



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

VARIETY.



OH! DON'T,

Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do, like me,
You'll repent, by Jingo!

String like a fool,
And silent as a mummy;
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy!

"Chaises" stand for chairs,
They christen letters "Billies,"
They call their mothers "mares"
And all their daughters "illies!"

Signs I had to make
For every little notion;
Limbs all going, like
A telegraph in motion.

For wine, I reeled about,
To show my meaning fully;
And made a pair of horns
To ask for "beef and bully."

If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a going;
And asked for new laid eggs
By clapping hands and crowing!

If I wished a ride,
I'll tell you how I got it,
On my stick astride,
I made believe to trot it!

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

This delightful spring-time has suggested the words of my text; and I have concluded to preach upon this occasion from the following:

What is love?

My hearers—although this is a subject that has engaged the attention of the greatest minds; and one too, over which the most gifted heads have poured their sublimest strains, ever since the birth of Eve; still it remains a profound enigma. It is a something wide as immensity, beautiful, and terrible, and like all other magnets, cannot be comprehended. It is a wild ungovernable passion, and lives like the rude child of the forest, tameless, untamed. It is the glorious ebullition of our immortal nature—all the warm, wild sympathies of the human heart, concentrated and poured out, in one bold and unabating stream. Beware lest you get entangled in its meshes. You may fall in love just as easily as a man falls down stairs; or as sick as your heels will fly up of a frosty morning—and it will stick to you as the shirts of Nessus; or wax on a warm day.—It has led minds captive that have shook the world. It has caused pretty girls to weep until their eyes were red as topaz's noses—and soap-locked dandies to commit suicide or what is worse get drunk. If all the sighs it has caused were gathered, and uttered in one long sorrowful piteous, thunder-moan, it would shake down the Andes. My friends—it will make you romantic, and you will see more beauty, and loveliness in all nature. You will love to wander by the pale light of the moon—to listen to the murmurs of rivulets—and watch the stars, as they perform their eternal dances in the sky. No other passion is any more to be compared to it, than the feeblest taper to those tall fires that blaze on, unconsumed in the heavens—or the dullest hours, to the rapture green eighteen feels with his Dulcinea hugged so close to him, that you could not get a knife blade between them. It is only expressed in the language of Poesy. It is known and felt by every refined, right-thinking woman—it lives in the imagination, the dreams of man, but is seldom evinced in his actions. It has made glad the miserabest hovel—and cheered the log hut of the mountaineer—followed the convict in exile—and wiped the cold sweat from the brow of death—and made green-horns sick as a dose of calomel. It is that eternal chain, that girdles the world; and

binds every warm heart, in which has been kindled the fires of religion, and freedom, in one imperishable bond of sympathy, tight as Sal's corset.

My dear hearers—you may be told by those who are tired of the world—who, with faces as long as a rainbow, wander-fretful, sorrowful, and melancholy, in the gloomy vales of despondency—by the hypochondriac, the nun, the misanthrope, the anchorite—that there is no such thing as love. But such sentiments are the offspring of diseased minds. Nature never made such animals—they have been transformed by the insipidity of a heartless, splenetic world; or else by their own silliness. I envy not the man who can stand unmoved on Thermopylae, Bunker Hill, or any other place consecrated by brave, virtuous, and glorious actions. Far less do I envy the man whose heart is impervious to the arrows of the blind baby god—he must have a heart with no more feeling than his boot heel. But my friends—trust you will not endorse such unphilosophical sentiments, so long as the memory of a father's blessings, a mother's kindness, or a sister's love, awake a single emotion within you—never whilst you cherish the scenes of childhood, or love the green spot of your birth—never whilst you recollect when you pressed the idol of your bosom; how your heart jumped in your breast, like a rat in an empty barrel. There is harmony, and love, in all nature; in every thing that greets the senses, in the wide world—in every blade of grass—in every green thing under heaven. We see it in the lurid blaze of the lightning; and the tail of the firefly. We hear it in the rippling stream, and the wild, profound, eternal, bass, of the great ocean—in every noise from the smallest perceptible by the ear, to the coarse thunder voice of God in the sky; without it the world would be dull, monotonous, hateful, a world-wide desert without a single green spot, big enough to pasture a gosse. There is love in the zephyr, as it laves the fevered brow, with its breath sweet as the gales of Eden, and as the cheek of the maiden, that has only felt the delightful breezes of 16 summers. Now it whispers to the ear in tones sweet as an Æolian harp, and anon in a voice touching as the wail of a broken heart. We hear it in the glad songs of the birds; and borne upon the ear of imagination, we can listen to it as it rings forth from the silver harps of the redeemed. It burns in the bosom of God—it glories in the breast of Angels—and warms the heart of man. So mote it be.

