



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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TARREX.



FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

TO F. J. W.

They tell me 'tis decided you depart
Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. Don Juan.

And is it so, you part so soon?
Can it, will it, must it be!
Ah yes, 'tis so—you fix my doom,
And you would say, 'tis "fate's decree."

They say that woman's heart is frail—
I know it—still 'tis heaven's command;
But when weak woman's heart does fail
'Tis her devotedness to man.

Man, proud man, heart of steel
Is his mail-clad bosom's own;
For he disdains remorse to feel,
E'en for the wretch he has undone.

But you say, you "must away,"
And you "will be constant still"—
Can that heart be constant, say,
That will not a pledge fulfil!

You say your "loveliest visions fly,"
Now you "leave your girl behind"—
Trust thee!—no, that burning eye
Is not to female beauty blind.

Ah, deceiver, why still say,
That you "live for me alone;"
Whilst your punctual vows you pay,
To a far more happy one!

You would tell me, that your "lot
Was link'd to mine by destiny;"
Ah! thou traitor, it is not
For you to mock my misery.

But "farewell!" that heart is changed,
I hate that cruel word to say;
But if thou art not estranged,
Why this cruel cold delay!

Can it be so—and you deceive,
I would not think it so, in sooth;
That you taught me to believe,
Alone to mock my virgin truth.

Was it thus you used the art,
To win for thee my purest sight;
But to leave a plunder'd heart,
Just to "pine away and die!"

And for this my plighted truth
To thee and thee alone was given;
Now to spurn my tender youth,
To the winds and rains of heaven.

No—the ruffian that can wring,
The peace from trusting woman's breast;
Despise of hope, that gentle thing,
Deserves nor heaven, nor earth, or rest.

Could you believe, that "truly fond,"
This heart could never beam on thee;
That thou wert not far beyond
All other earthly goods to me.

Or could you think that ev'ry dream,
That came across my breast—could be
To me an ignis fatuus gleam,
To lure my soul away from thee.

Trust me—no, the heart that love
Once has reign'd with pure emotion,
Every trifle cannot move
From its object of devotion.

But "farewell!" I feel we part,
These are words that you have spoken;
Adieu, adieu! here take the heart,
That your cruelty has broken.

Yes, the blow that you did strike,
Was it with me to control?
No, no—it came upon me like
"A wave of wormwood o'er my soul."

When first thy gentle vows I heard,
All so tender, mild and free;
My bosom treasur'd every word,
And my soul did fly to thee.

These indeed were golden hours,
To my soul most heavenly bright;
My soul reposed in angel bowers,
My heart did banquet on delight.

Life to me was like a stream,
That sweetly flow'd on to the sea;
Existence was a happy dream,
One long continued thought of thee.

But that golden dream has past,
Yes, I hear the fatal knell;
That buries all my hopes, alas!
In the sound, "farewell, farewell!"

Now on earth there is no thing,
Can to me a charm impart;
No human skill can pluck the sting
From out this bleeding, dying heart.

But go—perhaps you may be blest,
Whilst over earth I wandering go,
The victim to a faithless breast,
A specimen of female woe.

Go—and when you wed some fair,
With bright rosy charms divine;
Think you hear my constant prayer,
May her heart be true as mine. E.

POLITICAL.



From the Providence Journal.

By his Excellency SAMUEL WARD KING,
Governor, Captain General and Com-
mander in Chief of the State of Rhode
Island and Providence Plantations.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas I have this day received from His Excellency JOHN TYLER, President of the United States, a communication touching the political affairs of this State, a copy whereof is herewith annexed, I do therefore issue this my Proclamation, to make known the same to the good people of this State, that they may take heed thereof, and govern themselves accordingly.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of said State to be affixed to these presents, and have signed the same with my hand. Given at the city of Providence on the fourteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, and of the independence of the United States of America the sixty-sixth.

SAMUEL WARD KING.

By his Excellency's command:
HENRY BOWEN, Secretary of State.

