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VARIETY.



LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

Through life's dark and thorny path, Its gloom the silent tomb, And yet some spots of sunshine bath, That smile amidst the gloom The friend who weal and wo partakes, Unchanged, whate'er our lot, Who kindly soothes the heart that aches— Is sure a sunny spot.

From the N. York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

The text to my present discourse is included in these words— Ages and ages yet away must pass, Ere time aside shall cast his scythe and glass.

My hearers—as a river is constantly emptying itself into the sea, and still continues to run as it is wont, so the stream of time is continually losing its life in the great ocean of eternity, and yet flows on for ever; that is, it always has moved with the same regularity ever since the beginning of the creation, and will continue on uninterrupted for ages yet to come—till the dissolution of the earth and the whole universe— which period is so far distant that even the strong and swift wings of imagination become weary in endeavoring to reach it. The earth is but an infant yet in the cradle of time; and when we consider how long since it was a mere focus in the womb of chaos, we cannot but be brought to the conclusion that millions of years must still roll away ere it can be said to have arrived at the age of maturity. Man's memory can give him no information relative to the beginning of the world, and neither can his foresight tell him of the end thereof. All surmises, predictions, and foolish speculations, that arise from the mystified and mysterious prophecies of old, are as non-sensical as they are useless; and they are as useless in determining the destruction of the universe as the palm books in a deaf and dumb asylum. As for any mortal being able to unroll the map of the future before the eyes of his fellow mortals, he might as soon think of dragging eternity with a shad net for the pearls of departed worth.

My friends—it causes my heart to swim in the very sands of sympathy to see how many of my brother and sister beings are being carried away—by what is termed the 'Miller Delusion'—a peculiar and destructive doctrine; the principle tenet of which is, that the human race has become an evil excrement, a corrupt carnosity, upon the bosom of the earth, and that the earth will, some time this year, shake itself, as a lion when he shaketh the dew from his mane, spilling the ungodly into the lap of destruction, and casting the righteous (what

few there are) upwards into the heavens above—there to remain till a new earth is manufactured; and then they are to come down unharmed and uninjured to abide with the Saviour, and the sons and daughters of holiness for ever and ever. I pity brother Miller, from the bottom of my soul; and have any quantity of commiseration in store for his deluded followers.—Poor man, he is mad! but there is a mysterious method in his madness, that operates most powerfully on the credulity of many I conversed with him once, and I discovered that almost every word he uttered was accompanied with a nervous tremor—an involuntary shaking of the head—which plainly indicated that his mental machinery was not altogether in what is called apple pie order, and that no more faith should be placed upon his predictions than upon those of the small jobbernowis who have prophesied before him.

My hearers—the material world as yet is none the worse for wear; and I see no reason why you should be under any fearful apprehensions of its speedy dissolution. Young ladies, who are now busy in preparing for themselves ascension robes and pantaloons to wear under them, ought to turn their attention to subjects equally important and far more necessary; a knowledge of which cannot fail to prove useful in after years. Those of the masculine gender who are troubled with any thing like a weakness in the upper story, should turn a deaf ear to what ever may be said in support of this mischievous doctrine, and never allow their minds to dwell upon the subject for a single moment, lest a foolish fear cause what little philosophy and judgment they possess to quit the premises, and leave them exposed to the scorn, contempt and ridicule of the world.

My dear friends—this terrestrial orb of ours, which as yet exhibits no symptoms of disease or decline, will continue to rotate on its axis when we all shall be mouldering in our sepulchres, and the monuments erected to our memories shall have fallen and become buried in the dust of oblivion. Earth is constantly under going a miraculous change, but it is subject to no decay. The rose that faded yesterday we can never behold again; and still the same family of flowers that now bloom around the graves of our kindred, will blossom at the tombs of millions yet unborn. The feet of future generations will tread upon the dust of our bodies, and the great grand children of our children's children will pluck posies from the very bosoms of their ancestors. Nature produces as fast as she destroys; and so long as this conservative principle is observed and well carried out, you need be under no apprehension, my friends, of the world making a burst of it.—The scythe of Old Time is just as keen and no keener now than when he mowed down a cock sparrow in the Garden of Eden, by way of experiment; and the sands in his glass have never been clogged for a single moment; nor will he, till the earth grows hoary, the sun loses its lustre with age, and the bald pated moon furnishes itself with a wig.

