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BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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POLITICAL.

From the Globe

GENERAL JACKSON.

The most striking trait in General Jackson's political career is his ever abiding confidence in the great mass of the people. This unswerving faith is the vital principle of Republicanism, as the distrust of the people by those who call themselves the "good society" classes—whose doctrine is that "the people are their own worst enemies"—that their want of intelligence, of virtue, and good feeling, disqualifies them for self-government—is the essence of Federalism. How gloriously has the unresisted, all-conquering dependence which Jefferson and Jackson have placed in the popular understanding and popular will, been justified by their political successes, and the fortunate political results which have ensued! What well informed man can look back on the triumphant prosperity brought about by Mr. Jefferson's administration, and the honest principles which he implanted and gave root to in our Government, without being impressed with the incalculable superiority of the worth of the collective wisdom and virtue of a great nation, weighed against the wealth, the titles, decorations, dignities, and assumed principle of honor, (widely distinguished from common honesty,) which make up the whole value of a nobility in a State? Where are the disastrous, the terrible results predicted as consequent on the Jacobinical, sans culotte doctrines of Mr. Jefferson? The safe, pacific, silent, but gigantic growth of the country under their influence, have compelled their very enemies to praise Mr. Jefferson's free principles, while seeking to undermine and destroy them. And where is the desolation of the unbounded sway which Gen. Jackson would give to public opinion? Where the "war, pestilence, and famine," which were to follow from the administration of the Military Chieftain, who referred all to the popular will and banished the impulse of classes and corporations from the Government? The desolation is only to be found in the hearts of aristocrats, who would rob the people of their rights—the war, pestilence, and famine, found in the blessings of peace and plenty at home, reputation abroad, and universal homage to the successful experiment of our free institutions.

Well may General Jackson, in the letter which we annex, express at the close of his life that confidence in the people to which he owes his own illustrious career. He never deserted them. They never deserted him; and his whole life has been a train of glorious successes.

From the *Murfreesborough (Ten.) Times*. We give this week, to the exclusion of other matter, the regular and volunteer toasts read at the Democratic dinner, which cannot fail to be interesting. We also annex letters from several distinguished men, in answer to others written to them by the committee of invitation.

Nashville, August 20, 1838.

Gentlemen: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th ult. inviting me to partake of a dinner to be given by the Democratic Republicans of Rutherford, on the 30th inst. to the Honorable James K. Polk and other distinguished friends of our Republican institutions.

I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for the kind terms in which this invitation has been conveyed. Nothing could be

more gratifying to my feelings than an opportunity to visit once more my fellow citizens of Rutherford, but the state of my health and the infirmities of age scarcely allow me to hope that I can enjoy again this satisfaction. Be assured, however, gentlemen, that time has not diminished the interest which a long acquaintance with Rutherford and its patriotic citizens has been calculated to inspire; nor has it erased from my mind the grateful recollection of those who shared with me the perils of the last war. I shall carry me to the grave a heart alive with sensibility to the many proofs I have received of the confidence and favor of those citizens in all the vicissitudes of my life.

Withdrawn now from the busy stage of public affairs, and with no disposition to enter upon it again, I repose with confidence upon the security which our free institutions enjoy, founded as they are upon the virtue and intelligence of the great mass of the people. It was by the co-operation and aid of the people that I was able to do whatever good has resulted from their partiality in calling me to the Presidency; and not doubting that those who have succeeded me in the administration, will look to the same source for support, I cannot but anticipate for my country the highest and most enduring prosperity.

If any thing could add, gentlemen, to the pleasure of visiting you, and exchanging salutations with the citizens of Rutherford, it would be the occasion selected to honor our distinguished representative Col. Polk and his associates in the Republican cause. Aware of the difficulties they have to contend with as friends of that cause, I can justly appreciate the considerations which commended them to your respect at a period like the present.

I am, with great respect,
Your obliged and very obt. serv't,
ANDREW JACKSON.
Moses Ridley and others, committee.