To his Excellency the Governor of Rhode Island:

SIR: Your letter dated the 4th inst., was handed me on Friday by Mr. Whipple, who, in company with Mr. Francis and Mr. Potter, called upon me on Saturday, and placed me, both verbally and by writing, in possession of the prominent facts which have led to the present unhappy condition of things in Rhode Island—a state of things which every lover of peace and good order must deplore. I shall not adventure the expression of an opinion upon those questions of domestic policy which seem to have given rise to the unfortunate controversies between a portion of the citizens and the existing Government of the State.—They are questions of municipal regulation, the adjustment of which belongs exclusively to the people of Rhode Island, and with which this Government can have nothing to do. For the regulation of my conduct, in any interposition which I may be called upon to make, between the Government of a State and any portion of its citizens who may be in actual insurrection against it, I can only look to the Constitution and laws of the United States, which plainly declare the obligations of the Executive Department, and leave it no alternative as to the course it shall pursue.

By the 4th section of the 4th article of the Constitution of the United States, it is provided that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on the application of the Legislature, or Executive, (when the Legislature cannot be convened,) against domestic violence. And by the act of Congress approved on the 28th February, 1795, it is declared that, in case of an insurrection in any State against the Government thereof, it shall be lawful for the President of the United States, upon application of the Legislature of such State, or of the Executive, (when the Legislature cannot be convened,) to call forth such number of the militia of any other State or States as may be applied for, as he may judge sufficient to suppress such insurrection. By the 3d section of the same act, it is provided that whenever it may be necessary in the judgment of the President to use the military force hereby directed to be called forth, the President shall forthwith, by proclamation, command such insurgents to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within a reasonable time.

By the act of March 3, 1807, it is provided "that in all cases of insurrection, or obstruction to the laws either of the United States or any individual State or Territory, where it is lawful for the President of the United States to call forth the militia for the purpose of suppressing such insurrection, or of causing the laws to be duly executed, it shall be lawful for him to employ for the same purposes such part of the land or naval force of the United States as shall be judged necessary, having first observed all the prerequisites of the law in that respect."

This is the first occasion, so far as the Government of a State and its people are concerned, on which it has become necessary to consider the propriety of exercising these high and most important constitu-

tional and legal functions. By a careful consideration of the above recited acts of Congress, your Excellency will not fail to see that no power is vested in the Executive of the United States to anticipate insurrectionary movements against the Government of Rhode Island, so as to sanction the interposition of the military authority; but that there must be an actual insurrection, manifested by a lawless assemblage of the people, or otherwise, to whom a Proclamation may be addressed, and who may be required to betake themselves to their respective abodes. I have, however, to assure your Excellency, that should the time arrive—and my fervent prayer is, that it may never come—when an insurrection shall exist against the Government of Rhode Island, and a requisition shall be made upon the Executive of the U. States to furnish that protection which is guaranteed to each State by the Constitution and laws, I shall not be found to shrink from the performance of a duty which, while it would be the most painful, is at the same time the most imperative. I have also to say, that in such a contingency the Executive could not look into real or supposed defects of the existing government, in order to ascertain whether some other plan of government proposed for adoption was better suited to the wants, and more in accordance with the wishes of any portion of her citizens. To throw the Executive power of this Government into any such controversy, would be to make the President the armed arbitrator between the people of the different States and their constituted authorities, and might lead to a usurped power, dangerous alike to the stability of the State Governments and the liberties of the people. It will be my duty, on the contrary, to respect the requisitions of that government which has been recognised as the existing government of the State through all time past, until I shall be advised in regular manner that it has been altered and abolished, and another substituted in its place, by legal and peaceable proceedings, adopted and pursued by the authorities and people of the State. Nor can I readily bring myself to believe that any such contingency will arise as shall render the interference of the Government at all necessary. The people of the State of Rhode Island have been too long distinguished for their love of order and of regular government, to rush into revolution in order to obtain a redress of grievances, real or supposed, which a government under which their fathers lived in peace, would not, in due season, redress. No portion of her people will be willing to drench her fair fields with the blood of their own brethren, in order to obtain a redress of grievances which their constituted authorities cannot for any length of time, resist, if properly appealed to by the popular voice. None of them will be willing to set an example, in the bosom of this Union of such frightful disorder—such needless convulsions of society—such danger to life, liberty, and property, and likely to bring so much discredit on the character of popular governments. My reliance on the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of her citizens is great and abiding; and I will not doubt but that a spirit of conciliation will prevail over rash counsels—that all actual grievances will be promptly redressed by the existing Government, and that another bright example will be added to the many already prevailing among the North American Republics—of change without revolution, and a redress of grievances without force or violence.

I tender to your Excellency assurances of my high respect and consideration.
JOHN TYLER.
Washington, April 11, 1842.

