



**The "Tarborough Press."**  
 BY GEORGE HOWARD.  
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## Miscellaneous.



### ORIGINAL LINES.

Go gather from the lake  
 The snow that's falling there—  
 Go, from the river take  
 The rain drop fresh and fair—  
 Go, stop the shooting star  
 That's dropping fast thro' space,  
 Go, roll it from afar,  
 And bind it in its place—  
 Go, check the thunder's wrath,  
 Ere yet its force is done—  
 Go, watch the lightning's path,  
 Below the horizon.  
 Then bring me straight the man  
 Who wakes but six per cent.—  
 Go, find him, if you can,  
 Ere all his cash is lent.

### From Blackwood's Magazine. REMARKABLE BALLOON ADVENTURE.

Monck Mason's narrative of the great balloon expedition to Germany, is a remarkably curious and interesting detail. In process of time this document will be treasured, as the log book of the Argonauts might have been by the Colchians or Greeks. The variety of ascents which Mr. Green had made, amounting to 226, had justly taken off a good deal of the nervousness natural to the feelings of one swept up three or four miles into the air, and flying over the earth at the rate of forty miles an hour. But his dexterity had produced two improvements of the first importance: One was, the use of coal gas, instead of hydrogen. The expense of the hydrogen, and its affinity for the atmosphere, rendered it a most difficult and wasteful mode of inflation. The still more important invention was, that of the guide rope, a rope of considerable length and magnitude, trailing on the ground, and if over the sea, with a sufficient quantity of water, liquid ballast, contained in vessels drawn along the surface. This invention promises to approach nearer to the required means of directing the balloon than any other which has been suggested. It gives what has been chiefly demanded, a power out of the air to act on the air, so as to produce the power of steering. "Another striking feature in this discovery," says Mr. Mason, "is the altered aspect under which it enables the aeronaut to regard the perils of the sea. The ocean, now no longer the dreaded enemy of the aerial voyager, becomes at once his greatest friend; and instead of opposing his progress, offers him advantages more certain than even the earth itself, with all its promised security, is calculated to contribute."

Mr. Holland, a gentleman of scientific habits, projected the enterprize which has so strikingly signalized zeration in our day. On Monday, November 7, 1836—at half past one in the afternoon, the balloon rose from Vauxhall Gardens with a moderate breeze from the south-east. It passed over Kent. The weather was singularly fine. At five minutes past four they first saw the sea. After passing Canterbury the course altered towards the

north, which would have carried them into the German ocean. The point was now to change the course in the direction of Paris. Ballast was now thrown out, the balloon rose into an upper current, recovered her direction to the south-east, and crossed the Straits of Dover in exactly an hour, about 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

It was fifty minutes past five, consequently the balloon rapidly plunged into night. The aspect of the world beneath now became curious in the extreme. The whole plane of the earth's surface for leagues round, as far and farther than the eye could distinctly embrace, seemed absolutely teeming with the scattered fires of the population, and exhibited a starry spectacle below, that almost rivalled the lustre of the firmament above. Incessantly, during the early portion of the night, before the inhabitants had retired to rest, large sources of light, exhibiting the presence of some more extensive community, would appear just looming above the distant horizon in the direction which they were advancing, bearing at first no faint resemblance to some vast conflagration. By degrees, as they drew nigher, this confused mass of illumination would appear to increase in intensity, extending over a large portion of the view, and assuming a more distinct appearance, until at length as the balloon passed directly over the spot, it suddenly resolved itself into streets and squares, exhibiting the perfect model of a town, but diminished into curious minuteness by the height from which it was seen. In this manner the aeronauts rapidly traversed a large space of the continent, embracing a vast succession of towns and villages, solely distinguishable by their nightly illumination. One of these views singularly captivated their attention. They approached a district which seemed actually to blaze with innumerable fires, studding the whole horizon. As they swept along, they saw a central city in the midst of this circle of flame, with every line of its streets marked out by its particular range of illumination. The theatres and other public buildings, the squares and all the more prominent features of the city, were indicated by the larger accumulations of light. They could even hear the busy murmur of the population—the whole forming an earthly picture of the most striking contrast to the darkness, the serenity, and the silence of the vast region above in which they were moving. This was the city of Liege, whose surrounding iron foundries formed the horizon of flame. This was the last spectacle of the kind which met their eyes. Thenceforth it was all midnight, every sound was hushed, every light died, and all was solemn and awful obscurity. Withdrawn from the earth, which was buried in the profoundest stillness, they looked to the heavens. There was no moon. The line of the sky was intensely black, but the stars redoubled in their lustre, shone like the sparks of the whitest silver. Occasional flashing of lightning came from the north.

