



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

Is published weekly at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per year, if paid in advance—or, Three Dollars at the expiration of the subscription year. For any period less than a year, Twenty-five Cents per month. Subscribers are at liberty to discontinue at any time, on giving notice thereof and paying arrears—those residing at a distance must invariably pay in advance, or give a responsible reference in this vicinity.

Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted at One Dollar the first insertion, and 25 cents for every continuance. Longer advertisements at that rate per square. Court Orders and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher. Advertisements must be marked the number of insertions required, or they will be continued until otherwise ordered and charged accordingly.

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

VARIETY.



A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

"I am for a plain simple love, without any embroidery."

"A fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart is the full moon, for it shines bright and never changes."

I love thee! but I do not think,
Thy form is perfect grace,
Nor that the charms of Venus dwell
In the features of thy face.

I love thee! but I think I've seen
A smaller foot than thine,
I also think I've seen before
An ankle much more fine.

I love thee! but a brighter eye,
A ruddier cheek I've known,
A whiter forehead, and a mouth
Much prettier than thine own.

I love thee! but I know I've seen
A whiter neck and hand,
And tresses that more highly waved,
When by the breezes fanned.

I love thee! but I do not mean
To flatter thee and swear
That thou art perfect and divine,
When I don't think you are.

I love thee! but if thou my love
Dost scorn, I never do
Intend to pine and die for thee;
And yet I love thee too.

I love thee! for I never saw
One of the woman kind,
More richly dowered with the gifts
Of pure and noble mind.

I love thee! for there never was
A heart more true than thine,
Or that could touch more thrillingly
Responsive chords in mine!

From the Democratic Signal.

Mr. Clay's reply to the Whig Caucus Committee, inviting him to come to North Carolina.

Any one who has read the correspondence between Messrs. Moore, Barringer, and others (authors of the late Caucus Address), and Henry Clay, as published in last Friday's Register, will no doubt agree with us, that the great Statesman of Kentucky must have been sorely puzzled to make a suitable reply to the adulatory letter of the distinguished Committee.

It will be observed that the entertainers do not invite him afresh; but only "remind him of his contemplated visit," and now "claim of him the performance of his promise" to come to Raleigh—as if Henry Clay were to be held bound by any other than that sort of whig promises which are now becoming so proverbially pie-crusty.

The facetious old gentleman must have almost split his sides at the very idea of such a joke as he has played off upon us. Verily, he must have said to himself, "what green ones these North Carolina Whigs are!—Pledges? why didn't I pledge my reputation as a statesman, to adhere to the Tariff Compromise? Yet that did not prevent me from taking the lead to break it; and then quit the Senate to look calmly on, and see the dupes fasten burdens on the backs of their constituents for my sake. Didn't I pledge my 1840 veracity that fifteen millions would suffice to carry on this Government? and yet I was the first to propose a tax of 24 millions, as the requisite amount for a Whig Administration. It is little short of the folly of children for one who can get such pledges as these—still to treasure an idle promise made to the importunity of these very hospitable whig politicians, to go and help them eat a hearty meal."

Charles! says Mr. Clay, bring me my pen and ink, and help me to a reply to this North Carolina Committee. What shall I write, my man?—Ah! I have it!—I'll say I feel gratitude for the honor that honest old State has conferred upon me—eh?"

"But they voted against you in 1824," replied Charles.

"That was kind!" says Mr. Clay. "They repeated the favor in 1828 by voting against President Adams and denouncing you for bargain and corruption!" says Charles.

"That was kind again!" answers Mr. Clay.

"And they confirmed this sentence against you in person when you were a candidate in 1832," continues Charles.

"That was very kind too!" rejoins the old gentleman.

"In 1834, they expunged your censures against old Jackson and instructed your man, Willie P. to go more for Jackson and less for you; and even Van Buren got their vote for V. President, after you had in '32, vetoed his appointment as Minister to England," adds Charles.

"Another specimen of North Carolina kindness to me!" replied the old gentleman.

"Judge White was stabbed by them through your sides, and because he was suspected of being your friend, was rejected from their support," quoth Charles.

"Another mark of their kindness!" responds the great statesman.

"In 1840, these Whigs sent delegates to Harrisburg to nominate you for President, but they preferred another one more available, and elected 'Tip and Ty' to the chief seat in the land," says Charles.

"Excessively kind!" rejoined Mr. Clay; "and now they're got into a minority at home, these dear friends are claiming of me the performance of promises to go and see them! Charles! Charles! what can I say in answer to such a hoaxing letter?"

