



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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VARIETY.



FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

THE FAR, THE GREAT, AND GLORIOUS WEST.

The far, the great, and glorious West,
The land of cotton and of corn;
Should never cease to be my theme,
Could I but say, "there I was born."

The far, the great, and glorious West,
A place where solitude doth reign,
Will soon become the garden spot,
Excelling England, France or Spain.

The far, the great, and glorious West,
Abounding in wild beasts,
Will soon excel in every thing,
The beauties of the East.

The far, the great, and glorious West,
I hope will be my place,
My place to live, my place to die,
Among the French and Indian race.

W. D. G.

MY LAST DREAM AT CHURCH.

By Solomon Syntax, Esq.

It was a fine Sabbath morning in June. Our village bell had rung once and was expected to soon ring again, when I sallied forth to hear our parson, Mr. Aimwell.

He was a good man, very sound in the faith and took special pains to instruct his people in all the minutia of technicalities, that they might know what to believe and what to reject. He was sometimes dull and prosy. This seemed to be emphatically the case on the day to which I allude. His text was "Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour." I listened attentively until he had closed his exordium, and given us the heads of his discourse when I began to feel drowsy, thinking I could safely trust our good parson, and his sermon to those who felt more interested. I quietly settled in my seat to take a nap. The monotonous tones of our parson, combined with the buzzing of insects in the window, soon lulled me to sleep. From a gentle slumber I soon passed into a horribly terrific dream. I thought I was in a large open field, and saw "old Horrie" approaching in the shape of a lion, with enormous horns and teeth and a fiery tail that lashed his long, lank sides.—There was no object near, behind which I could find a shelter. I attempted to run but flight was impossible, and in agony of terror I awaited the approach of my foe. Fortunately I succeeded in reaching a club, and with such a weapon against such a foe I endeavored to make the best I could.

The monster had now approached within a few feet, "and then came the tug of war." With all my strength I labored him over the head and shoulders with my club; but the repeated blows seemed to make no more impression upon my adversary than the soft summer breeze upon a mountain of granite. Against all my resistance he pressed forward till his long horns almost touched me. Summoning all my strength I gave him a terrible blow across the eyes, which made the monster reel and shrink back.

I now thought victory secure, and was pressing forward to follow the advantage already gained, when my enemy quickly assumed the form of a large giant. By this unexpected manœuvre I was completely nonplussed. Not expecting such a transformation, I was totally unprepared to meet that hideous form. The cold blood seemed to stagnate around my heart, darkness covered my eyes, and the chills of death came over me. As my last hope sprang forward, closed with my adversary, and grasped him around the body. He uttered a terrible yell—that yell broke my slumber. Judge what must have been my astonishment when I awoke—the eyes of the whole congregation were turned upon me; the minister was standing in the desk; and I was grasping Miss Emily Tur-

ner around the neck! It was her shriek that awoke me from my slumber. Scarcely knowing where I was or what I did I relaxed my hold. The violence of the grasp brought a copious hemorrhage from the young lady's nose, and her white dress was soon spotted with blood. I sunk down in my seat and wished myself dead. When the service closed I stole out of the church as soon as possible, and have not entered it since. It was several days before I could trust my feelings sufficiently to apologise to Miss Emily, and when I was ushered into her presence, I felt faint and sick at the heart.

Years have passed away, but they have not effaced the remembrance of that day. And whenever the sound of the "church-going bell" rolls along the valleys, or reverberates from the hills, it recalls to my mind, with all the freshness of living reality, the recollections of my last dream at church.

Disgraceful.—A disgraceful scene was exhibited on Sunday afternoon at the African church in 2d street. It seems that the persons who frequent that church have for some time past been divided in opinion as to the merits of the present pastor; one party wishing to remove him, to make room for another pastor, and the other wishing to retain the present incumbent.

As soon as the doors were opened for service on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the new pastor and his followers and electors rushed into, and took possession of, the church, and proceeded to celebrate a love feast. They had, however, scarcely begun the celebration, when the actual incumbent and his party arrived. A regular melee then commenced, which was not stopped until the police interfered, who immediately proceeded to clear the church of both factions, and closed doors.

N. Y. Star.

A "colored young man," or, as others, not afflicted with the unmy pan-byism of amalgamation would call him, a negro villain, named Hodges, knocked down Mr. Loomis, the white preacher in the black congregation in Anthony street, a few days since, while the latter was walking in Broadway with a black dame! Mr. Hodges ought to have been the last man in the world to do so naughty a deed, but then, we understand, that he was a rival of the Rev. Mr. Loomis, for the pastoral charge of the church.—N. Y. Gazette.

