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BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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Miscellaneous.



LONG TIME AGO.

On the lake where droop'd the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow
Brighter than snow—
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd
By high and low;
But with autumn's leaf she perish'd,
Long time ago!
Rock, and tree, and flowing water,
Long time ago,—
Bird, and bee, and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know—
While to my fond words she listen'd,
Murmuring low—
Tenderly her dove-eyes gladden'd,
Long time ago!
Mingled were our hearts forever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her?—never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given—
Ever to flow!
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,
Long time ago!

THE EMERALD RING.

An Anecdote of Napoleon's reign.

'Really, my dear Arthur, I see nothing in what you have told me to justify that woe-begone countenance of yours, or to afford any reasonable grounds for those Jeremiades in which you have been indulging for the last hour. The Emperor has confided to you an important mission, the due discharge of which will ensure to us honor and fortune; and yet you complain!

'Alas! my dear aunt, I have not told you all; you see only the bright side of the picture; let me show you the other. Early this morning the Emperor sent for me, and thus addressed me:

'Colonel, I require your services. I wish to send you on a diplomatic mission. Hold yourself in readiness to depart in about a week hence for the United States.'

'I was proceeding to express my gratitude for this proof of the Emperor's confidence, when his majesty interrupted me, saying:

'Colonel, you are not married; that's rather awkward. You must have a wife to do the honors of your house.'

'But, Sire, you say I am to depart in a week—What is to be done? the thing is impossible!

'Nothing is impossible, sir. Get married without delay, and hold yourself in readiness to depart.'

'With these words his majesty left me; and I remained some minutes before I could recover from my astonishment at what I had heard. Where am I to find a wife in the space of a week? I who have just returned from a long campaign, and have scarcely an acquaintance in Paris?

'You stand in rather a difficult position, I confess,' replied the lady to whom the above particulars were related. 'There is but little time, and we must make the most of it. I know a young lady whose father I will instantly solicit for you; but stay; it will be much better if you go yourself.'

'I, Madame?

'Certainly! Why not? Never fear; I will manage the whole affair. My carriage is ready. I

will get my bonnet and shawl and be with you immediately.'

While one of our interlocutors is left alone in an elegant drawing room of the Chateau d'Antin, we may take the opportunity of acquainting the reader that the above conversation took place between the young and handsome Colonel de Villantroy and his aunt the Countess de M****. This lady had supplied the place of a mother to her nephew since an early period of Arthur's boyhood when he became an orphan.

The Countess soon rejoined her nephew, and in about a quarter of an hour after, her carriage stopped in front of a hotel in the Rue Blanch.

'This,' said the lady addressing Colonel Villantroy, 'is the residence of M. Br—, the brother of our celebrated naturalist. He has a beautiful and accomplished daughter, and I should like to see you married to her.'

She enquired for M. Br—, he was at home, and the visitors were ushered into his cabinet.

'I come, M. Br—,' said the Countess, 'to speak to you of an affair of great importance—in short, to solicit your daughter's hand for my nephew, Colonel Villantroy de Villantroy, whom the Emperor has just appointed his Envoy Extraordinary to America.'

'The Colonel does me great honor,' observed M. Br—, 'and being introduced by you, I cannot entertain a doubt that this gentleman possesses every qualification calculated to secure my daughter's happiness. But,' pursued M. Br—, 'you could not have chosen a more inopportune time for opening such a negotiation; my wife and daughter are at this moment overwhelmed with grief. A short time ago, my brother presented his niece with a pair of valuable emerald ear-rings—the jewels were exceedingly admired for their purity, lustre and size. Palmire went to a ball last night and wore them for the first time; you may imagine how greatly she was distressed, when, on her return home she discovered that she had lost one of her splendid ear-rings. I immediately went back to the house of our friends who had given the entertainment. A most careful search was made, but without effect; the ear-ring was no where to be found. What adds to our embarrassment is, that one of the horses being laid up we engaged a fiacre, and none of the servants thought of taking the number. My daughter is in despair, and my wife is bathed in tears—in short, I cannot attempt to describe the distress into which this affair has thrown us!'