In a situation, which it was never in the power of man to describe before, the sketch of night, given by Mr. Mason, has all the interest of a new source of ideas. "Nothing," says this clever describer, "could exceed the density of night which prevailed during this part of the voyage. Not a single terrestrial object could anywhere be distinguished. An unfathomable abyss of darkness visible seemed to encompass us on every side. And, as we looked forward into its black obscurity in the direction in which we were proceeding, we could scarcely resist the impression that we were cleaving our way through an interminable mass of black mar-

ble, in which we were imbedded, and which, solid a few inches from us, seemed to soften as we approached, in order to admit us further within the precincts of its cold and dusky enclosure. Even the lights which at times we lowered from the car, instead of dispelling, seemed only to augment the intensity of the surrounding darkness; and as they descended deeper into its frozen bosom, absolutely to melt their way downward." The cold was at the point of congelation. The oil, the water, and the coffee, were completely frozen. Yet the sufferings of the aeronauts were not severe, in consequence of their being entirely exempt from the action of the wind.

While they were thus rushing on with almost whirlwind rapidity through this ocean of darkness, yet almost wholly unconscious of motion, an incident occurred calculated to alarm them in an extraordinary degree. By the discharge of ballast the balloon had suddenly risen to an elevation of above 12,000 feet (about two miles.) In a few minutes after, they heard a violent burst from the top of the balloon, followed by a loud rustling of the silk, and all the signs of its having been suddenly torn open.—Immediately the car began to toss as if severed from the ropes, and appeared to be sinking to the earth. A second and a third explosion followed rapidly, evidently giving the voyagers the impression that they were upon the point of being dashed to pieces.

But the alarm was brief. The great machine suddenly recovered its stillness, and all was calm again. The concussions were subsequently accounted for by the stretching of the network on the surface of the balloon, which had become frozen during the night. When the machine suddenly shot up in the higher atmosphere, it swelled, and it was the resistance of the frozen network to this swelling, which produced the successive explosions. The sinking of the car was an illusion, occasioned by the surprise and suddenness of the action. When the net work had been relieved, and the balloon was thus suffered to take its proper shape, all was calm and regular once more.

During the darkness they were sometimes perplexed with sounds from either earth or air, so strongly resembling the heaving of waters against some vast line of shore, that they were tempted to think themselves speeding along the shores of the German Ocean, or hovering above the Baltic. From this apprehension, however, they were relieved by the recollection that their course was unchanged. At length they saw the day, but saw it under the most novel and interesting circumstances. About six o'clock, after crossing the Rhine, the balloon rose to a considerable elevation, and showed them a gladdening glimpse of the sun. The view was now magnificent; the balloon occupying the centre of a horizon of 200 miles diameter, and comprising in a single vast view, scarcely less than 80,000 square miles. The country that spread below, was a rich, undulating, and boundless landscape, with the Rhine dividing it and losing itself among the vapors that still clung to the hills, or covered the valleys. The ascents and descents of the balloon still more varied the prospect. A rapid descent first hid the sun from their view, and they were wrapped in the night which still shadowed the lower region of the air. Again they rose within sight of this splendid display; again lost it. And it was not until after they had thus made the sun rise three times and set twice, that they could regard daylight as complete upon the mighty expanse below. They now thought of making their final descent. But

the question arose,—“where were they?” They saw below them ranges of forest, wide plains, and large spaces covered with snow, giving the rather startling impression, that they had passed the bounds of civilized Europe, and were hovering over the deserts of Poland, or the inhospitable steeps of Russia. However, they now resolved upon descending; and after two attempts, baffled by the failure of the wind, and the nature of the ground, alighted in safety at half past seven in the morning at the Grand Duchy of Vassan, and about two leagues from Weilburg. The voyage occupied 18 hours, and was in extent about 500 British miles.

