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BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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VARIETY.



From the Brother Jonathan.

THE JOYS OF EARTH.

BY AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS.

The joys of earth,—the beautiful,
The lovely and the fair,
Which glow within the kindling heart,
And, star-like, tremble there,
Like earthly flowers, alas! too soon
In faded sadness perish;
But them, the holy and the pure,
We ever fondly cherish.

The swelling tones of long-loved ones,
The words so sweetly spoken,—
The moonlight vow,—the music voice,
And love's last, fondest token:
The kindly smile,—the pitying eye,—
The tear that glistens o'er us,—
They come and haunt our pensive souls,
And smile or weep before us.

Those faded joys—the beautiful,
The lovely and the fair!
O may they ever be as now,—
Like stars in evening air.
Their gentle memories be mine,
And pleasures that they bring;
They are the flowers that never die,—
The charms that have no wing!
Norwich, N. Y.

From the Cincinnati Daily Sun.

MOUSTACHES.

"His tawny beard was the grave,
Both of his wisdom and his face."

Hudibras

"What's them are things growing out of your upper lip, Mister," asked a country Yankee, of a coxcomb, whom he met the other day.

"Sar!" exclaimed the dandy, fiercely, raising his ruffian, and bristling up to the interrogator. "What business is that to you, sar?"

"Oh! no business of any consequence to speak on, replied the Yankee. 'I jest axed for information, not being much acquainted with them are things.'

"Well, sar!" returned the gallant, angrily, "what if you ain't acquainted with 'em? Must a fellow of your cloth question a gentleman of mine?"

"Is that really your cloth, Mister, or is it the tailor's?" asked the countryman.

"The tailor's!" exclaimed the coxcomb, fiercely. "What do you mean by that? Do you intend to insinuate that I —"

"Sdeath, sar, I'll not —," "Well I thought as much," returned the Yankee, carelessly sticking his hands in his breeches pockets, and standing stiff before the dandy. "I thought you never intended to pay for them."

"What is that to you, whether I pay for them or not? Hav'n't I a right to manage as I please with my own tailor—to pay him or let it alone?"

"Why, Mister, that depends very much on what sort of a bargain you make. If your tailor agrees to let you cheat him, why, that is his look out, not mine. But you hav'n't told me what you call them are things on your upper lip."

"Sar, you're a very impertinent puppy, sar."

"So I heard you say. Now father, he's got a tawny dog—but he don't tawny much. I can tell you—he'll kill the rats in two seconds—but, as I was saying, father, he's got a tawny dog that's darned hairy and rough about the mouth—but, Lord, he ain't a circumstance to you. He'd cling his tail between his legs if he was to see you, and cry ti-ti, ti-ti, and run to the end of the world and never stop to look back. My gracious! how like the devil you do look with them are things."

"Look! why, sar, they are all the go now. There's no finished gentleman but what wears moustaches."

"Moustaches, do you call 'em! Well by hoky, they are musty and rusty, too. They look very much like the latter end

of our dog's tail, where he brushes it on the floor—Faugh! I wouldn't touch 'em no more than —"

"Touch 'em, sar! If you offer to put your finger on 'em, I'll cane you within an inch of your life. I will, sar."

"What, with that are switch, Mister? I shouldn't mind it no more than an out-straw."

"Well, touch my moustaches, and see if you don't get it."

"Touch your moustaches! Why, I would as likes touch two chaws of tobacco, that have just been spit out. Touch 'em, indeed! Why, Mister, I wouldn't touch 'em, with the tongs. I can't conceive, for my life, what should induce any human critter to wear such darned nasty looking things as them."

"Nasty looking! do you call 'em? Sar, you have no taste. Nasty looking, indeed! Why, sar they are all the admiration of the ladies."

"Ladies! ha, ha, ha! ladies.—They must have a queer notion any how! but there are some women who are accountably fond of puppies, and such like animals; and I've seen 'em fondle up and kiss 'em, just sir, as if they were human critters. But, Lord! I don't see how any woman could ever let her lips come in a gunshot of yours. Admiration of the ladies!"

"Do you question what I say, sar?"

"Why, mister, I don't know what kind of ladies you have in your town—but one thing, I can tell you; our country gals wouldn't no more let you touch 'em than they would a toad—they're very particular what comes in contact with their lips.—But, mister, how in the name of hair and bristles do you eat? How do you go to work to get the vitals into your mouth, with them are things hanging over it like a hedge fence over the side of a ditch? Do you eat and slich like or do you live on spoon vitals?"

"It is none of your business what I live on, I board at seven dollars a week and I get what I please, sar, and drink what I please."