A Pattern Settlement.—The Edenton Sentinel says there is a small, secluded district named "Croatan," on the coast of N. Carolina, separated from the main land by marshes and the Croatan Sound, which is believed to be without a parallel on the globe. It contains about one hundred and fifty inhabitants; nearly all are members of the Methodist Church, and assemble for worship every Sabbath; there are but two who drink ardent spirits. There is not a store or shop, doctor, lawyer, or justice of the peace, coroner, constable, or any other officer of any kind. If any difficulty occurs among them, the matter is referred to their friends, and they settle it. They live like one family, and broils as seldom occur as they do in the best regulated families.

From the Raleigh Independent.

Forgery.—Charles S. Billings, who has been for many years a merchant of good standing, and largely engaged in the droving business at Earlville, Madison county, New York, eloped from that place a few days since in consequence of being detected in a wholesale system of forgeries to the amount of \$12,000.

Suicide.—The Rev. Matthew Gambrell, a Baptist Minister of great respectability and usefulness, in Anderson District, South Carolina, lately committed suicide by hanging himself. It is said he was insane at the time he committed the act. The Highland Sentinel speaks of him in the highest terms.—ib.

Death of Missionaries.—Mr. Cornelius Rogers, Mrs. Rogers, her sister Aurelia Leslie, Squire Crocker, and two Clatsop Indians, were drowned, on the 1st of February last, at the falls of the Wellamette river, near the Methodist Mission, in the Oregon Territory. While passing the rapids above, the boat was accidentally carried over the Falls. Mr. Rogers was a volunteer, bearing his own expenses. He married a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Leslie, of the Methodist Mission, on the Wellamette, and took up his residence near the mission.—ib.

Homicide.—John Withenstine, a butcher, in Spring Garden market, Philadelphia lost his life on Monday, by a blow from George Widenor. No angry feelings existed between the party, and the blow was the result of "skylarking," and striking in

fun. Mr. W., when he saw the condition of his friend, sent for a physician, and on his death being announced, immediately gave himself up to the authorities.

Killed by a Bear.—A little girl in Cannonsburg, Pa., was killed by a bear a day or two since. The bear, which was a pet, was chained, and a party of children were annoying him with sticks and stones, at which he became enraged, and breaking his chain, seized a little girl and squeezed her to death.

A difficult and remarkable operation in dental surgery, successfully performed in New York by Dr. A. C. Castle, is thus noticed in the Herald:

"The case to which we alluded was that of Lieut. Shubrick, of the United States navy. This highly reputable officer, when in Florida, had the whole side of his face destroyed by a double charge of buck-shot. The upper and lower jaws of that side were completely carried away, and a frightful wound produced, which, as may be readily conceived, left a most awful deformity. His accurate anatomical knowledge and familiarity with all the resources of his art fortunately enabled Dr. C. to remedy the effects of his terrible accident completely. A piece of dental mechanism, which admirably served as a substitute for the jaws and teeth, was inserted; the deformity almost altogether remedied; and the gallant officer is now able to masticate his food without any difficulty, whilst scarcely a trace of the extensive injury remains."

Suicide.—Mr. Warren Stilwell, of this village, committed suicide, by hanging himself, between 6 and 7 o'clock on Sunday morning last. To effect his purpose he procured a large rope, some twenty feet in length, and going into the third story of his tan house, fastened one end of the cord to a post and the other about his neck, and threw himself from a front window, descending to within some eighteen inches of the ground and until the slack of the rope was exhausted, twelve or fifteen feet.—The noise of the fall attracted the attention of a young man in the vicinity, who perceiving what had happened gave the alarm and hastened to release the body; but life was already extinct—the prodigious jerk which was caused by the momentum acquired from so fearful a leap having dislocated the neck. The deceased was about 33 years of age, and has left a wife and one child.—Madison Co. (N. Y.) Obs.

A French Bathing Place.—Here there is a charming bay, shut in by towering rocks and sheltered from the heavy waves that roll upon the more exposed parts of the coast.

"— quibus omnis ab alto
Eragitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda-
reductos."

