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## The Tarboro' Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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## MISCELLANY.



### DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
There always comes a soaking shower  
Just as I wish to go away;  
I never laid a plan to go  
Forth from the town fresh air to gain,  
But when the weather came to know  
About it, it was sure to rain.

From the N. Y. Day Book.

**Dr. Okah Tubbee, Chief of the Choctaws.**—A few days ago we published the very romantic story of the brief courtship and sudden marriage of Okah Tubbee, the chief of the Choctaw Indians, as copied from the Medina Citizen, the editor of which was in one of his happiest veins when he wrote the "romance," and possibly had no idea that the wonderful Okah, who "can play on over one hundred different musical instruments (!, and is master of seventeen (!) languages" humbugged him as badly as he did his enamored bride, when he told her "that seven years ago that very day, he had a dream, in which he saw a beautiful woman who was presented to him as his wife, and that since then he had been wandering up and down the earth in search of her, but to no purpose, until this providential meeting had brought him face to face with the identical image whom he had seen in his dream."

We are sorry to spoil such a fine romance, but, as in the case of the Hoboken Gipsies, the truth may as well be told, that Mr. Gardiner, the English gentleman who is about to take Dr. Okah to Europe, may also take with him a few more events in the strange and eventful history of the Chief of the Choctaws!

During the years 1833, '34 & '35, when "Natches-under-the-hill," was in all its glory, a bright mulatto known as Julius Cary, the French nigger, belonged to a band of negroes who made a precarious living by the music they discoursed in the dance houses, which gave that particular locality its high reputation. Julius could then play upon the triangle, flute, tamborine, bass drum and the bones, which, with the exception of the Jewsharp, was the extent of his musical acquirements; as to his linguistic skill, he must have made great progress since 1835, as the only languages he could then speak were bad English, nigger French, and the flash language used by his associates "under the hill"—but time accomplishes wonders.

When the gamblers, thieves, negroes and vagabonds of both sexes, were driven from their haunts in Natches, Julius made for Cincinnati, where he performed on something less than a hundred musical instruments, at the Dutch balls and dances in that city, and finally went to England with a gentleman as his servant. Being a shrewd, smart fellow, he soon attracted attention on the other side of the Atlantic, and discovering that the English were fierce abolitionists, he resolved to become a lion; so he contrived to show off his musical talent, and was forthwith set down as a prodigy, a wonderful prodigy, brought up on a Mississippi cotton plantation, where his humanity had been crushed by the iron foot of slavery, notwithstanding which, he had risen superior to the lash, and the despotism of the overseer, and stood on British ground, a redeemed and disenfranchised genius, of the most marvelous and interesting character.

After a large amount of sympathy had been expended upon the marvelous American negro, whose highly wrought stories of his deplorable condition while a slave on cotton and rice fields we had never seen, he returned to Cincinnati, where we

saw him in 1842 amusing his auditors by detailing the manner in which he had, played upon the credulity of the English. Shortly after this we lost sight of Julius, and did not see him again until 1849, when, making a flying visit through New England, we stopped a day at the Marlboro Hotel, in Boston. Upon entering the parlor, we discovered an elegantly dressed gentleman carelessly but gracefully reclining upon a sofa, surrounded by a number of ladies and gentlemen who appeared to be greatly edified by the wit or wisdom that flowed from his lips. His tawny complexion, together with the rich and beautiful Chinese robe that adorned his person, impressed us with the idea that some illustrious eastern personage was an honored guest at the Marlboro. A closer inspection, however, at once, revealed the features of the long lost Julius. As soon as his quick eye discovered the face of his old "master," as he used to call us when he wanted a quarter, he, *sans ceremonie*, left his admiring auditors and in the most courtly manner made for us. As he approached, we said in a manner expressive of surprise, "Why, Julius, what in the world are you doing here?" "Hush! hush!" said he, shaking his head and raising his hand—"Don't call me Julius—I am not Julius Cary, now—I'm Okah Tubbee, the Chief of the Choctaws!"