My hearers—when you see wonders in the heavens that have been witnessed before; when the bowels of the earth incessantly rumble, like an empty stomach before dinner; when you discover a single screw loose in the grand machinery of Nature; when thunder comes before lightning; when young ducks exhibit an indelicate antipathy to water; when the young men cease to run after the girls, and the girls wont marry; and when the Orange county butter can be made from the milk in the cocoa nut; then, and not till then, believe that the end of all things is at hand. So mote it be!

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

American Clocks.—The Connecticut clock makers send their machines to England male with brass wheels and warranted to keep time, invoiced at one dollar and a half each; and when the English excise-men threaten to seize them for being undervalued, the owners consent, knowing that they must allow ten per cent. advance.

The Clock Trade.—A paragraph in the New York Herald has some interesting particulars on the subject, showing that the trade has already become important in extent as well as largely profitable to those who carry it on.

The clocks in question have brass works cut by machinery, out of brass plates made for that use in Connecticut. They are fitted up in polished mahogany frames, in a neat manner, and when finished, form an eight day timepiece, which cannot be rivalled in the world for accuracy. These articles have long been known to the public of this country, but are strangers to Europe, until introduced there in the spring of 1841, by the firm of Sperry and Shaw, No. 8 Courtlandt st. The first invoice was taken as an experiment. The duty is 20 per cent. in England. The astonishment with which these specimens of American work were viewed was very great, not only for

the beauty and excellence of the clocks themselves, but the beautiful and enduring polish of the cases excited great admiration and is a perfect novelty there, and cannot yet be imitated. The first invoice sold at £1 to £5 each, or about \$20; since that time not only has every pocket to England carried some, but large quantities are sent to the north of Europe, and the late India bound ships have also taken considerable quantities. They are also finding their way into all the ports of Europe at a great profit to the enterprising makers. The amount shipped since the first experiment in 1841, has been near 40,000 clocks, which at \$20 reaches the important sum of \$800,000 and stands next to the article of rice in exports of American produce. The number of these clocks manufactured annually in Connecticut is 300,000.—Messrs. Sperry and Shaw turn out 300 per week.

Decline of the Trade with America.—It appears from a return just laid before Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Thornely, that the exports of British goods to the United States of America, in the year 1842, were less in value by the sum of nearly Twelve Hundred Thousand Pounds than they were in any previous year since 1833, and that they were less by more than one half than the average annual exports of the nine preceding years; the average yearly exports of the nine preceding years: the average yearly exports from 1833 to 1841 (both years exclusive) being of the value of 7,880,000l., whilst those of 1842 were not of more value than 3,528,807l. The alarming decline in the largest branch of the foreign trade of the country, we regret to say, is not confined to a few or even to several articles, but extends to all, with the single exception of tin and tinned plates.

The imports from the United States into this country show a very different result. With regard to shipping, the American tonnage (entered) has increased from 229,869 tons to 319,524; and the British tonnage from 114,200 to 195,745 tons.

After making every allowance for the more than usual embarrassments of trade in the United States, in 1842 the first part of the above return cannot be regarded as being otherwise than most unfavorable to the prospects of the English industry, while the second shows that the balance of trade is turning against this country in a manner which renders it doubtful whether we shall not shortly have to pay for American cotton in specie instead of goods. Nothing but a very great revival of the demand for English manufactures can save us from this evil; and without a reform of the American tariff, there is very little hope of any revival at all equal to the necessities of the case, but we must consent to make liberal concessions if we wish to receive them.—London paper.

A Hard Customer.—The Wetumpka Argus contains an offer of one thousand acres of land, made by Obadiah Langston, of Bibb county, Ala., for the arrest of a man named Mark W. Doss, and his delivery into the custody of any keeper of a jail in Texas. Said Doss is represented as having deserted his wife, stolen a wagon and team in Alabama, and gone over to Texas, where he turned to preaching as a Baptist minister, making a great outward show of sanctity. He ingratiated himself into the good favor of a widow lady, and then stole her gold watch and decamped. He then reappeared in another part of Texas, represented his wife in Alabama to be dead, turned to preaching the Gospel again, married a yellow woman, quarreled with the brother of his first wife, and waylaid and shot him. For this he was thrown into jail, but broke out twice, and the last time made good his escape. He is now supposed to be in Tennessee or Mississippi, either secreted or preaching glad tidings as before. The fellow sings well, and when a resident of Bibb county, Ala., used to teach in singing schools. Editors are requested to pass him round, that if in the United States, he may be routed out and returned to Texas. We accordingly annex a description of his lovely person:—

He is six feet one inch high; has a thin, sharp-looking face, sharp-looking nose, and is about forty-five years of age. One of his big toes has been broken, and it turns up so as to be plainly seen with a shoe on.

