



The "Tarborough Press,"
BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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Miscellaneous.



FAME

To die and leave behind
Nought of surviving fame,
Of the divine, creating mind
No trace, no single name;
To know no deed, no word,
Our memory to restore,
But that when gone, there shall be heard
Of us no mention more.
Nay, mock not that thou hear'st me sigh;
My friend! this is indeed to die.
But to live on and on,
Among the great, the good,
Eternal station to have won
Mid that high brotherhood!
Deep in the hearts of men,
Enshrined to be;
To shine a beacon to the ken
Of far posterity;
Who would not days for ages give?
Who would not die such life to live?
What idle words are theirs,
Who bid us bound our powers
To passing pleasures, present cares,
Brief as the fleeting hours?
So deemed not they, I ween,
The great of other days,
Whose brows still wear the living green
Whose lamps still brightly blaze;
So deemed not they who struck the lyre
With Milton's truth, with Homer's fire.
Not from a fount divine
These restless longings come—
This hope in honor'd light to shine
Above the cold, dark tomb;
Oh! when from life I part,
Let me not wholly die;
Still with sweet song to charm the heart,
Or rise with musings high;
Still live in the remember'd line—
Oh! might this glorious meed be mine!

THE BRIDAL EVE.

A tale of Boston in olden times.
In a retired avenue in the rear of Washington street, and near the ever to be remembered "Old South," stands a venerable pile, surmounted by the uncouth figure of a grim son of the forest, yet known as the Province house. The building was once the gay headquarters of the commander in chief of England's colonial troops. Yes, that antique relic of a departed age where now the busy and important "cit" resorts to enjoy his Havana, and recruit his temporal man with life's luxuries, was in olden times the proud court of a king's military ambassador. Some six months after the incidents preceding, were seated round a table in this mansion a few gay young officers of the English army. Mirth and hilarity seemed to reign triumphant. Among the number not the least conspicuous, sat Lord B—; and if the "human face divine" be an index to the heart, he would have been the happiest of the group. My Lord B—, said young Col. G—, a conceited and good humored officer, "what a lucky dog are you! And then the mortification and envy you have caused a score of others by your good fortune. Pardon me, I was just on the point of attempting an assault on her myself. A lovely wife—and, what is better, a plum by way of settlement on your marriage—a fine prospect for a king's

officer in this cursed Yankee land. I wish to heaven there was another wealthy and beautiful loyal nymph hereabouts. I would make her happy as I live, for we have nothing else to lay siege to at present." A rout of merriment followed the colonel's confident speech.

"My gallant colonel," said a more grave major, "I fear you will never succeed in your feminine sieges. You always get the lucre foremost in the articles of war. Believe me you will never gain a damsel's heart by courting the daddy's breeches pocket."

"Don't be too hard, my good major; my mind wanders to that which is most needful. These Yankee sharpers can drain British purses, even though they excel in nothing. But let us drop this, and drink to the health of the fair Miss H. and our good Lord Arthur, not forgetting the approaching festivity, which thank heaven, will be one bright spot in our dark career."

We leave this merry company, and return to the quarters of Lord B—. Seated on a couch in his apartment is the youthful messenger, Eugene. But how changed since the eventful night of his arrival. A few months of deep corroding anguish had made a fearful contrast in his fair form. The jolly short curling hair is thrown aside, and from the fair brow flow luxuriant locks of beautifully tinged auburn. The flashing, fearful eyes, the flushed cheeks, the firmly closed lips, and heaving bosom, reveal to the reader the ardent, devoted Lady Julia. Near at hand stands, regarding her with respectful look, the valet Ralph. After a long and agonizing indulgence in her woe, the lady raised her head and spoke. "For this painful confirmation of my suspicions I thank thee, my kind Ralph. Now that his falsehood is truly unmasked—now that I feel that he has filled my cup of bitterness to the brim—I will witness with my own eyes these blasting events to my young hopes. O, Ralph, what have I not sacrificed for this man? This base hearted monster! Have I not suffered exile from my native land, and passed even the bounds of my sex to behold his smile—to breathe the air that is charmed by his presence? Have I not sacrificed home, friends, comfort, perhaps my own proud name, for this false wretch?"

