



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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VARIETY.



AN IRISH LETTER.

Dear Jim, I'm now after writing a letter. As perhaps by this same you'll be able to see—And as for ourselves we are well—if not better. If you are as well when this finds you from me. I send my old rusty brown coat by the bearer. From which you may make a new one for yourself. And your mother—oh! long may the saints above spare her—Encloses five pounds unbeknown to myself. Now lay it all out, not for show, but for use. Deposit the rest in some one of the banks; If you don't, let me tell you, my boy, you're a goose. Good counsel costs nothing, so spare me your thanks. You're old blind granddaddy has got a new shanty. From which he can have a fine view of the Life. I've no room to request you would write to your aunt—So that in my next—the mail's off in a jiffy.

THE BLUSH.

What is the flower of fairest dye,
That, softly pleasing, strikes the eye!
It is the beautiful female blush,
That modest rose,
Which recommends the lovely blush,
On which it grows.
This love's own eloquence, which speaks
Directly to and from the heart,
Pourtraying on the modest cheek
What trembling lips dare not impart.

MR. BROWN'S SPEECH.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Charles Brown, of Pa. on the bill to reduce the expenses of the U. S. House of Representatives—delivered in the House on February 18th, 1842.

There was nothing, he said, in all the machinery of our government, within this ten miles square, or elsewhere, that reflected back the character of the American people, or the substantial simplicity of their republican institutions. Let any plain citizen, from any part of the country, no matter what might be his situation in life—high or low—unconscious of the fact, be transported into this hall—would he believe himself in the house where the representatives of the American people assembled to make their laws? Let him look up to that lofty dome, with all its architectural and sculptural grandeur and gorgeous drapery; and, instead of his being in a house for the representatives of the American people, he would suppose himself in some ancient temple of the heathen gods, or some enchanted castle told of in Arabian tales. Nor that house and hall alone, but other places and other scenes—all and every thing connected with the administration of the government of the people, was unlike the people themselves, and not of them, nor for them; but seemed to him as if it had all been got up, and kept up for the people to gaze at with admiration, wonder, and awe, rather than to win their love and confidence by its simplicity, utility, and purity—its adaptation to meet their wants, or to effectively execute their will. Mr. B. said he was no Goth or Vandal—he did not wish to pull down any thing that was really great or good, or to see any thing connected with the government mean or grovelling—but all should be plain, substantial, economical, and useful; and all that they serve their country should serve it as they serve their fellow-citizens, with fidelity and industry, and should receive a just and full compensation for such service—no less, no more.

Besides this excess of compensation, he felt satisfied, from what observations he had been able to make, that there was an excess of persons employed to do the public business. This, however, was not the place to consider this branch of the subject.

This much he had thought it proper to say in regard to the matter of retrenchment and reform as it applied to the administration of the government generally.

So far as it related to the subject now under consideration—the expenses of the House—he thought there was as much

room for reform there as any where else. Many of the expenditures of the House were unnecessary and extravagantly high. Let the items go out to the country—to our cities, villages, and hamlets—and mark the astonishment with which they would be viewed. He asked what had become of the objects of expenditure which swelled up the contingent fund of the last Congress? He would read a list of them:

Here Mr. B. read a list of expenditures, among which were—
2,564 reams of envelope paper \$12,488 59
1,965 do. quarto post 12,573 50
1,787 do. foolscap 9,317 00
481 do. note paper 2,136 76
533 gross steel pens 2 9-2 25
2,804 pounds sealing-wax 3,602 24
46,900 quills 1,657 00
1,810 dozen tapes 1,135 40
94 do. penknives 2 264 00
44 gross lead pencils 516 00
1,854 pounds twine 823 87
86 dozen inkstands 574 25
67 do. ivory folders 326 50
52 do. ivory seals 349 50
1,170 pounds of wafers 1,483 03
50 dozen tin boxes 380 00
256 do ink 851 78
1,000 papers of black sand 50 00
Making 25 200 pens 129 50
Blank books and ruling paper 1,415 85
124 portfolios 898 24
Candles 1,610 46
400 gallons oil 483 78
Horses and wagons 4,816 53
Extra clerk hire 7,944 20
Extra compensation to clerks 3,500 00
Extra compensation to messengers 20,670 60
Clerk's expenses to New York twice and Boston 350 00

Two reams of note-paper for each member! What member there had used two reams of note-paper? He himself had not used a single sheet. What member would acknowledge that he had used so much?

[Here some member asked Mr. B. if he was speaking of the present Congress?]