The farmers in Ohio are already selling their hogs deliverable next winter. The asking price is \$3 00, but sales have been made to some extent at \$2 50 per cwt. The quantity of pork will be about equal to that of last season.

Horrible Death.—We learn from the Cincinnati Sun, that a woman was gored to death by a mad bull in that city on Monday evening of last week. The animal was confined in an enclosure near the head of Vine street, and being teased by some boys soon began to show signs of madness.

An attempt was made to secure him, but he knocked one down, tossed another over the fence, gored a third severely; and then leaped out of the enclosure. In a state of the wildest fury he rushed up an alley, where a woman sat in the door of a house holding a child in her arms, and when opposite to her stopped suddenly, and plunged his horn into her abdomen, lacerating her in a most shocking and indescribable manner, taking her life instantly. The child escaped unhurt.

The Slave System.—It is said, says the Newark Advertiser, that more than a thousand slaves escaped from the island of Guadeloupe to British islands, in the confusion which followed the great earthquake.—A gentleman well acquainted with M. Guizon (the French premier) says that the latter is fully bent upon achieving the abolition of slavery in the French Colonies, and he has no doubt it will soon be effected. The Portuges-Chambers are also contemplating its abolition in their colonies.

Capt. Stockton's piece of ordnance.—An experiment was made last week with this enormous piece of ordnance, which carries a 242 pound ball, at its station near the light house, below Sandy Hook. A point blank shot struck a line on a target three miles distant, and penetrated through and through the target, which was constructed with iron and wood combined, rendering it more strong and solid than the hull of the largest seventy-four. The gun is made of wrought iron, and is of immense size.—N. Y. Herald

A negro who was lying on the track of the R. and Petersburg Rail Road was killed on Saturday last by the cars passing over his head.

A Gallant Act.—The Philadelphia Ledger learns that on Sunday afternoon, as the train of cars proceeded to New York, the engineer, Jackson Vernon, saw a man walking on the track, and immediately reversed the engine, when he found the man could not be saved but at the peril of his own life; he jumped on to the cow-catcher, and caught the man in his arms. Both came off with only a trifling injury. The man was deaf and dumb.

Lightning.—During a drenching rain and thunder storm in Virginia on Tuesday week, the leader and saddle horse of a team of five horses was struck dead in the road a few miles from Lynchburg, Va.; and strange to say, the middle horse escaped, and stranger still, the driver, who was sitting on the saddle-horse was uninjured. A dog under the wagon was killed. Two boys were in the wagon, and they like the driver escaped with a stunning. The fluid first struck a chestnut tree opposite the lead horse and then glanced and killed him. The Virginia attributes the speedy recovery of the driver and surviving horses to the vast quantity of rain which was falling at the time.

From the Raleigh Register.

The Kentucky Affray.—We published recently two contradictory paragraphs about the rencontre between C. M. Clay and S. M. Brown, in which the latter was cut up with a bowie knife. The quarrel grew out of the old feud between the Clay and Wickliffe families—each of which aspires to rule the State of Kentucky, and this it is which has given so much importance to the affair. The original statement was that the lie passed between the parties, and then Mr. Clay drew his bowie knife and cut Mr. Brown, who afterwards got a pistol and fired it at his enemy. Mr. Clay published a card, in which he avers there was a conspiracy to assassinate him—that Brown rushed at him, and struck him with his whip & was then separated to some distance from Brown by the crowd—that he then saw Brown aiming steadily at him with a six barrel pistol, which he fired, the ball lodging in his knife scabbard. That he then rushed on him with his bowie knife.

On his side Brown has replied with a card, in which the original statement is re-asserted, and the certificates of many gentlemen who witnessed the affair are given, all declaring that Brown was cut with the bowie knife before he used the pistol, which was handed to him by a person present, and that at the time he fired it his face was covered with blood. It was a beastly affair at any rate.

From the Raleigh Independent.

