



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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VARIETY.



A COUNTRY LIFE,

OR
JANE AND I.

In Summer days, I till the ground,
And tug and toil to get my bread;
No interval can then be found
Between my labor and my bed.
My wife declines to knit at night,
And I to read by candle light.

But when the south receives the Sun,
Beyond the equinoctial line—
When all my Summer's work is done,
Substantial pleasures then are mine;
Then Jane begins to knit at night,
And I to read by candle light.

I'm then content, and never sigh,
Nor fly from home some bliss to find,
And Jane is pleased, as well as I,
It so completely feasts her mind,
To sit her down to knit at night,
And hear me read by candle light.

For when I read, she always hears,
And what she hears, she tries to scan;
When ought to her obscure appears,
Then I explain it, if I can.
Oh! how she loves to knit at night,
And hear me read by candle light.

But when she drops a stitch and gapes,
Soon gapes again, and hangs her head,
I close my book and say, perhaps
'Tis time, my dear, to go to bed—
So knit again to-morrow night,
And hear me read by candle light.

From the Pennsylvania.

THE LAST OF THE SYBILS.

The most renowned fortune-teller of modern days—Madenoiselle Lenormand—died in Paris on the 25th June. From a sketch of her life, which we find in the New York Courier des Etats Unis, we translate the following particulars:

The reputation of this modern sybil had sustained itself triumphantly through a space of fifty years, in the midst of revolutions and vicissitudes of all kinds, coming off victoriously in all trials, and defying all doubts, skepticism, contempt, raileries, and menaces. The first specimen of her art was at seven years of age, when a scholar in the Convent of the Benedictines, in predicting the displacing of the superior of the convent. She was punished for her boldness, but her prediction was soon verified. She then announced the name, age, titles, and other particulars of her who was to succeed to the office. There were several candidates, and the choice did not take place till six months after; but all the predictions of the young prophetess were fulfilled.

Her future career was decided by this success; and, on leaving the convent, she regularly assumed the profession of a Pythoness, for which the pregnant times were highly favorable. Her first clients were principally courtiers and members of the world of fashion, but her fame soon brought her more important visitors.

One evening, three men presented themselves, and smilingly asked for a revelation of their destinies. Examining the lines of their hands, she started back with marks of horror.

"Speak without fear," said the young est; "whatever may be your decree, we can hear it without quailing."

With much emotion and hesitation, after repeated urgings, she spoke; but her boding words were received with bursts of laughter, which were not even silenced by the menace of a tragic end.

"The oracle is certainly mistaken," said they on leaving; "if the revolution is to devour us, we will all perish on the same day, and at the same hour and place."

"Certainly," replied one; "and this you man knows not what she says in predicting

that I shall fall before you two; and that high honors shall be paid to my remains, while your last moments shall be accompanied by the insults of the people."

Robespierre, Marat, and St. Just then repaired to the Committee of Public Safety, and Lenormand was for the time forgotten. The death of Marat shortly after realized the first portion of the prediction.

St. Just and Robespierre, on a second visit to the sybil, found her on her guard, and she endeavored to soften the effect of her former words. Through some imprudence, however, her prophetic ardor threw her into that prison from which, at that time, the only exit was to the scaffold. The fall of Robespierre saved her from that fate.

Returned to her post, she received the visit of a young woman, veiled and clad in mourning, with marks of grief on her countenance.

"Your grief is genuine," said the sybil; "but you should have been prepared for the blow which has struck you; it was necessary to the realization of a fate which has already been predicted to you."

"What do you know?" exclaimed the young widow, throwing aside her veil.

"I know that a high destiny has been predicted to you."

"And this prediction—"

"Will be accomplished."

The creative imagination of Josephine Beauharnois was highly excited by these two promises, at twenty years' interval, of a future crown. The Parisian sybil had confirmed the decree of the sorceress of Martinique.

This event drew to Mlle. Lenormand the attention of Mlle. Tollien, Mme. Recamier, and the other intellectual ladies of the Directory, who were then creating a new era in the salons of the Luxembourg.

But the prediction seemed about to be nullified. The widow of the Vicomte de Beauharnois was to marry a young soldier of fortune.

"It is a poor match," said her friends; "you are about to do a foolish act, which you will one day repent."

"It is true, that is marrying, I abdicate," thought she. The dreams of ambition had been abandoned for the impulses of the heart.