The water is as clear as the brightest crystal, and through its azure depths the eye can discern the white sand that sparkles at the bottom. This constitutes the famous bathing place, and here the beau monde of Biarritz are to be seen, during the heat of the morning, executing their watery purposes; beaux and belles alike, sporting and flirting as though the sea were their native element. The ladies are dressed in the thinnest linen garments, with gigantic hats of straw, as a protection from the sun's rays. They are kept in a buoyant position by bladders passed under their arms, while expert bathing-men push them over the bay, by holding their feet with one hand and swimming with the other. I fancy your astonishment at this description; but I assure you it cannot be greater than was mine on my first introduction to this singular scene. It is upon such occasions that we feel we are among other people, differing essentially from us, both in habits and sentiment. The day upon which I witnessed this scene was brilliant in the extreme, and as sultry as usual; of course, therefore, as you will readily believe, I made a point of joining this amphibious party.

Having entered a booth for the purpose of equipping myself, my patience was sorely tried by a fat Frenchman, who occupied the whole attention of the assistant, by fitting on different dresses; many of which were split by his exaggerated proportions. In the course of half an hour, however, having shed my outer garments, I was arrayed in the regular aquatic dress,—"if dress it might be called, that dress had none." The nether robe did scarcely reach the knees; while the jacket, composed of the thinnest materials, was wholly guiltless of the sleeves. To confess the truth, I certainly did feel somewhat awkward at the idea of thus walking down to the sands, through a bevy of ladies sitting at work. But custom is a great reconciler of scruples, so on I went; and as no one appeared to take particular notice of my meagre vestments, my courage mounted, and I entered the water and its band of neireids with the most perfect nonchalance.

I was much amused at perceiving these fair tenants of the sea, as they floated and gambled, acknowledging their several acquaintance with as much ease and courtesy as they might have shown in the gardens of the Tuilleries—Paris' Letters of the Pyrenees.

From the Natchez Free Trader.

Failure of the Mexican Seed Cotton in India.—John B. Ducker, Esq. of Franklin co. Mississippi, has received a letter from Mr. Hawley, one of the Mississippi cotton planters, who went to India under the auspices of Captain Bailes, in the expedition set on foot by the British Government, to grow cotton in the East Indies. Mr. Hawley's letter is dated at "Broach," two or three days journey from Bombay, "24th November, 1842"—having been nearly eight months in its transit from that distant region.

Extract.—My cotton at Combalture, last year, turned out much better than I expected it would when I wrote you. I made 229 pounds Mexican seed cotton per acre, and between 400 and 500 pounds per acre with the native cotton. The four American planters who went to Bengal, made only nine or ten pounds per acre; and the three planters who were here, near Bombay last year, made little or nothing, which proved to their satisfaction that there could be little done here in improving the growth of cotton. Wolfe and two of the McCulloughs, of our American party, were here last year; they started home last February. Their crops have failed again this year in Bengal. I arrived here on the 25th of July, 1842. Dr. Burn, who was in charge of the cotton experiment here, had planted eight or ten acres, which had come up; I have had it cultivated; it is now opening, and from its present appearance, I don't think it will make more than twenty-five pounds per acre—so I think the people of America need not fear that India will ever make more cotton than it does at present. With the native cotton, we Americans can make twice as much per acre as the natives can. We know that the Mexican cotton will not answer here! Next year I am going to plant native cotton only; thus the whole enterprise will turn out nothing more or less than a great expense to the East India Company without benefit to any one.

From the Globe.

The editor of the Cecil Whig, published at Elkton, Md., shot Amos T. Forward, a member of the last Legislature of Maryland, on Wednesday last, and he died at 10 o'clock that night. The editor of the Whig has sent us a slip, stating that he is confined in jail for the murder, and requests us to publish nothing that will operate to his detriment until we get "a fair and impartial statement;" which course we shall pursue.

The Ohio Statesman estimates the surplus amount of wheat, raised in that State the present year, after supplying their wants, at twenty millions of bushels.

More American Manufactures going abroad.—One of our "Canton Merchants," (think of that, Albanians) made a purchase on Saturday of 50 dozen razor strops of the celebrated manufacture of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Isaac Hillman, No. 188 Congress street, for the Canton market. The same gentleman carries out a quantity of American cutlery and lead. He informs us that he found it extremely difficult, when in Boston last week, to obtain a supply of domestics by the 15th of August; the orders already received by the manufacturers being so full as to keep them constantly at work. There have already been exported from Boston to China, the present year, 15,000,000 yards of cotton goods, while from Great Britain to China, the export has only been 12,000,000 yards. The Celestials giving our cloths the preference.

Troy (N. Y.) Whig.

