

**The Tarborough Press,**

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid or they may not be attended to.

VARIETY.

From the Madisonian.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

The flag is furled, the cannon hushed,
The work of slaughter done;
A well-fought battle has been lost,
A gallant victory won.

Thick as the forest leaves that fall
When autumn winds sweep by,
The dead, upon the plain around,
Gashed and unburied lie.

The aged mother may no more
Behold her son's glad face;
Sorrow, within the childless home,
Shall fill his vacant place.

In vain the wife will vigil keep,
Her lord's return to hail;
The music of the bower of love
Shall be the widow's wail.

The cherished offspring, wont to climb
A watchful father's knee,
Is helpless, friendless, left to prove
The cold world's charity.

Fume from the carnage, reeking up,
The Godhead's throne assails;
And retribution claims from Him,
Whose vengeance never fails.

The laurel-wreath, and man's acclaim,
Cannot absolve from guilt;
But lighter than a feather weigh,
Against the life-blood spilt.

O ye who rule, and whose command
Unsheathed the battle sword,
A Judge impartial and all-wise
Will mete out your reward.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

The following lines will form the foundation of my present discourse:

The hoary fool who mends days
Has struggled with continual sorrow,
Renews his hopes and blindly lays
The desperate bet upon To-morrow.

My hearers—the ignis fatuus, To-morrow, instead of leading us out of the swamps of trouble, only involves us in further difficulties, and the more we are guided by it the worse we are off. It is but the sunlight of hope gilding the horizon of the future which recedes as we advance, and finally fades into the dull realities of today. That delays are dangerous, and that procrastination is the pilferer of time, you have all doubtless read from books and ascertained by experience; and yet you go on standing still, and weary yourselves in doing nothing by the job, as though every object to be accomplished had the innate faculty of working its own completions. The golden eggs that lie in the nest of to-morrow hatch out a very beautiful brood of anticipations, but more than half of them are sure to die just as they begin to feather, and feed upon the green pastures of our bosoms. Therefore, my friends place no confidence in the morrow. That which is come is no more yours to a certainty, than the offspring of an unfaithful wife. Three cents in the solid currency of today are preferable by far to three hundred in the shipplaster promises of a precarious to-morrow; for the bank of the latter is but a brittle bubble that looks fascinating at the fountain of the future, but bursts and disappears when tossed upon the troubled waters of the present.

My dear friends,—that man is a fool who wastes his time in endeavoring to lay salt upon the tail of to-morrow; for it is a shy bird, that sings sweetly in the distant groves, but never was yet captured; and he too, is a hoary fool whose days and years have been spent in a continued struggle with sorrow, and still depends on hope for release.—Were he to grab the present hour by the horns, and use every physical and mental exertion possible, he would soon be liberated from thralldom, and have the felicity of knowing that he is the procurer of his own peace, and that industry has made him the master over manifold miseries. Never, my friends, venturously bet upon the color of the chameli on to-morrow. It may exhibit bright and dazzling hues in the distance, and yet when

approached, how often do they change to dullness. You must be as green as grasshoppers to suppose that every star which glistens in the firmament of the future is planted with silver, or that the rainbow colors of expectation are permanent and lasting. The flowers that grow in the meadow of memory have a perennial bloom, but those that blossom in the garden of hope for the most part, squander their fragrance upon the desert air of idleness, and then droop to flourish no more. In a word, if you think you can lie and snooze upon the couch of carelessness to day, in full confidence of drawing an abundance from the treasury of to-morrow, you will be as much mistaken as the boy who endeavored to light a cigar by the latter extremity of a fire fly.

My friends—there is an immensity of wealth crowded in the narrow circle of today. All beyond is a sterile tract of country overshadowed by the dark wings of doubt and uncertainty. The whole of man's store is pent up in the present moment; and if this be neglected, the thieving fingers of Time will pick away quarts of that seed, which, had it been sown in season, might have produced bushels. Be up and doing, ye lazy sons of procrastination. Shake the sin of sluggishness from off your shoulders, and dig with diligence for the gems that lie embedded deep in the bowels of human capacity. All that you get to day is sure gain, but that which you purchase of to-morrow will be likely to prove a dead loss. To-morrow comes as empty as a fish's bladder, while yesterday is abstrusulating with a bag full of those golden opportunities which you so heedlessly neglected. When it does come, what is it? It's morning—it's noon—it's night—and its nothing but to day after all. It is like all the other days which you despised on account of their barrenness; and so you look forward again in full faith and confidence of brighter ones to come till at last you find yourselves surrounded by the darkness of the tomb, with the taper of hope burning as blue as a bug lamp towards morning.