Crim. Con.—The case of Bellamy Storer against his wife, pending in the Court of Cincinnati for a divorce, has been decided in favor of the lady. His bill was dismissed. Mr. S. was lately the member of Congress from the Cincinnati District, and matters of imputation took place whilst they were in Washington. By the decision, the lady is absolved from all censure, and the gentleman it seems, has been the victim of gossip. The depositions of several members of Congress were taken. *Raleigh Reg.*

"The Madisonian" states that the Hall of the new Patent Office at Washington is to be the largest single room in the world, the ceiling to be supported by one or two hundred pillars. The portico, it is believed, will cost one hundred and seventy thousand dollars.—*ib.*

Walter S. Franklin, Esq., Clerk of the House of Representatives of the United States, died of bilious fever at Lancaster, Pa., on Thursday last.—*ib.*

Osceola—A novel bearing this title, written by Mr. J. B. Ransom, formerly of Warrenton, in this State, has just been published at the North. A highly complimentary notice of the work appears in the New York Evening Star, but its highest commendation is found in the fact, that the demand for it has been so great, the first edition is nearly exhausted. *Raleigh Star.*

Iredell Superior Court—John Cope who was indicted for the murder of John Briggs, and who had been found guilty at this place six months ago, was again put upon his trial at the Superior Court of Iredell which was held last week, by his Honor Judge Settle. The testimony was much the same, as that delivered before the first Jury with one or two important exceptions.

After remaining out about an hour, the Jury returned with a verdict of Manslaughter; whereupon he was branded with the letter M, in the left hand, and sentenced to 9 months imprisonment. Most of people believe that he has great cause to be thankful for his good luck. The jury saved him from the gallows evidently from the same considerations, that induced his Honor Judge Bailey, to grant a new trial, to wit, that there was too much ardent spirit used by the witnesses, just before the commission of the offence, for it to be certain, that they had a clear perception of the facts. This doubt saved him. *Watchman.*

Disastrous Storm and loss of Property. On Saturday morning our town was visited with one of the most violent storms which we ever witnessed. About 2 o'clock, A. M., the rain, accompanied by a

violent gale from the North East, began to fall in torrents, and continued without intermission until 7 A. M., when it abated. During this period, short as it may appear, a part of the town was completely inundated, causing several families to leave their own homes and take shelter with their neighbors—and doing much injury to the property both of the town and individuals. At one time, Bank, Market, and Old Streets, presented fearful aspects—the water rushed in torrents from every direction—cellars were filled to overflowing, and great fears were entertained that several houses would be undermined by the force of the flood. We have not been able correctly to learn the amount of property injured, but we should suppose that individual losses amounted to at least \$5000, and the town to perhaps \$10,000 more. On the coast we fear the loss of life and property, has been great. Owing to the injury received by the Richmond and Petersburg Rail Road, (which we understand will be speedily repaired,) the Northern mail of Saturday, was not received until Sunday evening. The Petersburg and Roanoke Rail Road, though somewhat injured, is still in a passable condition.—Our Friday's papers which were mailed for the South, were destroyed by the inundation of the Post Office; this will, we hope, account to our Southern friends for the failure of their papers. We understand great injury has been done in the adjoining country, in the destruction of Bridges, Mill-dams, Fences, &c. *Petersburg Intelligencer.*

Injury to the Baptist Church.—The injury sustained at the Baptist Church is considerable. The arch in front and the made ground over the branch, is carried away, together with the fine shade trees, the grates and the fence. The water rose three feet in the house. From the repeated disasters to this property, we hope that now an appeal will be made to our citizens for a new Baptist Church, and we feel confident that a cheerful response will be given to such a call upon the sympathies of the town. The Denomination also to which this Church belongs, is now speedily called upon to erect a better house on a more eligible site.—*ib.*

The American Board of Minions held its annual meeting last week in Portland. The receipts for the year, as stated in the treasurer's report, amounted to \$240,000.

Suicide.—An interesting and beautiful young lady, named Emma Smith, aged twenty two, a native of England, committed suicide in New York on Sunday, by taking corrosive sublimate. The cause appears to have been a fear that she was not as good as the doctrines of the church she had recently joined, required her to be.

A Singular Case.—The Louisville Journal says: "A Mr. Edmund Keene Burke, of Mobile, a most useful young reprobate, was recently ridden on a rail by the citizens of that place for breaking two of his father's ribs and running away with a bird—that is to say, he ran away with his old father's young wife, his step mother, and married her!"

