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BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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VARIETY.



THE FROWN.

The girls of late (I think 'tis queer)
In country and in town,
Will, when saluted with 'my dear,'
By looks who handsomely appear;
Turn up their eyes and frown.

'Tis hard, I vow, that one should be
So shamefully cut down,
When he is pleasant, fond and free,
And smiles—then is compelled to see
A sad, sarcastic frown.

Just sweet Ann sometime ago,
A sylph of high renown,
I said 'd and how'd polite and low,
And did she smile? you ask—La, no,
She passed me with a frown.

There's nothing else that makes one feel
More trifling and more mean
Than to meet with those who deal
In scorns and frowns—he wants to steal
Away to be unseen.

A few days since I called to see
A girl I lov'd—but I
Was greeted with a frown—for she
With pouting lips was 'bout to flee,
When I pronounced 'd good by.

Enough and vex'd, I vow'd to be
A partner in the game;
And now, the next that frowns at me,
By Jove—I'm bound to let her see
That I can do the same.

Yes, girls, beware—the next who try
Their talents to display
In squinty'd frowns and looks awry,
Hang me if I don't frown—for I
Can frown as well as they.

MR. DARG'S SLAVE.

The New York Journal of Commerce says: "Thus Hughes the slave of Mr. Darg, voluntarily came back to him, and is now in custody of the Police, and if his statement be true in relation to his absconding and robbing his master, he was actually coerced in it, and more as the involuntary instrument of others, than of his own accord. The whole matter will be laid before the Grand Jury in a day or two, pending which, it might be improper to enter into further particulars."

The Slave Case.—If any thing were wanting to open the eyes of the citizens of the Union, to the infatuation and dangerous intrigues of the abolitionists, the case now before the public would be a sufficient warning. From the facts developed, however unwillingly by the witnesses before the police magistrates, it would appear that the plans and operations of these self-styled philanthropists are organized and extended to an extent as dangerous and subversive of morality as the ancient societies of the dark ages, or the associations of the brigands of modern Italy.

It would appear that under the name of a "Vigilance Committee," a band of spies, consisting of the most ignorant or the most misguided, are kept in pay, whose business it is to ascertain the arrival of every slave in this city, and the residence of his master, and, as in the present case, to cajole away the former, and plunder the latter.

It seems hardly possible that any one can seriously believe the theft committed by this ignorant slave, who had ever been remarkable for trustworthiness, could have been prompted merely by his own evil disposition. Every circumstance connected with the affair seems to corroborate the belief that those who instigated the flight of the slave, also advised the robbery. When men so far lose the power of discrimination between right and wrong, as to open an asylum for runaway slaves—to interfere between the master and his servant, and openly to glory in their guilt—when they employ spies, and act as spies themselves to pry into the affairs of every stranger in the city—when they fearlessly act as accessories to conceal a theft, and shield a thief from justice, striving to make the very gains of iniquity subservient to their lawless ends, is it so great a severity to suspect them of going a little, and a very

little further, and prompting the theft itself?

We are disposed to stretch the mantle of charity over the errors of our fellow men as far as its dimensions will admit.—Here we fear to stretch it too widely, lest it should be rent in twain, and exhibit still greater iniquity than we are led to believe. Nevertheless, this matter should be well and thoroughly sifted. Where men so far forget what is due to themselves, their standing and respectability, as to consort with felons and give their countenance to crime, the flimsy veil of fanaticism with which they seek to disguise their designs and are themselves blinded, should not suffer us to forget the turpitude of the means used to accomplish most erroneous objects.—N. Y. Star.

Bunker Hill is, in part, to be demolished for the purpose of erecting buildings upon it. The proposed desecration makes a good deal of noise in New England.

Good out of Evil—In consequence of the excitement growing out of the attempt to grade off the surface of Bunker Hill, a full meeting of the Monument Association was held Saturday morning, remonstrating against the same, and resolving to complete the monument within a year. The meditated act of desecration has had the good effect to stimulate the citizens of that quarter to accomplish what has been too long procrastinated.—N. Y. Star.

Two of the gifted young poetesses that adorned the columns of the Louisville (Ky.) Journal have abandoned the muses for Hymen. Their sweet poetry drew around various admirers, and their pens have made their fortunes.—ib.

Extraordinary Trial.—The late London papers contain a report of the trial of Honoria McCarthy, before the criminal court at Cork, (Ireland,) for offering a child, aged about eight years, to an apothecary for dissection, and proposing to put the child to death. She is represented as an ill-looking hag, aged about fifty years. The boy was no relation of hers, but she had had possession of him for about two years. Where she obtained him is known only to herself. The boy, when she brought him, according to contract, was made drunk with whiskey. Sentence of death was recorded against her, and the boy was taken in charge. We do not recollect ever to have heard of a case parallel to this.