My worthy hearers—you should not live too fast, but you cannot begin to live too soon. Don't defer it from day to day, for your bodies may be prepared to die ere your minds are made up for living. Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years slip by us softly, silently, and almost imperceptibly while we are musing and meditating upon prospective uncertainties. Let us not ponder upon the past, for it is but a faded picture of what once was, but no longer is; nor behold ourselves in the future, for it is a flattering mirror, too false and untrue to be trusted; but let us take the advantage of the present—because here are planted the seeds of all our rich prospects; and if we leave the young shoots be choked by the weeds of neglect they can produce no more fruit than the grape vine.

My friends—there is no such cavity between time and eternity as to-morrow. It is all a delusion; a cheat. The principal, and in fact the only point in man's existence is now—All back of this is swallowed to the vortex of the past; and all forward is unborn—a mere fetus in the womb of time. Improve, then, the present moment; and do not sit foolishly staring, indulging in the vain hope that the morrow will furnish you with food, without any exertion on your own parts. Always be busy, and you will not be interrupted by care; keep travelling, and your ways to happiness will be worn smooth—make up your minds that you will begin to work now for your own salvations and you need not trouble yourselves about any to-morrow, nor entertain doubt concerning a hereafter. No mote it be!

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“Bishop” Wiley, of the Oxford Mercury, is decidedly the most bustling Editor of our acquaintance. His Reverence takes frequent occasion to speak of things behind the ladies' backs, with a freedom of speech only to be tolerated in gentlemen of his cloth. He seems determined to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free.—In short a great bustle has been made, in his section of the moral vineyard—which he says, contains an innumerable quantity of bran and chaff.

Greensboro' Patriot.

New Name.—The New Haven Register says, that at the late State Convention, one of the leading animals proposed another change in the name of the party. He proposed that they should assume the name of “loco loco Whigs.” He gave as a reason, that the term “Democratic Whig” had been rendered almost obsolete in the course of the past year; having been repudiated by many of the best public speakers, and become every way unpopular with the body of the people. “A name! a name!—Our coonskin for a name!”

Plebeian.

Great Fire at Port au Prince.—An arrival at New York, brings intelligence of

a fire at Port au Prince, St. Domingo, on the 9th January, that destroyed six hundred houses. It commenced at 3 o'clock in the day in a Chemist's shop, and spread with great rapidity in every direction. It burnt for three hours undisturbedly, there being no water in the fountains that could be used in subduing the flames. The quarter burned contained the most valuable stores of the town, and the loss in merchandise is estimated at two millions of dollars. Altogether at four millions.

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Interesting Decision in relation to Church Property.—The New Orleans Bee gives the following notice of a recent decision in the Supreme Court of Louisiana. It was in the case of Martin vs the wardens of the Church of St. Francis, in Point Coupee:

The plaintiff was the curate of the parish, having been appointed by the bishop of the diocese. The wardens became dissatisfied with their pastor, and gave him notice to quit, and that they would not pay him after a certain time. He refused to leave, and the bishop declined withdrawing him until his demands were paid. The court decided that the wardens were, under the charter, the legal owners of the church property, and its temporal administrators, free from any control from the clergy; that the wardens were responsible to the congregation only; and neither the pope nor his bishops have any legal authority, in Louisiana, either to manage the property dedicated to ecclesiastical purposes, or to impose priestly upon the congregation, contrary to their consent. The power of the clergy is spiritual alone, and can only operate upon the moral sense and conscience of the people. The law considers them as citizens only, affording them its protection as such; and the canon law is not to be considered in the enforcement of contracts.

The Frankfort correspondent of the Lexington Intelligencer states that there was a “relief” row in Trimble county on the last county court day. The sheriff, owing to the excitement, refused on that day to qualify. That night the clerk's office was burnt down. Governor Letcher has nominated another sheriff to the Senate.

Attempted murder of a wife.—A few days ago, one Doctor Wells, of Madison county, charged with habitually whipping his wife, was taken from his house at night by some of his neighbors, and severely lynched. Shortly afterwards, as we learn from the Richmond Chronicle, he decoyed his wife from home to a lonely unfrequented place, and then, between twilight and dark, attempted to murder her. He struck at her neck, making a slight wound; but she rushed from him, and fortunately escaped by hiding from him in the thick undergrowth of the spot.

Louisville Journal.

