

# 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.

### SHE'S GONE

She's gone, perchance to return,  
The hateful hour has past;  
When my reluctant heart did learn,  
These eyes had "looked" their "last".

The stern behest; it shook my heart,  
Her friends proclaim'd her name;  
And must my dearest S— depart  
Oh! who will bear the blame.

No bosom can avert the doom,  
No voice can stay the tear;  
The willow's foot shall greet a tomb,  
A friend will guide the bier.

Alas! dearest, bethought I then,  
So soon we thus would part;  
When eye beheld us walk the glen  
In purity of heart.

Your ringlets glittered to the sheen,  
Your evening garb was trim;  
And graceful was the riband green  
That bound your lovely limb.

Ah! little thought I to deplore,  
Those lips so neatly bound;  
Or hear upon a distant shore,  
Your name's familiar sound.

Ye cruel few who thus combined,  
Your direful end pursue;  
May heaven make you ever kind,  
I could not injure you.

A long farewell! Ah! where shall he,  
A creature all forlorn;  
To shun the mean and cruel eye,  
Of triumph—perchance scorn.

Yes! they'll mock a lover's tears,  
His woful heart annoy;  
Alas! the hope and anxious fears,  
A constant heart destroy.

Ah! few will seek the dreary mound,  
That wraps my mouldering clay;  
And few will weep beside the ground  
All turn another way.

No no: I will not, cannot die  
Forlorn, as dastards do;  
The time may come, I need not fly,  
Avenged—I live for you.

W.

FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

### FATAL DUEL.

Death of one of the Belligerents and flight of the other.

It was at any period during the delightful and beautiful month of May 1842, that a solitary traveller might have been seen passing to and fro in the vicinity of Sparta, Edgecombe county, N. C. The slow and easy manner in which he sat his steed, even to an experienced eye, almost stamped him as a cavalier of the West, had not the fact been placed beyond a doubt, by the brilliant reflection of the sun's rays on the polished surface of his saddle-bags, and the ambling pace of his jaded nag. The toilet of this ex-native of Edgecombe was evidently of the frontier cut,—a loose blue yarn coat graced his shoulders,—a magnificent vest embellished with large brass buttons gave the *coup de grace*, to a starched shirt collar that stood firmly up to his ears, as though his head depended upon that alone for support—pea straw socks, corduroy pants of singular cut, gave interest to a pair of oily blue eyes, when we take into consideration the splendid black and grey whiskers which graced his cabbage rose cheeks. In fact he rivalled in figure and elegance "Yankee Doodle," "when he came to town mounted on his poney."

"There came a man to our town,  
O! isn't he a buster,  
He wears a coat that drags the ground,  
When he goes out to muster."

Perhaps the good people near Nashville, Tenn., will recognize their fellow citizen, Asa B., Esq. It was this personage who performed such a signal part in the tragedy I am about to relate—it was he who slew a fellow-being on the field of honor, and cast a lasting reproach on that code which in the higher walks of chivalry, is considered the *ne plus ultra* of gentility, and honorable warfare.

It seems that the horse of Mr. B. having cast a shoe, he was induced to stop at a blacksmith's cabin, on one of the most public roads in the county—it was about mid-

day—there was a crowd at the shop, drawn thither to get their iron work, &c.—anecdotes and much merriment were the order of the day—B. was evidently the lion of the hour. The bankrupt law was discussed as follows by the two Vulcans of the forge—

"Sambo, what your opinion of dat bankrupt law?"

"Tink him first rate, Pompey. I imply for de application myself."

"Just splain him principles."

"Why, you see here now—just lend me dat half dollar you got for mending grid-iron tolder day."

(Pompey hands him the money—Sambo puts in his pocket.)

"Dare, den, now I owes de shoe maker tree shilling, and you half a dollar, besides de grog-shop bill; now dis half dollar all de property I got; I divides him according to de debts."

"I take dat half dollar back."

"Do you tink dis child green? I'm a bankrupt; you get your share wid de oder creditors."

This discussion between Sambo and Pompey drew forth loud peals of laughter, and flashes of wit and anecdote now took place between Mr. B. and some of the gentlemen who were present. B. told of the marvellous things of the great west—said that pumpkin vines grew so fast in his "diggins," that you could not overtake them on horseback—that he could extract sumbers from a cucumber, and fill a junk bottle with sunshine—and wound up his brilliant display of anecdote, by winking pussey and giving a lecture on the art of sneezing. A sneeze, to be in good taste, he observed, should crack like a rifle on a clear frosty morning; when you feel a tickling at the root of your proboscis, just do the pigeon-wing or the flying brizra, with a tom cat under each arm—open your mouth and blaze away—the echo will be heard all along the great valley of the Mississippi. I am particular in relating these tales, because they caused the flask to circulate, and had an important bearing on the destiny of the gentleman from the west. I will now relate all the circumstances connected with this melancholy affair, with a hope that the code of honor will still flourish with increased lustre.