A Floral Hoax.—The Hudson, N. Y. Gazette relates that an amateur vender of roses visited that city with a collection, (as he said) of foreign roses. The news of his arrival spread like wild-fire, and there was quite a rush to secure some of his choice roses, which were beautifully marked with fine flourishing names, and laid off in lots of dozens and half-dozens, and sold at only five dollars per dozen!

The rich prizes were taken home, and courtied with care and attention, and their growth watched with great minuteness. This spring they put forth beautifully, and all was anxiety for the period of their budding, when lo! they turned out to be nothing more than whortleberry bushes!

Suicide.—Miss Jane Herring, a young lady of Franklin Co. Indiana, lately committed suicide by hanging herself, because her parents opposed her union with a young man on whom she had placed her affections. Her parents are wealthy and respectable.—ib.

A Phenomenon.—A friend who has just returned from the South, tells us that about forty miles this side of Tuscaloosa, on the road to Huntsville, the driver pointed to a large hole in a field, which he said was the greatest curiosity in the world. The passengers went to the spot, and found a round hole about seventy feet in diameter, with the earth on all sides apparently solid, and overgrown with grass. There was water at the bottom, apparently a hundred feet from the surface. It is at the top of a ridge of earth, upon which, at the distance of twenty rods, stood the deserted dwelling of the owner of the plantation. The driver stated that about three years ago, in the dusk of evening, the planter was startled by a rumbling noise, and stepping from his door was astonished to find that a magnificent pine tree and a noble oak which stood by its side in the open field, had both disappeared! On going to the spot, this hole appeared, but nothing was to be seen of the trees, nor has the top of them ever been reached, though a sounding line has been sent down three hundred feet. The planter thought it unsafe to remain so near a neighbor to such a catastrophe, lest that should befall him and his family which befel the pine and the oak; and so he removed to another house a mile distant; yet nothing of the kind has happened since, and the wonder still remains unaccounted for.

A Melancholy Story.—A letter dated on the 11th inst. at Jacksonville, East Florida, and published in the Savannah Republican, relates the following truly melancholy details of an event that lately occurred in the neighborhood of Alligator:— "The father of a family, consisting of a wife and two sons, in the vicinity of that place, was taken sick, and during his illness there being no food in the house, the wife took the gun for the purpose of procuring game. Having wandered out of the way she got lost, and after three days solitary adventure in the wilderness, she at last, weary and sick, found her home, and her husband a corpse! Being unable to act further, she sent her eldest boy to the house of a neighbor, some seven or eight miles off, for assistance. The little fellow, shortly after his arrival beneath the friendly roof, through previous sickness and present excitement beyond his years, became ill, and before he could tell his tale died. A few days after, the house was visited, when oh, deplorable sight! along side of the father were found the dead bodies of his wife and remaining son! The tale is short but true. They all had perished through starvation. The tear of sympathy will freely flow when recounting such events.

A Rich Royal Bride.—The Paris Monitor contains a royal ordinance promoting the Prince de Joinville to the rank of Rear Admiral. This ordinance is followed by the marriage act of the Prince with the Princess of the Brazils, which was signed on the 31st ult., in the palace of Neuilly. The princess brought her husband, as a dowry first, 1,000,000f in specie; secondly, a revenue of 180,000f, arising from Brazilian stock; thirdly, 25 leagues of territory, in the province of Santa Catarina, at the choice of the Prince; fourthly, a yearly income of 26,000f, together with jewels to the amount of 200,000f; fifthly, a present from the Emperor of the Brazils of 300,000f, for her outfit. Independently of these advantages, she is to succeed to the Brazils, to the exclusion even of her eldest sister, if the Emperor, Don Pedro III, and the Princess Jauraria, the presumptive heir to the crown, should die without issue.

A letter from Brest gives the following description of the Princess de Joinville:— "The Princess has an agreeable expression of countenance; she is young and graceful; her hair is of a clear chestnut color; and she has all the freshness and beauty of youth. Her figure is elegant and slender, and she possesses both grace and elasticity."

White Slate Pencils.—A stone, of a whitish color, easily cut into slender cylinders, which serve admirably well for slate pencils, has lately been discovered at Casleton, in Vermont. The quarry is owned by Mr. Cain, and is supposed to be the only one in the United States. The pencils make a white and therefore a more distinct mark than the ordinary slate pencils.