"Just come it over them by a little irony, massa Clay!" "Right! right! I'll tell them of my gratitude—say that my gratitude to the State is too strong to have allowed me to forget my engagement to visit them—another pen, Charles!—and if they believe it, the Committee can get up their parade, and invite the Patchogue Democrat (Webster,) too, to help eat Mr. B's cake!"

"Good!" rejoins Charles, and accordingly the letter is indited in due form, the hoax completed; (and despatched just in time to be published for a designed effect on the eve of our August elections.)

"Upon honor," said Mr. Clay to himself, "the thought was a bright one. My man Charles is no fool if he is black. Political gratitude is the anxious expectation of favors to come; and Heaven knows it is the only sort of gratitude Henry Clay owes to North Carolina! 'Is thy servant a dog,' to remember with thankfulness the disgraceful kicks which that honest State has bestowed upon him heretofore!"

Depend upon it, there is no little of the Coon in all this. Oh, whiggery! whiggery!

From the Madisonian.

Cannibalism.—General Cass mentioned in his oration, at Fort Wayne, on the 4th instant, what will probably be new to most readers, that the powerful tribe of Indians who formerly occupied that country, had a "Man eating Society." We give the extract: "It is forty-three years since I landed upon the northern shore of Ohio, a young adventurer seeking the land of promise, which has been to him, as to many others, the land of performance. At that time the Territory of Indiana, of Illinois, of Michigan, and the Territory of Wisconsin, formed one government, under the name of Northwestern Territory. I shall not stop to bring before you the incidents of a frontier life, nor the difficulties and privations, and sufferings, in peace and in war, by which the forest is acquired and reclaimed and finally subdued."

During many years this region had its full share of troubles. The line of your canal was a bloody war path, which has seen many a deed of horror. And this peaceful town has had its Moloch, and the records of human depravity furnish no more horrible examples of cruelty than were offered at his shrine. The Miami Indians, our predecessors in the occupation of this district, had a fearful institution, whose origin and objects have been lost in darkness of aboriginal history, but which was continued to a late period, and whose orgies were held upon the very spot where we now are. It was called the Man Eating Society, and it was the duty of its associates to eat such prisoners as were preserved and delivered to them for that purpose. The members of this society belonged to a particular family, and the dreadful inheritance descended to all the children, male and female. The duties imposed could not be avoided, and the sanctions of religion were added to the obligations of immemorable usage.

The feast was a solemn ceremony, at which the whole tribe was collected, as actors or spectators.—The miserable victim was bound to a stake, and burnt at a slow fire, with all the refinements of cruelty which savage ingenuity could invent.

There was a traditional ritual, which regulated with revolting precision, the whole course of procedure at these ceremonies. Later, the authority and obligations of the institution had declined, and I presume it has now wholly disappeared. But I have seen and conversed with the head of the family, the chief of the Society, whose name was White Skin. With what feelings of disgust, I need not attempt to describe.—I well know an intelligent Canadian, who was present at one of the last sacrifices made to this horrible institution. The victim was a young American, captured in Kentucky, during the revolutionary war.—Here, where we are now assembled in peace and security, celebrating the triumph of art and industry, within the memory of the present generation, our countrymen have been thus tortured, and murdered, and devoured. But, thank God, the council fire is extinguished. The impious feast is over."

From the Globe.

Distressing Shipwreck.—The Halifax papers give an account of the wreck of the barque Alert, on Goose Island, about thirty leagues east of Halifax. She had recently been launched, and was under contract by the Messrs. Cunard to convey the sixty-fourth regiment to Ireland. She sailed on Monday with the troops and ninety women and children, and in less than twenty-four hours she was a total wreck. Having struck a ledge, she was run on shore, where she went to pieces. During the perils and distresses of the shipwreck, five infants were born. The lives of all on board were saved, but every article belonging to them, except what they stood in, were lost, and they are left in a deplorably wretched condition.

From the Raleigh Star.

Surrender of Fugitive Slaves.—In the House of Lords, June 30, on the motion of the Earl of Aberdeen, bills to give effect to the recent treaty stipulations with the United States and France, for the mutual surrender of criminals, were read a second time. Lord Aberdeen emphatically declared that the bills would not be used to authorize the surrender of fugitive slaves. Lord Brougham said the additional clauses in the United States' bill might be necessary to make that point clearer; but generally the bills had his hearty concurrence. Lord Cottenham and Lord Campbell expressed similar sentiments. Lord Ashburton said, it was now settled and admitted that a slave arriving in the British territories, under any circumstances, never could be claimed or rendered liable to personal service.

