

TARBORO' PRESS.



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The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid or they may not be attended to.

VARIETY.



FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

TO ONE.

Farewell! indeed—ah, none can tell,
How this bosom bore the crash;
When the fatal sentence fell
Upon it, like an avalanche.

When I heard that cruel word,
I own I was confounded quite;
Not more astonished had I heard
The Andes tumble from their height.

Didst thou not bid me hope, dear one?
Was't promise painted on thy cheek?
What was mutter'd by that tongue,
When too feeble 'twas to speak?

But away with that sad theme,
'Tis deepest cruelty to me;
What was my hope 's an empty dream,
What is my pain? reality.

Heaven, canst thou pitying hand,
Turn aside the mortal blow;
Oh, heaven, how can I withstand
The blight of hope, the gush of woe!

Righteous heaven, is it thus
You make a judgment of my breast;
For all those who too fondly trust,
In female smiles for happiness!

Dearest heaven, had'st thou will'd
Our fondest hope—our one request;
My cup of bliss had then been fill'd,
Our hearts for earth had been too blest.

But alas! the chain is broken,
Which bound together our hearts;
And the words which you have spoken,
Tore the links in many parts.

Yes, alas! and thou art gone,
To return to me—oh, never!
And thou hast from this bosom torn
Its hope, its life—farewell! for ever.

Thou art shut out from me like
A spell with desolation fraught;
Within I feel the demon blight,
This heart through persecution wrought.

Life for me has now no charm,
When those sighs no more I hear;
Low breathing from that bosom warm,
Steal like music o'er my ear.

Had my cruel fortune piled
Upon me chill adversity;
At all her trials I had smiled,
Had my girl been spared to me.

Yet, heaven, I do not arraign
Thy just decrees—no, for my life;
No, my pray'r is yet to gain,
A victory o'er my bosom's strife.

Yes, heaven, let me pray for power,
To stay awhile a sinking heart;
To learn me through the adverse hour,
I feel my light and life depart.

Give me strength, indulgent heaven,
To struggle with my load of grief;
And to a heart wrong, worn and riven,
Impart, I pray, thy kind relief.

Lady, on the past ne'er think,
The future's all that's worth to thee;
Let no reflections o'er thee sink,
Veil the past—in obscurity.

Lady, let no starting tear,
Bathe that tender cheek for me;
All old recollections dear,
Blot from thy female memory.

If misfortune's clouds should lower,
O'er thy youthful head—alas!
I will pray on heavenly power,
To avert the fatal blast.

When disease's iron hand,
Shall wring thy tender frame—oh, then,
I could sweetly by thee stand,
As a faithful ministering friend.

I do not breathe a prophecy,
That thy heart cannot be blest,
In its future destiny;
'That thought would rob that heart of rest.

But thy prospects are most bright,
A time must come you blest should be;
When a dear connubial light,
Should illumine that tender breast.

And if thou should'st be possess'd
By another, love him true;
But when thou'rt to his bosom prest,
Think of what I've felt for you. ROSCO.

THE GREAT MEETING.

We copy from the Fayetteville Journal the following particulars of the great meeting of the candidates for Governor at that place on the 7th inst.

The two candidates for the office of Governor of the State, met, in this place on Tuesday last.—Gov. Morehead is a stout, athletic, robust man, of iron constitution,

and in excellent health.—Mr. Henry had been very ill in the West, had returned from thence weak, debilitated, and suffering very much from a serious injury which he received some 2 or 3 years ago. He was, however, anxious to meet Gov. Morehead, and ill and feeble as he was, and as his opponents will acknowledge he was—he determined to meet the Governor at every hazard and under all disadvantage—and well and nobly he has sustained the contest, truly has he sustained himself with a skill and ability hardly expected by his most sanguine friends. There were, at times, in his efforts, bursts of eloquence which riveted the attention of his hearers, so that not a breath arose to disturb them—while their close was responded to by rapturous applause.