Something black among the great men.
Great stir is now made in Pennsylvania, about the testimony of Handy, respecting some bribery of the Governor and Legislators, by the U. S. Bank. The sum named is \$128,000, very snug. The Governor is implicated and by his course in denying the legal correctness of the *nolle prosequi* issued for Handy, has excited much dissatisfaction and suspicion. The whole story is startling and gives another prop to the edifice of corruption in high places, which has been reared so high of late. The fact is, the present fashion of allowing men who held places of trust and honor, to escape, when guilty of outrageous crimes, is shameful, disgraceful, monstrous. It is time these things were stopped.—Rich. Star.

A Defalcation of \$80,000.—We learn from the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, that Jos. Plankinton, Treasurer of Philadelphia county, is a defaulter to at least \$80,000. The county is made safe by his securities, but the State loses to a large amount. Plankinton resigned his office on Wednesday, and Col. Jas. Page, late Postmaster of Philadelphia, was immediately chosen to fill the vacancy.

Another Defalcation.—John Hemphill, treasurer of the Board of Guardians of the poor in Philadelphia, has proved a de-

fault to the amount of twenty or thirty thousand dollars.

An action for slander. Chloey Jones vs. John Forster, was tried in Hancock Superior Court last week, the character of the former having been fully and grossly assailed by the latter, which resulted in the jury, after a patient hearing of the case, returning a verdict of \$5,000 damages. Unfortunately however, the defendant is unable to respond to the full amount. A few more such verdicts would though go far to check this too frequent, idle, and vicious habit, indulged in by many without regard for their own character, or a becoming respect for that of others.

A travelling North Carolinian, of youthful appearance, was also put on trial for negro stealing, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Penitentiary. It appeared that he had enticed from South Carolina two negroes, which he was detected in endeavoring to sell—they were recovered and he summarily sent to pay the penalty.

Milledgeville Rec.

Horrible.—The New York Sun has a letter from a correspondent of East Hadden, under date of the 8th instant, which gives a horrible detail of crime. Haley Coon, a citizen of that place deliberately murdered his wife by burning her. When nearly dead, some neighbors came in, and she stated that her husband had set her on fire. This is his second wife. The first wife also came to her death by burning, having been found lying on the fire, burnt to a crisp. It was then thought she had fallen in the fire in a fit, but the present disclosure induces the belief that she too came to her death by the hands of her husband. The wretch has been arrested, and is now in prison.

Kindness.—A bright-faced, intelligent boy, came to our office yesterday, and with a smiling countenance, asked for an old newspaper to make a kite. Irritated by the frequent calls of the boys for the same purpose, we refused him. Immediately the smile faded from his face, his countenance fell, and we saw that we had inflicted pain, when it was in our power to have filled the little fellow's heart with pleasure. The sudden change in his manner affected us after he had left the door, and we were not content until we had called him back and given him his paper.

How often is it the case in our intercourse with one another, that we inflict pain when it is just as easy to produce pleasure? How often do we speak unkindly and unfeelingly to those who may be placed in our power, when a kind word fitly spoken would have been productive of much better results; and how often do we refuse to perform those little kindnesses to our neighbors and friends, which would prove to us in after times, like "bread cast upon the waters."—Old North State.

Balloon Ascension.—Thrilling account.—A Mr. Hugh Parker made an ascension in a balloon from Mobile, a few days ago, and landed about four hours afterwards, somewhere in the swamps of Florida. The descent was a perilous one, and we extract the following notice of it from his account:—

I had always a desire to soar to as great an elevation as it is possible to arrive at, and having upwards of 60 lbs. ascension-power I determined to gratify my wish. Away I sped—continually ascending—leaving the clouds as far beneath me as they were above when I started. I now began to feel cold, large drops of perspiration oozing from my skin, and a tingling sound in my ears, as if something cracking in my head, a vacant feeling and difficulty of respiration—now very cold. The water in my bottle freezing, I took hold of it in order to try if a drink would calm my nauseating feeling; the neck stuck to my hand and drew the skin off as if blistered by fire. Still uneasy, the drops of perspiration had turned to liquid matter resembling yellow oil—my tongue became swollen, my nails and teeth were loosened, and every joint in me and all my energies appeared relaxed. I looked up, and saw the gas rushing from the neck of my balloon, and endeavored to open my valve to effect its escape, but had not strength to accomplish it. I feared the result, and was not kept long in suspense. I judged myself, at this time six miles high, when the balloon was rent on the top. Away went the gas! Can I describe my feelings at that moment? No, no! as whirling down I came, with a feeling as if the whole system was driving to my head. I entered a dense cloud, the substance of which rushed past me with a whirling sound, like steam from the escape pipe of an engine. The clouds were somewhat warmer than the air above, which considerably reanimated me. Looking, I saw that the balloon was forced hard against the netting from atmospheric pressure; this circumstance in a measure calmed my agitation, although