While M. Br— was thus addressing his visitors, Colonel Villantroy drew from his pocket a little paper packet, which he opened, saying, 'Permit me to ask you, sir, whether your daughter's ear-ring resembled this?'

'Heavens!' exclaimed M. Br—, 'where did you find it?'

'I was returning from the ball in a fiacre,' replied the Colonel. 'Finding some difficulty in drawing up one of the glasses, I took off my glove, and laid it on the seat behind me. On taking it up I felt something beneath it, which, on examination, I discovered to be an emerald ear-ring. My first thought was to give it to the coachman, but the fear that the man might not be honest, induced me to change my intention, and I purposed this very day to deposit it at the Prefecture of the Police.'

M. Br— listened to this explanation with the most eager satisfaction, and the Colonel had scarcely uttered the last words when he flew to his wife's chamber.

'Palmire, Palmire!' he exclaimed, 'what reward would you confer

on the person who should restore your ear-ring?'

'Oh, my dear papa, whatever reward you may think proper to name.'

'But I ask you what you would give?'

'Any thing—every thing that I am mistress of, papa—you know how I valued my beautiful emeralds—and besides, they were my dear uncle's present.'

'Will you authorize me to name the reward which I deem suitable?'

'Most certainly, papa.'

'Well, then, here is your ear-ring. The gentleman who found it is now in my cabinet, and the first thing I request of you is, to go and invite him to dine with us to-day.'

Palmire thought this task a very easy one. She proceeded to her papa's cabinet, and gave the invitation with such captivating grace, that the Colonel could not have declined it, even had he been disposed to do so.

During dinner, conversation was kept up in a very animated strain. Each of the party was anxious to please, and they all perfectly succeeded. Arthur, in particular, had never been known to make himself so agreeable; and accordingly the Countess de M— thought she could not do better than seize that moment for making her proposition.

That evening, before the company separated, Madame Br— was heard to enquire whether the Parisian fashions were to be procured in America; and Palmire expressed the gratification she should experience in visiting the sublime scenery so beautifully described by M. Chateaubriand.

About ten days afterwards Colonel Villantroy and his bride, accompanied by Madame Br— arrived at Havre, where they were to embark for America.

The way they do things in Alabama.—On Sunday, the 28th of May, I was at Centreville, a country town in Alabama, the sun at meridian, and the thermometer at 90. The stage from Wetumpka for Tuscaloosa drew up to the door of the tavern kept by Benj. Sinclair, who is Postmaster, Justice of the Peace, &c. &c. and withal a very clever fellow. Two gentlemen alighted, and left in the coach one lady, when a consultation between the two gentlemen, the justice and the driver was held. The driver then mounted on one of his horses, rode off in haste and soon returned with a license, which was put into the Justice's hands; the coach was then driven to the other side of the square, followed by all the hangers on in the village, myself included. One of the gentlemen got into the carriage and took his seat beside the lady. The Justice took the front seat and married—James Ritsworth to Miss Jane Ray. The Justice afterwards alighted from the carriage, received his fee, and the happy pair went on their way rejoicing. I have travelled much, and seen many amusing and instructing scenes, both by 'flood and field,' but never before did I see—a wedding in a stage coach.

A Traveller.

Yankee Courtship.—Jonathan Dunbatter saw Prudence Feastall at meeting—Jonathan sidled up to Prudence after meeting, and she kind a sidled off. He went closer and axed her if she would accept the crook o' his elbow. She replied she would, and plumped her arm right round his. Jonathan felt all-overish, and said he liked the text; 'seek and ye shall find,' was purty good readin. Prudence hinted that, 'ask and ye shall receive,' was better. Jonathan thought so too, but this axing was a puzzler. A feller was apt to get into a snarl when he axed,

and snarlin warnt no fun—Prudence guessed strawberries and cream was slick. Jonathan tho't they warnt so slick as Pru's lips. 'Now don't,' said Pru, and she gave Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug. He was a little startled, but thought his farm wanted some female help to look arter the house. Pru knew how to make rale good bread. 'Now don't,' said Jonathan. 'If I should,' said Jonathan. 'Now don't,' said Pru. 'May be you wouldnt'—and Jonathan shuck all over, and Prudence replied, 'If you be comin that game you better tell feyther.' 'That's jist what I want,' said Jonathan, and in three weeks Jonathan and Prudence were 'my old man' and 'my old woman.'