Horrible Murder.—It becomes our painful duty to record a murder perpetrated in our city on the evening of the 6th instant, under circumstances of horrible atrocity. The scene where this heinous tragedy was acted, is a small grog shop on Girard street, near the corner of Tchepitoulas street. It was owned by a woman named Mrs. Doyle, who employed a young man to assist her in the establishment as bar-keeper. Circumstances had occurred about the house which excited the suspicions of the police. For this reason, a watchman was stationed near the premises to spy the movements of the inmates on the night above mentioned. At an early hour, near the dawn of day, a man was seen stealing out of the front door of the house, with what appeared to be a bag upon his back. The watchman hailed him, and started in pursuit, when the suspected person dropped his load and ran back into the house. The watchman stopped to examine what the fugitive had dropped, and found it to be a quantity of mud and dirt wound up in a blanket. The circumstance seemed rather mysterious, and the watchman, after calling to his aid a reinforcement from the guard house, commenced a search of the house. The plank floor was raised, and the body of a man, murdered and mangled, was found in a hole dug for the reception of his body. The grave being filled by the corpse, rendered it necessary to carry off the surplus dirt, which led to the detection of the murderer.

The unfortunate victim was a sailor, named Gottlieb, who had a few days previous taken his discharge from the United States Navy, and received his pay, amounting to \$150 or \$200. The woman of the house was arrested, and three men, her associates in crime. Their examination occupied all day yesterday before the recorder, Mr. Baldwin. We cannot learn the particulars, but so far as can be gleaned from different sources, it appears that the sailor came into the grog-shop intoxicated, and, in paying for a glass of liquor, exposed the contents of his purse. The sight excited the cupidity of the harpy keeping the shop. Without much persuasion, she decoyed her victim into a back apartment, where he was induced to drink

a cup of hot tea drugged with laudanum. The dose took effect immediately, and in the state of stupidity and paralysis into which the poor sailor was thrown, the wretches robbed him of his money, and then put him to death. The awful catastrophe should be a warning to all sailors and boatmen to beware of the haunts of dissipation and vice. They may take this as a specimen of the fate they may expect in such places.—N. O. Bulletin of Sept. 8.

A subsequent account says: One of the accomplices named Smith, who has surrendered and made a confession, states that the proposal to murder Gottlieb came from the woman of the house, Mrs. Doyle, who said he had a watch and must be drugged. One of the gang, Johnson, put a phial of laudanum into the bottle of porter she gave him. He soon after fainted and vomited, and shortly died, as they say. Smith recommended to go to the police, and put the best face on it. Mrs. Doyle was alarmed and refused. The cutting up was then adopted. A person who removed the dirt to make a grave under the floor, while carrying the same off in a blanket, was taken up, and this led to the detection. Smith, Johnson, Davis and Mrs. Doyle, are the parties implicated, and are all in prison.

The Editorial affair at Darien, Geo.—Our readers will recollect an alarming handbill of a threatening character to ward a Mr. McCardell, Editor of the Darien Telegraph. It now appears that the citizens of McIntosh County, without distinction of party, have had several meetings at the Court House, at which it was unanimously agreed that Mr. McCardell should desist from his practice of introducing and aspersing private character in his paper, to which he assented, and there the matter rests.

Great Sickness at Knoxville, Tennessee.—The Cincinnati Post of Sept. 11 says: "It is with the most sincere regret we notice the great mortality which prevails in this city, in proportion to its population. The Register of the 5th instant, contains ten deaths, among whom we notice the name of Doctor James King. The Mayor of the City, Col. W. B. A. Ramsey, who is also Editor of the Register, issued his Proclamation for 'a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer,' which was appointed for Friday last."

The deficit in the cotton and corn crops of North Alabama and Tennessee, will be made up by the prosperous condition in South Alabama and Mississippi. The Sugar and Cotton crops in Louisiana, after all the wailings and lamentations, will turn out most abundant.

Indian Movements on the Sabine.—By News at New Orleans direct from Fort Jessup, we learn that a considerable body of mounted Indians had left the location on the Sabine assigned to them by the U. S. Government, and had advanced within 15 miles of Nacogdoches, Texas. Gen. Rosk was proceeding against them. Gen. Houston had requested the loan, from Fort Jessup, of some pieces of artillery; but had been refused by Col. Many, who, however, had sent a guard unto Lieut. Henry to ascertain the true condition of affairs; and it was expected the 3d regiment would, on his return, enter Texas if necessary.

More Lynching.—Two kidnappers of negroes, who attempted to seduce a couple of negroes near St. Louis, Mo., were caught in their own trap by the negroes exposing the plot to their master. The kidnappers were bound fast by the arms and then whipped out of the State, a distance of three miles.

Melancholy.—The Spirit of the Times relates an instance of a young lady in Philadelphia being struck blind to the earth by intensely gazing at the sun with the naked eye, watching the approach of the eclipse; two hours after the occurrence she remained in total darkness and suffered great pain. We should be glad if the Times would ascertain and let it be known whether the sight has been restored, and, if so, what means were used to accomplish it.—Baltimore Sun.

Horrible Tragedy.—A man named Seet, living near Clarksville, Tenn., was recently killed in a struggle by his wife. It is stated that he was in the habit of getting drunk and brutally chastising her. On this occasion she seized a knife, lying near, and severed at once the principal veins and arteries of his neck, causing death in a few moments.—Balt. Sun.