Bank Failure at New Orleans.—We learn from the New Orleans papers that the Commercial Bank of that City suspended payment on the 20th ult. The circumstance is thus noticed in the Bee of the 21st:

The City was yesterday thrown into real confusion by the announcement, in the morning, that the Commercial Bank had stopped payment. This fact was the more astounding as no run had been made upon it of late, and some little confidence was beginning again to be felt in our monetary institutions. The causes which led to this result, must have grown out of the previous management, whereby she was so much weakened as to be unable to stand up against the natural demands and exactions of commerce. She actually fell from exhaustion.

As was to have been expected from so untoward an event, the note holders, and in some instances the depositors, took the alarm and made a run upon the other Banks. The Mechanics and Traders, and the City Bank had to meet the brunt of the panic. They both paid out specie with great alacrity; neither made any attempt to evade the run upon her—every officer being engaged in counting out the dollars to those who wanted them.

Towards three o'clock, the run upon the City Bank greatly abated; but the Mechanics and Traders kept her doors open for two hours after the usual time to accommodate such as desired to exchange her notes for specie.

Upon the State, Union and Canal Banks, the run was very trivial.

Extraordinary Proceedings.—It is known that \$1,786,000 in Illinois State bonds, and \$287,501 56 in certificates of State indebtedness, were burnt in presence of the Legislature on the 9th inst. As soon as the Governor had accomplished the work of destruction, the Fund Commissioner appeared, with two trunks full of signed and unsigned bonds of various kinds, and commenced piling them on the fire. By some means, large numbers of the bonds

were got out of the flames, almost uninjured. The coupons are all signed by the Fund Commissioners “Rawlings & Oakley,” and need only the No. prefixed to make them as good as any of that description sold either in this country or Europe.

The Journal of Commerce has received one of those coupons for inspection. It is strange, at least, that State bonds cannot be effectually destroyed, when once recovered. It is not wonderful that we have repudiating States, when such indifference is shown to so easy a cancellation of bonds, by the simple process of burning. Think of an august Legislature witnessing the destruction of its obligations; while the wind and boys were sporting them away; cheating their very eyes.

Days of Worship.—The following days of the week are set apart for public worship, in different nations:—Sunday, or the Lord's Day, by Christians; Monday, by the Grecians; Tuesday, by the Persians; Wednesday, by the Assyrians; Thursday, by the Egyptians; Friday, by the Turks, Saturday, by the Jews.

Brave Generals.—An extract from the official letter in the Madisonian, giving an account of a recent battle between the armies of Generals Vidue and Torrico, about one hundred and forty miles from Lima South America, states that out of seven thousand troops present on both sides, not more than fifty were killed. The two generals fled, and it was with some difficulty that Vidue was overtaken and persuaded that his army was victorious. The other general fled while the chances were decidedly in his favor.

New Orleans, February 19, 1843.

The City was thrown into great consternation by the report yesterday that Mr. Lavergne, President of the Consolidated Bank, had made way with himself. Early in the morning he crossed the river and visited the family burying place, in the rear of Algiers, where he stabbed himself with a sword cane or poniard. He was brought over to the City, and expired about 1 o'clock. Mr. Lavergne has ever maintained a reputation for probity and honor that even in these days of suspicion and distrust rumor has forborne to asperse.

He was a man of the most sensitive temperament, and it is thought that he fell a sacrifice to the prompting of a nice sense of honor, wrought upon by the calamities that have befallen the institution over which he presided.—Bee.

The numbers of Murders committed in the United States during the last year is estimated at 193; and the numbers of Suicides 65.

Lynch Law.—The Hannibal (Missouri) Journal gives an account of two cases of Lynch's law, which is said to have lately occurred in Shelby county, in that State.

In the first, a merchant of Marion county, who had a judgment and execution against a person for forty dollars, levied upon his stock, which was sold, the merchant buying it in for sixteen dollars. Afterwards the merchant sold the cattle for one hundred dollars, and then tried to enforce from the debtor the balance of the judgment. He was summarily waited upon by a committee of the neighborhood—tied to a tree, fifteen lashes with a hickory laid on his bare back, by each member of the committee, who directed him to leave immediately, if not sooner.

In the other case, an inexorable creditor had sued a poor man for one hundred and twenty dollars, and levied upon all his property, refusing indulgence. On the day of sale the assembled neighbors requested the officers to put up what they significantly styled “Judge Lynch's horse,” a fence-rail with legs to it, avowing that the buyer of the farmer's property must take a ride on the judge's horse. The creditor took the hint and no sale was made.