This was altogether an extraordinary achievement. It was almost the first instance, in which the balloon has not been used as a mere toy, but been directed to practical utility. The narrative says, that the means of the machine were so entirely unexhausted, that if they had been so inclined, they might have circumnavigated the globe. The grand difficulty hitherto has been threefold—the want of a sufficient ascending power to carry up a sufficient number of persons, their provisions and apparatus, the want of a power of steering, and the hazards of a descent. The first and the last seem to have been fully obviated in the present instance. The directing power is still the problem; yet we find that Mr. Green, with perfect ease, altered his course from north to south by ascending into the southern current, and his contrivance of the drag rope is exactly on the same principle of resistance by which the helm acts on a ship's way. The application does not seem to have been much relied on; and it is certainly yet to be regarded as simply the first rudiment of the art. But whether its improved form, or the actual application of steam, or other machinery, within the car, shall be matter of future trial, it is impossible to doubt that this voyage deserves to awaken philosophical interest once more, and equally deserves to be recorded among the most brilliant, sagacious, and successful enterprises of British intelligence in the nineteenth century.

N. Y. Star.

It is said that Mr. Holland, one of the aeronauts who recently made an adventurous excursion in a large balloon from London to Germany, has declared his intention of trying an aerial voyage from Ireland to America.

N. Y. Mer. Adv.

**A Tree top Ramble.**—An ancient description of South America mentions words 300 miles broad, and full of exceeding high and large trees. It happened that a monk, a native of Spain, going to another monastery, mistook his way in some of these woods, and advanced so far, that he was obliged to climb up to the tops of trees, and proceed in that manner on his way, creeping from branch to branch, they being so close one to the other, that no man, without hazard of his life, could venture down to the ground. He was often forced to climb up to the tops of the highest trees, to enjoy the warmth of the sun, which never could reach to the earth, through the vast thickness of the trees and bushes; and to look out for observations how to proceed on his journey. In this manner he went on for 15 days and nights, till he attained his place of residence, not having all this while set foot to the ground. J. Acosta relates this strange and almost incredible journey, book iv. chap. 30.

**A new true Snake Story.**—Mr. John Job, of the vicinity of Elizabethton, Carter county, has informed us that he killed a black snake in his negro kitchen lately,

which measured five feet four inches in length. When first discovered, his snakeship was stretched along side of a little sleeping negro girl, in bed, and 'under the kiver'—both black heads resting sociably upon the same pillow.

Tennessee Sentinel.

**A Pretty Superstition.**—There is said to exist among the Russian girls the following innocent superstition:

“On the Thursday previous to Whitsunday, they try what is called ‘the prophetic swimming of the bridal wreath.’ A wreath of flowers is plaited together and thrown into the stream, when, if the wreath swims on the surface of the water, they will, in the same year, exchange their maiden for a nuptial state; but should it sink, they are to wait still longer for the happy change.”

The history of the North American Indians, in reference to the philosophy of their language, has been treated by the Hon. Albert Gallatin in “A synopsis of the Indian tribes within the United States east of Rocky Mountains, and in the British and Russian possessions of North America.” The work is said to evince most elaborate research, and to be distinguished by great liberality and freedom from any bias on the part of the author in favor of particular theories in his prosecution of truth. Any book from such a source must be interesting.

