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MISCELLANY.



—From the Norfolk News.

A COUNTRY HOME FOR ME.

I do not ask that city spires
May round my mansion rise,
But that my home may be where trees
Are pointing to the skies;
Where flows the silvery mountain rill
With a sweet and merry sound,
And the echo of the hunter's gun
Shall through the woods resound.

I cannot love the city pomp,
Its fashion and its pride,
I had rather dwell in a humble cot
Upon the mountain side;
Where sweetly blooms the acacia-tree,
The tulip, and the rose,
And where beside the rivulet,
The early violet grows.

I would not give my quiet home,
Of happiness and health,
For all the city palaces,
Their pleasure and their wealth;
I love to breathe the mountain air,
And roam where all is free,
Let others choose a city life,
But a country life for me.

ABEL HUCKS IN A TIGHT PLACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUSIN SALLY DILLARD"

Monroe, Union Co., N. C. }
July 4th, 1851. }

Mister Porter—I wishes to lay a case before you that I thinks is hard. You see I was born a poor man, and luck has been agin me ever since I was born; and what's worse, the law has bin agin me too. I mout have stole several times, and not be found out, but that's agin my principles. I don't see how them as gits rich by stealing can enjoy their riches—I could'n't do it, and so I wouldn't steal. I mout have lugged and loafed about as some does, but I'm above that, too; so I has suffered some in this world, and allows to suffer some more before I'll either steal or lug. But that's not to the pint—or rather to the half-pint; for the worst pint in my case was a half-pint to begin with. I s'pose I had drunk about that quantity of the ardent, when who should come along but "Forty-foot Houston." Now Mr. P., it so happens that I am a low man in inches, and I can't bear for one of those tall fellows to be looking over my head at something beyond me. Ses I:

"Mr. Houston, look some other course?"
Ses he: "What's the matter Hucks?"
Ses I: "I don't want you to be standin' thar a lookin' over my head."

"Why," ses he "Hucks you are a fool!"
That was enuff; I had allers wanted to hit a tall man, and "Forty-foot" was the highest I had ever seen. So I goes up and jags him in the short ribs. Ses he:

"Quit Hucks!—you are a fool!"

Well, upon that I digs into him agin.—Well, then at last Master Houston gets mad, and takes me by the two arms, and gives me a shake that made my teeth chatter and my eyes strike fire, and he hands me over the fence to a constable, and he takes me down to Sabett's cross-roads, where the Court was held in a masher [machine] house, and Lawyer "Joolus" was employed to defend me. He is a mighty good hanted man, Joolus is, and and so is Judge Battle that tried me; but there was no chance for me to get off, and so I fesses guilty, and Joolus turns into beggin' the Judge. He said I was a poor unfortunate man, with six children, and a little given to lieker, and there was no jail higher than Charlotte, and it would never do to send me to jail.

"Has you got any stocks here?" ses the Judge to the Sheriff.

"No, sir," ses the Sheriff; "this is the

second Court ever held in the county of Union, and we aint reddy with sich things yet."

Well, I felt a bit of relief when I heard the Sheriff anser, and the Judge looked down at a piece of paper, and then he says—

"Mr. Clerk, record the judgment of the Court; let Mr. Hucks be confined in the stocks for one hour. And," says he, "Mr. Sheriff, you can come as near as possible to executing the judgment of the Court."

"How is that?" says Joolus, flaring up and looking wrathly at the Judge. "Your honor don't mean to inflict any unusual punishment?"

"Oh, no!" says the Judge, lassin, "the mode of carrying out the sentence is left to the Sheriff."

And then all the lawyers laft, but Joolus—and some said "'fence Joolus," and so I got madder still, and says: "Mr. Sheriff, I dare you to do that!"

And so they took me out of the Court house on a general laff, and as the lawyers come along to dinner, thar I was lying with both legs through the crack of a rail fence, and some fellers setting on the fence making sport of me!

And I heard that queer-looking feller, "Ham Jones," say—"Joolus look at your client!"