A Yankee's estimate of Marriage.—They said marrying was fun—pooty fun, to be sure. When I was a single man the world wagged along well enough. It was jist like an omnibus. I was a passenger, paid my levy, and had't nothing more to do with it, than to sit down, and not care a button for any thing. S'posing the omnibus got upset—well, I walks off and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then, I takes a wife and behanged to me. It's all very well for a while; but afterwards, it's plague like ownin an upset omnibus. What did I get by it? How much fun? Why, a jawing old woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courtin'. Instead of 'Yes, my duck,' 'No, my dear,' 'As you please, honey,' and 'When you like, lovely,' like what it was in courtin' times, it's rig'lar row. Sour looks and cold potatoes, children and table cloths badly off for soap, always darning and mending and nothing ever darned or mended. If it was'nt that I am particularly sober, I'd be inclined to drink. My house ain't my own—my money ain't my own—I belong to four people besides myself, the old woman and three children: I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till, that I must bust up: I'll break, and sign over the stock in trade to you...Sam Slick.

Some of the Mississippi banks, it is said, promise to redeem their notes in corn. This accounts for the editors of that State being so mealy-mouthed on the subject of their banks.

Alabama Beacon.

Bowie Knives.—The Legislature of Alabama at its recent session have passed a law providing if any person, with a Bowie knife, 'Arkansas tooth pick,' or any weapon resembling the same, shall cut or stab another by reason of which he dies, it shall be adjudged murder, and the offender shall suffer the same as if the killing had been by malice aforethought.

The act likewise prescribes a penalty for the sale of such weapons.—Pet. Con.

Something New.—In removing a pile of plank in the lumber yard of Mr. John Tunis & Co. on Saturday morning, one of the laborers, a black man, heard a sharp snapping noise among the logs which formed the foundation of the pile, and on looking down, saw with emotions of horror, a monster of hideous appearance, lying within a few inches of his feet. A yell of dismay from the affrighted black (we should rather say white, by the by, for we have it upon good authority that his visage was actually blanched with terror,) brought several persons to the spot, who recognized in the cause of his alarm a young alligator, full three feet in length! How the 'crittur' came there, no conjecture can be formed, unless it be that the egg which contain-

ed it in its embryo state was taken on board of some craft upon one of our Southern rivers in a parcel of sand ballast, and started on the wharf at the lumber yard, where in due time it hatched the amphibious reptile, who was nourished by the vapor of the dungeon to which it had crept, and in which it was discovered, on lifting the planks. Very unnecessarily, a gun was brought and the animal shot. It should have been taken alive. It may be seen, however, at Messrs. Toy & King's druggist store, where they have it preserved in spirits.

Norfolk Herald.

Sam Patch outdone.—While we were lately viewing the magnificent falls of the Genessee, near Portage, Alleghany county, where the river pitches upwards of 300 feet within two miles, (within fifty miles south of the city of Rochester,) our attention was attracted by a confused noise from the top of a bank, about 100 feet above the rocky table from which the stream is now precipitated 110 feet at the middle falls. The hinder wheels of a wagon made their appearance on the top of the high bank above us—they fell below the edge of the steep; and the horses, unable to draw them back, after a momentary struggle, backed over the precipitous descent; and the whole concern—wagon, horses, and driver—rolled over each other nearly to the foot of the steep. The agonizing cries and gestures of the women and children on the hill-top, (who were drawn from their residence on seeing the wagon backing off within a few feet of their door,) were such as might be expected from a family whose protector was thus suddenly dragged before their eyes (as it were) to certain destruction. But their fears and ours for his safety were speedily allayed, by his springing upon his feet, and aiding us to disentangle the horses, which, after another roll or two, (the harness and wagon having twisted them into the 'shape of a cocked hat,') got upon a firm footing, with a quiet look which plainly indicated their concurrence with Mr. Samuel Patch in the sage opinion, that 'some things can be done as well as others.'