B. was about to leave, he replenished his flask and was in the act of treating the blacksmiths, when a strapping youth sprang to the flask and drank up the contents without ceremony. This manoeuvre provoked him of the west, and a spirited and abusive altercation ensued. The young man immediately retired, accompanied by a few of his personal friends—a consultation was held, and it was resolved that a duel should take place, and the matter adjusted according to the etiquette of the code of honor. It was agreed that no ball should be put in the pistols, and that every body present should so understand it except Mr. B., who during the absence of the young man had been strutting the quarter deck with a perfect looseness, under the impression that his adversary was frightened, and had retired from the vicinity of his invincible arm. This impression was purposefully encouraged, and the hint given to B. that the young man was a coward; and by dint of persuasion B. was induced to challenge his enemy. The challenge was unexpectedly accepted, which threw the western warrior into considerable of a *flusteration*. The duel was to come off at 5 o'clock in the afternoon—weapons, pocket pistols—distance ten paces—each to have a second and a physician. These preliminaries did not exactly suit the chivalrous B.—ten paces was too near for his martial spirit. He was heard to whisper softly to his second and say, "I shall be allied obliged to you, if—if—you can put the distance at 40 yards, and if it is not impossible let it be 100 yards, keep dark." This proposition was repulsed with indignity, and Mr. B., to judge from his actions, began to think "discretion the better part of valor;" and would not have "stood upon the order of his going," if his second had not have peremptorily told him, he must as a man of honor stand the test in this unpleasant affair. A circle was described—the parties enter—ten paces, (Oh! fatal distance), was step'd off—and the belligerents at the pegs.

Gentlemen, are you ready?—All ready Fire—one—two—three—pop. pop. Physicians enter the ring and report "nobody kilt, but both severely frightened." Mr. B. looked deadly pale and winked unmercifully—his cheeks blew up and his eyes danced a hornpipe, to the inexpressible delight of the crowd. A parley now took place, to see if the matter could not be honorably adjusted; the challenge was withdrawn, but as B.'s second would not concede some points of honor, the parties were again placed at the pegs. Are you ready? Ready. Fire—one—two—three—flash, flash. Neither pistol sent the messenger of death in the opposite ranks; but loud cries of "B.'s wounded in the knee," resounded with prolonged shouts. Not so, rejoined the physicians, "the parties are safe and sound." The supposi-

tion that B. was wounded in the knee, originated in the following laughable scene. So terrible was the physiognomy of his adversary's pistol, that his knees became agitated and beat the devil's tattoo with such velocity, that from a stout cavalier of 5 feet 10, he sunk down to the contemptible height of a dwarf—go it, chivalry!!!—B. when he breathed a second and found himself in the land of the living, straightened up amazingly, but looked as though he had been under the operation of a galvanic battery. Matters were fast coming to a crisis—the courage of ex-native of Edgecombe began to wax cool—the seconds demanded another fire—B. refused. His gallant second, untroubled by the clouds of strife and war, urged his friend once more to try his fortune on the field of honor. B. now began to play the 'possum, for no sooner had his adversary turned his back in order to prepare for the third round, than he fired away and brought the unfortunate youth to the ground. It was concerted beforehand, that the youth should fall and feign himself dead, and as soon as he hit the dust he was taken to a cabin, shrouded, and his breast daubed with red ochre and pokeberries so as to have the appearance of blood.

B. was awfully frightened, but was induced by strong solicitation to enter the cabin and take a look at his prostrate and bleeding foe. Here was a scene that no pencil could describe. B. exclaimed, "and have I come to this wretched pass—I have taken the life of a fellow being, oh! Missouri, oh! misery." To go back a little in the narrative, B. had concluded not to take another fire but, to assassinate his foe and run for it, thinking no doubt that

"He who fights and runs away,  
Will live to fight another day."

As soon as B. took a hasty look at the murdered man, he slipt out of the back door, seized his saddlebags and mounted his "white Surry," and went it with a perfect looseness down the road. Pursuit was instantly made by the friends of the deceased, but so swift of hoof was his steed, that the fleetest nags and best of horsemanship could accomplish nothing. He soon cut out from the public road and sought security in the foliage of the piney forest,—here under a cloudless sky, surrounded by green fields and the dazzling rays of the setting sun, he reposed in awful stillness until darkness became visible. It was just at this time that many birds were hopping from twig to twig, their music would have been a delicious treat to an innocent man, but seemed to mock the misery of poor B. The field notes of these birds were diverting—"boblink, boblink—stingy, stingy—go and see Phileas, Phileas—so sweet, sweet—pshaw, pshaw—chuck—kady-did, kady-did," &c. But the sound that made the knight of the west cut out from these musical notes, proceeded from a little pond of fresh water. A large frog dressed in a green surcoat, buff vest, and small nankeen inexpressibles, was understood to say, "Paddy got droonk—oonk—unk"—this brought a reply from another frog, who appeared to be an adjutant dressed in regiments—"thung—thong—thong—thung—pouchong—te-weet—te-weet—hir-ir-te-weet—surrender, surrender."