The steamer Columbia, an account of the wreck of which we gave in our last, is a total loss, having gone entirely to pieces. It was hoped, however, that part of her engines might be saved. The Columbia was insured in London for \$250,000.

The last St. Louis papers contain accounts from the Indian country at the head of the Platte River, from which it appears that the Sioux Indians recently made a descent upon the Pawnee settlement, whilst the men were absent on their Spring hunt, and committed great depredation upon life and property. Several of the old chiefs and braves who had been left at home, a number of women, children and young men, were brutally murdered. The wife of the U. S. blacksmith and Lashapel, the U. S. Interpreter, among the Pawnees, were also killed. Of forty-one Lodges, twenty-one of the largest were burnt, and most of the horses were stolen or killed on the spot.—ib.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Immigrants.—There were never such shoals of them before. Not less than eleven or twelve hundred arrived yesterday—Norwegians, Germans, French, and Irish. They are in general hardy, laborious, and economical. Every year brings better and more wealthy classes. Those who came first, were many of them little better than paupers, and some of them no better; but now, people who were living in comparative comfort in Europe, are determining in great numbers to make their condition still better by coming to this land of plenty. Some come for the sake of liberty, especially religious liberty. May neither they nor their children forget what liberty is worth, or relinquish one iota of it, either political or religious.

No doubt the numbers will increase from year to year. How happy are we to possess a country so much better than any other, that the inhabitants of all others are rushing here for wealth, liberty, every thing which can render life desirable. Let us be thankful, and faithful to our high trust. It is gratifying to know that the immigrants do not now, as formerly, fall into the hands of villains, to be cheated as soon as they touch our shores.

It is worthy of remark, that while the number of immigrants arriving here is far greater than in any former year, the number arriving in Canada is but about two-fifths as great as last year.

Melancholy Affair.—We regret to state that a rencontre occurred in Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va., on Monday evening last, between S. E. Lee and Richard Moore, which resulted in the death of Mr. Lee, from a pistol ball, shot from a pistol, by Mr. Moore. This melancholy and tragical result is a continuation of the unhappy feuds which have existed in the county of Fauquier, some years past. We purposely omit all details, contenting ourselves with a simple statement of the termination of the affray.—Alexandria D. C. Gaz.

A gentleman at Cleveland had a very narrow escape on Sunday of last week from the noose of matrimony. He was acting as groomsman to a friend who was about to be "tied up;" and, when the parties appeared before the altar, the Rector, mistaking him for the happy man, placed him beside the bride that was to be, and, asking his name, proceeded with the nuptial ceremony. The groomsman was so astonished, that the ceremony was half through before he found tongue to explain; which done, an exchange of places was made, and the right parties were united.

New York paper.

Melancholy Tragedy.—Jesse A. Bryan, Esq., of Montgomery county, Tennessee, was shot on Wednesday evening last, in the public room of the Nashville Inn, by Gideon C. Matlock, of Carthage, and died in a few minutes. On the circumstances attending the perpetration of this bloody deed, we forbear comment, as they will doubtless be the subject of judicial investigation as soon as Matlock, who has fled, is apprehended. This dreadful event has plunged in grief a large circle of highly respectable connexions.

Nashville Ten. Banner.

Horrible.—The Osage (Missouri) Yeoman, of the 12th inst., says:

"We are informed by an acquaintance of ours from Springfield of a horrid transaction, which occurred in Barry county one day last week. A man, whose name our informant forgot, had been in the habit of treating his wife in a manner too brutal and shocking to think of. On the morning of the day mentioned, he told his wife to get up and get breakfast for himself and two children, and then to commence saying her prayers, for she should die, he swore, before sunset. She got up, made a fire, and returned to the room where her unnatural husband slept. He was laying on his back in a sound sleep. She took the axe with which she had been chopping wood, and with one blow sunk it deep into his head, just through the eyes. She immediately went to the house of a neighbor, and related the circumstances as they occurred, giving as a reason that she was certain he would kill her that day, and she concluded that it was his life or hers. He was her second husband, and not the father of her children. We learn that a special term of the circuit court is to be held in Bates county to try the woman for the crime."

From the Tallahassee Floridian.