And then I thought Joolus would have fainted. He turned to the Judge, and he says: "My God, Judge! I never had a client in sich a fix before!"

And the Judge and all of them lawyers laughed out. But I felt hurt—my feelings was hurt as well as my legs. I don't know whether or not you are a lawyer, but I want to know whether it is accordin' to the American Constitution, to put a feller's legs through a rail fence because they haven't got stocks in a new county. I want to know, sir! for ef that be accordin' to the Constitution, I'll go across the line to South Carolina and help to make a new Constitution!

Yours to command,
ABEL HUCKS.

Professor Anderson, the great English Jugler, gave a private exhibition for his feats of necromancy in New York on Thursday evening. The Post thus describes some of his manipulations:

It would be difficult to describe these experiments at length, but we may say that many of them were of a novel and extraordinary character. Those which struck us as the most curious, were the inexhaustible bottle, which furnishes liquors and wines enough of all kinds, to supply a company of returned Californians for a day, to say nothing of occasional glasses of soda water, milk, and epsom salts, which were poured from it as the audience required. But the most wonderful part of this trick was, that the bottle was broken, and found to contain only two pocket handkerchiefs belonging to some ladies of the company. Yet there was a hat, taken from a gentleman, which was as much of a horn of plenty, as the bottle, for it gave forth endless quantities of bonbons, bouquets, tin cups, and, last of all, feathers enough to make a double bed. Seven half dollars, collected from persons present, were placed in a box, which was locked and committed to the care of one of the spectators, but speedily made their appearance, one by one, in a transparent box, which, attached to two long, slender strings hung from the ceilings, vibrating slowly over the heads of the audience. A vase, of ink was turned into water, and water was turned into ink; innocent gold fish were made to disgorge rings which, the moment before had been fired out of a pistol; & a multitude of pocket handkerchiefs gathered promiscuously round the room, were thrust in a basin and washed, taken out soaking, burnt to cinders over a spirit lamp, and then found neatly ironed and done up in a box which had stood alone on an isolated table all the while. Again, a gentleman deposited six watches, belonging to different members of the audience, in a box, which he locked and held on his head for safety, but at the report of a pistol, it was found that they had escaped from their hiding place, and were hanging from the bottom of the chair on which he sat. The closing feat was the suspension of a little boy in the air with nothing to support him but a

small stick about the size of a walking cane, on which one arm rested at the elbow, while the body was stretched out in a horizontal direction. The performances were received with rounds of applause.

Moving a Pear Tree.—Z. B. Porter, Esq., proprietor of the Cambridge Market Hotel, has furnished us with a statement of a novel experiment tried by him last week—that of transplanting a large pear tree laden with fruit. The tree is of the Leperne variety, 18 inches in diameter, a few feet from the ground, 34 feet in height, and the distance through the branches in any direction is upward of 30 feet.—The quantity of fruit now upon the tree, is estimated at two barrels.

The tree was moved a distance of 32 feet, in the following manner: A trench in the form of a square 12 feet on each side, was dug around the tree, to the depth of 3½ feet. A box of plank was built around the earth thus left: adhering to the roots, and by working in planks at the sides, a bottom was formed to the box, which thus completely encased the roots of the tree.

A canal was cut from the tree to the place to which it was to be moved, of sufficient depth and width to admit of the passage of this mass of earth and the tree—with the body of more than 500 cubic feet of earth, and estimated by good judges to weigh 25 tons—was safely deposited in its new location. No roots were found in digging around or under the tree. The time occupied in moving it was 40 minutes—expense \$50. The tree stood upon the spot selected for the location of the Cambridge Market Bank, and was moved by Mr. James Mellen, of Cambridge, at Mr. Porter's request, to preserve the tree, and make room for the erection of that building. N. E. FARMER.