B. thinking this a summons to surrender from his pursuers, and not understanding the Latin of the birds, nor the German of the frogs, put spurs to his horse and arrived at the ferry about 10 o'clock at night. He immediately tapped gently and softly at the ferryman's door, and in a subdued tone enquired if the "gentleman of color" was in. "I am in," gruffly replied the negro, "but I am not a gentleman of color, dar's whar you're wrong; why you no call me nigger, look at my shins, eber see a better likeness ob a cucumber? I am a rale Tar river nigger!"

"I was born in a cane-brake,  
Cradled in a trough,  
Swam de Mississippi,  
Where I kitched the whippin' coff."

The parties were soon in secret confab, the murder disclosed and fifty cents offered by B. for a speedy passage over the river.

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;  
Take, I give it willingly,  
For invisibly to thee  
Constables three, are after me."

B. was safely landed on the other side of the river, and at parting with the ferryman gave him another fifty cents not to let any person cross that night. Thus clear of all immediate danger, the gallant B. went it with a perfect looseness thro' the swamps and by-paths of Conetoe, and the last that was seen of him, he was seen going in a hurried gait towards the far west.

Thus closes one of the most amusing occurrences that ever happened in Edgecombe, and although the tale is somewhat embellished, yet in the main it is a faithful record of facts and to use a doggerel rhyme, it was enough to make

"Hickory shad, without life or motion,  
Leap from the frying pan and swim the ocean."  
O. K.

The Duel.—There has been no little applause bestowed upon Marshall and

Webb, for the "coolness" they displayed in the late duel. The Baltimore American tells the story in a different way, and the editor of that paper is politically friendly to both—and it is said personally also. The following is, we dare say, the truth of the matter:

"When Marshall and Webb had taken their places on the ground, and pointed their pistols towards each other, for the first fire, such was their trepidation that both their weapons went off before they were raised—both balls striking the ground some feet short as well as wide of the heroic combatants! At the second fire also, Webb's pistol, from the same cause, shot short as well as wide; but Marshall had courage enough to raise its muzzle as high as Webb's calf! What a brace of courageous heroes for honor, these!"

Come to the Rescue.—Mr James Graham learning that the people of his District are opening their eyes to the abuses and deceptions of the Whig leaders, has thrust himself before his constituents, and tries hard to explain away that gross abuse of power and that unconstitutional act of the Whigs in Congress, of giving \$25 000 of the people's money to the rich widow of General Harrison. It won't do, Mr Graham: the eyes of the People are opening to the abuses, the deceptions, the false promises of the leaders of the Day Federal Whigs. They promised the people Retrenchment and Reform in the Government; they promised to proscribe proscription; they said they were against a Protective Tariff, and a National Bank; that they would bring back the Government to its original purity, simplicity and economy, which was practiced by the founders of the Republic, the then Whigs of the Revolution. They promised to make times better—money plenty—wages high—Taxes low. They have not only forgotten all these fair promises, but have falsified them all when in power. The people see this—their sentence of condemnation is about to be passed on these faithless public servants. And thus we see Mr. Graham making an appeal in behalf of himself and Governor Morehead to the people, and trying to excuse himself and his fellow offenders for a gross violation of their duty to their constituents and to their country. Yes, well may Governor Morehead cry out to Mr. Graham, help me Cassius or we sink. The People have now the matter in their own hands, and if they do not prevent the lawless abuses of power by the Whig leaders, they have but one step more to accomplish their political ruin and degradation.—Fay. Car.

Fatal Occurrence.—We learn that a man named Grice, living across the river, was shot by his son-in-law, named Chasen, on Wednesday night last, the 13th inst. The shot took effect in the abdomen, tearing away the entrails and part of the right arm.

We understand that the jury of inquest are pretty well satisfied that the act was justifiable: Grice who was a very troublesome, ill-natured man, having provoked the deed.

This we believe is another of the baneful effects of intemperance.—ib.