"Seven dollars a week! my gracious we get board and washing, and all at one dollar and a half; but I spose they charge \$5 50 extra for them moustaches. Faugh! I wouldn't have them at the table for \$10!"

"D—n it! what a fool I am for standing here talking to a fellow of your cloth! Thus saying the man with the moustaches flourished his dandy switch, wheeled about, and walked on. He had gone but a few steps when the Yankee hollowed out after him.

"Hallo! mister. Don't you want a curry comb? I've got some real fine ones, with teeth on both sides. They're bang up! I can tell you."

"Curse you and your curry combs, too!" "Don't swear, mister—nor go off in a passion. I meant no offence in what I've said. But I must declare you're the darn'dest ugly looking man in the face, I ever see in all my life."

Chewing the Cud.—Can it be true that the beautiful ladies of that beautiful town, Portland, are addicted to the disgusting habit mentioned below? The extract is from the Portland Bulletin. It must be a libel.

Of all the loathsome habits that have obtained votaries among respectable people, that of *chewing* is decidedly the most disgusting.—There is reason in the ox chewing the cud—such is the will of the Creator—it is consistent for the hog to keep his jaws always on the move.—Nature so intended; but for a human being—more especially a lady; to be forever crunching her jaws together and smacking her lips, is alike contrary to nature and every rule of politeness and good breeding.

We were told by an apothecary, the other day, that a principal item of the profits in his business arose from the sale of spruce gum, burgundy pitch, gum mastic, and other articles, which were formerly manufactured into plasters, but which are now bought for chewing. Perhaps he spoke hyperbolically, but in reality there seems to be a mania for "chewing the cud" among the females of late. Old and young are addicted to the vile habit.

Aside from the vulgarity of this practice, it is very weakening to the lungs and stomach; and, if persisted in, will tend to give a fetid odor to the breath.

Truth is stranger than Fiction.—One of those singular cases of individual history which sometimes astonishes the mass, by their singularity and eccentricity, was related to us the other day by a friend of ours, in whom we have the most implicit confidence. The facts are as follows:—

Some seven years ago a gentleman died in Georgia, leaving a son about 14 years old, and property to the amount of about \$20,000. The executor, who had been a particular friend of the old man, was about to place the boy at school, with the intention of giving him opportunity of enjoying the benefits of a liberal education, when the boy suddenly disappeared, leaving it certain

that he had gone off, but in what direction, why or for what purpose was unknown.

The guardian wrote in every direction, begging his acquaintances to make enquiries and have a look out for him. But no trace of him whatever could be discovered. Seven years passed away and his fate still remained a mystery to his friends. A short time since, however, his guardian heard from some person that he was seen within some short distance of Mobile, in this State. Without the slightest delay he started in pursuit of the young man and found him in the neighborhood of the place where he had been seen. He was engaged there in cutting and hewing wood, had been engaged at that business for several years, and been a steamboat hand on the river between here and Mobile for three years. His guardian found him with a face burnt and tanned with exposure to the sun and weather, and his hands hard from the effects of labor.

His guardian told him he must come home and take charge of his property, for he could not continue to take charge of it any longer.—He said he could not leave then, as the man for whom he had been working owed him fifty dollars. He was at last, however, persuaded to settle with his employer by taking his note.—When questioned as to his reasons for leaving home seven years before, he did not like to go to school. So during all that time he worked hard, away from home and among strangers, rather than go back, lest he should be sent to school. He knew, too, that he was worth property, yet never applied for one dollar of it.—During his residence in the neighborhood of Mobile, he gained the reputation of a strictly sober, hard working, prudent and economical young man. Last week he passed through this place on his return to Georgia, where a snug property, which has been accumulating under the careful management of his honest and faithful guardian, awaits him. Our readers may depend upon the truth of what we write.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Adv.*

From the Raleigh Register.

The uses of the plants we cultivate are not yet half developed. Who would have dreamed five years since, of obtaining from 600 to 1,000 pounds of sugar from an acre of corn stalks? Yet this amount has been obtained the present year in Indiana; and a most creditable gentleman from Delaware informed me, a few days since, that there was a strong confidence that over three thousand pounds may be obtained from an acre. Then comes the oil from lard; which creates serious apprehension that the grand sport of hunting whales in the Pacific, is to yield place to the humble office of frying out hog's fat over a kitchen fire.

The New Haven Herald has the following account of a revolting murder recently committed near that place.