Awful effects of Lightning.—The Terre Haute, Indiana, Courier, describes the effect of a stroke of lightning on a man in the open prairie, one mile and a half southeast of Terre Haute.

"His body was found in a perfect state of nudity, having been divested of every article of clothing, which was torn in thousands of pieces by the flood, without being in the least singed. His boot legs were torn into numerous strips, and the soles completely separated from the bottoms. The hair from one side of his head was taken off, the skin of one of his elbows was slightly broken, and the balls of both his great toes appeared to have been burst open, where the fluid left the body, at which points the bottoms of his boots seemed punctured as with a rifle ball.

The horrible murder in Virginia.—The New York Whig gives the following particulars of the bloody and malicious massacre of the two lovely little girls, daughters of Judge Mayers, of Virginia, by a couple of slaves, near the Virginia Sulphur Springs, received from a lady and a gentleman just returned from the South. It appears that the Judge owns several slaves, and among others, Sally, an old woman, Andy, a desperate negro, and Jane, a daughter of Sally, a girl of 14. Jane was in the habit of taking the children to a school in the vicinity. On last Friday week they did not return as usual, and the family became uneasy at their absence. Search was made, and they were at last found by Jane; but as she exclaimed, when thirty feet from them in the dusk of the evening, "Here they are, with their throats cut," suspicion fell upon her, and she was immediately arrested. Upon examination, she stated that on the day above mentioned, Sally told her to bring the children home by the way of the blackberry patch. When she arrived there, the old woman seized the youngest child, and cut its throat; Andy rushed out of the bushes, and cut the throat of the eldest. They then wanted to murder the infant of Mrs Mayers, which Jane had in her arms; she, however, fled, and saved the innocent. Four of the Judge's children have previously died very suddenly; and it is now supposed that they were poisoned by Sally. She was heard to say, a short time ago, after her master had been lecturing her, that no child of the Judge's should live to horse-

whip a child of her's. The murdered children were, one seven, and the other eight years of age.

The persons from whom we gather the above, saw the bodies of the children, and the distracted mother weeping over them. They describe it as a most heart-rending scene. The parents have but one left out of seven.

Ancient splendor of Tyre—its ruins.—Mr. Buckingham's second Lecture on Palestine, drew a large audience, at the Musical Fund Hall, and was one of the most interesting we have yet heard from him. The maritime cities of Palestine were the subjects of the Lecture. Of these, Joppa is among the most ancient. It was founded by the Phoenicians, and has maintained its prosperity to the present day. It is built on the side of a promontory, which rises with a gentle ascent from the sea. The roofs of the houses are flat, and as they rise one above another, they have the appearance at a distance of a series of steps cut in the rock. The flat surface of the roofs, surrounded with balustrades, affords a fine promenade, for which purpose they are used by the inhabitants. When the city is approached by the sea, at sunset, the roofs of the houses present a most singular and beautiful sight. At that time, labor is abandoned, and the whole population may be seen walking on the house tops attired in the rich and various costume of the oriental nations. Joppa, is yet, as in the days of Paul, a beautiful and wealthy city. It is the seaport of Jerusalem.

The celebrated city of Tyre was built on an Island connected with the main land by a long causeway. Its origin is very remote and obscure. It was built on a naked rock, upon which lay the whole kingdom of Tyre. Having no soil to till, it had no agricultural resources, and it was equally barren of mineral wealth, or natural products of any kind. How a city, so destitute of the ordinary sources of metropolitan wealth could flourish, is a subject of extreme wonder. We find, however, that it drew its prosperity from manufactures. It was for ages celebrated for the skill and number of its artisans, and it drew to its harbour traders and vessels from all parts of the world, who exchanged the fabrics and productions of their own countries, for the manufactures of Tyre. The skill of its artisans became famous through the world, and the monarchs of the East sent to Tyre to have their vessels of gold, and all their costly ornaments, wrought by its mechanics. Solomon sent for workmen from Tyre to build the temple of Jerusalem, and held it a great favor that their services were granted to him by Hiram, the king.

