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The Tarboro' Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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MISCELLANY.

From the Hornet's Nest.

THE MELVILLES, A BIT OF TRUE ROMANCE.

Several years ago two young gentlemen of this name flourished very extensively in this vicinity, and as the saying goes "wed (weeded) a wide row." They taught penmanship, and being deaf and dumb, the sympathies of the citizens became aroused warmly in their behalf, and procured for them large schools.

They were very romantic while here, read a great many novels, and so far as I know wrote some, for being deaf 'ad libitum' though supposed to be really *adder* deaf, they had, like the captain in "Jacob Faithful" frequent opportunities of overhearing confessions of love and many other little disclosures of confidence, and could consequently supply themselves with material for any number of *nouvelletes*.

They were suspected while here, of not being so deaf that they couldn't by an accident hear a compliment paid to their personal appearance. In Salisbury they were supposed to be impostors after they had been there a while; and in Greensboro' one of them got fixed somewhat after this fashion.

He was the taller of the two, very graceful and quite handsome.

He became enamored of a young lady, and a mutual attachment rapidly sprung up between himself and her, not unlike that between Mazeppa and Theresa in Byron's drama of the *Prince del Ukraine*.

"They met, they gazed, they saw and sighed,

They did not speak but yet replied."

Eyes did the speaking, as he was *dumb*, and hands in the soft pressure which there is no mistaking, conveyed the electric intelligence of their love, as he was *deaf*. How long they kept up a cross-fire of

"Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which speaks from out their hearts o'er wrought."

I reek not; but one balmy afternoon when the autumn winds sighed through 'forest walks and flowry leas,' they strolled along through these, upon the brow of day; and breathed the incense which was ascending from nature heavenward. Oh how they loved each other, and how by signs which have a tenfold meaning in them, they brought heart in close and holy communion, with heart.

She lent lovingly and confidingly upon his arm, and thus leaning murmured rather than spoke; 'Ah me I wish he could speak; how eloquently he could discourse of this lovely sunset prospect.

"Is that all you wish, to make you happy?" asked Melville, imprinting an impassioned kiss upon her ruby lips, and breaking the spell of silence which had sealed his own lips so long. 'If that be all, know my sweet enchantress that like the fair Ionian, thy voice has been music to my ear,' when every one believed, that that ear heeded not the soft notes which fall sweeter than the strains of Aeolus, from the tongue of woman. If that be all, know that thy beauty, far more powerful than any charm connected with the beauty of this picturesque scene, has given my heart a key—that key is love, and it unlocked the silence which fastened my tongue. Its first impulse—continued he passionately—after its happy liberation, shall not be to discourse of the sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds, o'er all the western sky, nor of the romance of this prospect, but of that from which all around us borrow their interest and their charm—of thee would my enfranchised utterance speak—of thy 'form of beauty smiling at my heart, so lovely, so commanding.'"

With the recovery of his voice her's was gone; she was completely dumb-

founded; if the thunders of heaven had pealed around her head, if the dead had spoken, it could not more completely have astounded and overcome her, than did the emotions, his voice filled her bosom with; and as he closed this his first vocal apostrophe to her, her eyes wild with amazement and undefinable excitement, she shrieked, fainted and fell into his arms.

After awhile she recovered and they slowly wended their way homewards, he the while "melting his heart" and pouring its one long tale of love into her ears. He assured her that henceforward he would not be deaf to her, and her his tongue should ever be ready, to speak the tale of devotion and affection's pledge.

He left her at her father's gate *whispered* a fond adieu, pressed her hand gently and with a significant look which told as much as his tongue could utter, bade her "au revoir," which being interpreted for this particular occasion, and as understood by her was he 'careful till we meet again.' But poor fellow, he had broken the charm; she who in his silence loved him, loved him now no more. With a woman's instinct she loathed an impostor where she had loved one she considered unfortunately deprived of his speech—What a noble instance of the true greatness of woman.

Of course, in common parlance "it leaked out" about his pretended muteness; and to wind up the tale in an unromantic, but very popular style—"he siped." Whether he went, or in what particular mode he told his love when next he perfidiously won a trusting heart, has never been divulged to me.

These two gentlemen the Messis Melvilles *par circumstance* and *par profits* mutes, it is said are now about Cheraw, South Carolina. If they be, it is respectfully recommended to the citizens thereabouts to get them to give a concert of vocal music, which it is said they are quite as good at, as they are at writing a fine hand; or interesting novels.

One of them is trying to pass himself off as "Herman Melville," the accomplished author of "Typee" and "Omoo." The real Herman will not feel complimented when he learns this.

Again, the people of South Carolina are advised to keep a look-out, for these Melvilles may prove *truer serpents* than those lately seen "off Beaufort.