A Frenchman named George Morelle, committed suicide at a tavern in Freder-

icksburg, Va. The Arena of that place says:—There is a certificate from St. John's Lodge, Gibraltar, stating his losses by piracy, and commending him to the kindness and assistance of the Masonic fraternity; and it seems, from memoranda which he kept, that several Lodges in North Carolina and Virginia had ministered to his wants. The certificate alluded to says he has a wife and three children.

Dreadful Accident and loss of Life.—A load of hay, upon which a young man was seated, caught fire from the flames of the burning woods in New Jersey, and the young man, the horses, the hay and wagon were consumed.

Yellow Fever.—The Mobile Board of Health, under date of the 13th inst. announces the existence of yellow fever in that city. Two cases had occurred, but not much apprehension was felt that it would assume a very malignant form. The fever now exists at New Orleans, Mobile, and Charleston, and the officers of our port cannot be too strict in the inspection of all vessels arriving from either of these cities.—Balt. Sun.

Severe drought in the West.—We learn from a Western Journal, that in Flemingsburg, (Ky.) about two weeks ago, water was so scarce, that it cost Messrs Fogg and Stickney of the circus there, \$12 per day for a sufficient quantity for their horses; there being none within three miles of the place. The farmers in the neighborhood expected if the dry weather continued many days longer, to be compelled to remove all their cattle from that section of the State, to some place where water could be had.

Equinoctial Gale.—The prognostics of an approaching gale, which we noticed in our last, have been amply fulfilled. The wind continued blowing heavily from the Eastward, and the rain descended in torrents from 6 P. M. on Tuesday till 12 M. on Wednesday, when the wind suddenly shifted to the opposite point and blew with immense violence from W. N. W., gradually hauling round to N. N. W., with light rains, during the remainder of the day. The rush of water down the Chesapeake and James river, caused by the gale, soon flooded our harbor to excess, and the tide rose rapidly to a height within a foot of the great tide in 1831, overflowing many of the wharves and sweeping off considerable quantities of lumber. The water rose above the first floors of some of the warehouses, but timely precaution had been used to remove the property on them beyond its reach. Some ornamental trees in the streets were blown down; also, fences; but we have heard of no injury to houses or the shipping in the harbor, nor of any accident worthy of a particular notice.—Norfolk Herald.

A GENTLE REPROOF.

By S. Stepler.

Zacharia Hodgdon was naturally an ill-natured man. It was want of reflection, more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal. If he met any thing abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill-cooked, and whatever the poor woman did to please him was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill-humor in silence for a long time, but finding it to increase she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct, which had the happiest effect.

One day as Zacharia was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also with some little difficulty procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"—"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet any thing that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as leave eat a boiled frog."

"Why my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he.—"Boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish indeed!" grumbled the discontented husband, "I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large bull-frog, of portentous dimensions, and pungent aspect, stretched out at full length! Zacharia sprang from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife in a kind entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zacharia could not stand this. His sorry mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and that he was wrong, and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another Lesson—and he was as good as his word.

Women.—Women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim, with an air of languid indifference—"Who is he?" At twenty-five, with a prudent look toward the ways and means, the question is—"What is he?" But thirty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into—"Which is he?" But at forty the anxious expectant prepares to seize upon any prey, and exclaims—"Where is he?"

Singing by the Lump.—A clergyman some time since arose in his pulpit, and gave out the psalm thus, "Brethren let us sing the thousand and one hundred and one." A parishoner exclaimed, "there been't so many in the book." "Then sing as many as there be," exclaimed the clergyman, taking his seat very complaisantly.

Rul. Reg.

Foreign.

The following are further extracts from late foreign Papers.

Spain.—The Constitutional publishes a letter of the 31st July, from La Junquera, stating that the news of the taking of Solsona had been received there with great joy. The Christians had undermined and blown up the foundation of the Bishop's palace and the fortified convent, and a number of Carlists had perished in the ruins. The united losses sustained by the Carlists at the engagement of Liadurs (where they were commanded on the 25th by the Count d'Espagne) and that of Solsona, are estimated at 3000 men, among whom there are 6 Generals, and 29 field officers. The losses of the Christians are rated at not more than 500 men.

Egypt.—The Semaphore of Marseilles quotes a letter of the 17th July, from Alexandria, announcing that, after a sanguinary engagement, Ibrahim Pacha had finally subjugated the rebel Druses, who had been driven from Haouran, with the loss of 4000 men killed, and 2000 taken prisoners.

Lamentable and Mysterious Death of an American Merchant.—Last night, at 8 o'clock, an inquest was held at the Newcastle Coffee House St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate, before Mr. Payne on view of the body of William Boake, Esq. an American merchant, who was found drowned in the Thames, off Billingsgate, on Thursday morning last, with such severe marks of violence on his person as to lead to a strong suspicion that he had come to his death by unfair means. The deceased belonged to the House of Hart & Co., a wealthy firm of New York.

London paper.