A most horrid murder was committed at Middletown, Westfield Society, Connecticut, upon the person of Mrs. Bacon, wife of Mr. Eben. Bacon, a respectable and wealthy farmer of that place. Mr. Bacon went to church Sunday morning with all his family, except his wife, and did not return until after the evening service was over. When he returned, he found his wife weltering in her blood. She lay upon her back in the centre of the room, her skull crushed in, her face horribly mutilated, her throat cut, and seven stabs in her breast. By her side lay a butcher knife, some keys, and three chairs, which were broken and bloody. Two of them were covered with fragments of her flesh and hair, used in beating her over the head.

The walls and floor were covered with blood—evidences of frightful, desperate ferocity—she in defending herself from the assaults of her savage murderers, and they in their diabolical exertions to overmaster this heroic but ill-fated woman.

It is supposed they found her alone; and, in attempting to rob the house, she resisted them; and, becoming exasperated, they committed the diabolical and most brutal murder. She was about 45 years of age.

She is represented as an estimable and courageous woman, of large frame, and just the person to resist an attempt at robbery. She has three children, and was universally esteemed—the whole family being members of the Presbyterian church. The house was robbed of \$75.

Two persons, named Bell and Roberts, have been arrested at Middletown, on suspicion of being the perpetrators of the horrid deed.

From the Globe.

Powder Plot a la Fowkes.—On the night of the 19th, an attempt was made to blow up the house of Mr. John Wood of Somerworth, N. H., who had become obnoxious to the moral inhabitants of that place, in consequence of his having proscribed sundry of them for a violation of the license laws. He was also a violent aboli-

tionist. About 12 o'clock an explosion took place, which aroused the whole village—the Millerites thinking it was "the last trump." On examination, it was found that a keg of powder had been placed under one wing of the building, to which a slow match was attached.

Dreadful Explosion, and loss of life.—The Louisiana Chronicle, extra, of 20th ult. gives the following particulars of the awful destruction of the steamer Clipper. The number of deaths as far as ascertained, is 14; missing 10; wounded 9; uninjured 16.

It has become our mournful duty to record one of the most dreadful catastrophes which has ever happened on the Mississippi. Yesterday, at about a quarter past 12 o'clock, as the steamer Clipper No. 1 was backing out from her moorings at our landing, she blew up with an explosion that shook earth, air, and heaven, as though the walls of the world were tumbling to pieces about our ears. All the boilers bursting simultaneously—machinery, vast fragments of the boilers, huge beams of timber, furniture, and human beings in every degree of mutilation, were alike shot up perpendicularly many hundred fathoms in the air. On reaching the greatest height, the various bodies diverged like the jets of a fountain in all directions—falling to the earth, and upon the roofs of the houses—in some instances, as much as two hundred and fifty yards from the scene of destruction.

The hapless victims were scalded, crushed, torn, mangled, and scattered in every possible direction—many into the river, some in the streets, some on the other side of the bayou, nearly 300 yards—some torn asunder by coming in contact with pickets and posts, and others shot like cannon-balls through the solid walls of houses, at a great distance from the boat. All in front of the wheel-houses appears as though swept by a whirlwind. But anything like an adequate description of the scene of wreck and ruin is utterly out of the question. What remains of the hull has been firmly lashed to the shore; but it seems to have broken in two, and partially sunk. She had just taken on board, at the Railroad depot, about 86 bales of cotton; nearly all of which, together with the money chest and most of the cabin furniture, we are glad to learn, has been saved.

On reaching the spot under whip and spur, we immediately bent our steps towards the temporary hospital hastily prepared for the reception of such as might be found to retain a spark of life. The scene was such as we hope never to look upon again. The floors of the two large warehouses were literally strewn with the wounded and dying, and others pouring in as fast as it was possible to convey them—praying, groaning, howling, and writhing in every possible contortion of physical agony. In the midst of this confusing din, up to their arm-pits in oil, and cotton, and bandages, we found our praiseworthy physicians—like good Samaritans doing good—quietly and silently, but with the energy and activity apparently of fifty hands—now washing a burn, now dressing a wound, and anon splintering a fractured limb. Indeed, our citizens generally, every man and mother's son, appeared only anxious to know how they might render most service to the poor sufferers—white and black without distinction.

This awful and heart rending catastrophe was attended with circumstances that beggar description. We only mention a few facts, and leave the balance to the imagination of the reader.

One of the sufferers was thrown a distance of about 300 yards, his body striking the house of our late colleague, Dr. Jones; tearing away a portion of the roof, and passing out through the weatherboarding at the end into the yard, where it was found presenting a most shocking appearance; another was thrown over our office, nearly an equal distance, and so mutilated as scarcely to be recognised; a third was hurled through a window into one of our public houses, and lodged on a bed, fully one hundred yards distant from the boat—yet this man survived a few hours; and a fourth was cast about the same distance, and fell dead upon the levee.