Wonderful as were the cataraets foaming before our eyes, the falls of this respectable farmer (whose name is Palmer) were not less thrilling in their effects. A resurrection of the dead could have surprised us little more than the alacrity with which teamster and team arose unhurt after their appalling gyrations.

Rochester N. Y. Adv.

The abhorrence and reward of Oppression.—The man who went to purchase up and monopolize wheat at Cleveland, &c. from the poor, it turns out was himself robbed of the \$62,000, thus intended to be discreditably appropriated, instead of only \$60,000, as before stated. His name is John Sinclair, of Waterloo, N. Y. He offers a reward of \$5000. The general disgust expressed at Buffalo, and wherever heard of, at the object of this person's expedition up the lake, will create for him precious little sympathy, or for the bank or banks that were leagued with him in the 'Great Flour-Plunder Scheme.' The Kinderhook Sentinel says:

'Already has Mr. Sinclair, of Waterloo, obtained facilities to speculate upon the coming crop of wheat, to the amount of \$95,000, viz: \$60,000 at the Albany Banks—\$20,000 at the Bank of Geneva—and \$15,000 at the Seneca County Bank at Waterloo, and has made application, with what success we are unable to learn, for \$10,000 more at the banks in Ithaca. One of these same specu-

lators, who resides between the Cayoga and Seneca lakes, who has never caused the earth to produce one more blade of grass or a hill of corn, than if he had never had an existence, has realized more than \$30,000 of unholy gain by the same transaction.'

Gazette.

Land Speculators.—The Rev. Mr. Taylor, in a sermon at Boston the other day, said the first great land speculator was the devil himself.

The St. Louis Bulletin says, that the story which has gone the rounds of the papers, giving an account of the marriage of 'Levi Gilman, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri,' to an Indian princess, is a hoax. There is no such Justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri as Levi Gilman.

N. Y. Star.

Mysterious and extraordinary Ascension.—While Mr. Z. Mitchell was about to enter his balloon at Fairmount, Baltimore, on Thursday afternoon, a lady by the name of Warren, stepped up to the car from out of the crowd and politely insisted on taking Mr. M.'s place. The spectators appearing disposed to second the lady's wishes, Mr. M. like a true cavalier, consented. The balloon was let off; but the lady was too heavy, and it came down. Nothing daunted, she threw out the sand bags and went up rapidly to a great elevation. The current of wind floated the aerial voyager over the city, where she was seen 'calm as a summer's morning,' waving her white handkerchief to those below, and from time to time throwing out ballast. At sunset she had reached north of the city, but was still up at a great height.—ib.

It is with much satisfaction we learn that Mr. Evans, of Stark county, Ohio, who was imprisoned on the suspicion of murdering his son, is proved innocent. The Ohio Repository says: it appears that the notice given, reached the son on Lake Erie, and that he has returned home.

Stand from under.—A meteoric stone, weighing some 500 lbs. fell on the farm of Ezekiel Harrison, near Orangeville, Pa. on the night of the 6th inst. and smashed to death a valuable ox, afterwards penetrating the earth about 10 inches.—Columbia Rep.

Novel Rail Road.—A patent for ten years has been granted by the Emperor of Russia to one of his Aids de Camp, for the invention of a new species of road; which it is calculated will excel all others. The plan is to place the wheels (friction rollers) not upon the carriages, but upon the rails of the road itself, and to have it travelled over by sledges drawn by horses. The experiment has been tried in St. Petersburg, and it is said that a horse can gallop at the top of his speed, and draw a great load after him.

The Gals down East.—It is said that in the town of Marblehead, the girls have made improvements in ironing, which beats the steam engines on common roads all hollow! They spread out all the clothes on a smooth platform, and fasten the hot flat irons to their feet, and skate over them, ad libitum.—Boston Trans.

'Will you allow me to enquire vy you make up your bed under that 'ere deal table?' said Sam. 'Cause I was always used to a four-posted afore I came here, and I find the legs of the table answer just as well,' replied the cobbler.—Pickwick.