"True, madam. But cannot your feigned report of loss of fortune, and your great distance—the long period since his leaving England—be some atonement for master's untruth?"

"No, Ralph, this will not atone for wrongs like mine. It is but a foolish romantic whim of mine, to witness its effect on him; for this I bore to him my own letters—and oh! the love and devotion he showered on my thirsty spirit on that night of our meeting. Little knew he who listened and feasted on his every word. Had the fond delusion of that excited night continued unbroken for one short week, how gladly would I have thrown off all disguise, and surrendered myself, my fortune, and my whole soul to him! But to be thus cast off, slighted, and forgotten! Shall the last of my proud and ancient line be thrown aside by him who once thought, lived, and breathed but in my presence, and all this for an acquaintance of an hour? No, Ralph, I have fed upon his bounty like a dog, and of late his very brute has had more smiles and kind looks than the neglected and despised Eugene. But I have passed the bound of maiden honor—from shame and an insulted spirit there is no retreat. There yet remains revenge! Revenge, such as woman's heart can only dream! My kind Ralph,

you have been faithful to me—be silent yet, and leave me.

Another flood of scalding tears burst from her wild and flashing eyes, and she bent her aching head upon the couch in silent agony.

Bright and joyous was the festal scene on the night destined for the marriage of Lord Arthur B—and the lovely Miss H—. Her father's mansion was filled with fair ladies and gay officers of the king, and the bright lamp shone o'er beautiful women and brave men. Sweet music filled the hall, and proud figures clad in scarlet and in gold, blended with those of virgin whiteness, flitted thro' the mazy figures of the giddy dance. All present appeared joyful and light hearted, save one. In the deep recess of a window stood a pale boy. An unnatural brightness beamed from his dark eyes, and he seemed not to note the gaiety before him. The gushing melody that floated through the brilliant apartment, and the ringing laugh of youth, fell not in gladness on his ear. There was no room for the joys within the bursting heart of that lone boy.

The hour for the ceremony drew near, but where are the happy beings for whom this festive circle is gathered? In a secluded arbor in the garden, sat a youthful couple, conversing in a low confidential tone; and how many blissful dreams of the future, and what high and happy hopes urged their delusive visions on the minds of that young pair. They are awaited for at the altar. The aged father of the young bride approaches the pale Eugene. "Tell thy master that the hour is at hand." The boy started like one awakened from a dream—he looked round with a wild amazement, then answered in a hoarse unearthly tone, "I will."

The agony expressed in those brief words rang strangely on the happy group around. The boy had vanished.

Suddenly a shriek rang thro' the mansion that blanched the blood from many a lovely cheek. All rushed to the arbor. The young nobleman lay stretched upon the earth—the life's blood gushed from his heart, tinged with yet deeper shade his crimson attire. Sinking by his side was the slight figure of a youth, his open garment revealing the white bosom of a female, with the undrawn dagger yet flashing within the faintly throbbing heart. With the last exertion of fleeting life she exclaimed, "This is my revenge! This the fearful price of a blighted name of woman's wrong!"

The bodies of those victims of broken truth were borne to their far distant native land. The fair Emma H— has long since been laid in the family vault of ancient "Copp's." All has since changed save the certainty that mankind are prone to falsehood; and that vows like bubbles, are easily broken as made.

Fatal Rashness!—We perceive that a Massachusetts editor has just got married!! He is crazy unless his wife has an appetite to live on old exchange papers.

Ohio Rep.

True Politeness.—"I have met with many polite men in my life," said Col. Crockett, "but no one who possessed in a greater degree what may be called true spontaneous politeness, than this Camanche Chief, always excepting Philip Hone, Esq. of New York—whom I look upon as the politest man I ever did see, for when he asked me to take a drink at his own sideboard, he turned his back upon me, that I might not be ashamed to fill as much as I wanted. That was what I call doing the fair thing."

