



The "Tarborough Press," BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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Miscellaneous.



THE QUAKER GIRL.

There's many a lass with a blooming cheek, And many an eye that has learn'd to speak...

From the Globe.

Backing out—hauling off.—The Journal of Commerce has made a discovery which seems to be a matter of much gratulation among the bank fraternity...

ment to submit to the dominion of a national bank—has covered them with shame; has rendered them so odious, that they are obliged to pretend that the doctrines of the democracy on the currency, are their doctrines.

We ask the Journal of Commerce to point to the position assumed by President Jackson, President Van Buren, Colonel Benton, the Globe, or any other speaking in the name of democracy, from which the passage in question can be construed into a retreat?

John Randolph's Will settled at last.—The Special Court of Appeals of Virginia has affirmed the judgment of the General Court, in the case of Mr. Randolph's will.

Steamboat wrecked.—The Albany (N. Y.) Journal contains a report that the steamboat Munroe, which sailed from Buffalo on the 19th June, had been wrecked near the Upper Lakes.

A person known under the name of the Reverend John H. Edmiston, who has been for some time principal of the Female Institute of Paris, Tennessee, has been detected in an attempt to seduce one of his own pupils.

pose of the villain thus frustrated. The affair occasioned the greatest excitement. The rascal has fled, and the citizens of Paris have published a card, in which the young lady, shamefully assailed by the poisonous breath of slander, is wholly exculpated from any suspicion of the foul designs intended upon her by a person to whom she looked up as a protector rather than a destroyer of her happiness.—N. Y. Star.

Second edition of Sam Patch's last leap.—The Boston Daily Advertiser of the 24th ult. states that an occurrence of a novel and singular character took place in that city on the Monday previous. Christopher Jones, an Englishman by birth, upwards of 40 years of age, undertook to perform a feat, which it is said, he had previously performed elsewhere, without inconvenience, but which on this occasion cost him his life.

Peaches appeared in the New Orleans market before the 30th of June, and were sold at three dollars per dozen. Portsmouth Times.

Disgraceful and bloody Affair.—The Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Monitor states, that about two weeks since the U. S. troops undertook to dispossess a citizen at Gunter's Landing of certain property claimed by another; they met with resistance from a body of citizens headed by the individual about to be dispossessed. The latter party is represented to have gained a bloody triumph. Some five or six men were killed, among whom was the Clerk of Marshall county, and a great number wounded. N. Y. Star.

Murdering for amusement.—A shocking, singular, and unaccountable murder was committed upon the person of a child of Mr. J. B. Brinker, living near Massie's Iron works, Franklin county, Missouri, on the 14th ult. by a slave belonging to Mr. Brinker, about 13 years of age. The child, about two years old, was taken by the girl to a small branch near the dwelling house, and thrown into it. The girl, finding that the little victim was likely to escape by getting out of the water, then jumped into it, and struck it with a large billet of wood on the side of the head. The blow killed it immediately. Soon after the child was missed, search was made, it was found with its skull fractured in the place stated. The girl was arrested, and confessed the whole

of the facts of the murder. She at the same time confessed the murder of a child of Mr. Shirley, last fall, by putting it into a barrel placed in a spring, and drowned it. When questioned as to why she had murdered the child of Mr. Shirley, she said, "because the brat was always squalling, and it was such fun to see it kicking at the fishes." With regard to the last, she probably committed the act to keep her hand in, though she declared she hated Mr. Brinker. She is described as a shrewd girl, remarkably fond of children, and exhibited no fear or compunction at the moment of apprehension. The girl is in jail at Potosi, Washington county, for trial.—Pennsylvania.

Death from bee stings.—The Norwalk (Conn.) Gazette says:—We learn that a few days since, an old gentleman in Danbury, Mr. Eliakim Peck, who was riding in a one horse waggon, by some means or other, accidentally bro't his waggon in contact with a beehive, which was thrown from the form upon which it stood to the ground. The bees instantly attacked the horse and his driver, and stung the former so dreadfully that he died within an hour in the most excruciating agony. The old gentleman still lives, but it is not expected that he will recover.

The doctrine of chances.—On Tuesday night a man named Jenkins, got a beating for attempting to adjust a matrimonial quarrel between one John and Ann Peters. The moment Jenkins interfered, the belligerents suspended hostilities between themselves, and both fell upon the mediator. Thus a stranger should never intermeddle, as the chances are ten to one that he will get his head broken for his pains; and he that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.—N. Y. Post.

Seduction, bribery, and damages.—Yesterday, in the Court of Common Pleas, a trial came on where Matthew Mitchie sought to recover damages from Joseph Binni, for criminal conversation with his wife. Both plaintiff and defendant are foreigners. Damages laid at \$10,000. From the testimony adduced, it appears that the plaintiff resided at No. 95 Catharine street, and kept a boarding house. In the spring of last year the defendant came a boarder in the establishment, and being of an amorous disposition, speedily fell in love with the plaintiff's wife. While at table he paid her every attention, and ever and anon, would steal a glance, and look under the silken lashes into the blue depths of her bright eyes, that seemed a nest for a thousand Cupids. Then followed "soft pressure of hands and fingers, and kissings without number," as testified by a servant of the plaintiff, named Francis Brusanic. All this was unknown to the plaintiff, who enjoyed a blissful ignorance, and for what his eye did not see, of course his heart did not grieve. His spouse managed matters so well that he did not even dream of treachery in the camp.