Murder and conviction.—The Fincastle (Virginia) Democrat gives an account of the death of Colonel John Persinger, of Alleghany county, under aggravating circumstances. During his recent harvest, among his cradlers was a young negro, whom he had raised and treated with as much indulgence as he did his own children, except that he did not come to the table. This boy did not please the Colonel in his mode of cutting, and he commanded him to change it. The boy persisted, and the Colonel stood before him to stop him. He threw his cradle forward with great force twice—cutting his master's pantaloons the first time, and the second cutting his leg nearly off above the knee. The negro mounted his horse (which he was permitted to own and keep) and rode off. Mortification ensued in the Colonel's leg, in a few days, and he died. The boy was apprehended, was tried on the 9th instant, and condemned to be hung on the 12th of August next.

University Hall, Cambridge, blown up.—The Boston Mail states that about 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, the 6th inst., the University Hall, which was newly new, and the best of the College buildings, was blown up.

The work of destruction was caused by carrying a large bomb-shell into the building, and setting fire to the fuse. The bomb-shell exploded with a tremendous noise carrying out most of the upper part of the building, and creating a work of destruction hardly to be conceived from even such a cause.

Fortunately no one was in the building except a baker, who slept there to take charge of it, and he escaped serious injury.

The perpetrator of this outrage is not yet discovered; but the College Faculty and the town authorities are making every effort to probe the matter to the bottom.

The students of the Cambridge College have passed resolutions expressing their total disapprobation of the act of blowing up Prof Pierce's recitation room, and their indignation on account of it.

Curious.—We saw a few days ago, says the Upper Marlboro' (Md.) Gazette, an old man, who about 20 years since, was as black as negroes generally are. His color has undergone an entire change, except a few spots on his face, and he is now perfectly fair. His hair is the only evidence of his ever having been a negro. He is the property of Thomas T. Somervell, Esq. We expect a change of this kind, so radical, is unparalleled.

Resumption.—The Tennessee banks have come to the determination to resume on the first day of August. Better late than never.

Defalcation.—The Savannah Republican of Friday last, contains the following: Col. Haynes, late treasurer of the State, has died a defaulter to the State to a considerable amount. We are informed that the deficits already ascertained from the Comptroller's books is \$18,000. The actual embezzlement of public money is, however, much greater.

Outrage and Suicide.—An infuriated wretch, in Gloucester county, enraged because his wife made a profession of religion, lately attempted to murder her and others, including the pastor of the church to which she had united herself. Failing, he was arrested and imprisoned, and escaping from confinement, endeavored to murder, with an axe, the officers who were endeavoring to recapture him. Hearing five arms mentioned, as likely to be used against him, he committed suicide, by cutting his throat so effectually as to die almost instantly.—Jersey City Adv.

Great Emigration.—The New York American says that letters received from the continent of Europe announce the coming of thousands of Germans to the United States. One letter states that 20,000 are about to embark from one district, and that the rage for emigration pervades the whole of Germany and Holland. The only event that can possibly prevent the coming of these masses of emigrants, is the want of vessels. An immense army of emigrants are on their march into France to embark from French ports. In confirmation of these reports, we extract the following from a French paper, published in Paris, noted for the accuracy of its statements:

Whole villages, including the rich as well as the poor, are emigrating, says a letter from Mentz, from Germany to North America. Three of those in Upper Hesse have, within a few months, been entirely abandoned, and several in Rhenish Prussia are preparing to follow the example. A short time ago the whole population of one of these villages passed through Mentz on its way to America, accompanied by its pastor and schoolmaster.—Galignani.

A new kind of traffic.—The Yankees are every where famous for swapping. It is not often, however, that we have to record a speculation like the following, even in Yankee land. In a portion of the great town of Great Barrington, known by the appropriate name of Timber shin, lives one Austin, until recently a sorrowing widower. The wife of Austin not long since died, leaving him a daughter aged seventeen years. Like most who have been blest with excellent wives, he was extremely uncomfortable in this his bereaved state. Hard by lived a neighbor, whose happiness with a wife Austin envied. Austin one day mourned with his neighbor over his own hard lot, while he congratulated him upon the possession of such an excellent wife. The neighbor seemed to think that he would prefer the daughter of Austin as a companion to his own wife, valuable as she was. A swap was finally proposed and agreed to. Austin received a little "boot" on account of the difference in the ages of the females.—The females making no objection, the exchange was effected. Austin received, and has for months lived with the wife of his neighbor, who makes good the place of her whose loss he had mourned. The daughter of Austin furnishes the neighbor with a wife, with which he is well pleased, congratulating himself not a little that he has swapped off his old wife, for a "brave new one," and only had to pay \$5 to boot.

Stockbridge [Mass.] Visitor.

"Oh! Take your time, Miss Lucy."—A Miss Lucy Long, residing in the western part of Ohio, has brought an action for breach of promise against one Hiram Smithson. Hiram said, in his defence, that he was willing enough to marry Lucy, but that he was not quite ready; that she was altogether in too big a hurry and for that reason had sued him. "Take your time, Miss Lucy Long."