The scriptures abound in testimonies of the astonishing wealth to which Tyre attained. Her merchants are called 'Princes of the earth.' The 27th chapter of Ezekiel enumerates the chief articles of manufacture, and the kingdoms with which she traded. Among the fabrics of Tyre were wool, linen, purple cloth, wares of tin, iron, brass, copper, gold and silver, besides jewelry, embroidered work, lace, &c. Ship building was also extensively carried on, for which purpose the cedars of Lebanon were laid under contribution. Through these means, Tyre rose in great opulence and splendor, and, although her whole territory was confined to the rock on which the city stood, Hiram, her king, ranked first among the powerful monarchs of his time. Excessive wealth brought excessive corruption, and in progress of time, luxury and vice enervated the energies of her people, and so enfeebled her strength, that from a terror and scourge, she became a jest and mockery. The wickedness of the city incurred the wrath of God, and through his prophet Ezekiel, he denounced vengeance and destruction upon her. The memorable prophecy of the prophet—"And I will make thee like the top of a rock; thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon," is literally fulfilled. The poor and miserable fishermen of the place, may now be seen daily drying their nets upon the surface of the rock which was once covered with the buildings of the magnificent Tyre. As a voyager, on a calm day, sails over the translucent waters of the Mediterranean, which lave the foot of the rock, he may see buried, far down in the depths of the sea, colossal pillars, gorgeous temples, and splendid ruins of the ancient magnificence of "the renowned city," which was strong in the sea.

London Paper.

A Family of Savages in West Jersey.—**Sudden Death.**—On Saturday morning last, the body of Jeremiah Bacon, was found lying near a well on his farm at some distance from the house in which he lived. It is supposed he fell dead while in the act

of pumping some water, as one of his hands still rested on the pump handle.

The subject of this notice was we believe, one of the oldest native inhabitants in Hopewell township, and with another brother and two sisters has resided on the estate left them by their father, ever since his death, which occurred many years ago, very much in the same way as the son's, he being found dead in the field! The management of the affairs devolved entirely upon the deceased and a sister who died last spring. And although they lived more like savages than civilized people, yet the love of money was strong with them, and the only pleasure they seemed capable of enjoying, was that of hoarding up their earnings. The brother and sister now living are incapable of taking care of themselves—for twenty years or more he has been suffered to wander in the woods in a state of perfect nudity, and whenever the cravings of appetite impelled would return to the house and satisfy his hunger, and in the morning flee again to his hiding places, being seldom if ever seen by the nearest neighbors. The overseers of the township finding it necessary since the death of Jeremiah, to take charge of them and their effects, he was pursued and taken. He was thinly covered with hair, somewhat resembling the coat of a very old opossum, and stoutly resisted every effort to clothe him, and for several days refused to eat any thing.

On examining their miserable abode which was scarcely fit for decent swine to live in, there was found in an old chest, almost without lid or lock, twelve hundred dollars in specie, two hundred in good bank paper besides a quantity of bank notes converted into nice nets, which were so effectually destroyed as not to be able to estimate their denominations or value, and several small sums of money have since been found on the premises, and doubtless more remains hidden that will never be discovered. Since the suspension of specie payments they have sold nothing, having an utter abhorrence of skin plasters. The cattle and hogs on the farm have been two or three times fattened—in the cellar was found several hog-heads of wheat nearly destroyed by the rats, which were numerous and so venomous as almost to dispute the possession with the owners! Their property will probably amount to six or seven thousand dollars, and the only grief manifested by the survivors was, that their money was to be taken from them.

Such is an imperfect sketch of this wonderful family, which although living within two miles of the village of Bridgeton, seems to be as unknown as if their residence had been in Iowa. A parallel circumstance in all its parts we think cannot be found in the United States.

Bridgeton (West) Jersey Chronicle.

Singular love Affair.—The Delaware Gazette tells a good story of two persons saved from the wreck of the Polaski, which we will endeavor to repeat in a few words:

Among the passengers was Mr. Ridge, a young man of wealth and standing, from New Orleans, who, being a stranger to all on board, and feeling quite as much interest in his own safety as in that of any other person, was, in the midst of the confusion which followed the dreadful catastrophe, about helping himself to a place in one of the boats, when a young lady who had frequently elicited his admiration during the voyage, but with whom he was totally unacquainted, attracted his attention, and he immediately stepped forward to offer his services, and to assist her on board the boat; but in his generous attempt not only lost sight of the young lady, but also lost his place in the boat. Afterwards when he discovered that the part of the wreck on which he floated would soon go down, he cast about for the means of preservation, and lashing together a couple of settees and an empty cask he sprang on it and launched himself upon the wide ocean.