Common Pleas.—John L. Cooper obtained a verdict of \$3000 against W. A. Kean in a case of crim. con. The criminal woman, wife of Cooper, had, for the sake of her paramour, abandoned her children—one of them an infant two months old.—*N. Y. Star.*

Philosophy.—A fellow recently eloped with the wife of a respectable farmer in the western part of Massachusetts. After the arrest of the fellow, he called him into his presence and the following dialogue ensued.

'Do you love my wife?' said he.
'Yes.'
'Does she love you?'
'Yes.'
'You shall have her. Prepare to leave immediately.'

He took a horse and sleigh, bade his wife pack up her clothing, put her trunk on board, gave her fifty dollars; and off they started together for Canada.

'There's philosophy for you!

The Cincinnati News tells of a wight in that town who has discovered how to manufacture Champaign wine from Irish potatoes, and warrants it free from alcohol.

A gentleman in New York having invented a machine to facilitate ladies in the delightful practice of tight lacing, concludes his notice observing 'it will squeeze the delicate creatures into the size of a hoe handle!'

A Yankee pedlar recommending a sale said, that one of the same kind of scythes was so sharp that they hung it on a tree in Kaintucky, and its shadow cut a man's leg off!

Rebecca Lamar.—An affecting incident relative to this lady, who, it will be remembered, was one of the female survivors of the ill-starred passengers on board the Palaski, has just come to our knowledge. Miss Lamar, says a gentleman from Charleston, whose life was saved on the same portion of the wreck, was our guardian angel, cheering the despairing, alleviating the sorrows of those who had seen the waves of the ocean close over their nearest and dearest relatives, and administering hope and consolation even to the veteran sailor, to whom scenes of terror and dismay had long been familiar. So great, in fine, was the confidence she inspired in the heart of every member of our unfortunate band, that those whose fate it was, never to reach the shore alive, when they felt their hour approaching, requested as a favor, that they might be allowed to rest their heads upon her lap, and breathe out their dying moments with all the consolation she was capable of affording.—And thus all those who were unable to survive the horrors of that awful hour, with their last looks turned towards her who had never quailed or blanched beneath the terrors of the scene, although the stoutest hearts had failed, and the boldest trembled in anticipation of their fate.

How do the glories of a Catharine, a Semarimis, or a Margaret de Valdemar pale before the virtues of such a woman. Let those who bear the name of Lamar, henceforth cherish it more proudly, than it conferred wealth, or power, or nobility upon the possessor.—*Boston Times.*

A new sect of fanatics, calling themselves the "Candlesticks of the Church," has lately sprung up at Liverpool. They profess the power of working miracles. The best attested case is that of an old lady, who being afflicted with a nervous disorder, fancied herself better while some of them stood over her, but who died a few hours after they left her.

Power of Conscience.—When Smith the barkeeper, and accomplice of Mrs. Doyle, in the murder of the unfortunate sailor of Girond street, surrendered himself to the police, he confessed that he had been forced to give himself up by the terrors of a guilty conscience. Ever since I fled from the house, said he, the corpse of that murdered man has been by my side—wherever I go the spectre haunts me, and not for a single moment can I shut my eyes against the frightful apparition—sooner than suffer as I have done for the last few hours, let me be hung—I would rather face the gallows than be tormented by the direful images of remorse and guilt. Such, we are told, was the substance of his statement. Had he listened to the warning of his friendly monitor, when the first step in crime was taken, he might have escaped the horrors of unavailing regret, and the shame of an ignominious death.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

Death by Lightning.—Mrs. Betsey Moss, consort of Reuben Moss, of this city, was killed by lightning, on Sunday morning last. She was in bed with her husband and infant child, both of whom escaped without feeling the shock. So free was Mr. M. from the effects of the lightning, that he for some time believed that Mrs. Moss was only alarmed by the thunder. Her death was almost instantaneous; no signs of hurt appearing except a purple mark on the neck and shoulder. *Raleigh Standard.*

Accounts from Fort King, East Florida, of the 14th ult. inform us that the principal chief of the Tallahassee has sent his wife and children to Fort Brooke, with a party of his tribe, about twenty-five in number, and he remains out with a view to induce them all to come in to Gen. Taylor.—*ib.*