still descending with unspeakable rapidity: I exhausted all my ballast, let go my grapnel to its full extent, and noticing that I was approaching the earth with great velocity, braced myself up to abide the result; and how must I express my thanks to the Disposer of Events, the giver and preserver of life, for my miraculous preservation, the bulging body of my balloon struck one side of a pine tree, from which cause I was saved and found myself, instead of being dashed to the ground only forced against the body of the tree. As soon as I recovered my shattered senses, I hauled up my grapnel, lashed the car to the tree, hove the bice of the rope around a branch of the pine, and descended to the ground.

The Medora.—The man who professes to be a believer in dreams and other extraordinary auguries of coming events, is sure to be regarded by nine-tenths of mankind as a simpleton, if not a stark idiot; yet that the most calamitous events have often been indicated by such premonitions, is an indisputable fact; and it is equally certain that such events have in some cases been controlled by a strict attention to the warnings thus mysteriously given. It is unnecessary for us to specify instances of such warnings, as they must be familiar to most readers of historical records. But there is one connected with the recent melancholy event of the blowing up of the Medora, which remains to be recorded, and which we class among the most remarkable which have fallen within our notice. Three weeks before it occurred, the sad catastrophe was distinctly represented in a dream to the mate of the Jewess (one of the line of steamers for which the Medora was intended.) He saw her making trial of her machinery—saw her blow up—saw the hapless victims of the explosion in the water round her, struggling for life—saw the boat sink, and identified Capt. Sutton (her commander) clad in a white dress. He told his dream afterwards—and was laughed at! The Jewess, it will be remembered, left here for Baltimore, on Thursday night (after the explosion), and passed in the bay next morning, the steamer Georgia, on her way down to Norfolk; and when perceiving the G's flag half-mast, he exclaimed in a tone of grief—"There! my dream is out—the Medora is blown up!"

Norfolk Herald.

During a fire which occurred at Louisville on the 19th instant, a man was burnt to death. It is supposed that he was drunk when the house took fire. The Journal adds, that, when the fire was nearly extinguished, a poor old man named Patton, who resided in the immediate neighborhood, was murdered by James McLaughlin, the keeper of a coffee-house on Waterstreet, and a notorious outlaw. Patton was in his alley, restoring to his house furniture which he had removed in apprehension of the fire. McLaughlin found him there, and plunged a Bowie knife in his side, and then threw his hand into his breast.

Mexico and Texas.—It has been more than once surmised, that British influences were at work in Mexico, and that that Government was aiding the invasion of Texas. A New Orleans correspondent of the Madisonian says:—"We have proof here that five English houses have secret orders from the British Minister at Mexico to furnish supplies of munitions of war, provisions, &c. to the invading army. One vessel laden with powder has already been despatched."

The Right of Search.—A French writer, on looking at the question of the right of search, upon which Mr. Cass's pamphlet is founded, holds the following language with reference to the position which Great Britain and the United States have held towards each other since the treaty of Ghent:

We are aware that the dispute between England and the United States, has lasted for a long time. England refused to recognise this right of neutrals, and claiming imperiously the sovereignty of the ocean, frequently violated the American flag between 1801 & 1811. She laid claims to the right of boarding American vessels, even including those of the government, & there to impress seamen. We saw in a state of profound peace, the frigate of the United States—the Chesapeake—submit to the indignity of an inspection, after a long and honorable struggle against superior forces. A number of American seamen were taken away from merchant's vessels of the Union, under pretext that they either were, had been, or appeared to be, English. War followed, and lasted three years. When the peace was signed at Ghent, the English Cabinet made no renunciation of its pretensions against neutrals; the Americans, on their part, sacrificed none of the rights that they had claimed. It was an armistice, rather than a peace. The armistice, however, has lasted 27 years; but the question is yet unsettled between the two nations. They remain in a position of respectful observation, in form, but in reality, in one full of mistrust.