Romance and Matrimony.—The Chief of the Choctaw Indians of Arkansas, Dr. Okah Tubbee, was married at Niagara Falls, lately, to a charming young white lady, who suddenly fell in love with him while travelling on a steamer, and Victoria like proposed that they should be married. He first captivated her by his elegant flate playing, and then by the music of his words, as he is an accomplished man and scholar. When about to part on the steamer, at a town she "declared herself," and the chief quickly responded upon his knees, saying he had a vision of this happy event. They then parted to make arrangements for the bridal, and met next day again at Niagara Falls, where the ceremony was consummated on the banks of the river under the blue arch of heaven, in the presence of friends. The first minister who was called to officiate, after looking on awhile, shrunk from the task, but one of more nerve being procured, he put the matter through. The bride paid him \$20 in gold from her purse. Mrs. Tubbee and her husband returned to Medina, N. Y., the paper at which place relates this affair.—The chief goes to Europe shortly.

Wool-growing is the most promising branch of husbandry in the Union. We saw a wool grower residing in Virginia, a few days since, who has taken, first and last, five thousand sheep from Vermont (his native State) into the Old Dominion. His wool this year averaged \$1.50 a fleece; and all the lambs he is willing to sell average that price in Washington and Baltimore markets. He is now at the North with a view to purchase a large drove for the Southern wool growing market. He finds that sheep and grass seed are adequate to the complete renovation of the old fields of Virginia, and sheep husbandry promises to become exceedingly popular, not only in that State, but in the Northern portions of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. One gentleman from Western New York has a flock of 2,000 in Texas, and others are more largely engaged in the business. There is no good reason why we should not export half as much wool in value as we now do cotton.

Rochester American.

Orange Culture in Florida.—It is said that the Orange trees in Florida are fast recovering from the blight which has afflicted them for the last 16 years. Should

this be the case it will be a source of great wealth to that State. Previous to 1835, when the orange groves were killed by the unprecedented frost of that year, not less than 10,000,000 of oranges were shipped from the St. John's River and the port of St. Augustine, and sold at the average price of \$1 per hundred. The average produce of an acre of full grown orange trees was about \$1,000 per annum, and one hand could tend 2 or 3 acres with ease. Their culture is no more difficult than any other fruit tree. The principal mode of producing them is from the seed. So says the Charleston Mercury.

Fayetteville Carolinian.

The way they do things on the Plains.—The correspondent of the Grant County (Wis.) Herald, writing from Council Bluffs, relates the following incident:

There was a train of Suckers from Peoria county just ahead of us at Skunk River, which we found had hilted on the banks of the North Skunk at mid day. Thinking that something must be wrong, I made inquiries and found that James Taylor had been presented during their few hours stay, with a fine heir, which pleased him very much, as it would make him the full section of land in Oregon—this being the third child.

"Well, Jeems," says Mrs. Taylor, "I reckon you had better hitch up the steers; for I feel pretty peert now."

Banks in the United States.—The Boston Bankers' Magazine gives a table showing the number, capital, and condition of the banks in all the States of the Union. Total number of Banks, 863; circulation \$120,505,400; specie, \$31,446,000; capital, \$230,897,500. New York leads all other States, having 152 banks, with a circulation of \$18,000,000, while New York city has 28 banks, and \$6,400,000 circulation.

Slave Whipped to Death.—The Winchester Virginian gives the particulars of a horrid affair in Clarke county, Va., on Wednesday week, which has excited great indignation in that section. The result of it was that Col. James Castleman, and his son Stephen, were indicted on Monday last for having cruelly and unmercifully beaten two slaves the Wednesday previous, (causing the death of one of them,) belonging to the former. They have been held to bail in the sum of \$5,000 each.

Protest of an Abolitionist while on the rail.—A few weeks since we published an account of the lynching of a man named McCoy, in Pike county, Ala., on the ground that he was an abolitionist. The same man has been again mobbed at Hoekely, in the same State. A committee of the citizens waited on him, obtained evidence that he had talked abolitionism, and forthwith ducked him under the spout of the town pump, and then rode him out of town on a rail. As the sentence was being carried into effect, McCoy entered his protest against the proceedings as follows: "Gentlemen, I call you to witness, that the whole thing is done without my consent, and rather against my feelings and wishes."

