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BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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

## DOMESTIC.

**Blackhawkiana.**—The following is given by the New York Courier and Enquirer as a translation of a "Letter from Black Hawk, Chief of the Holy Alliance of Sacs, Foxes, Pottawattomies, &c. to his illustrious squaw, *Debikit Iki-bis*, or the Star of Night."

**Pa Bouchian, (New York) Fifth Moon.**

My Sweetest:—I am now on my way home. I am glad, for I began to be tired of being stared at by the white squaws, who, I believe, all want to marry me. I believe all this admiration is owing to my having killed a few Long Knives, and burnt up some of the women and children in their wigwams, for there is nothing these people, especially the women, run after with such eagerness as a murderer. They hunt him as we do a buffalo, and see him hung up with the same pleasure we do dried meat. They are a very curious people, and asked me many questions which I answered with a grunt. One of the Black Coats came to convert me; but I told him, as soon as they could all agree among themselves, if they would send me word, I would take the matter into consideration.

You can't think what a great man I have become among this people, in consequence of having burnt some wigwams and killed a few Long Knives. Though they boast of their power and numbers, I can see plainly enough when they come into my presence they stare like so many stuck pigs. The Great Father at Washington, was mighty civil, and made me a long speech, of which I did not believe one word; but I was even with him, for I made him another, in which there was not one syllable of truth. I believe they think the red men are all fools, or like some of the long eared dogs I see here, who, the more you whip them, the more they crouch and lick your hand. This is also the case with the young papooses, and from their being so frequently whipped, I judge, leads to their abject submission to a system of tyranny, which has been called freedom, in order to reconcile them to being treated like slaves.

Would you believe it, my sweetest, neither man, woman, or child, dare do any thing they like in this free country. If they drink as much of the spirit of liquor as they like, they are put into prison; if they kill each other, as brave men ought to do, they are hung up by the neck, that the white squaws may have the pleasure of seeing them dangling in the air; and if they are not inclined to work, all they have to do is to starve. In short, they can neither eat as they please, drink as they please, dress as they please, nor do any thing else as they please. And this they call liberty! I thank the Great Spirit that I was born a red man, and that I killed some of the missionaries that came to make slaves of us all.

The white squaws here have troubled me very much, by coming in great numbers to make love to me. I believe I might have married six dozen of them if I had been so inclined; but, though they wear rings in their ears, paint their faces, and otherwise imitate the red women, I confess I did not admire them very much. Between ourselves, my sweetest, they are as impudent as wild cats, and more than once would have stared me out of countenance, if I had not puffed out a great cloud of smoke

between them and myself. You know our squaws always modestly cast their eyes down towards the ground, and never look a warrior in the face, but when it is so dark they cannot see him. Then they are as idle as so many owls, that sit all day with their eyes shut, doing nothing; not that these squaws shut their eyes either by day or night, I believe, for I could never go out or stay at home, without having a hundred great eyes staring me out of countenance. I wish I had killed and scalped a few more Long Knives, and then I should have been even with them before hand, for the offences they have committed against my modesty. But it is no great wonder these white squaws do nothing but stare people out of countenance, seeing they have nothing else to do, that I can find. The men do all the work here, and yet they call themselves free as well as civilized!

I have been to see the great shows at all the cities through which I passed, and always found that they all looked at me instead of the show, I am convinced that I am a very great man, and when I get home again I shall take care to make every body of the same opinion. I was at a place they call Castle Garden, which is paved with pebbles and without verdure, to see some fire works, which I thought very good, but there was such a smell of powder as made me feel warlike, and I had a mighty inclination to scalp a few heads that stood uncovered just below where I sat, and presented a temptation that was almost irresistible. The fire works, in some measure, kept them from staring at me, for which I am much indebted to them. Afterwards I was invited to another garden, for they cannot get along with any thing here without me, and I don't know what they'll do when I am gone. Indeed I have been very much persuaded to stay among the Long Knives and make a show of myself, as they do of elephant and tigers. They tell me I shall grow very rich by it; but I must have some compassion on the poor white squaws, several of whom, I understand, have died with gaping at me already. There was one poor squaw who strained her eyes so wide open to look at me, that she has not been able to shut them again ever since, and sleeps with them open like a *Mitagoachioick*.

I have hitherto only told you of the white squaws, although there other squaws here quite black, as black as a minx. They are as curious, though more modest than the white squaws. The black squaws, however, do not crowd into my wigwam like the white, nor show their admiration of me in so unbecoming a manner. Still I cannot go out without the black squaws staring at me, and showing their teeth like prairie wolves. As a secret, I tell you, dearest, that our venerable and revered prophet, *Maxaxchitchi* has taken a great liking to these black squaws, and has determined to marry two or three of them, that he may, on his return, associate them with him in his calling, for which he thinks their color is very appropriate.

I could tell you a great deal more about the absurdities and follies of these people, who call themselves the most enlightened in the world, notwithstanding the superior claims of the Pottawattomies;—but just at this moment, a crowd of white squaws are breaking in upon me. I see I must marry a few of them, to gratify their curiosity. You need not be jealous, my sweetest *Debikit Iki-bis*, for I shall give them to you to fetch water and skin buffalos, when I have the supreme felicity of sunning myself in the bright rays of thy starry peepers.