Gov. M. led off at 11 o'clock. This speech was put out as a little feeler, an educe to draw from his opponent the charges he had intended to make, against his administration. Altogether, it was a small and weak effort—consisting mainly of an attempt to repel the charges of proscription, false promises, &c., preferred by the Democratic party—of E. B. Freeman and little Pryor. Mr. Henry then met him on State politics—proved conclusively that he had violated his pledge to be the Governor of the State and not of the party—laid before the people his heedless, violent proscription in the very teeth of his promise to "proscribe proscription"—exhibited his unlawful extravagance in the face of his solemn pledge to administer the Government in an economical manner—to retrench and reform—exposed to the scorn and contempt it so richly merits, the Governor's miserable plagiarisms of Proffitt's wit, and his contemptible dealing in the "ice, soap, towels," &c., of the President's palace, which he so lavishly did in 1840, and proved to the world by Morehead's own acts and doings since, that his course in pursuing the very conduct he then considered criminal established his condemnation. Gov. Morehead then made, we do him justice to say, an ingenious effort to defend himself, but there had been stubborn facts cited by Mr. Henry, which he could not surmount, oppose, or evade, and he fled to a discussion of general national politics, and branched out on the old track—the extravagance of Mr. Van Buren's administration, and arraigned again this much abused man as though he were on trial again before the people. There were many equivocations resorted to by his Excellency, of so glaring a kind as to strike the attention of every one acquainted with the facts; one we are prepared to show; he introduced the report of Mr. Woodbury, the former Secretary of the Treasury, to prove the amount of expenditures, and extracted therefrom something relating to a certain 8 millions received in Bank bonds; afterwards in speaking of 40 additional millions, he used the preceding very eight millions to make out the forty—introduced it into the calculation and made it an item of the addition. Had we the documents we could prove many other such deceptions. In addition to this he quoted garbled extracts, isolated sentences, made them bear a different construction from that they were intended, and made thereon his own calculations. But Mr. Henry, though very much enfeebled by his previous effort, and evidently suffering under excruciating pain, arose and met him on national politics, and we are happy to say he here completely demolished the Governor. He fully exposed to public view Gov. Morehead's extraordinary, glaring inconsistency—how that in 1832 he was for Gen. Jackson—now he is against him—he was then against, yea on the electoral ticket against Clay—now he rides him—he was against a tariff, now he is for one—he was against a tariff, now he is for one—he was for Tyler, now he is against him. He has been a black spirit, and white—a blue spirit and grey. And turned about and wheeled about and jumped Jim Crow.

And Mr. Henry established from these frequent, numerous tergiversations of Gov. Morehead, either that he is of too changeable a character or too mistaken a judgment to be the "ruler of a free people." He showed that the whig party were responsible for Mr. Tyler's administration—that they had, if they had lost power, lost it by a want of confidence in and a quarrelling among themselves—that their present state resulted from their miserable policy of "concealment of principle," which rendered them ignorant of each other; so that when they came to a distribution of the spoils, like thieves and robbers, they fought over their different shares—and now instead of promoting the interests and meeting and relieving the wants of the people—now, when they have a majority, a large majority, in both branches of Congress, instead of doing their duty, they are miserably engaged in reviling and abusing each other—each endeavoring to stamp upon the other, stigma, opprobrium, and disgrace. Mr. Henry continued to expose their reckless proscription for opinion's sake—cited instances within our own State under our own eye, about which there

could be no mistake. Mr. Henry fully exhibited the perils of a funding system, an overacting, enormous banking system, and a high tariff protective system—how that these would create a class of associated wealth, opposed to the people—would raise a standing aristocracy arrayed in deadly hostility against the best interest of the Democracy. He proved from history that the United States Bank had not regulated but had injured exchanges—that it had controlled and corrupted the State institutions so that they greatly needed reformation; and he established the fact, that Gov. Morehead favored a United States Bank; favored a high tariff; favored a funded system; favored the Distribution; favored taxation; favored an aristocracy; was a Clay man in the worst and most dangerous acceptance of the term. Mr. Henry went on in an able, eloquent, and most feeling manner, to show from an array of circumstances which must have struck every one forcibly that the judgment of Providence had fallen on this corrupt and faithless party—that the rescue of our country from their hands, has been none other than the hand of God. Mr. Henry then successfully contradicted the false and ungrounded charges, that he was in favor of extravagant Internal Improvements—showed that when he did err in '33, he erred with the wisest and best of the whig party—that with this same party he corrected this error in '38, and that in the classification of different schemes at that time, the State was guarded and protected from extravagance, and that that convention determined that the State should be kept within its ability and means—and he proclaimed that he was and is in favor of wise, prudent, economical Internal Improvements.

Gov. Morehead again rejoined, in a repetition of his former speech, pretty much; and then, after some conversational remarks between the gentlemen the discussion ended.

This was a proud day for Mr. Henry's friends. The exhibition fully refutes the gross slander of his fearfulness or incapacity to meet either the "Tartar" of Buncombe, the "Mountain Boomer" of Yancy, or the great "Eagle" of Surry, while it gives an earnest to his friends of what he has been able to do when he was strong in health. Sick, feeble, and debilitated as he was, he has boldly, firmly, undauntedly bearded the lion, and grappled with the bear, and has come from the contest unscathed.

We have heard several gentlemen say that the closing scene of Mr. Henry's speech, when he drew together the incidents connected with the death of Gen. Harrison, was among the greatest bursts of eloquence they ever heard. We heard many say that Mr. Henry is a great man. In intellectual powers he is certainly great; and if he only had the iron constitution of Gov. Morehead, to follow him and reply to him, we should be as sure of his election as we can be of any thing.

