians retired to the front boxes, where they remained, laughing with all their might, till Miss Nelson again charmed them in the "Mountain Sylph." When she descended first from the clouds another robe was thrown her by an Iowa, be it remembered. At the conclusion, when she regains her immortality and ascends to her native skies, she placed on her head the votive Indian crown of feathers, which, gracefully spreading out as she arose, gave a peculiar wild charm to her vanishing figure. If you could have heard the din and yells as she displayed this addition to her dress when she rose! Sioux, Foxes, pale faces and all arose and gave one loud commingled shout, while above all rose the wild shrill cry of the savages. No one will ever forget it who saw it.

Music in Public Schools.—Our readers know that we have on several occasions urged the vast importance of introducing the cultivation of music as a branch of study in our public schools. It gives us unfeigned satisfaction to announce that the city of Boston is about to give the experiment an immediate trial. The subject was submitted to the City Council, and the Common Council unanimously agreeing upon the propriety of the measure, adopted a most eloquent report in its favor.

There are said to be at this time, not far from 18,000 common schools in this country, in which are to be found the people who in coming years will mould the character of this democracy. If vocal muses were generally adopted as a branch of instruction in these schools, it might reasonably be expected that in at least two generations we should be changed into a musical people. The great point to be considered in reference to the introduction of vocal music into popular elementary instruction, is that thereby you set in motion a mighty power which silently but surely in the end will harmonize, refine, and elevate a whole community. Music is one of the fine arts. It therefore deals with abstract beauty, from finite to infinite, and from the world of matter to the world of spirits and to God. Music is the great handmaid of civilization. Whence come these traditions of a reverend antiquity, seditions quelled, cures wrought, fleets and armies governed by the force of song? whence that responding of rocks, woods and trees to the harp of Orpheus? whence a city's walls uprising beneath the wonder-working couches of Apollo's lyre? These, it is true, are fables, yet they shadow forth, beneath the veil of allegory, a profound truth. they beautifully proclaim the mysterious union between music as an instrument of man's civilization and the soul of man.

The Sting of the Bee.—Instant relief to the pain which this occasions, is afforded by the application of potash—to touch the part with indigo will have the same effect—and it can also be perfectly cured by the immediate application of honey to the wound.

☞The side hill plough is so strongly and enthusiastically recommended by all those who have used it, that we deem it but an act of justice to call the attention of our friends to the instrument. At this time many farmers are engaged in ploughing and need this plough, without knowing it.