Amused at the fellow's ingenuity in the art of humbugging, we told him to explain, whereupon, ordering a servant to bring him a rocking chair, he drew it close alongside, and "spreading himself," told us his story, in the course of which he said that he made a good thing of it in England by being a "poor, down-trodden slave," but that here he could excite no sympathy in that way unless he pretended to be a fugitive, and then they'd want to run him off to Canada, where he had no desire to go; so he concluded to turn Indian and give concerts, and as it was just as easy to be a chief as a common Indian, he chose to be the former, that he might attract more general attention, besides the especial notice of the better portion of society, in which he had been quite successful. As to the matter of giving concerts, he said he didn't know one note from another, but he could play by ear on several instruments, and especially on a flute, one of which he stuck into an old tomahawk, and then, to the admiration of the crowd, he played beautifully on the handle of an Indian tomahawk, which was considered a wonderful performance. He said he was doing a good business in Boston—that he had married an accomplished white lady who traveled with him, and in short, that he was going it mighty strong, and begged us not to expose him, as the state of society was such, that he could do nothing as a nigger, but everything as an Indian. Before we had time to reply, an elegantly dressed lady entered the parlor, and approaching the chief, said to him in a most affectionate manner—"My dear, our carriage is waiting, will you honor us with your company?" "Certainly," said he, and with a knowing wink, he bowed himself out of our presence, and in a few minutes thereafter, we saw Okah Tubbee, the Chief of the Choctaws, and his white wife, dashing down Washington street in an elegant carriage drawn by four splendid horses! Being obliged to leave in the next train, we saw no more of Julius, nor heard of him, until we read the story of his romantic courtship and marriage amid the thunders of Niagara's cataract.

Since the above was written we noticed, on casting our eye over Rochester Daily Advertiser, the following "additional particulars" relative to this amorous and accomplished (?) Indian Chief and his fair but unfortunate Desdemona:

**Mrs. Okah Tubbee.**—It is hinted that her "course of true love" is not likely to run smooth; that a dusky sister, or perhaps half a dozen of them, has, or have, rights precedent to hers.—Besides, the poor deluded girl may have become the step-mother of more little straight-haired urchins than in her haste she stopped to anticipate. This falling in love with an Indian, on a canal boat, beats anything that can be found in any cheap, yellow covered book.

**Commercial and Money Matters.**—*New York, Sept. 2.*—Money is without

change. On call it continues in fair supply at 7 per cent. There is rather a better demand for paper, but rates are without variation. The best short paper goes at 10 a 12 per cent. with a favorite signature occasionally at 9 per cent. Some of the banks are doing something on call, but generally they confine themselves to discounting for their regular dealers. The regular houses in the street appear to be quite easy. We hear of no new failures, and the last one reported cannot be traced. The high rates for paper are maintained as much by the decrease of confidence in such security as by the scarcity of money. The result of one of the recent failures, says a morning paper, has increased this want of confidence. The party is charged with having borrowed large sums, in one case \$70,000 and in another \$30,000, of foreign houses upon certificates of produce deposited in warehouses, which property he had removed without returning the certificates. The party has since absconded, having been last seen about a fortnight ago. The affairs of the concern are almost a total wreck. Such breaches of mercantile faith as this give a shock to the commercial community, and act injuriously upon all after negotiations. There will, doubtless, be more caution used hereafter in lending on strange receipts, to ascertain that the goods are actually unremoved, and warehousemen will refuse to deliver goods on order without the return of the warehouse receipt. The safety of the mercantile community requires that this course should be adopted.—ib.

**African Cotton.**—Eight bales of cotton from Monrovia, and twenty bales from Natal have been received in this country, being the first shipments of the kind from Africa. The soil and climate are said to be very favorable for cotton growing, and some of the native chiefs are beginning to cultivate it.—ib.