**A Fair Hit.**—It has become the fashion of late for the female population of the north to lay aside their domestic affairs and lend a hand to regulate those of the nation. Heretofore they have poured their petitions into Congress with a rapidity which shewed that they never did their work by halves, in behalf of the Indians and the slave population; but during the present session they have confined themselves entirely to the Texas question, and wearied Congress with their memorials against its annexation to the Union. It is thought by some, that if these benevolent and patriotic dames could form a matrimonial union of their own, they might find enough to employ their minds and time at home, without wandering beyond their natural sphere of action; and hence we find in the proceedings of the House of Representatives on Friday, that a memorial of ladies and gentlemen of Halifax County in the State of Virginia, by Mr. Wise, praying Congress to furnish husbands, at public expense, to all female petitioners upon subjects relating to slavery, thereby giving a direction to their minds calculated to make them good matrons, and averting the evils with which the priestcraft and fanaticism of the Eastern States threaten the people of the South.

This petition, following the predestined fate of all petitions at this session, was ordered to lie on the table.—Norfolk Herald.

**Suicide.**—An inquest was yesterday held on the body of Adam Potts, a carpenter, who hung himself in a ravine near the Poor House. The act was perpetrated almost in the sight of his wife, who, suspecting his object, had followed him to the fatal spot. When Mrs. Potts arrived, she found her unfortunate husband suspended to a bush, struggling, and after using every means in her power to rescue him, (having no knife to cut the handkerchief,) she was compelled to abandon him, and run for help. When assistance arrived, it was too late. Life was gone.

Richmond Whig.

**A Cute Trick.**—Not long since, a party went to the house of a notorious Thief, in West Tennessee, in order to arrest him;

and to prevent discovery, the company tied their horses a short distance off, and crept up to the house with the greatest precaution. The thief ‘smelt a rat,’ and slipped out at the back door, took the best horse in company, and has not since been heard of.

**Maternal Affection.**—The Journal of Commerce says, that a poor woman, on ascending the ladder of the ship Nestor, on Saturday, for New Orleans, gave her child to a laborer on the wharf, who in handing it to the mother let it fall into the dock! The mother was standing on the rail, about 15 feet from the water, whence she leaped and saved her child, amid the cheers of several hundred persons, and for this bold act of affection and humanity the agent of the ship gave her a five passage and a dollar.

**Texas.**—The last Little Rock (Arkansas) Advocate says:—Hardly an hour in the day passes but a party of from 8 to 10 well-mounted horsemen is seen passing through our town, bound to Texas. Wagon after wagon throngs our streets—all passing on to Texas. Not a single night but our taverns are thronged with travellers and emigrants for the Red River counties and Texas. It is thought that the influx of emigrants into Texas this year, will amount to something like 6000. The majority of these are the better class of Tennesseans and Missourians, &c., and appear to be men of intelligence and wealth.”

The New Yorkers have a decided taste for the “wild and wonderful.” Among the articles at the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute now exhibiting in that city, is a gold and silver carriage, drawn by four harnessed Bed Bogs elegantly caparisoned. The article is enclosed in a glass case of about 3 by 5 inches, is the size of your little finger, and is moved by these “gentlemen of blood” in handsome style.

**Horrid Murder.**—A German named Sheilsan, while walking with two women in the streets of Louisville, Ky. on Sunday, 1st inst. at mid-day, in presence of several witnesses, deliberately drew a dirk knife he had expressly brought with him for the purpose, and stabbed one of the females in so shocking a manner that her bowels, says the Louisville Journal, were literally ripped out, causing almost instantaneous death. The female killed was also a German and was engaged to be married to him before coming to this country a short time since, but changed her mind. The same paper adds: The murderer made no attempt to escape, and was immediately conveyed to jail. When the punishment of his crime was suggested to him, he merely said “I know it,” and thenceforward observed a dogged silence.

N. Y. Star.

A New Orleans paper of the 3d inst. says, at an early hour yesterday morning, one of our most respectable merchants terminated his existence by shooting himself: supposed to be in consequence of business embarrassments and troubles.

**Horrid.**—In the recent trial at Lowell, Mass. of premature forced child birth, which had caused so much excitement, it would appear that the mother, in addition to the criminal part the Doctor is said to have played, actually burnt the child alive!

**Very True.**—The Editor of the Goshen (N. Y.) Democrat says:—To be editor, printer, publisher, and devil, all at the same time, is a very laborious situation.