Before the marriage, she resolved once more, in company with her intended, to visit the sybil, who, consulting the cards, announced that no change had taken place in her destiny; and then, taking Napoleon's hand, who had come there careless and incredulous, she gazed at it with emotion, and tracing its lines, spoke of his secret designs, his warlike projects, and the future successes of his arms.

Bonaparte listened with astonishment. "I shall endeavor to realize your predictions," said he, on leaving.

"And I (said Josephine, leaning with pride on his arm) feel no longer any doubt of the brilliant destiny which is reserved for me!"

The accomplishment of these predictions increased still more the popularity of Mlle. Lenormand.

One day the Empress Josephine entered the Emperor's room in tears.

"I know the project you are preparing I am to be sacrificed for reasons of state. The act of divorce is already drawn."

She was right; but whence came her information?

"I will discover the author of this treason," said the Emperor; "and, whoever he may be, he shall meet his punishment."

"She who announced my elevation has predicted my fall. Mlle. Lenormand is my informant."

Within an hour after this scene, the sybil was before the Minister of Police, Fouché.

Announcing to her that she was about to be sent to prison, where she would probably remain for a long time, Mlle. Lenormand, turning over her cards, which she had brought with her replied:

"Who knows? Here is a jack of clubs, who will release me much sooner than you think."

"Indeed! the jack of clubs will have that honor!"

"Yes; for he is the Duke de Rovigo, your successor."

The fall of the empire re-established Mlle. Lenormand in her popularity. She had been pre-occupied for predicting the restoration. The Emperor Alexander had honored her by a consultation. Nothing was wanting to her fame; and she thenceforward continued peaceably and profitably her profession, with a success and popularity which never abated till her last moments.

Her residence for the last forty years was at No. 5 Rue de Tournon; and over the door was the sign, "Mlle. Lenormand libraire." She disdained all the usual apparatus of magicians; the interior of her apartment was arranged as a simple parlor with a set of shelves containing a number of cabalistic works. She herself, of late years, was a short, fat woman, of a ruddy complexion, wearing a large light wig, surmounted by a voluminous semi-oriental

turban—the rest of her costume being of the simplest description.

Her investigations were of different kinds, varying in price from four to six hundred francs.

She would take the left hand of her visitor, and ask: "What is your favorite flower? To what animal have you the greatest repugnance?" These questions were put in a monotonous, nasal tone, and to each answer she would respond, "Very good!"—continuing to shuffle her cards, and presenting them to the visitor, with a request to cut them with the left hand; then, dealing them on the table, one by one, she would run on with her prophecies, with a volubility which it was almost difficult to follow, and which seemed like reading from a book, or repeating a studied lesson. In this flood of apparently unmeaning words one would be suddenly struck with a luminous trait.

She excelled particularly in depicting the character, inclinations, and tastes of her visitors; it was not the physiognomy which guided her, for she scarcely looked them in the face; all her science lay in the various combinations of her cards, which rarely deceived her. She never failed to tell many truths respecting the past; and the most of those who have consulted her, declare that her predictions were almost invariably realized.

Among the most illustrious of her clients, may be enumerated Barras, Tallien, David the painter, Prince Talleyrand, Garat the singer, Talma, Gen. Moreau, Denon, and the Duke de Berri. Many foreigners of distinction held correspondence with her, and nearly all the ladies of the Parisian fashionable world have consulted her.

If she left any memoirs, preserved all the letters which have been written to her, and registered the names of all those who have had recourse to her art, her papers will be worth more than the five hundred thousand francs which it is said compose her fortune.

Mlle. Lenormand will never be replaced. It will be in vain for vulgar pretenders to aspire to fill her throne. The faith is extinct; the last sybil is no more; the tripod is overthrown; the cards are in confusion. The kingdom of the future is without a sovereign.

From the Raleigh Independent.

Parental Cruelty—Misfortune and Crime.—A woman named Christina Cochran or Gilmour has lately been delivered up to the British authorities, charged with having murdered her husband, in Scotland. She was placed on board the packet ship Liverpool, on the 17th, at New York, by the United States Marshal, and there surrendered into the custody of Mr. McKay, the Scottish police officer who came over to demand her.

A New York paper in alluding to the case, has the following interesting sketch as to the cause which led to her present dreadful situation.