He was speaking, Mr. B. said, of the last Congress, each individual and both parties being responsible. Let any whig member of the last Congress rise in his place, and say he has not taken his full share! And let them deny that they did not use thousands of dollars worth of the public stationery for electioneering purposes in 1840.

He would mention an incident that came within his notice at the extra session. He found at his room, a day or two before the end of the session, a ream of note paper, a ream of letter, and a ream of foolscap, with a quantity of quills, wafers, sealing-wax, and, &c., that had been left there by one of the messengers of the House. He was surprised to find that all this stationery had been provided for him; but, lo and behold! on the next day the messenger called and took it away—he was not the brown of the right color for which that liberal supply was intended.

[Mr. J. Brown, of Pennsylvania, here rose and asked Mr. B. what gentleman he referred to.]

He referred, Mr. B. said, to his worthy namesake from Tennessee, [Milton Brown,] who gave them such an excellent lecture yesterday on economy, retrenchment, and reform. This was nothing, he presumed, derogatory to any gentleman's character. It was common, he supposed, and no individual would be considered blamable for it. Mr. B. then went on reading from the list. Here, said he, are 1,000 penknives. How many did each member get? He got but one. Next come candles and oil—over two thousand dollars. The House must have had a great many night sessions to have consumed so vast a quantity of oil and candles. The matter of stationery alone was shamefully extravagant; and when we talk, said he, about reform, let us deprive ourselves of these perquisites which cost so much money, and which do not at all promote the public service.

From the Natchez Free Trader.

ROMANTIC STORY.

The Boston Times says "that some one lately attempted to murder a sleeping woman by pouring hot lead into her ear, and that so shocking a circumstance was never heard of before." This is a mistake. A more remarkable instance occurred some years ago, in Virginia. We personally knew all parties intimately. Col. F., a gentleman of high respectability and frequently a representative from his county, died leaving a wife, some sons, and a very beautiful daughter, about fifteen years of age. The widow, finding herself destitute, opened a boarding house at the county seat, & among her boarders was Mr. W., a wealthy merchant, in the meridian of life, and a very fine looking man. This gentleman was the prop and stay of the family, gave employment to the sons, furnished means to educate the daughter in the most fashionable manner, and conceived for her a vio-

lent passion. On her return from school, he addressed her, but she resisted alike his appeals and the importunities of her mother and friends. She had indeed, formed an attachment for a very nice young man in the same town, but he was not to be put in competition with the rich merchant, in the estimation of the family. The young lady, perhaps, thought otherwise. Finally, however, after two years of assiduity and delicate gallantry on the part of Mr. W. and the combined tears, entreaties, threats and persecution of the family, the fair girl stood before the altar and became his wife. The next evening a large party was given them, and in the midst of the dance Mr. W. being suddenly attacked with vertigo and sick head ache, was compelled to withdraw. His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of night, apparently in deep distress & insisted on giving him a potion. She poured out a wine glass full of laudanum, and he swallowed it without knowing its nature. From some cause, it immediately acted as an emetic, but left him stupid and wandering. His senses reeled. One moment he would lay motionless and comatose as if on the borders of the spirit world, and then he would shriek and leap up convulsively like a strong man in his agony. Mrs. W. denied all admission into the chamber. At length he fell into a gentle slumber. She then stooped for a moment over the smoldering embers—approached the bed, gazed at her sleeping husband, and holding a heated ladle in her hand, calmly prepared to pour a stream of melted lead into his ear. At that instant he moved, and the hissing liquid intended to penetrate to, and scald out his brain, and thus cause death without a trace, fell upon his cheek. He shouted in excruciating pain, and the merry revellers, mother, brothers and friends, rushed in. There writhed the still stupid husband, the lead riveted deep in his cheek, and there stood the fiend wife, her bridal fillets yet upon her brow, the instrument of death in her hand and an empty phial labelled "Laudanum," lying on the floor. The fearful realities of the case flashed on every one, and in the confusion of the moment, she disappeared, and was hurried forth with out of the Commonwealth to a distant State. On searching the room an old French Magazine was found containing the death-bed confession of a woman, who had murdered nine husbands by pouring lead in their ears. The laudanum and lead, it was ascertained, she had procured from the store of Mr. W. a few days before the marriage, and the ladle used was a part of the bridal present. The Grand Jurymen next morning found a bill against the fugitive, and the Legislature being in session, immediately decreed a final and absolute divorce. What renders this case the more singular is, that Miss T. was proverbial for the blandness of her manner, and the uniform softness of her temper. She was a blond. The rose leaf tinted her lily cheek as a sunbeam glows on snow. Her blue eyes were indescribably sweet, and her golden hair floated like drapery of gossamer, round a form more perfect and voluptuous, than ever Raphael dreamed of or Petrarch sung. Often have we gazed, as she stood the cynosure of every circle, and wondered if angels could be so fair.