Farewell, divine spirit of moonshine.  
his  
**BLACK X HAWK.**  
mark

One day last week after our "Red Brethren" had risen from a dinner table

to which they had been invited, they retired to an anti-room to seek repose. Among the gentlemen present was one who requested an introduction, for the purpose of having a religious conversation with the sons of the forest. Young Hawk, sometimes called Tommy Hawk, had just thrown himself on a sofa, when the object of the visitor was made known to him, he smiled, and saying, "*I lazee—I lazee*," covered his head with a blanket; and fell asleep.  
*N. Y. Gazette.*

**President's Tour.**—On the President's arrival in Boston, the corporation of the University, through President Quincy, invited him to visit the University. The invitation was accepted. It has been a custom, on the occasion of a visit to the University from a President of the United States, to confer upon him publicly the Honorary Degree of L. L. D. Accordingly, as soon as it was understood that President Jackson would visit the University, the Corporation voted him this academical degree, and the vote was, at an extraordinary meeting of the Board of Overseers, confirmed.

On the arrival of the President in Roxbury, where he was met by the Selectmen and Committee of Arrangements, he was addressed by Jonathan Dorr, Esq. as follows:

Sir:—In behalf of the Selectmen and Committee of the inhabitants of Roxbury, I am requested to meet you here, and greet you with a free, frank, and hearty welcome. We duly appreciate your public services—

And may his powerful arm long remain nerved, Who said—the UNION—it must be preserved.

To which the President made the following laconic reply:—

"It shall be preserved, Sir, as long as there is a nerve in this arm."

The Editor of the *Carolina Watchman*, Hamilton C. Jones, Esq. in the last number of his paper, puts in his claim to the authorship of the very humorous story which has been published in almost every Journal in the Union, under the head of '*Cousin Sally Dilhard*.' There has been almost as much speculation in relation to the paternity of '*Cousin Sally*,' as there was some years ago concerning the authorship of the *Waverly Novels*, and until now, as great uncertainty about it, as there exists at the present moment on the subject of *Junius' Letters*. It is decidedly one of the best told stories we ever read, and its effect upon the risibles is well described as follows:

He now laughs, who never laughed before,  
And he who always laughed, just hear him roar!  
*Raleigh Register.*

We understand that immediately after the adjournment of the Rail Road Convention, on Saturday evening, the delegates from the counties more immediately interested in the work, held a meeting, at which it was determined that proper measures should be immediately adopted to connect this city with Wilmington and Newbern by a rail road. It is proposed to begin the work here, and extend it to Waynesborough, or to such point, near that place, as may be hereafter determined on; from which point the road will branch, one line proceeding towards Wilmington, and the other towards Newbern. Committees of Correspondence have been appointed in the several counties interested, and books for subscription will be opened forthwith.  
*Raleigh Star.*

**Cholera.**—A few cases of Cholera have occurred at Fredericksburg and Richmond, Va. in the neighborhood of Williamsport, Md. and at Amelia Island, Georgia. In the Western and South Western States, it has subsided at some places, and made its appearance at oth-

ers. Indeed, it appears almost certain that the whole of that section of our country will be subjected to its ravages. At Tampico, Mexico, the mortality has been unprecedented. The population of the place is only about 3,000, and the number of deaths in 14 days was 900.—*ib.*

The steam boats *Sentinel*, *Delphine* and *Rambler*, with full cargoes, were totally destroyed by fire at Louisville, Ky. on the night of the 21st ultimo. The passengers and crews had barely time to escape, leaving behind them their baggage and money. The fire originated in the cook's room of the *Sentinel*.—*ib.*

**Singular Suicides.**—The *Pittsburg Advocate* says:—In a letter received by a gentleman in this city, we learn the following facts, which occurred in the neighborhood of Little Beaver, in this State. The letter states that "a very singular case, or more properly cases, of suicide, took place in this neighborhood within a short time back. A woman, whose name I do not now recollect, hung herself, with a hank of yarn—her sister, about two weeks after, followed her example, with the same hank—and two or three days since, another sister did the same.—The fourth is now kept closely confined, her friends fearing she may commit a similar act. Last fall one of the same family hung herself, making in all four who have been the means of their own deaths, none of which can be accounted for even by their most intimate friends. They bore excellent characters, living in the midst of plenty, and to all appearances were living happily.

The celebrated Robert Dale Owen, accompanied by his brother, two or three of his sisters, and M. D'Arusmont, the husband of Frances Wright, have arrived at New York. Owen is on his way to New Harmony, where he proposes to fix his residence.

The following was written on the back of a one dollar bill of the Montpelier Bank, Vermont State.

"This is the last dollar I have left out of \$15,000, left me by a father; and, O God how has it gone! Would to heaven I could say by doing good. But alas the theatre and lotteries and the gaming table have consumed it all; and I am now a vagabond upon the earth, and am in fear I shall soon take up my abode in a gloomy cell.—June 1, 1833."

**Hydro Oxygen Microscope.**—An exhibition has just been opened in London, which combines the wonderful with the instructive in an extraordinary degree. By a very ingenious philosophical application of an intensely brilliant gas light, the whole effect of a solar microscope is constantly produced, independent of atmosphere or cloud. The most minute objects in nature are magnified many hundred thousand times, and the most remarkable phenomena that can be imagined are shown to the spectators. The appearance of living animals in drops of water are enough to convert the thirst for that liquid into adoration.

**The Wyoming Massacre.**—The bones of those who fell in the Wyoming massacre on the 3d of July, 1778, were lately discovered on a plain occupied by the village of New Troy, on the Susquehanna, above Wilkesbarre. On the 4th of June they were disinterred, preparatory to the erection of a monument commemorative of that disastrous event. The work for the erection of it has been commenced, and it is expected that the remains will be deposited, and the monument raised on the 3d of July inst. The number of skulls disinterred was 80, all of which were broken by a tomahawk or bullet, and from appearance all were scalped.