Montgomery Ala. Advertiser.

A nut for Abolitionists.—A wealthy planter in the eastern section of N. Carolina, who is in the habit of repairing, during the sickly season, to Nag's Head, on the ocean, invariably takes with him some seventy five little negroes, whose health is invigorated and preserved in that pure and bracing atmosphere. It is quite a frolic for the little fellows, and they bathe in the briny sea with all the gay disportings of a school of porpoises. We should like to be furnished with an instance in the free States where the children of laboring domestics are treated with equally humane consideration.

Norfolk Herald.

Yacht Race in England.—The triumph of the American Yacht the other day, in England, over a squadron of eighteen of the fleetest vessels of John Bull, is a fact typical of our advancing greatness, and honorable to our naval pride.

The saucy Yankee, as she was called, out-sailed the others with perfect ease, passing each in rotation. This taken in connection with the unrivalled speed of our magnificent Steamships, establishes our supremacy upon the waves, and plucks a feather from the haughty wing of England.

Suicide of Hon. Luke Woodbury at Antrim.—The following particulars as to this mournful event are from the Manchester Mirror:

"At about nine o'clock he returned from a ride in company with a little son of B. B. Mussey, Esq., of Boston, to get some black berries, went to the barn, unharnessed and put up his horse, returned to the house, inquired for his wife, and was informed that she was in the garden; from thence he went directly to the barn, where he remained so long that his wife began to be uneasy in regard to him, and went to the door of the barn by which he had entered, and found it locked. She immediately sent to his brother's store for a clerk, who, upon search, found, the body of Woodbury suspended from a timber up a splice rein. Life was extinct.

"Charles Allen, M. C., from Worcester, Mass., has a complete list of the names of those who subscribed towards Mr. Webster's outfit for the State department, and also has another letter of Webster's which has not yet seen the light, and which convicts the great pensioner of all that Allen charged upon him in the last Congress.

"It is in anticipation of the 'opening up,' which his affairs will receive in the next Congress at the hands of Mr. Allen, that Mr. Webster has determined to retire from the cabinet before or about the time Congress meets. He will draw his salary as long as possible, and for that purpose will retain the office probably until he learns by telegraph that Allen is after him with a sharp stick. This is the reason, and the only reason which will induce him to leave the cabinet."

N. Y. Eve. Post.

The President of the United States has at length returned to the seat of government. It was certainly time that the country should be relieved of the apprehension caused by the absence of the Chief Magistrate at so important a period as the present. No one would deny to the President or to his Cabinet officers, the relaxation consistent with the just care of the public interest; but this indulgence at all times demands that absenteeism should furnish no just ground for the fear that other motives than those of useful recreation had been consulted. The visit to Dunkirk, in the midst of elections involving most important party issues, witnessed the President and a great portion of his cabinet openly influencing, by their speeches and writings, the opinions of the people. Since that period numerous occasions have arisen which expose the same high officers to such imputations; and lastly, the President himself has thrown around his recent visit to the mountains of Virginia too much of the air and manner of the candidate to permit the idea that he had not lost sight of that delicate and just sentiment which enjoins that the patronage of office and power should not be brought into conflict with the freedom of elections.

Washington Union.

The President has dismissed the Collector at the port of New Orleans for allowing the Pampero to leave with Lopez and his men without clearance papers.

Cuban volunteers are returning from New Orleans to Louisville in consequence of the report of Lopez' defeat.

Spirits from the Tomato.—A citizen of our town has, during the present season, made the experiment and succeeded in distilling a quantity of spirits from this delicious vegetable. It is of the most delicate and pleasant flavor, superior to, but strongly resembling in taste the finest Scotch Whiskey; indeed a gentleman from Scotland was furnished with a glass of toddy without being informed of the material used, and he did not hesitate to pronounce it the best of "Mountain Dew."

Norfolk Argus.