



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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VARIETY.



INSIGN FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS AND PINE.

Written at the North by a Southern traveller.

I sigh for the land of the Cypress and Pine! Where the Jessamine blooms, and the gay Woodbine;

Where the moss drops low from the green Oak tree;

O! that sun-bright land is the land for me. The snowy flower of the Orange there sheds its sweet fragrance through the air; And the Indian Rose delights to twine its branches with the laughing Vine.

There the Deer leaps till light through the open glade;

Or hies him far in the forest shade, When the woods resound in the dewy morn With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

There the humming-bird of rainbow plume, Hings o'er the scarlet Creeper's bloom; While 'midst the leaves, his varying dyes Sparkle like half seen fairy eyes.

There the echoes ring through the lonely day With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay; And at night when the scene is calm and still With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

O! I sigh for the land of the Cypress and Pine, Of the Laurel, the Rose, and the gay woodbine; Where the long gray moss decks the rugged Oak tree—

That sun-bright land is the land for me.

TRUISMS.

What is Beauty! a frail flower: What is fame! an empty breath: What the longest life! an hour, That hath but one thing certain—Death.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Major General Scott, of the United States Army, sends to the Cherokee people remaining in North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama, this Address

Cherokees! The President of the United States has sent me, with a powerful army, to cause you, in obedience to the Treaty of 1835, to join that part of your people who are already established in proximity, on the other side of the Mississippi. Unhappily, the two years which were allowed for the purpose, you have suffered to pass away without following, and without making any preparation to follow, and now, or by the time that this solemn edict shall reach your distant settlements, the emigration must be commenced in haste, and I hope, without disorder. I have no power, by granting a further delay, to correct the error that you have committed. The full moon of May is already on the wane, and before another shall have passed away, every Cherokee man, woman and child, in those States, must be in motion to join their brethren in the West.

My Friends! This is no sudden determination on the part of the President, whom you and I must now obey. By the treaty, the emigration was to have been completed on or before the 231 of this month, and the President has constantly kept you warned, during the two years allowed, through all his officers and agents in the country, that the Treaty would be enforced.

I am come to carry out that determination. My troops already occupy many positions in the country that you are to abandon, and thousands, and thousands are approaching from every quarter, to render resistance and escape alike hopeless. All those troops, regular and militia, are your friends. Receive them and confide in them as such. Obey them when they tell you that you can remain no longer in this country. Soldiers are as kind hearted as brave, and the desire of every one of us is to execute our painful duty in mercy. We are commanded by the President to act towards you in that spirit, and such is also the wish of the whole people of America.

Chiefs, head men, and warriors!—Will you, then, by resistance, compel us to resort to arms? God forbid! Or will you,

by flight, seek to hide yourselves in mountains and forests, and thus oblige us to hunt you down? Remember that, in pursuit, it may be impossible to avoid conflicts.—The blood of the white man, or the blood of the red man may be spilt, and if spilt, however accidentally, it may be impossible for the discreet and humane among you, or among us to prevent a general war and carnage. Think of this, my Cherokee brethren! I am an old warrior, and have been present at many a scene of slaughter; but spare me, I beseech you, the horror of witnessing the destruction of the Cherokees.

Do not, I invite you, even wait for the close approach of the troops; but make such preparations for emigration, as you can, and hasten to this place, to Ross' Landing, or to Gunter's Landing, where you will be received in kindness by officers selected for the purpose. You will find food for all, and clothing for the destitute, at either of those places and thence at your ease, and in comfort, be transported to your new homes according to the terms of the Treaty.

This is the address of a warrior to warriors. May his entreaties be kindly received, and may the God of both prosper the Americans and Cherokees, and preserve them long in peace and friendship with each other! WINFIELD SCOTT, Cherokee Agency, May 10, 1838.

Exploding Houses by the Torpedo.—The Columbus (Geo.) Sentinel, alluding to the destruction of life while exploding houses during the awful fire at Charleston, informs us of a mode which has been found since 1831, eminently serviceable and secure at Fayetteville, N. C.

The powder, about thirty pounds in weight, is put into a close tin canister called a torpedo; on one side of the torpedo is fastened a box, containing about 20 yards of quick match, the whole being protected by a stout piece of blanket or woollen cloth carefully sewn around it.