Great Defalcation.—The news of the defalcation recently discovered in the Ocean Insurance Company, has excited considerable astonishment all over the city. The length of time through which the frauds have been continued, and the general estimation in which the offender has heretofore been held, have both tended to increase the surprise.

James S. Schermerhorn, it appears, has been the secretary of the company for some fifteen or twenty years. In 1832, he was induced to engage in certain speculations in stock, in which he was unsuccessful; and, in order to make up this deficiency, he abstracted the amount from the funds of the company. From that time he became a regular "operator" in the stock market, and met with perpetual losses, which he was compelled to make good, as in the first instance, by appropriating the money of the company, and forging the receipts of the cashier of the bank where it ought to have been deposited. This process was continued for ten years, and would not, probably, have been discovered now, but that the Ocean Company has lately been merged in the General Mutual Insurance Company, and it became necessary to make a settlement of its affairs. The sum thus purloined is said to be over \$100,000.

Mr. Schermerhorn was himself the first to communicate the frauds to the directors; and he remained at his desk yesterday morning, until arrested by the police officers. He was generally regarded as one of the most upright men in Wall street, and had always lived economically.

N. Y. Eve. Post.

Thrilling Incident.—At New York, on Thursday evening, as the celebrated wild beast performer, Driesbach, was performing with his animals at the Bowery Theatre, the leopard and the tiger volunteered an extra incident to the performance, by a regular set-to while Driesbach was in the cage with them, which came near costing the latter his life. Driesbach had succeeded in separating the combatants,

one of which (the leopard) he caused to leap upon his shoulders, when the tiger made a spring upon him also, and buried his teeth and claws into the unfortunate tamer's face and head, tearing off a portion of his scalp, lacerating his face in a most shocking manner, and covering him with blood. The indomitable courage and address of the heroic German, however, was never more conspicuously displayed than upon this occasion; and so effectually did he subdue the enraged animals, even while in the most imminent peril, that some part of the audience were not aware of the accident.

The Railroad Cars near New Orleans.—have scythes attached to the sides, to keep down the grass. A negro was lately caught by one of them, and cut to pieces.

They have a man in Philadelphia as tonishing the natives by his immense strength. A day or two ago he raised an anchor, weighing about 1,100 pounds, several inches clear of the ground. Afterwards he raised 12 fifty-six pound weights with one hand.

A Shocking Murder.—We learn from the Sparta (Tenn.) Gazette that, on Wednesday night, the 11th instant Mrs. Mary Hunter (relict of the late Joseph Hunter) was sitting by her fireside, a few miles from Sparta, in company with two other ladies, she was shot with a rifle ball through the head, by some person unknown out of doors, and expired in a few minutes. The perpetrator of this horrid deed fired in the dark through a window, and has thus far escaped detection.

Another Slave Case.—Week before last a Mr. Watson, of Virginia, claimed a female slave who had run away from him several years ago, gone to Philadelphia, where she married and had since been living.—Upon the application of Mr. Watson a writ was granted for her arrest & imprisonment, preparatory to hearing his claim. Before she was arrested, however, Watson got an opportunity to seize her himself; he availed himself of it, placed her in a carriage, conveyed her to Wilmington, Del., thence took the cars and brought her home. This abduction created a stir among the Abolitionists—the driver of the hack which took Watson & the servant from the Hotel, was arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$300, to answer the charge of assault and battery upon the woman; based upon his assisting her into his hack.

Something new Under the Sun.—A new enemy to the cotton planter has made its appearance in Panola and De Soto counties, Miss., in the shape of innumerable snails, which eat up and destroy the plant, commencing with the leaf, and ending their repast with the bud. They are apparently the common sized snail without a shell, such as may be found adhering to the bark of trees in wet weather. Several entire cotton plantations have been ruined by them.

Singular Phenomenon.—We learn, says the Tallahassee Sentinel, from an authentic source, that the Suwannee river and lakes and rivers in Hamilton and Alachua Counties, and also in Lowndes County, Ga., rose a few weeks since, about three feet in five minutes, and immediately fell. A slight shock of an earthquake was felt the same day in Thomas County, which probably occasioned the singular phenomenon, as there had been no rain.

Mexico.—The Journal of Commerce says—By the schooner Rosal, Captain Baker, we have Tamaulepas papers of the 1st instant. If the Mexicans have frightened the Texians, the latter in their turn have frightened the Mexicans. Under date of the 16th April, from Matamoras, they say that intelligence had been received there that a column of Texians, preceded by a horde of Indians, were marching to the destruction of that place, and two proclamations have been issued in consequence by the commanding General, calling the inhabitants to arms.