His vessel proved better than he expected, and amidst the shrieks, groans, and death struggles which were every where uttered around him, he began to feel that his lot was fortunate, and was consoling himself upon his escape, such as it was, when a person struggling in the waves very near him, caught his eye. It was a woman—and, without taking the second thought he plunged into the water and brought her safely to his little raft which was barely sufficient to keep their heads and shoulders above water. She was the same young lady for whom he had lost his chance in the boat, and for a while he felt pleased at having effected her rescue; but a moment's reflection convinced him that her rescue was no rescue, and that unless he could find some more substantial vessel both must perish.

Under these circumstances he proposed making an effort to get his companion in one of the boats which was still hovering near the wreck, but the proposition offered so little chance of success that she declined, expressing her willingness at the same time to take her chance with him either for life or death. Fortunately they drifted upon a part of the wreck which had furnished them with materials for strengthening their vessel, and which were turned to such good account that they soon sat upon a float sufficiently buoyant to keep them above the water, and when the morning dawned they found themselves upon the broad surface of the "vast deep" without land or sail or human being in sight—without a morsel to eat or drink; almost without clothes, and exposed to the burning heat of a tropical sun.

In the course of the next day they came in sight of land, and for a time had strong hopes of reaching it, but during the succeeding night the wind drove them back upon the ocean. On the third day a sail was seen in the distance, but they had no means of making themselves discovered. They were, however, at length picked up by a vessel after several days of intense suffering, starved and exhausted, but still in possession of all their faculties, which it seems had been employed to some purpose during their solitary and dangerous voyage.

We have heard of love in a cottage—love in the deep green woods—nay even of love on the wild unfurrowed prairie; but love upon a plank in the midst of old ocean with a dozen frightful deaths in view, is something still more uncommon. And yet it would seem that love thus born upon the bosom of the deep—cradled by the ocean wave—and refined under the fierce beams of an almost vertical sun—is, after all, the very thing. There is about it the true spice of romance—the doubts, the hopes, the difficulties—aye and the deaths too, to say nothing of the sighs and tears. Mr. Ridge, must therefore, be acknowledged as the most romantic of lovers, for there upon the "deep deep sea" he breathed his precious passion, mingled his sighs with the breath of old ocean, and vowed eternal affection. Women are the best creatures in the world, and it is not to be expected that Miss Onslow (such was the lady's name) could resist the substantial evidences of affection which her companion had given, and accordingly they entered into an "alliance offensive and defensive," as the statesmen say, which has since been resigned and sealed.

On reaching the shore and recovering somewhat from the effects of the voyage, Mr. Ridge thinking that perhaps his lady love had entered into the engagement without proper consideration, and that the sight of land and of old friends might have caused her to change her views, waited on her and informed her that if such was the case he would not hesitate to release her from the engagement, and added further, that he had lost his all by the wreck of the Polaski, and would henceforth be entirely dependent on his own exertions for his subsistence. The lady was much affected, and bursting into tears assured him that her affection was unchangeable, and as to fortune, she was happy to say that she had enough for both. She is said to be worth two hundred thousand dollars.

Brooklyn Adv.

A terrible tragedy recently occurred at Canton, Miss. growing out of the late duel between Messrs. Dickson and Drane of that place. A Kentuckian, a stranger, happening to be in Canton, spoke of the duel and charged Mr. Mitchell Calhoun, the second of Drane, with cowardice and unfairness. Mr. Calhoun called upon the Kentuckian for an explanation, and the offensive charge was repeated. A challenge and fight with Bowie knives, toe to toe, were the consequence. Both parties were dreadfully and dangerously wounded, though neither was dead at the last advices. Mr. Calhoun is a brother to the Hon. John Calhoun, member of Congress from this State.—Louisville Journal.

Fatal Affray.—Two persons, one named Asa Hazleton, late of Boston, and a young man named Benj. Tanner, from Alabama, about opening a tavern at Manchester, Mississippi, got into a quarrel, August 8, when Tanner procured a pistol and shot Hazleton through the body, causing death immediately. Tanner was put in prison.

Revolting.—A young girl of high respectability, aged only 13, is said to have recently eloped, on horseback, in Alabama, with one of her father's negroes.—Othella was caught.

New York Star.