A dozen or more of these are kept constantly on hand, under charge of the Marshal in the guard house, whose duty it is to bring as many as may be needed to the scene of action, on the first alarm of fire.

The torpedo may always be used with a feeling of security, the woollen cover protecting it from the access of sparks and heat, and the match affording sufficient time for escape before the explosion takes place. A large portion of the town of Fayetteville has been several times saved by the use of the torpedo, and no accident has as yet occurred.

A Texas Tavern.—A tavern has lately been opened on rather a diminutive scale near Houston, Texas, contrasting in a most striking manner with the extensive manner in which most things are conducted in that Republic. It seems, according to the Telegraph, that a gentleman riding along the road discovered an old soldier by the way side, sitting very contentedly under a blanket stretched horizontally across the tops of four upright stakes. A candle box was before him answering the purpose of a table, on which were placed a small jug, and the better half of a broken bottle. Not understanding the object of all these preparations he stepped to enquire of the soldier what he was doing there—"keeping tavern sir," was the ready answer, "will you take something to drink?"

It is stated, in a Northern paper, that the recent union of Mr. Theodore Dwight Weld, a celebrated Abolition lecturer, with Miss Angeline Emily Grimke, formerly of South Carolina, and a daughter of one of the most learned and high minded citizens of that State, (who, unfortunately for her, died before she was fairly nuptial,) was celebrated neither by civil nor religious rites—that neither priest nor magistrate was called upon to consecrate the nuptial tie; but that they were content to call on the bye-standers to witness that they took each other for husband and wife! How rapidly and certainly does one folly lead to another! Miss Grimke lately left a circle of warm admirers in the most polished society of South Carolina. Going to the North, she became infected with Abolitionism, and although gifted with genius of a high order, she soon threw off the native modesty of her sex to declaim in public on the enormities of slavery—and she has now closed her maidenly career, by entering upon the duties, while she discards the most beautiful and solemn ceremonies of the matrimonial connection!—Henceforward, her career is downward; and if she escape obscurity, we fear her celebrity will be deeply painful to the friends of her youth—a celebrity earned by throwing off all moral and all religious restraint, as she seems to have discarded all feminine

delicacy. If she shall hereafter compel Mr. Weld to relinquish his place at "bed and board," in order that she may render her philanthropy more conspicuous, by taking some Coffee in his place, it would not surprise us—for to what length will not Fanaticism lead its victims?

Lynchburg Virginian.

More of the "Elopement."—The Louisville (Ky.) Journal has the following paragraph. By his own showing, this Houffleur must have been an admirable teacher of morals, and principal of a young ladies' school! His criminal career for years past, while thus engaged, and now acknowledged, probably without a blush, is a new illustration of the fact that parents and guardians cannot well be over cautious in regard to the character and conduct of those in whom they confide, is the deeply important relation of a teacher of youth. The honor and character and principles of those occupying this responsible trust, should be not only "above suspicion," but known to be so—that is, not taken on trust, but demonstrated to be of the right temper and quality by time, and by the intimacy and observation thus afforded. The Louisville Journal says:

"We have received a communication from J. Houffleur, whom we lately noticed as having left his wife and children in Lexington, and gone to Maysville with a young lady, who had been an assistant in his school. He states, that the lady in Lexington who passed as his wife, is a Mrs. King, whom he brought from England with him, and to whom he was never married; that in Lexington he became attached to his assistant, whom he resolved to make his wife; that he has but one child, who is at school and well provided for; and that he believes Mrs. K. is not in want. Enclosed in the communication is a certificate of Wm Doty, Justice of the Peace in Hampton county, Ohio, that he, on the 27th of May, solemnized, agreeable to law, the marriage of Juan Houffleur and Susan Francis Rogers."

The following paragraph touching his earlier history, is from the New York Commercial, and agrees mainly with the foregoing statements of the Journal:

"Mr. Houffleur, it seems, is an Englishman, and his real name is Holland, under which name he formerly practised in London as a teacher of languages on the Hamiltonian system. He married the daughter of an engraver in London, but three or four years after his marriage, seduced and ran away with a Mrs. King, who was one of his pupils, and who is the woman known among us as Mrs. Houffleur. Mrs. Holland is now living in London with her child. Thus it appears that the Philadelphia damsel has not got a lawful husband, but also that Mr. Houffleur alias Holland is not liable to punishment for the bigamy, his marriage having been solemnized in England.