Another Elopement.—Dr. Peabody and Mrs. Belden, who ran off with each other from Cleveland, have been seen at Fort Wayne, Indiana. They are followed by another party. The atmosphere about Cleveland must be contagious. The Pathfinder says:—"Another elopement came off last Thursday. The lady was young and beautiful, and had been married to a middle aged widower about two months. The husband was absent on business when the fickle jade took it into her head to elope. Before she left with her gay young Lothario, she took occasion to gratify a passion which is said to belong incidentally to the sex. That was to use her husband's credit somewhat extensively with several dry goods merchants, in the purchase of silks, satins, and fine linens."

We have an account, from Nelson, of an affray which took place between two citizens of that county, in which one was

shot—though not mortally;—and of the trial of the person who shot the other. The prisoner was acquitted; and our correspondent imputes great blame to three members of the Court—who, he alleges, went upon the Bench for the purpose of controlling the decision. He states several circumstances which induce the belief. We hope he is mistaken; and that in no such corrupt administration of justice ever has or ever will disgrace the Courts of Va.

Lightning.—Mrs. Geo. Irving of Prince Edward county, Va., was struck dead at the kneading trough on the 13th. House much shattered.

New Process of Counterfeiting.—The Cincinnati Sun says:—We have heard it asserted that a process of counterfeiting bills has been discovered in this city by the daguerrotype, which will become a subject for legislation, or the whole country will be flooded with notes that cannot be detected, so perfectly are they drawn from the originals."

Dreadful Casualty.—Last evening, about half-past nine o'clock, a young girl named Eliza Hill, about sixteen years of age, met her death under sudden and most distressing circumstances, by falling from third story window of a house on the east side of Front street, a few doors below Spruce street. Attracted by the singing of a hymn at a religious meeting, held in the City Block, at the corner of Spruce and Front street, she leaned out of the window to listen—bearing heavily upon a slat which was nailed across the window as a guard—and this suddenly giving way, she was precipitated headlong to the ground, her head striking the pavement with such violence as to crush one side of it. Some persons who saw her fall, sprang forward and raised her, but she died instantaneously. Dr. Moore and Dr. Gibbons came quickly to render medical aid, but it was of no avail.—Phil. U. S. Gazette.

Involuntary Ballooning.—The Courier des Etats Unis of Saturday relates a curious incident which occurred near Paris, in consequence of a balloon starting on its own hook, without the consent of the proprietor. A large concourse of people had assembled to see an aeronaut take flight before he took his seat in the car, the aërostat got loose, and the grappling hook, which was dangling from the machine, hitched into the indescribable of a boy who was gazing open mouthed at the ascending mass, and carried him up willy nilly. The women, as a matter of course, screamed and fainted, but the lad, who seems to have been a hero in his way, clasped the rope tightly with his hands and feet, and with an awful rent in his forehead, was introduced by his inflated companion into the upper circles. After a short voyage the balloon descended and deposited the little fellow safe and sound on terra firma.

M. Gutzlaff, the missionary, stated that the art of constructing cast iron buildings, supposed to be a recent English discovery, has been known to the Chinese for centuries.

A negro woman, nearly 55 years of age, belonging to a creole family in the parish of St. Landry, has had thirty-five children. Her first child was born at the age of 25. She gave birth to twins five times, to triplets three times. Twenty of her children are at present living. These facts are stated on the authority of an Opelousas paper.—N. O. Bee.

A LOVE LETTER.

DEAR SWEET: Oh, my love of loves, clarified honey and oil of citrons, white loaf sugar of my hopes, and molasses of my expectations! you have been absent from me three whole days! The sun is dark at mid day; the moon and stars are black when thou art absent. Thy step is the music of the spheres; and the wind of thy gown, when you pass by, is a zephyr from the garden of paradise in time of early flowers! One of your curls touched me on the nose, and that organ was transmuted into loaf sugar! Oh, spice of spices, garden of delights! send me a lock of your hair! send me any thing that your blessed finger had touched, and I will go raving mad with ecstasy! One look from thy bright eyes would transport me incontinently into the third heaven! Your veins are lined with pure gold of Ophir, and the blood which courses through them is milk and honey—your lips are red roses gathered from Eden by the hand of Gabriel! Your words are molten pearl dropping from your mouth! My heart blazes at the thought of thee! The blood burns and scorches my veins and vitals, as it passes through them! Oh, come most delightful of delights, and breathe upon me with your seraphic breath! When you do come, be sure and bring that two shillings you borrowed of me, as I want to buy some tobacco. JONATHAN.