**Aiming of the U. S. Mail Steamships plying to Havana and Chagres.**—We learn that the U. States Mail Steamer Cherokee, which left this port on Tuesday afternoon for Chagres, via Havana, went well armed, having on board ten fine guns, six of which are to be placed on board the steamer Falcon. We learn that the commanders of these vessels have instructions to resist promptly, for the future, any insult or indignity that may be offered them by any of the Spanish vessels of war. This is the right spirit. It will meet the hearty approval of the whole American people. The commanders of the vessels named are brave and experienced Naval officers, and if they come into contact with any of the Spanish hirelings they will give a good account of themselves. We should not be surprised to hear of a brush between one of our steamers and the old Caledonia, or Habanero, before long.—N. Y. Sun.

### HOW TO ENCOURAGE ABOLITIONISTS.

We extract the following admirable remarks from a speech of Mr. Bocoek, M. C. from Va., at a dinner given him in Prince Edward Co.

"Talk of encouraging South Carolina!—there is an interest and influence more dangerous to the Union than South Carolina, which you may encourage.

When you reject those who have battled for Southern rights, and had the temerity to resist Northern aggression, and when you put in their place men who have continually thought the South wrong and the North right, will you not thereby encourage the aggressive spirit of the North? Will they not say "behold the reward of those who stand out against us?" Will you not also do much to deter Southern men from defending the rights of their own section? The Northern portion of the Union has the power—ambition naturally turns its eye to her, as we see from brilliant examples too palpable before our eyes. Party leaders and the party press must look chiefly to her for aid and assistance—almost every other influence beguiles public men into the fold of the North. Let Southern voters fail to sustain those who are true to Southern rights, and the doom of the South is sealed forever. In your effort then to restrain South Carolina, see that you do not en-

courage the spirit of Northern aggression. Seward, Sumner & Co., say that they may do what they please about slavery, and the Union will be in no danger, because the South will not dare to resist anything. Will you not strengthen them in that opinion, if you raise the cry of Union, Union, merely because Southern Representatives did not aid the Northern majority in passing measures, which nearly all confess did not give justice to the South?

I am not an agitator, never was, and in my nature never can be. I love ease and quiet too well. But I will never surrender the dearest rights of my constituents even for peace. There is a mode of preventing effectually all further excitement on the slavery question. It is, to yield unhesitatingly to the North whatever she claims. Yield her the right to tax you for the purpose of fostering her own interests; to exclude you entirely from the common territory of the Union; to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; finally yield up to the slaves themselves, and you may have a calm of the Dead Sea. You may have repose, but it will be "sleep that knows no waking." If you wish this calm and this repose, take your representatives from the school of politicians to which I have alluded, and which may be designated as that of the "Southern men with Northern feelings."

**Gold in South Carolina.**—A piece of gold, about the size and shape of a man's foot, was found in Yorkville district, S. C. a few days ago. It was worth about \$2,000.—At the diggings where this piece was found, twenty-one and a half pounds of gold have been collected by three persons, during the last six weeks.

**Astonishing Fecundity.**—The Alexandria Gazette, says:

In Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, there died last year a man named Michael Dress, aged forty, who was the father of twenty-one children, by his wife Kate Dress, aged thirty-nine. The first child was born in 1829, and the last in February, 1850. She had twins five times, and in February, 1848, had four children at one birth—making twenty-one children in twenty-one years—and six children born in a space of eighteen months! The four children at a birth were apparently healthy and well formed. One died about four weeks, another eleven months, the third a little over a year, and the fourth, a fine boy is still living. There are now twelve of the whole number living—seven boys and five girls.