The Cincinnati Gazette of the 7th inst. contains an article in reference to the great reduction of banking facilities in that city, as seen by a comparison of the present with the past year. On the 1st of June, 1841, the loans and discounts of the four banks amounted to the sum of \$5,916,777. On the 1st of June, 1842, the amount had been reduced to \$3,725,336, showing a reduction of loans and discounts in one year of \$2,191,441. At the former period, the circulation of the four banks of Cincinnati was \$1,433,424; and, at the latter, only \$294,220—being a reduction in the circulation of \$1,139,204. The total reduction in loans and circulation, in one year, has been \$3,330,645.

A Daring feat.—On Tuesday last, as one of Neil, Moore & Co.'s Stage Coaches

was descending a hill west of Zanesville, the lever broke suddenly, which accident threw the driver from his seat. The horses started off at a run, and whilst at their full speed a passenger, who was inside of the coach, managed by some means to get on top, then into the driver's seat, down on the tongue. From which last place he jumped on one of the wheel horses, and finally succeeded in stopping the team. There were several passengers, and all of them testified to the coolness and self possession of the gentleman who risked his own life to save his fellow-passengers.—Zanesville Rep.

Contracting disease.—At Worcester, Mass., on the 28th ult., Mr. Samuel Harrington, aged 50 years, an undertaker, and his wife Nancy, both died of erysipelas, contracted by Mr. H. from a corpse which he assisted in laying out on the 23d April. A daughter very narrowly escaped death from the same cause. While adjusting the head of the corpse in the coffin, he got erysipelas matter from the deceased person into a slight cut in the ball of one of his thumbs, made with a glass a few days previous. Shortly after, he experienced a sensation of heat and very soon erysipelas distinctly manifested itself about the cut, and, extending through his entire arm, proved fatal. His wife and daughter both contracted the disease while attending him.

Resumption in Tennessee.—Resumption by the Banks in Tennessee is, by law, to take place in twenty days after the Banks of Louisiana and Kentucky shall have resumed. The Banks of Louisiana, our readers are aware, have recently resumed; those of Kentucky will resume on the fifteenth of the present month; and, therefore, if the law of Tennessee is complied with, her banks must resume on the 4th of July next.—Balt. Sun.

Kentucky Banks.—The banks in Louisville have voluntarily resumed specie payments, redeeming their notes in specie as they are presented. The Journal of the 30th says:

Kentucky paper is now fully up to the standard made at par. Exchange on the East is very plenty and dull, and five days' sight has been offered at par. Bank rate 2; out of doors 1. Alabama paper is now at 30 dis.

We learn from a Mount Morris (Ill.) paper, that a Mr. Harrison, a young man of good character, was recently murdered by a Mr. Bell, in Lee county. The cause is said to have been jealousy. Bell met Harrison with apparent cordiality; shook hands, using his left hand for that purpose; and, at the same moment, plunged a Bowie knife to the heart of his victim. He then rushed into his house, seized a double-barrelled gun, and ran towards a neighboring wood. After running several miles, he was overtaken by his pursuers, whereupon he surrendered without resistance.—Balt. Am.

The last of Vendovi.—The Feejee chief Vendovi, who arrived at New York Friday, in the Vincennes, died Saturday.—He was a cannibal of the first water, and had been sick ever since he had been put upon salt beef. This chief, several years ago, captured the Charles Bagget, a Salem Brig, and her crew of eleven American sailors were devoured by his Feejee highness and family. He was one of the curiosities brought home by the Exploring Squadron.

Richmond Compiler.

Monroe Edwards.—The trial of this person, for numerous forgeries, commenced in New York on the 6th inst., and yesterday morning the jury rendered a verdict of guilty. The crime for which he is convicted subjects him to five years' confinement in the State prison; and, from the evidence against him, we are led to believe that he will be sentenced to the extent of the law.

Earthquake in Hayti.—Later accounts state that 17 towns and villages suffered in the late Earthquake, with loss of lives in nearly all. During the earthquake at Santiago, the inhabitants rushed into the Roman Catholic church to implore mercy from the most high God, and filled it to overflowing; and when it fell, rivers of blood were seen to pour through the ruins, proceeding from the bodies of the poor unfortunate souls crushed within.

Taming Horses.—A successful method of taming the wildest horses by breathing into their nostrils, has lately been tested by numerous experiments in England. Mr. Catlin, in his Manners and Customs of the N. American Indians, says he has often tried the experiment so successfully on Buffalo calves, in concurrences with the custom of the country, that they would follow at the heels of his horse as closely and affectionately as if accompanying the dams. The Indians tame the wild horses in the same manner, after having caught them with the lasso.