"The history of this unfortunate young woman should operate as a warning to parents, and teach them to beware of unrelenting opposition to an honorable attachment formed by a daughter, or even a son, merely because the object favored by such is not of equal wealth or rank in life with themselves. It were better—far better—to raise one than to prostrate and destroy the other. Mr. Cochran the father of this young woman, is a wealthy farmer in the shire of Renfrew, near Paisley, in Scotland. She received a passably good education, and we have seen a letter written by her to her parents since her arrival here, couched in sweet and affecting language, and written in a practised pretty hand. About five years ago, it appears, she being still in her 'teens,' she became acquainted with a young man in the neighborhood by the name of Anderson, and a mutual attachment sprung up between them. Although of excellent character, and of good moral conduct, he was in humble life, being a gardener in the employment of a gentleman in his native parish. They made no secret of their attachment, but it was bitterly opposed by her parents; particularly as her father and the father of her future husband had already decided that she and the unfortunate John Gilmour were to be united. The great object of her attachment to Anderson was to keep them apart, and with this view she was at times confined in the attic of her father's dwelling, and a most rigid system of coercion applied to her with a view to compel an abandonment on her part of the object of her affection, but without effect, although stripes, and at times severe beatings, were resorted to. 'Oh, father,' she exclaimed one day, 'I cannot marry John Gilmour; I have nothing to say against him but I do not love him; permit me to marry John Anderson, who I know is attached to me as I love him; and I will go down on my knees and bless you. He and I can take the farm which is in a short time to be vacant, and my little sister can live with me, and we all shall be happy in each other's

society. John Gilmour can find another girl who will love him and make him a good wife; but oh, father, I cannot—cannot—marry him.' The appeal was unheeded, and served but to make her situation worse, and she determined upon escape, to wander she knew not whither; but was soon pursued by her father and all the servants of his household. She took shelter in a thicket, where she remained for some time undiscovered, although her pursuers often passed by the spot where she lay, till her little favorite dog found out his mistress and came fondling upon her. This led to her detection, and she was taken back to the house and severely beaten. Finally, goaded almost to madness, or to what has been claimed in regard to her, 'singularity,' she gave her consent as far as the law required to a union with Gilmour, and after being bedecked in bridal robes was brought as an ox to the slaughter, or a lamb to the sacrifice, from her place of confinement, and her destiny interwoven for life or death with that of John Gilmour. The parents had given them £100, or about \$500, each, making \$1,000 in all, and they were settled on the farm at Inchman, which became their property. In about five weeks from the marriage the unhappy husband, after a short illness, in which he experienced severe torture, perished. Circumstances came to light which afforded but too much ground for suspicion he had been murdered, and that his unfortunate, but now, it is feared, guilty wife had caused his death. The subsequent events are known; she fled to this country in protection of a young man, and passing as his wife, but occupying distinct berths, and both assuming a fictitious name, Anderson is still living at Renfrewshire, and is said to be of good character. Christina declares that she did not murder her husband. If so, the prayer of all will be that God will permit her to pass in safety through the terrible ordeal which she will be called so soon to encounter."

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce, Northampton, Mass., August 26, 1843. Having visited the *Fourier Association*, near this place, during the last month, I take the liberty of giving your readers, and the infatuated *Fourier disciples* in this neighborhood, a short account of the progress of that institution of "oneness." The believers in the doctrine of Association who have visited the Northampton Fourierists, have, as you must have observed, given but one opinion, and that must have been formed from the statements of those wild schemists themselves. The leader in the Northampton enterprise is Professor Adam, an Englishman, of profound erudition, formerly a Baptist missionary in India, and afterwards Professor of Oriental Literature in Harvard. Like many others, he has one weak point in his character, that, like the single decayed plank in some otherwise perfect vessel, makes shipwreck wherever and whenever he ventures. He read the works of Brisbane and Fourier, and delighted as his imagination was with the theory, he was not practical enough to see any difficulty in the way. He saw only the delightful view, the beautiful landscape from the hill-top, while the marshes intervening were hidden.