**Remarkable Preservation.**—A remarkable instance of recovery from the effects of lightning is related in the Bridgeton Chronicle, N. J., as having occurred lately near Estleville, in Atlantic county. Mr. Samuel Evans with a team of mules was in the woods, and while hauling out a log preparatory to loading, from under a large tree, he was struck down, with his four mules, by an electric shock. He did not lose his consciousness, but he was wholly unable to move hand or foot, and his mules were in the same helpless condition. After remaining in this state for about fifteen minutes, vitality returned, first in the forefinger and thumb on one hand, enabling him to rub them together. Fearing the mules might recover before he could get from among them, and in their struggles injure him, he worked his fingers and by slow degrees regained the use of his hand, then his arm, &c., when by great exertion he dragged himself out of reach of the mules' heels. The mules gradually recovered also, and he got them upon their feet. A bright red line marked his arms and down his chest and legs. He felt sore for some days after the occurrence. There was a cloudless sky at the time, and no indication of lightning or rain. The tree was completely shivered to splinters.

### Frederika Bremer on Married Men.

—The Boston Atlas says that Benedicts should make the accomplished Swede their best bow, and give her a piece of plate, in token of their thanks for the following hearty testimony in their favor as a class. Moreover, they should all join fervently in the wish that her time may

come soon, to enjoy what she appears so soulfully to appreciate, the value of a good married man. She says:

"I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found a man more loveable, more captivating, than when he is a married man; that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is married—as when he is a husband, and the father of a family—supporting in his manly arms wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closed around him, and constitute a part of his home and his world.—He is not merely enabled by this position, but he is actually beautified by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it. And Moses and all European legislators declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me. Nevertheless I cannot prevent the thing. It is so and cannot be otherwise; and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my further confession, that no love affects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no happiness makes so happy, as that between married people. It seems to me that I, living, unmarried, or mateless, have with that happiness little to do; but it is so, and it always was so."

**Death of Tecumseh.**—The honor of having killed the Indian chief, Tecumseh, so long enjoyed by the late Colonel Richard M. Johnson, was never entirely free from doubt and dispute. The last pretension put forward in the case, is that of a Mr. Jacob H. Holeman, of Kentucky, who was a private in Captain Stuger's company of mounted volunteers at the battle of the Thames.

**Sewing Machine.**—We had an opportunity, on Monday last, of examining one of Blodgett and Lerow's Improved Rotary Sewing Machine, at Yarbrough's Hotel in this City. This machine is most ingeniously contrived and constructed, though it operates in a simple manner, and can be worked by a lad or a girl of twelve. It can be made to sew a yard per minute, or sixty yards per hour; and the work is executed just as well as if done by hand. The machine weighs about fifty pounds, and is kept in operation by a treadle, which is worked by the foot, leaving both hands to attend to the thread and the cloth. But we shall not attempt any thing like a description of it, as every body who can have an opportunity of witnessing its operations will no doubt do so.

Mr. Reston, of Wilmington, is here with the right to sell these machines. He contemplates, we learn, a trip to the Western part of the State.

Mr. Barr, a tailor of Wilmington, has used one of these machines for several months past with much advantage and success.—Standard.

**An Aged Lady.**—There is a female now resident in Clarke county, Ga., who is 133 years of age. She is quite active, lively and cheerful—converses fluently, reads well without the use of glasses. She says she does not feel the effect of her age, except as regards her hearing—she is slightly deaf.—This too, is partly the result of accident. She has now living within one mile of her residence, grand children to the ninth generation. So says the Augusta Constitutionalist.

**Self Marriage.**—In a New York paper we find the following announcement: "Married, on the afternoon of the 12th, at Glen Haven Water Cure, by themselves, Wm. L. Chaplin to Miss Theodora Gilbert, of that establishment."

This Chaplin is the fellow that stole some negroes from Washington some time since, and for whom his friend forfeited \$20,000 bail, rather than bring him to trial. This is the first announcement of a man marrying himself that we recollect of ever seeing. It is what is generally styled "living with a woman;" and we expect in this case she is a member of the colored society, as Chaplin's affinities were always in that quarter.