Governor Call has issued his proclamation offering a reward of two hundred dollars for the apprehension of Captain Wm. Burney, and his brother, Mr. David Burney, charged with the homicide of Mr. Joseph Manning. The friends of the deceased have also offered an additional reward of three hundred dollars. The homicide was committed about two weeks since, at a public gathering near Bunker Hill, in Jefferson county. We are not fully informed of all the particulars; and if we were, it might be improper to publish them in advance of a trial, as it might prejudice the public mind. It is not, we think, however, improper to state that the origin of the difficulties between the parties is said to have grown out of reports circulated recently upon the alleged authority of confessions of two convicts, recently sent to the penitentiary of Georgia, from Lowndes county, for manslaughter, which implicates several citizens of Georgia and Florida as being concerned in some of the murders in the Territory hitherto attributed to the Indians, and in forming an organized band for abducting slaves and plundering other property; and on a list had by Mr. Manning and others, were said to have been the names of the Messrs. Burney.

We have not words to express our horror on account of the reports founded upon the alleged confession of the Georgia convicts. We learn several citizens of Florida, heretofore esteemed to be respectable, are named, in conjunction with some of the vilest outcasts of society, refugees from other parts, brought hither since the war, as being members of an organized gang of

robbers & murderers! and it is asserted that circumstances are detailed of their personal participation in deeds of outrage and murder on their neighbors, in the disguise of Indians, too horrible to repeat, and too incredible to be believed. If there is a shadow of truth in these reports, the matter should be ferreted out; the facts should be made public. The innocent should have an opportunity of disproving the allegations implicating them, and the guilty should be punished. The circulation of these reports and rumors should cease, unless legal steps are taken to investigate the guilt of those accused. Private malice sometimes, in this irresponsible form, attempts to usurp the functions of the advocate of public justice. This should not be.

The Newark N. J. Advertiser says there are two millions of dollars paid annually for stockings, and notices a stocking manufactory at Cohoes on the Mohawk, which makes \$800,000 per annum of coarse hose, and by machinery so constructed that one man can perform as much as eight on the European plan.

Wonderful Escape.—The Macon (Alabama) Banner, published in Clarke county, in this State, publishes an account of a dreadful accident in that county, and a marvelous preservation of human life. Three of the children of John A. Coote, Deputy Sheriff of the county, in the absence of their parents, undertook, in the company of four negro children, to kindle a fire; and for the purpose had a keg of powder brought to the piazza. A gun was used to ignite a piece of cotton, but one of the children held it till he felt the fire, when hastily throwing it from him, it fell on the keg, and a terrific explosion followed. The noise was heard 8 miles. Four of the staves of the keg were driven through the roof, and thrown fifty yards, yet none of the seven children were killed, though all were hurt; two only dangerously; but it is thought they will recover.

Circumstantial Evidence.—A writer in the "Macon Messenger" under the signature of "Justice," says a gentleman recently stopped in Forsyth, Monroe county, who stated that a negro man who had been taken up in Alabama for some offence, and while under confinement, said he had murdered the little girl in Baldwin county, (Ga.) for which the Methodist Preacher, Johnson, was executed in Milledgeville some years ago.

The Columbus Enquirer, says the reported murder of Mrs. Gachet's two daughters, of Barbour county, Ala., is a hoax. Subsequent information from one of the family has but the report to rest. The girls are alive and as lovely as ever.

By a vote of the Board of Directors of the Northampton (Pa.) Bank, John Rice has been expelled from the Presidency of that Institution, and from the Board of Directors, on account of his defalcations and other misconduct while connected with the Bank.

More Rascals.—We copy the following from the Jackson (Mississippi) Southron of the 19th:

"Defalcations and Elopements.—It is rumored in town, with how much truth we know not, that the examinations now going on by the committees of the House have developed, and are still developing facts, which render it probably that other individuals, and that too in high station, besides Pagaud and Graves, will be implicated in the speculations and forgeries upon the public Treasury. The higher the station the darker the crime. We hope the committee will do their duty, without respect to office, station, or personal popularity, and thereby secure the lasting gratitude of an injured people."

A "Hard" Case.—There is now said to be exhibiting in London, a female, a native of Holland, whose body with the exception of the face and bust, is incrustated in a hard substance, which grows upon and completely covers the skin. This lady is thirty-seven years of age, and is in all respects, as well formed as the rest of her species. She has, it is alleged, been enveloped in this thorny excrement since her birth. Her feet and hands, particularly the former, are as hard as horn, with thick masses of which they are, indeed, entirely covered. Her arms present a most singular appearance, the true skin being completely hidden from view by an incrustation of a uniform dark brown color, resembling the outer surface of a bead purse.

N. Y. Sun.

There should be caution used in handling roses," as the lady remarked to the gentleman who stuck a pin in his finger in assisting her to get out of her vehicle. "So I perceive, ma'am"—a little vexed.