Heavy masses of iron were hurled in every direction, tearing away portions of the roofs and penetrating the walls of houses in the vicinity. The larger portion of one of the boilers fell upon the house occupied by Mr. Thomas, completely sundering the roof from comb to eve, passing through to the lower floor, but fortunately doing no other serious injury to any of the inmates.

We forbear further remarks, and hope it may never fall to our lot again to witness a like disaster.

A RASCALLY CONTRIVANCE.—A fellow was arrested and examined at the police office a few days since, on a charge of pocket-picking. He had a beautiful ring on one of his fingers, which attracted considerable attention. A nearer inspection proved it to be something more than a ring. On pressing a spring neatly "fixed" upon

the inner rim of the ring, a small, keen, crescent-shaped blade nearly half an inch in length, made its appearance. We can conceive of no contrivance better calculated to aid the pick-pocket in his peculiar vocation than this. With common care and a liberal share of adroitness, he can cut pockets with great facility, nor expose himself to much danger in the operation.—*ALBANY CITIZEN.*

The sad history of the noble but fatal efforts of Sir Walter Scott to pay off, by the product of his glorious brain, the mercantile debt he had incurred as a partner with his publishers, though not new, is touchingly presented in a recent letter of Mr. Weed to the Albany Evening Journal.

Sir Walter labored with indomitable energy to extinguish a debt, from the coinage of his brain, of more than £500,000, for which he had become liable by his business relations with Constable & Co., and Ballantyne & Co. But the labor was too severe even for his herculean mental and physical powers. There were admonitions of the fate which awaited him as early as 1826, as may be seen by a note in his private Journal.

"March 14—What a detestable feeling this fluttering of the heart is! I know it is nothing organic, and that it is entirely nervous; but the effects of it are sickening to a degree. Is it the body brings it on the mind, or is it the mind that inflicts it on the body?"

The result of Sir Walter's literary labors, from January, 1826, to January, 1828, was a dividend of six shillings on the pound to his creditors, amounting in the aggregate to £40,000, or \$200,000! What other author ever will realize such another sum from his own intellectual labors? For this illustrious demonstration of genius, industry and integrity, the creditors, as well they might, "unanimously voted him their thanks."

Book keeping turned to good account.—We are credibly informed that the Messrs. Harper have purchased Mr. Beane's popular treatise on book-keeping for the large sum of \$40,000.

New York American.

A Business Transaction.—A party of three young men, who have not yet joined the temperance society, while on a stroll the other night, called in upon a new made landlord, and after some little interchange of courtesy, a proposition was made by the trio to buy out the establishment. A fair offer was made and accepted, and one of the party drew a note for the amount, which the other two endorsed. The note was accepted, and Boniface evacuated the establishment, leaving the new proprietors to conduct their orgies upon the most liberal scale. They soon proved their devotedness in the cause, and the daylight broke upon a room strewn with broken decanters, tumblers, slops of wine, and three young men spilled promiscuously over the scene. Whether the note is due yet we have not learned.—*Balt. Sun.*

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The Editor of the Albany, (Georgia) Courier, recommends the following remedy, which he says he has tried, with signal success:—"Swallow a piece of Asafetida about as big as a pea, three times a day just before meals, and in a week or less you will be well; it don't smell like apples," but never mind—it's a sovereign cure. We used to wash it down with "a drink o' summat," but if you have any scruples about a dram, it is not important.

Curran said to Father O'Leary, "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter." "Why?" said the priest, "because then you would have the keys of heaven, and could let me in." "I had better have the keys," said Father O'Leary, "of another place, and then I could let you out."

A person was remarking the other day, "How cheap every thing is got." "Not every thing," said his friend, *woman* is always dear.

At a religious meeting that was much crowded, a lady persevered in standing on a bench, and thus interrupting the view of others, though repeatedly asked to sit down. A reverend old clergyman at last rose and said, gravely, "I think if the lady knew she had a large hole in each of her stockings, she would not exhibit them in this way." This had the desired effect; she immediately sunk down on her seat. A young minister standing by, blushed up to the temples, and said, "Oh, brother! how could you say what was not the fact?" "Not the fact?" replied the old gentleman; "if she had not a large hole in each of her stockings, I should like to know how she got them on!"—*Old Paper.*

Old Bachelors do not live so long as other men. They have nobody to darn their stockings and mend their clothes. They catch cold, and there is no one to make sagu tea—consequently they drop off.