A Domestic Tragedy.—The Lakeville, Alabama, Express, of a late date, contains a very singular and appalling narrative. The scene is laid in the western part of Alabama. The following is an extract from the Express:

A young lady of great personal attractions, the daughter of a farmer in that neighborhood, had formed an acquaintance with a youth of wild dissolute habits, and her parents in consequence forbade him their house, and exerted themselves to sever the connection, by providing "Miss Julia Maria" with a steady middle aged husband. The squire having performed the ceremony, "the happy couple" set off for their home on the borders of the great prairie, and for six months the lady appeared perfectly reconciled to her lot, and exerted herself to love, honor, and obey her liege lord. One morning, as the farmer was returning home with his rifle and dogs, he met his former rival, who accounted for his sudden appearance, by saying that he had just returned from New Orleans, where he had made a rare speculation in Texas lands, and that it was his intention to embark to his new property, so soon as he had completed some family arrangements. The unsuspecting husband invited his friend to pass a day or two with him, saying, that although he should be obliged to go to Lakeville the next day, the other could amuse himself until his return by shooting the prairie hens, or fencing in a patch of corn, whichever he pleased. The other consented, and returned to the house with the hospitable farmer. The next day, the young man renewed his intimacy with his former sweetheart, and finally succeeded in exacting a promise that she would next morning, run away with him. The husband, in the meantime, had gone on a tour to the prairies, in search of game, and was not expected to return for several days. He had his misgivings, however; and returning home late at night, he was a

horrified witness of his own dishonor.—(Without attempting to disturb the guilty pair, he fired his house in three different places, the flames creeping through the upper stories, and encircling the roof of his once happy home. The wretched woman and her paramour, were aroused from their adulterous dreams by the flames, and rushed to the windows to save themselves by leaping out, but below stood the infuriated husband with his rifle, and the moment the casement was opened he fired with unerring aim, and they both fell amid the burning ruins.

Wild Boy of the Woods.—The following account of a boy found wild in the State of Indiana, is from the Canton (Ill.) Herald:

We have seen in several papers an account of a boy apparently 13 or 14 years old, who was found in the woods in the vicinity of the Cahoon Prairies, in the State of Indiana. It is said the boy is now in the family of a Col. Clark Clarksou, of Bush Hill, a place not far from the spot where he was found. He is hand some, well formed, has fine limbs, very elastic in his movements, stout, with clear, full and intelligent black eyes. He has been several months in the Col.'s family, during which time he has uttered no articulate sound, expressed no wish by any sign, though he evidently pays considerable attention to things around him. He sometimes gives a piercing screech, which by its being always at a measured elevation, and after which he seems to listen with care, affords ground for the conclusion that the poor fellow has been accustomed to receive some sort of answer from a source to us unknown. He chooses the naked earth for his bed, and utterly rejects all covering save a deer skin, which he wraps around his body. His food he takes in a raw state—principally beef, poultry, potatoes and nuts. It is astonishing with what voraciousness he consumes small birds. He will strip off its feathers and entrails, and devour it with a relish amounting to an ecstasy. He has thus far evinced a melancholy temperament, choosing to be much alone, and makes for the woods whenever an opportunity is presented, but when found attempts no escape, but passively returns. He manifests no attachment for any human being save for servant girl of the family. By her request he has occasionally eat a little corn bread, and sat down for a moment on a chair. Wheat bread he peremptorily refuses. He has made comparatively no advancement towards civilization.

Death! Death!—Let the following be cut out and pasted up in every lady's bouquet, and read at least once a week, during the winter season:

A Slight Cold.—Let not those complain of being bitten by a reptile which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg. Now, if we call the slight cold the egg, and pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, asthma, and consumption, the venomous reptile—the matter will be more than correctly figured. There are many ways in which this egg is deposited, and hatched. Going suddenly, slightly clad, from a heated into a cold atmosphere, especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration; sitting or standing in a draught, however slight; it is the breath of death, reader, and fraught with the vapor of the grave! Lying in damp beds—for there his cold arms shall embrace you; continuing in wet clothing, and neglecting wet feet—these, and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may slowly, imperceptibly, but surely cherish the creature, that shall at last creep inextricably inwards, and lie coiled about your very vitals. Once more again!—again!—again!—I would say, attend to this, all ye who think it a small matter to "neglect a slight cold!"