Major General Alexander Macomb, has issued a general order, dated Detroit, September 8, in which the enlistment of "deserters from any service whatever, especially from the British army in Canada," is forbidden.—*ib.*

We learn that about forty deserters from the American army have arrived in this province from Plattsburg, and several of them have been seen in their regimentals. We think it would be a good plan if both Governments would come to an understanding that deserters be given up; a measure which, we think, would prove advantageous to all parties concerned. *Montreal Herald.*

Shocking attempt of a Mother to murder her Infant.—On Tuesday forenoon while Mr. Cramer, foreman of the Chemical Factory, was standing at his door at the foot of 33d st., he observed a dashing looking female pass down to the dock and throw into the water what appeared a bundle. His curiosity was excited, and going to the wharf he saw, to his astonishment, an infant float to the shore, being thrown up by the wave made by the steamboat Telegraph, which was passing. It was found to be a fine child about three weeks old and is doing well. The child was christened *Hudson Moses*.—*N. Y. Star.*

Flour.—It is stated that between the 1st of April and the 24th of September, inclusive, there were received in the city of New York 468,813 barrels of Flour—which is nearly 80,000 barrels per month.

We learn that the great sweepstake at Tree Hill, 8 entries and \$500 entrance was taken on Tuesday last by the colt Portsmouth, belonging to our townsman, E. J. Wilson, Esq. Mr. W. had but lately returned from victory in Southampton, when the news of his Tree Hill triumph reached us. With a true sportsman's ardor, he has pushed on to the course at Washington, where may success attend him.—*Portsmouth Times.*

Just Rebuke.—The editor of the Newbern Spectator inflicts the following just rebuke, on his federal cotemporaries, for their foolish remarks concerning the visit of Mr. John Van Buren to England:—

Mr. John Van Buren seems to be enjoying himself occasionally at the Court of St. James, and to be highly privileged by the great aristocratic old England, dining, dancing and "frolicking" with them, as if nobles had been his playmates from youth upwards. This is all well enough, and we are ashamed to see the absurdities that are published on this subject by some of the Whig papers. We see in the attentions paid to the son of the President, nothing more than a compliment to the people of the United States, paid delicately and properly. In England, all must presume that one whom the people of this country select as President must have a strong hold on their esteem, and this inference will readily lead to the above conclusion, and justify us in the belief, that the courtesies extended to John Van Buren are neither through respect to him nor his father, as individuals, but, indirectly, to the people. The most ridiculous part of the affair is that which places the names of Queen Victoria and John Van Buren in juxtaposition, and hints at the probability of a matrimonial alliance! How the people of France and England will sneer at our editorial folly when they see such absurdities made the subject of serious discussion in respectable journals.

Singular.—During the prevalence of the fatal cholera of 1832,—which sent thousands of our citizens to their last dread account,—and carried off an immense number of those who precipitately fled from it,—died Capt. Mead, of the steam boat Home, and his clerk; according to the Natchez Courier, both were buried on the bank of the river, side by side, about fifteen miles below Natchez. Last year, the bank having caved in, the coffins became exposed, and it was found necessary to remove them to another portion of the ground; in doing this, the disparity in the weight of each was observed; curiosity prompted the persons so engaged to open the coffins. In that known to have contained the body of the clerk were found his bones and particles of decayed clothing; in the other, Capt. Mead, in as perfect a state of preservation, as if the body had been embalmed, appearing as fresh and undecayed as when first interred,—even the grave clothes and winding sheet were quite sound. It is difficult to account for this singular circumstance. The cypress wood enclosed the bodies of both.—*Louisville Adv.*

The end of the world.—Two or three clergymen have recently put forth works predicting the arrival of the end of the world sometime between 1840 and 1850. To all such prophecies we have hitherto been incredulous; but are free to confess that facts like the following, which we cut from the Boston Times, are strongly corroborative of the truth of these predictions. When tailors and printers who work on trust begin to be paid, the symptom is indeed alarming.

A gentleman now residing in this city who formerly published a paper in Connecticut, has recently received a letter from an old delinquent subscriber, forking over the money due, and expressing the utmost remorse of conscience for having so long deprived him of his dues. What a blot will be wiped out from the fair face of creation when men shall understand distinctly that cheating a poor printer is an unpardonable sin.—*N. Y. Sun.*