A Love Letter.—We clip the following from one of our exchanges, for the benefit of any of our readers who may happen to be placed in a similar situation with that of the unfortunate swain herein mentioned:

Dear Sweet—Oh, my love of loves clarified honey and oil of citron, 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 midday—the moon and stars are black when thou art absent. Thy step is the music of the spheres! and the wind of thy gown as you pass by, is as a zephyr from the garden of Paradise in the spring time of early flowers! I kissed you when we last met, and my whole frame was filled with sweetness! 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 has touched, and I will go raving mad with ecstasy! One look from thy bright eyes would transmute me incontinentally into the third heaven! Your words are molten pearl dropping from your mouth! My heart blazes at the thought of thee! My brain is an everlasting fire. The blood burns and scorches my veins and vitals as it passes through them. Oh, come, most delightful of delights and with your seraphic breath breathe upon me! When you do come, be sure and bring that half-dime you borrowed of me, as I want to buy some tobacco.

A Fact for the Grey.—General Twiggs returned from the Mexican war with two marks of hard service which all his laurels could not hide. One was a head as white as wool; and the other a cutaneous eruption on his forehead. For the latter he was advised to try a mixture of sulphur,

and sugar of lead and rose water. In applying it, some of the mixture moistened the hair on his forehead, and after a while this part of his hair resumed its original color. He then applied the mixture to all his hair, and it all became as is now, of its primitive sandy hue. He communicated the fact to some of his friends in Washington—especially to some who are widowers and seeking *preferment*—and it has been found efficacious in every instance. It does not dye the hair, but seems to operate on the roots, and restores the original color.

The recipe is as follows:
1 drachm Lac Sulphur,
½ drachm Sugar of Lead,
4 ounces Rose Water.
Mix them, shake the phial on using the mixture and bathe the hair twice a day for a week or longer if necessary.

From the Raleigh Star.

NOTICE.

To the Farmers of North Carolina'

Having discontinued the North Carolina Farmer, for want of sufficient patronage, we shall endeavor to make the Star interesting to such of our friends who may think proper to transfer their subscriptions, to this paper, by devoting weekly, several columns of original and selected articles, on the all important, but too much neglected subject, of Agriculture.

Will not the Farmers and others of North Carolina, repay our zeal in their behalf, with the treasures of their pens and purses? "Agriculture is the great art, which every government ought to protect, every proprietor of land practice, and every inquirer into nature improve;" and we would especially exhort our Agriculturists to rouse up to the great importance of this species of information—let them read *agricultural works* and give to the State and the world the result of their own experience—Read and Write! Our columns will be ever open to their communications.

The Star will also contain as usual, Foreign and Domestic News and Political and Commercial Intelligence, besides a considerable amount of Literary, Scientific and Miscellaneous matter, which we trust will interest all classes of the community.

TERMS—\$2 per annum in advance.

T. J. LEMAY & SON.

Raleigh, Aug. 21, 1850.

Killed by a Horse—On Monday last, Dr. J. C. Elliott, of Gaston county, was killed, by his own vicious horse, while endeavoring to bridle him—ib.

Horrible Cholera Incident.—The Cincinnati Commercial of the 15th, has the following:

In one house of Sicamore street, above the canal nine persons on Friday night lay sick at the same time with cholera, with none to attend them.—When visited by the health officer, on the following morning, five were dead, and the rest dying! The scene is described as horrible. The house was a low, dingy, dark, unventilated and filthy rookery and seemed a pent up box of every putrefactive odor known, such as would start cholera into life had cholera never existed. Upon the floor lay a dead man wallowed in filth, upon the bed two others in the sleep of death, with features distorted by the throes of departed life, and in an adjoining room lay two more dead and four dying! The picture is too horrible to dwell upon. The order of the Board of Health was *nine coffins*, and—the story is told.

From the Portsmouth Pilot.

A Historical fact is brought out in the Washington Union of Wednesday, in an article on the leading points in the nullification movement of 1833—which, as illustrative of the high and truly national position which Gen. Cass has always occupied, is worthy of record. We copy from the Philadelphia Ledger, a neutral print, a brief allusion to it:—

"When the excitement had risen to the highest pitch, the Richmond Enquirer published a letter written by a statesman and patriot calling on the Legislature of

Virginia, then in session, to send a commissioner to South Carolina who might act as mediator between that state and the General Government. The Legislature of Virginia promptly responded to the call, and Mr. B. Watkins Lee was despatched on a mission of peace. He was received with great distinction by the Governor and all the authorities of South Carolina, and in a great degree succeeded in allaying the excitement and in making the people of that extreme State return to their allegiance to the Union. The author of the letter, which appeared in the Richmond Enquirer, says the Union of Wednesday last, was never given to the public; but Mr. Ritchie, then the editor of the Richmond Enquirer, feels no hesitation now to state for the first time, that it was Lewis Cass, the Secretary of War under Gen Jackson. The anecdote is certainly very interesting at this period, and proves Gen. Cass to stand now where he stood eighteen years ago—on the platform of the Union and the Constitution—a wise and general statesman."

From the Charleston Mercury.