Diary of a late Physician.

Eclipse of the Sun.—There will be almost a total eclipse of the sun on the 18th of September next in the United States. It will be the last central eclipse of the sun visible in the United States, until that of May 26th, 1854; which will be also annular. The next total eclipse of the sun will be August 7th, 1864.

Distressing Death.—Mrs. Link, wife of Adam Link of Jefferson county, (Va.) was killed on Tuesday by the cars on the rail road near Harpers Ferry.

The Charleston Free Press says: It seems that Mrs. Link had never seen the operations of a Rail road, and had visited Harpers Ferry on the fatal day for the express purpose of seeing the train.—She had crossed the bridge with her husband, and was standing on one of the

tracks not in use at the moment the locomotive approached. We understand one of the switches was changed in some way, and a part of the train became disengaged, and ran upon the track upon which Mrs. L. was standing. She was crushed between the cars, and died instantly.

The event caused great horror to the spectators, and has awakened great sympathy.

The New York Annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which closed its session in New York on the 30th May, suspended two of their members for taking in an abolition convention at Utica; passed resolutions reprobating the "Zion's Watchman" on account of its schismatical and abolition character; forbid their members attending anti-slavery conventions; and recommended the American Colonization Society to the patronage of the church.—Ral. Star.

Late from Florida.—By the St. Augustine Herald of June 2d, we learn that Col. Twiggs had despatched Captain Bulloch and a company of Dragoons from Garry's Ferry, in pursuit of some Indians near John's Ferry on New River.

A Fight Expected.—Capt. Tompkins was at Micanopy and expected a fight on May 30th with Tiger Tail, who was near him with plenty of warriors and foil of fight. Two companies of dragoons had been sent on to Capt. T.

It is stated in the Jacksonville Courier that although 1700 Indians and negroes have been removed from Florida since November last, there are still 450 warriors remaining in the territory—a number sufficient to keep the inhabitants in continual apprehension of danger.

Norfolk Herald.

Indian Butcheries.—The Southern Christian Advocate publishes the following letter, giving a moving description of a massacre by the Florida Indians. The writer is superintendent of the Alachua Mission in the Tallahassee District:

Dear Br. Capers: I am ruined! While engaged in my labors in the Alachua mission I received a letter bearing awful tidings. It informed me that the Indians had murdered my family! I set out for home, hoping that it might not prove as bad as the letter stated; but, O my God, it is, if not even worse! My precious children, Lorick, Pierce, and Elizabeth, were killed and burned up in the house. My dear wife was shot, stabbed, and stumped, seeming to death, in the yard. But after the wretches went to pack up their plunder, she revived, and crawled off from the scene of death, to suffer a thousand deaths during the dreadful night which she spent alone by the side of a pond, bleeding at four bullet holes and more than a half dozen stabs—three deep gashes to the bone on her head, and three stabs through the ribs, besides a number of smaller cuts and bruises. She is yet living, and O help me to pray that she may still live. My negroes lay dead all about the yard and woods, and my every thing else burned to ashes. Pray for me. My family were on a short visit to my father-in-law, for the purpose of having some supplies sent up from our plantation to our temporary residence in the mission, and during this brief period the awful catastrophe took place. T. D. PEURIFOY.

Cotton prospects in Alabama.—A letter in the Mobile Chronicle of June 6, from Lowndes county, Mississippi, gives an alarming account of the prospect of the Cotton crops. Nine tenths of the plants in that vicinity, are stated to have been totally destroyed by the extreme cold between the 15th and 19th of May. So much so, that every planter had begun to put in seed for an entire new crop. N. Y. Star.

Foreign.

From England.—By the packet ship St. Andrew, Capt. Thompson, we have Liverpool papers to the 8th May.

London, May 7.—An evident improvement had taken place in trade, especially in British and foreign produce. At Manchester business is brisk. So of the other manufacturing places. Of 12,000 tons of rail road iron ordered in a week, 10,600 were for America.

Liverpool Cotton Market, May 7.—Prices had advanced a 1/4 to 3/8 per lb. Sales for the week, 39,710 bales, 7500 on speculation. Imports the week 32,029. There continues a good general demand. The sales on Saturday were 5,000 bags, and to day the business amount to 3,000 at steady prices.