Meanwhile the assurance of the defendant increased, and from kissing, he presumed on taking other liberties, which may not be mentioned. She offered no resistance, but merely said, "How can you?" But the more she remonstrated, "the more he would not desist." But as there is nothing hid which shall not be revealed, the treachery of the defendant was discovered in this wise. One day in the latter part of August, the plaintiff went to Albany. On the following night the defendant went

into the chamber of Brusanic, the servant, and laid hold of his nose, to ascertain if he was asleep. The latter, although not asleep, suspecting how matters stood, did not move. The defendant being satisfied, then entered the lady's room, where he staid a considerable time. On coming out he again went to the servant's room, which was contiguous, and on finding him awake, said, "Do you know where I have been?" The latter replied, "Do you think I am such a fool as not to be up to your manoeuvres?" or words to that effect. The defendant took the servant into the yard and begged him to say nothing about it, at the same time offering to bribe him with two new linen shirts! But the magnificent offer was rejected, and the matter brought to light, after which the lady left the house. The details of the evidence are unfit for the public eye. The jury after a short absence, returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages "Five thousand Dollars." N. Y. Times.

'Up to Snuff'.—A scoundrel in Detroit recently cowed another in the streets, after having blinded his victim by throwing snuff in his eyes. He was fined ten dollars and costs. A rather dear pinch.

FROM FLORIDA.

The St. Josephs Times of the 3d inst. contains the following paragraph:—

"We learn that a United States Cutter has been despatched by General Jesup, to Mobile, for \$150,000 in specie, to be paid to the Indians for such of their property, ponies, cattle, &c. as cannot be transported to the West. Fears are entertained that this sum will not be forthcoming—which will be a subject of regret and embarrassment to the commanding officer, as the Indians are hard currency people, and won't touch rag money. The inability on the part of Banks or Government, to raise \$150,000 at Mobile, may lead to a continuance of the war—as the Indians will not come in unless they are promptly paid for their property, and in silver. The very doubt as to the raising of this sum, is an awful item in the history of the times."

Mormons.—Those crazy fanatics have their grand tabernacle at a place they call Kirtland, five miles from the shore of Lake Erie, and twenty miles from Cleveland; and count no less than 4000 persons under their leader, Joe Smith. They have been lately joined by a shrewd literary person named Sydney Rigdon, formerly a preacher of the doctrine of Campbell. He is the Grand Vizier to Smith; and under their decision a banking house has been established, of which Smith is President and Rigdon Cashier. The issues have been about \$150,000. The bank failed. They have several mills on their property. The houses are small, including the Prophet Joe's. The temple is a beautiful building of rough stone, three stories high, and 70 to 75 feet square. Each of the two principal apartments holds 1,200 persons. The joists of the interior are supported by six fluted columns. Each apartment contains six pulpits, arranged gradatim, three at one end of the 'Aaronic Priesthood,' and three at the other end of the 'Priesthood of Melchisedek.' The slips are so constructed that the audience can face either pulpit as may be required. In the highest seat of the 'Aaronic Priesthood,' sits the reverend father of the prophet; the next below is occupied by 'Joe' and his prime minister Rigdon. The attic story is occupied as school rooms, five in number,

Small Change.—A Mrs. Cent, in Wisconsin territory, recently presented her husband with four little Cents, two male and two female.

'Why don't you wear your rings, my dear?' said a father in a ball room to his daughter. 'Because, papa, it hurts me when any one squeezes my hand.' 'What business have you to have your hand squeezed?' 'Certainly none, but still you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezable order.'

where the various branches of English, Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages are taught to a large number of students. The actual cost of the temple is not known, but it is estimated to have cost not less than \$60,000.

Smith, from the account of a late visit, published in the Miami of the Lake newspaper, is represented as a placid looking knave, with passionless features, and perfectly composed in the midst of the heterogeneous multitude who have become the victimized dupes of his imposture. Rigdon is described as the reverse, with a face full of fire, a tenor voice, and of eloquent speech. The subject of his sermon was the pressure—his discourse mild and persuasive. Rigdon is the wire-puller or screen of Joe's inspirations. The followers are, many of them, upright men and tolerant towards other sects. N. Y. Star.

Here is glorious news for all parents whose children have noses. We always tho't that the nose was meant for higher purposes than mere sneezing, and now the secret is out. So says an eastern paper:—

Important to Nurses.—We have been much amused by beholding one of the readiest modes of silencing squalling children we remember to have either heard or read of. So desirable a piece of knowledge is worthy of being universally known, and we therefore give it publicity. Take the child in its cross fits, and press your finger gently and repeatedly across the cartilage of the nose, and in less than a minute it will be asleep.

The "Doctor's Boy" is a late vignette in Bell's Life in London, during the late prevalence of the Influenza. He is represented in his master's livery, and bearing his basket of medicines on his arm, his eyes shut close, and fast asleep from constant drudgery, and divers patches on his face, neatly covered over with plasters. The poetry and caption are as follows:—

"I'm blest if I arn't a'most walk-ed off my legs. Blow this here hindbluezee, I've no peace night nor day. Master's a going it in prime style, and his patients are a going too, for nine on 'em popped off the hooks last week. Father used to say, 'Throw physic to the dogs,' but I'm blest if the dogs arn't better judges nor to take it."

You've had a busy time of late, Such lots with influenza ailing, Both high and low and small & great, No wonder you're asleep, young Galen Little you dream, and no mistake, As through the streets you're course you're urging, What mischief you're about to make With sweating, vomiting, & purging. Come, rouse yourself, and mend your pace, Nor thus upon your errand linger, What mean those patches on your face, What means that cut upon your finger?

You seem a most accomplish'd youth, Able of course to spread a blister, Can you extract a rotten tooth, Or gild a pill, a regular twister?

"Sir, to be bother'd in this way, Might put a body in a phrenzy, I gets na rest by night or day, With that ere plaguy Influenzy.

"About my business I must trot, Or Master soon will give me warning Physic from Dr. Gallipot— Three pills at night, and draught next morning."