But the sequel of this romance is more singular still. Years rolled by and Mr. W. continued a wretched and solitary man. But the spell of the enchantress was still upon his soul. He closed his stores—sold out his estates—collected his ample means and followed her to her distant abode, to make a new offer of his hand! She had just married a man of high standing, aware of all the circumstances, but incapable of resisting her charms. Poor W.! Then indeed, did the iron enter his soul. "The deadly arrow quivered in his side." His early love—his fluctuating courtship—his triumph and the tragedy it occasioned—the flight, the divorce—his years of misery—the new birth of passion and now its disappointment final and forever—came rushing over him like an avalanche, in the tides of bitter memories and painful sorrow, and he prayed for death!—Whether this prayer was answered we know not. He may yet wander broken hearted over the earth; but one thing we do know: If he be dead, a more wretched, yet a purer and nobler spirit, never winged its flight to Heaven.

Tricks on the South.—It appears that there are a few speculating individuals in New York, says the Herald, who are constantly in the habit of looking over the Southern and Western newspapers, to see what negroes are therein advertised as having run away. And as fast as they find out, they write on to the owners, stating that the negro in question has arrived in New York, and that the writer can catch him. But first the master must remit the writer twenty dollars, to pay preliminary expenses, and afterwards remit one hundred dollars to clear the account. The writer impudently adds that he has a good deal of trouble with these things, and a multiplicity of business on his hands, and that if the owner is not disposed to go through with the thing, and prosecute it to the utmost, he need not trouble the writer at all.

Now, generally, the bait is taken, and the money remitted; and the master finds too late, that the negro has never been off his plantation, or at most out of the county. *Ral. Reg.*

Mr. Carey, the Baltimore lecturer gave a farewell Lecture on Tuesday evening. He stated that he should leave behind him in North Carolina twelve thousand Washingtonians.—*ib.*

The Senate have rejected the nomination of J. W. Tyson of Philadelphia for the office of Commissary General of Purchases, by a vote of 29 to 11.—The "Madisonian" attributes it to *Clayism.*—*ib.*

The Great Race.—The great Match Race on the Long Island course between Fashion and Boston for \$20,000 a side, will come off on the 10th instant. This race is to settle a great contest between the North and South, and is creating more excitement in the sporting circles than the celebrated race between Eclipse and Henry. Two hundred thousand dollars are said to have already been staked by the friends of Boston and Fashion.—*ib.*

Death of another Catholic Bishop.—Rt. Rev. Dr. Conwell, Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Philadelphia, died in that city Friday afternoon.—*ib.*

A Smashing Business.—It is estimated by a gentleman acquainted with such matters, says the Journal of Commerce, that the fourteen British Mail Steamers belonging to the London Company, of which one is now in our port, sink for their owners ten thousand dollars a day, exclusive of the compensation received from the British Government for carrying the mails. The gross yearly loss, at this rate, will be three millions and a half.—The Government stipend is about one million; leaving two and a half millions net loss annually. These steamers are of the burthen of eighteen hundred tons each, and the company's ambitious of extending their enterprises, are now building two more of somewhat larger dimensions.

By the explosion of the new steam ship Medora, at Baltimore, it is known there were 27 persons killed, 40 wounded, and 16 escaped uninjured.

At Cincinnati, on the 16th, sales of bacon were made at 2 a 2½ cents, hog round, for cash. Large sales of city mills flour at \$4. The receipts of wheat were large, with sales at 70 a 73 cents.

Important Abolition Movement.—The Boston Liberator, alluding to the usual annual abolition convention that meets in New York on the 11th of next month, distinctly avows that its purpose now is to adopt the measure of a repeal of the Union of the States, and that this project will occupy their deliberations at the next anniversary.—*Phila. Ledger.*

Texas.—The news from this Republic is, that the Texans have already assembled about 6,000 men on the Colorado, and were making suitable preparations for an invasion of Mexico. Volunteers continue to flock in from the United States, and we perceive from all the Western papers, that they are dropping down the Mississippi in almost every boat.

All the late reports of the large armies of Mexicans seen entering Texas prove to be false reports; and indeed all the information that we have in relation to the intended policy of Mexico, in her contest with Texas, seems to be involved in mystery or wild and incredible rumors. The report is now, that the invasion will not take place until the Fall, while others again say, that the whole story of the invasion is only a trick upon the part of Mexico to molest Texas, and impede her prosperity by preventing emigration.