We notice with great pleasure the improvements in agriculture, and especially by the introduction of the best seeds. Farmer Baden has done much for the country; by twenty-four years' perseverance, he has obtained a kind of prolific corn, which almost exceeds belief. On some stalks have been found ten good ears. What might be effected for agriculture by similar efforts applied to other grain?—*Globe.*

Large Corn.—We saw in Gen. Wall's garden, a day or two since, a specimen of corn which exceeds any thing which we remember to have before seen or read of. The highest stalk which we noticed, and which did not greatly exceed in height those which grew in a dozen or twenty hills beside it, was about fifteen feet. Some of the stalks also made a show of seven ears; quite a number of them had four large, well-formed ears of corn upon them.

The seed of this corn, General Wall informs us, was procured by Mr. Ellsworth, of the Patent Office, at Washington. It was furnished by Mr. Baden, of Maryland, who has been for a series of years making experiments to improve the quality of corn, by selecting the best seed, from year to year, for planting. Judging from the specimen which we have referred to, a very great improvement has evidently been made.

Mr. Ellsworth has distributed the seed of this corn in different parts of the country, in order that it may be generally introduced. That which Gen. Wall has raised this season, we understand it is his purpose to distribute in this vicinity for next year's planting.

Burlington (N. J.) Gaz.

Animal Magnetism.—Col. W. L. Stone, of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, appears to have become a believer in the mysteries of animal magnetism. It is said that Dr. Wayland, the President of Brown University, Samuel H. Jenks, Esq. editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, and other prominent men, have also become converts to this new science.

Gazette.

Electro-Magnetism.—The Emperor of Russia has appointed a commission to make experiments upon a grand scale, on the application of this newly discovered power to machines in general, and to the propulsion of ships. The process is to be that recommended by M. Jacobi, Professor in the University of Dorpal. We have received a letter from Milan, which states that Professor Del Negro, of Padua, has, after many years of experiments, succeeded in applying this power to locomotives. It is astonishing with what mushroom haste these new pretenders, since our American Davenport announced his great discovery, have sprung up on both sides the Atlantic. It has always been and always will be so.

N. Y. Star.

New Propelling power.—We mentioned, sometime since, that Dr. Corbin, of Pittsburg, had invented something to supplant, as he supposed, almost every other propelling power. By the exertion of 40 pounds, by means of the pendulum and hydrostatics, it produces a power of 400 lbs. which in its turn can produce 4000 pounds, &c. ad infinitum. The inventor claims to have made the discovery of an entire new principle in mechanism. An application is to be made in the course of a few days, when the invention will be fully tested. He has obtained a patent for it.

Phila. Ledger.

Swifter yet.—A man in Liverpool advertises a new plan for a

rail road, by which cars will be driven 130 miles an hour.

N. Y. Star.

The equestrian feat of Mr. Grant, a riding master at Philadelphia, is considered almost unprecedented—288 miles in 24 successive hours.

It is said, that Mr. Grant has undertaken to ride 300 miles in 24 hours.—*ib.*

The Giant and his Club.—Porter, the Kentucky giant, probably the tallest man living, being seven feet seven inches without his shoes, is coming to our eastern cities, says the Louisville Journal, and hence goes to London, to show the people of Europe if the Abbe Raynal and others were correct in saying that the human and vegetable race degenerated in this country. He will take with him another specimen of Kentucky growth—a block, six feet high, of the celebrated Salt River sycamore tree, measuring seventy feet in circumference! He ought to go mounted, also, on a living mammoth, as a specimen of our quadrupeds.—*Globe.*

Matricide.—A young man by the name of Robert Vance, of Eckhart county, Ind. shot his own mother on the 4th ult. without the least provocation.

Riot and loss of life in Canada. A riot resulting in the immediate death of two persons, (negroes,) and the wounding, one supposed mortally, of three others, occurred at Niagara, U. C. on Saturday morning last. The circumstances are, that a slave in Kentucky stole his master's horse and fled to Canada. On the application of the Governor of Kentucky to the Canada authorities, the man was arrested and put in jail as a felon. About 400 negroes assembled at Niagara to resist the removal of their sable brother. On the sheriff proceeding to hand over the latter to the persons from the American side authorized to receive him, the negroes attacked the posse and were fired on, which resulted as above.