Henry A. Schoolcraft, of Sacramento, California, is now on a visit to his relatives in Albany. He is about twenty-five years of age, and went out to California as a private soldier in Col. Stevenson's Regiment. After his discharge from the U. S. service, he obtained employment as book-keeper for Capt. Sutter, and has since accumulated an estate valued at \$350,000. While in Capt. Sutter's employ he had at one time the paying off of 600 clerks and surveyors, not one of whom received less than \$13 per day. He states that during his stay with Capt. Sutter, \$15,000,000 of that gentleman's money passed through his hands.

From the Southern Press.

The effects of the extensive failure of Suydham, Sage & Co., the flour merchants have, it appears, created quite a sensation in Wall street, among the note shavers and money brokers. It is believed that some three million of dollars of Suydham, Sage & Co.'s paper is at present held by the banks and brokers in Wall street, on which it is doubtful if the holders will receive 10 cents on the dollar.

Important Movement in Ohio.—We regret that we have mislaid an important memorial, numerously signed by citizens of Hamilton county, (in which Cincinnati is situated,) Ohio, which has been presented to the Constitutional Convention of that State, praying that in the new Constitution provision may be made "for the removal of all persons of negro, or of part negro blood, from the State of Ohio." Some very sound and strong reasons are assigned for such a sweeping movement; among others, reference is made to the fact that the free negroes in Ohio now amount to 30,000 and that if they go on increasing as at present, they will be able to control the political and social destinies of the State. Indeed, in a Cincinnati pulpit, a few weeks since, a colored preacher made the most fanatical threats that, at all hazards the free blacks would demand and contend for equal suffrage and other equal rights with the white citizens. These passing events are beginning to arouse the fears of the people of Ohio, and, instead of continuing their whole machinations to rob the South of its black property, they are partially turning their attention to the protection of themselves against the mischiefs of such a colored population. Not many years since several negroes, freed in Virginia, were forcibly expelled from Ohio—the boastful philanthropy of the abolitionist being confined to empty words, and not extending to solid works of charity. Now we have another decided demonstration against the colored population in Ohio. In spite of the gross inconsistency between their professions and their acts, we shall rejoice to see them carry out this constitutional enactment. We would ask no better safeguard for our fugitive slaves, than to see a general enactment of this sort.

Richmond Enquirer.

Servile Insurrection in Alabama.—The Columbus Times of the 15th instant,

says: A telegraph despatch from Montgomery bring us intelligence of a negro insurrection in Lowndes county, Ala. It appears that some 400 blacks met together with hostile intentions. They were discovered, attacked and fired on by the whites.—One negro was killed, some 20 wounded, and a large number taken prisoners. The whole were dispersed.

It is reported that this insurrection had been excited by a white man from New York, who had beat a hasty retreat, but was closely pursued by a party of citizens, who entertained hopes of overtaking him before he reached a free State. A number of the negroes engaged in the affair had absconded, and large rewards were offered for their arrest.

From the Portsmouth Pilot.

Runaway Slaves.—Special Telegraph to the Tribune. Washington, Thursday, Aug. 22. Two slaves, the property of Mr Calvert, are said to have absconded, and thirty or forty from the adjoining region in Maryland.

Slave Excitement in Baltimore.

Baltimore, Aug. 9, 1850.

Five slaves who had run away from their owners in Maryland, were brought down this morning in the cars of the Susquehanna railroad from Pennsylvania. It appears that there were eleven runaways, from different counties in this State, and certain Pennsylvanians, learning that they were secreted on the farm of a negro, one mile across the Pennsylvania line, proceeded to capture them and succeeded in getting seven of them.

In passing through Strasburg, York county, the abolitionists, headed by Postmaster Brown, endeavoring to rescue them, and succeeded in getting two of them. In the struggle, Brown was knocked down. The five slaves that remained were then put into the cars and sent to this city.

While in the cars, pistols were fired at the Pennsylvanians. One slave, in attempting to shoot his captor, shot himself. The affair produced a great excitement here, as well as all along the railroad. The slaves were lodged in jail this morning, to await the arrival of their owners.

Tel. Corr. Phil. Bul.

FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

A Love Letter in Rhyme.

Most worthy of estimation,
Induced by the reputation
You possess in the nation,
I have a strong inclination
To become your relation;
And if this declaration
Meets your approbation,
I shall make preparation
To remove my situation
To a more convenient station
To profess my admiration
Of your high qualification.

Now if such an oblation
And this supplication
Be worthy of observation
And obtain commiseration,
'Twill be an aggrandization
Beyond all calculation
Of the joy and exultation
Of yours, Sans Dissimulation.

I have Something Sweet to tell You.

BY THE LATE MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.
I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep;
And remember, if it isn't right
I am "talking in my sleep."

For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine;
And know they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember when I tell you
What I cannot longer keep,
We are none of us responsible
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming!
O, listen with your heart,
And you shall hear it humming
So close 'twill make you start.

O, shut your eyes so earnest,
Or mine will wildly weep;
I love you! I adore you! but—
"I am talking in my sleep!"