Another report is, that Santa Anna is raising 90,000 men, and that after he has this force properly disposed, he intends to proclaim himself Emperor of Mexico. Very little dependence can be placed upon any of these reports, and however great our curiosity to fathom the future may be, we shall be compelled to await the developments of time, which must ere long lift the veil that hides from our view the policy of the wily and able Mexican chief. *Montgomery Adv.*

Alexander W. Holmes, who was tried before the United States Circuit Court sitting in Philadelphia, was found guilty on Saturday, but recommended by the jury to mercy. Holmes, it will be recollected, was one of the ship William Brown, wrecked on the 16th of April, 1841, within two hundred and fifty miles of Newfoundland, and was one of those who threw overboard some of the passengers who sought safety in the longboat.

A heavy Defaulter.—The Commissioners appointed by the State of Louisiana to

examine into the affairs of the Exchange bank, report Mr. Yorke's (the late president) indebtedness to the institution at \$232,055 09. Mr. Yorke has, of course, gone to Texas.

The Cashier of the Union Bank at Boston has received through the post office \$1000, enclosed in an envelope indicating that the same is to make good to the bank a loss occasioned by an error of one of its tellers several years since.

Two children of a family named Meggheit, living near Dartmouth, N. Scotia, wandered from home on the 11th instant, and remained lost till the 17th, when they were found six miles from home, dead, locked in each others arms. The parents were lying sick at the time.

A blind man in Cecil, Md. named Matthias Furney, on the 26th ult. got lost in the woods, and was not found till eleven days after—ten of which he was destitute of food. When found he was nearly dead with starvation, but is now doing well.

The Fortifications of Paris.—These stupendous works are considerably advanced. A late account states that the immensity of the undertaking becomes more striking as the progress towards completion goes on. The wall is about thirty feet high. In front is a ditch fifteen feet deep, and fifty or sixty feet wide.—The earth displaced in digging the ditch is thrown into the interior of the wall, and forms an embankment equal to it in height. The embankment is made flat at the top, and thus furnishes a level surface, giving ample room for placing cannon or soldiers. Independent of the great wall, there are several detached forts on various heights around the city. These works are estimated to cost four hundred millions of francs.

The project of fortifying Paris in this elaborate manner was started some years ago, when there was some prospect of a general war in Europe. The French Capital having been twice occupied by hostile troops during the wars of Napoleon, the Parisians wished to avert the probability of such a disgrace again in the event of war. Hence the idea of these vast fortifications. It is shrewdly suspected, however, that the works when finished will be found available, in the hands of a vigorous monarch, for holding the people of Paris in check, as well as for repelling a foreign enemy.

It appears by the late census that the most valuable agricultural production of the United States, is *Indian Corn*—the number of bushels raised, according to the last census, being 377,515,875, which, at 50 cents a bushel, will amount to \$178,756,937. The article next in value is *hay*, the number of tons being 10,248,000; which at only ten dollars a ton, amounts to \$102,480,000. The next article in importance is *Wheat*, viz: 84,823,272 bushels, which, at one dollar a bushel, will amount to \$84,823,272. *Cotton* comes next, viz: 700,479,275 pounds, which, at nine cents, amounts to only \$83,043,134. It thus appears that cotton ranks in importance as the fourth agricultural production. Then come *oats* and *potatoes*, and then *tobacco*, being the seventh in value of agricultural productions.—*Boston Journal.*

Extraordinary Feat.—Mr. James McFaul, from Baltimore, completed yesterday at 12 o'clock, in Washington, sixty-four consecutive hours' walking, beating G. W. Dixon by four hours. The feat was performed at Mr. West's Coffee-house, on a plank about nine feet long and three wide, and was witnessed by hundreds. After having accomplished the feat, and without leaving the plank, Mr. McFaul addressed the spectators for upwards of ten minutes, stating that he intends to walk against Dixon for the London premium of £1,000. He stated that he could walk eight hours longer; but the attending physicians were of opinion that he could not possibly have survived another hour. His pulse was up to 120!

Alexandria Gazette.

Suicide of a Murderer.—On entering the cell of Bork, the wretched man who was incarcerated for the brutal murder of his wife, he was found suspended from the door of his dungeon by a handkerchief, quite dead. Thus has he anticipated the ends of justice, and added to his miserable soul the guilt of a crime second only to that for which he was confined.

Albany Evening Journal.

Forgery.—A requisition upon the Governor was made last week, by the Governor of Massachusetts, for the apprehension of Charles Nichols, alias Charles Smith, and Charles Brown, of Newport, charged with having forged the name of Abbott Lawrence, on the back of a promissory note, for \$8,800. A warrant was issued, and the former arrested and carried to New Bedford for trial.

Providence Journal.