I spent a day with these people. They number about 125 at present. Among them are lawyers, whose consciences were too tender for that profession, (ahem!)—and doctors, who left the lancet to rust untouched, and *rest silk* instead. Almost all the ladies connected with the Association, are unhappy, and dissatisfied with their situation. Wild, insane, *brutal*, I might almost say, is the man who would take a lovely, educated, refined family of young ladies, away from all pleasant society, and compel them to live in the woods, to meet and associate with the vulgar unionists, of *all colors*, that make up these associations. Having received an invitation to dine with them, I was shown into a room about forty feet long, in which were set two tables of rough boards without cloths. At one end of the table sat a tall fellow in a blouse, who, I afterwards was informed, was a man that had lately joined. He had been a broken down Loco politician, an Abolition lecturer, and, in the "Community," was one of the strongest "no government, no religion" men. His countenance is expressive of vulgarity and supreme self conceit. Opposite one of the accomplished and lovely daughters of ———, sat a large *mule negro!* This alone, without the other items in the arrangements of the table, would have turned a much stronger stomach than mine. The dinner, the dishes composing which we were obliged to find out and get, each one for himself, consisted of *salt beef, succotash and potatoes*; as primitive a dinner as one could possibly wish for. We pitied the ladies and the children; they were not responsible; but the men, or rather the *maniacs*, "it served 'em right."

As to the money-making part of the con-

cern, that is to be decided hereafter. There is very little capital invested, being about \$5,000 by Mr. Adam. He is very sanguine of success. His whole soul is wrapped up in it. But the thing never can work. They are very much in debt, and I am told that their debt is not to all appearances diminishing. One of their principles is that of non-resistance. The teachers of their children are not allowed to strike a child, or to correct them in any way; and you would guess as much without being a Yankee, could you go into the school room. Sitting around the room were about two dozen inferior looking brats, some talking, *none* studying, now and then a small scuffle,—with the young lady teacher, a sweet girl by the way, and no associationist, except perhaps of the hygienical sort, looking on,—the picture of perfect resignation. After spending a day in this association, I was perfectly satisfied of the practical working of the doctrines of Fourier. I am satisfied that all but the wildest of these infatuated people would, vulgarly speaking, *back out*, if they could get their investment again. Most of them have embarked their all in this undertaking. The majority of the association reside in the silk factory, the upper story being occupied for sleeping rooms, where they pack almost as closely as in some of the poorer quarters of New York. But I have already said enough to give you an idea of this beautiful example of the doctrine of oneness. Like a great many other humbugs, it will have its votaries. I would recommend to Greely to visit this place. He can go up in 18 hours, and they would board him dog cheap, (perhaps with dog feed.) At any rate, I would advise him, by all means, to go up immediately.

Anticipated Trouble with the Mormons.—The St. Louis New Era of the 19th instant says, we learn by a gentleman from Warsaw, that a meeting of the people of Hancock county, to be held at Carthage, was called for to day, to take into consideration their relations with the Mormons. It is said that a good deal of excitement exists against them, and apprehensions of a serious riot and outbreak were entertained. The people of that section of the State are as heartily tired of the Mormons as ever the citizens of Missouri were, but they have suffered them to obtain so strong a foothold that no power exists which can deprive them of their possessions, or induce them to abandon their present residence.

Mormon Mission.—The Nauvoo "Times and Seasons" contains the recommended letters of Joe Smith appointing G. J. Adams to accompany Elder Hyde on a mission to St. Petersburg, Russia, "to be one of the messengers to introduce the fullness of the glorious gospel of the Son of God to the people of that vast empire."

Decision Reversed.—The decision of the Ecclesiastical Council against the Rev. Mr. Coval, of the Baptist church in South-wark, which sustained a charge of immorality, was, at a meeting of the members of the church on Monday evening, *reversed* by a large majority.

Philadelphia paper.

Appleton.—This individual, who is said to have married more than a dozen wives, was found in Nassau street, New York, a day or two since, deplorably drunk, and pitifully crazy, looking, says the Sun, very like a gay Lothario, and the very last specimen of a man, one would suppose, to engage in the business of going round marrying. He was taken to the Police office.

Flax Seed.—The Genesee Farmer says great attention has been paid this year to the culture of flax seed, in Western New York, for the purpose of making oil. In Seneca county alone, more than 1000 acres have been put down to flax, solely for the sake of the seed. Several oil mills are now erecting in that quarter.

An Unexpected and Painful Death.—A young man named Robert Twigg, died yesterday morning under circumstances of a painful nature, and which should prove a caution to others. His residence was in North Cove street, near Columbia. On Monday he skinned a cow, which it is now supposed died from the effects of poison. He had at the time a slight sore on his hand.

On the same day his hand became inflamed, and with his arm swelled to an enormous extent, with excessive pain. In this condition, suffering extreme agony, he lingered until yesterday morning, when he died. Doctor Smith was in attendance, and advised the amputation of the limb, but this would not be consented to. Various parts of the body of the deceased exhibit the effects of a poisonous inoculation.

Philadelphia paper.