A Female Thief taker.—Mrs. Throop, the jailress of the Meadville jail in this State, came a very pretty trick over a horse thief that the whole county was in search of. The fellow went to the jail, and inquired of Mrs. Throop, the jailress, for one of her sons. Mrs. T. recognized him at once as an old boarder, who had been sent to the Penitentiary some three years ago for horse stealing, and who was no other than the thief sought for. Without expressing her knowledge of his recent offence, she entered into conversation with him, and soon asked him if he wouldn't like to see his old quarters? He replied in the affirmative, and Mrs. T. immediately ushered him into his former place of lodging. No sooner, however, had he entered the room to gratify his curiosity, than Mrs. T. quickly closed the door, and turned the key, informed the astonished and outwitted thief that he was her prisoner!—Phil's Ledger.

On the 19th ultimo, an attempt was made by a son of Mr. Chester White, who

resides near Batavia, New York, to poison his parents and his brothers and sisters. The poison was mixed among some flour. Suspicion attached to the son, from the fact of his refusing to partake of some bread made from the flour.

The Flood on Red River.—The Washington (Ark.) Telegraph of the 8th inst. says: We learn that the steamer Napoleon, on her passage to Fort Towson, picked up between two and three hundred persons; and that Col. James H. Johnson and family, reported as lost, are safe. The Fort Towson arrived at Fulton on Monday, having saved several families below that place, some of whom were taken from the tops of their houses. Later accounts, via New Orleans, say that the river was still falling, and all apprehension of further damage had passed.

Elopement, Marriage, and Separation.—The Georgetown (D. C.) Advocate gives an account of the arrival there from Baltimore, of a young man and lady, in each of a clergyman for the purpose of solemnizing the nuptial rite, which being performed, they set out to enjoy a delightful honeymoon. But on the third day after the marriage, a Mr. Chase, of Baltimore, appeared and claimed the happy swain as his absconding apprentice. He was arrested, procured security for his appearance before a magistrate—subsequently appeared, but as that officer declined to interfere, there being no grounds for any legal action, Mr. C. seized upon the alarmed and bamboozled youth, pushed him into his gig, and sped for Baltimore, leaving the wife to digest her husband's exit as best she could.

Long Fast.—The State Gazette of Stockholm contains a long account of a singular fast which occurred in Ellsberg Lehn in April last. A poor tailor, traveling in that part of Sweden, accidentally fell into a coal-pit, and remained there for 39 days without food.

Effects of Millerism.—The wife of Jonathan Leveridge, a respectable merchant of Newark, New Jersey, while laboring under derangement of mind occasioned by the Miller doctrine, on Friday administered arsenic to herself and two of her children, one aged three years and the other twelve months. Before she committed the rash act, she sent her three eldest children to her aunt's, in the neighborhood. One of the children died at 12 o'clock, the other at 2 o'clock, and the wife died about 9 o'clock.

At a Millerite meeting in Providence, last week, the minister got the audience worked up to such a pitch, that they were every moment looking for the end of all things, which he told them would be announced by the sound of a trumpet. A wagish boy, taking the hint, procured a common fish horn, which he blew with a perfect tempest of wind, thereby producing such a climax, that some of the fanatic mass were frozen with fear.

The Millerites of Providence had decided, that the great end of all things was to come about last Wednesday, and preparations were made to meet it. Over one hundred passed the night in the burying ground, on the west side; some of whom, if report speaks true, were dressed in their accession robes. They went there to witness the resurrection of their friends, with whom they expected to rise into the clouds.

Good.—Parson Miller has decided, that no man can go up on the 21st of March, who owes for his newspaper.

We don't know who wrote the following article, but whoever he was he has the right idea of the matter, and we recommend his hints to our Patrons and readers!

The right way to support a Newspaper.—Much depends upon the supporters of a Newspaper whether it is conducted with spirit and interest—if they are negligent in their payment, the pride and ambition of the Editor, is broken down—he works at a thankless and unprofitable task—he becomes discouraged and careless—his paper loses its pith and interest, and dies. But on the contrary if his Subscribers are of the right sort—if they are punctual, liberal hearted fellows—always in advance on the subscription list—taking an interest in increasing the number of his Subscribers—now and then speaking a good word for his paper; cheering him on his course by smiles of approbation; with such Subscribers as these, I would forswear myself comfort, ease, leisure—everything that could possibly step between me and the gratification of every laudable desire on their part; I would know no other pleasure, than their satisfaction. How much then can the supporters of a newspaper do, to make it interesting and respectable—indeed without concurring efforts on their part, the Publisher of a paper will not, cannot bestow the attention which is necessary to make it what it should be.