N. Y. Star.

George Wood, Esq. of New York, Samuel L. Hopkins, Esq. of Geneva, and Chancellor Kent, of New York, have each given a written opinion that the proceedings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church excommunicating the Synod of Utica, Genesee, Geneva, and the Western Reserve, and the 3d Presbytery of Philadelphia, are irregular, illegal, null, and void, and that the excommunicated bodies are still component parts of the Presbyterian church. These opinions are published at length in the New York Observer of Saturday last.

Damages against a bad road.—In the Supreme Court held at Springfield, Mass. last week, Mr. A. Hannum recovered \$2,400 damages against the town of Belchertown, for injuries to his wife and infant, occasioned by the upsetting of a wagon, through a defect in one of the town roads. The wife had her leg dislocated and badly broken, and she was otherwise much injured, and (supposed) rendered a cripple for life. The child was but slightly hurt.

Defalcation.—We are sorry to learn, says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, that a defalcation to the amount of \$18,000, has come to light in the accounts of Mr. J. P. Burnham, cashier of the branch of the United States Bank at Hartford, and until now having charge of the business there. He has property to meet a part, but something will remain to be met by his bondsmen. The deficient

money is said to have been lost in lottery tickets.

Extraordinary Surgical operation by Dr. Scudder.—There was performed in our village, last week, a very curious and novel operation on the Eye, being nothing more nor less than the instantaneous cure of Squinting, or 'Strabismus,' as it is properly called. The patient, a young lady from South Carolina, came from Saratoga to this place to meet Dr. Scudder, and so perfect was the operation, and so little the inconvenience, that she returned with her parents to Saratoga in the evening train of cars. The operation was performed by cutting some of the fibres of the muscle which held the eye obliquely, the consequence was, that the opposite muscle immediately bro't the eye in its proper line of vision, and the unpleasant deformity of squinting was instantaneously removed.—*Balston Spa Gaz.*

A young man at Cambray, last week, put a five franc piece into his mouth, when, being seized with a fit of coughing, it passed into his windpipe. The patient was reduced to the last gasp, when the surgeon resolved to make an incision between the two carotid arteries, by which means the piece was extracted, having reached as far as the sternum.

Texas.—Mr. Philips presented a petition (in Congress) from Lynn, signed by 1400 women—from Sindy Bay, of 35 women; from Haverhill, 465 women; Reading, 265; Byfield, 52 women, and Rowley 41 women, all remonstrating against admitting Texas in the Union. We presume these women are all too old to go to Texas and a market. Mr. Channing has really raised a breeze among the old women by his work of fiction, fuss and fudge about Texas.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Mammoth Cake at the Boston Fair (made by Bowditch) contains fifty-six dozen of eggs—think of that, my masters! eighty pounds of currants, ninety pounds of sugar, ninety pounds of flour, seventy-eight pounds of citron, fifty pounds of frosting, fifty-six pounds of butter, four pounds of spice—in all, Five Hundred Pounds. What a cake!—*ib.*

Romantic—a Boy kidnapped by a Girl.—Lydia Y. Young, aged 15, falling in love at Philadelphia with Master Squire, of a similar age; ran away with her enamoured swain, but was soon after captured and brought up with her prize to the police. The boy at first pretended he had been forcibly carried off by the young heroine, but her story was quite different.

The Sunday School Journal says: A private letter from a missionary in Jerusalem mentions that a number of American and English people are now in the Holy Land, waiting for the second advent, having been much encouraged by the earthquake of the first of January.

Spontaneous Combustion in Barns.—It is supposed, by the Baltimore Transcript, from a recent instance in that city, that the frequency of fires in barns arises from the spontaneous combustion of deposits of manure.

Fleas.—Take a few branches of pennyroyal, and hang them up in a room, lay them on or near the bed, or carry a few sprigs in the pocket, and the flea will never make its appearance.

Whooping Cough.—a plaster of Gum Galbanum applied to the chest, will cure this complaint.