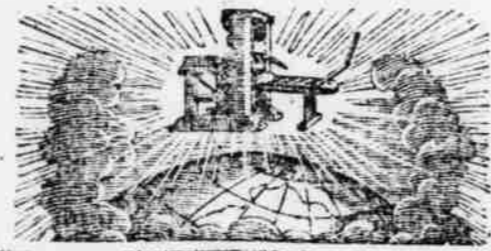


# TARBORO' PRESS.



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BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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## DOMESTIC.

From the Greenfield Mercury.

**A Shaker's Meeting.**—'Wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noise and clamors of the multitude, wouldst thou possess the depth of their own spirit in stillness, without being sent out from the consolatory faces of thy species—come with me to a Shaker's meeting.' But—and so pregnant is that but with meaning, that it deserves to be enclosed in one of those flourishes or more pretending vignettes, with which the beginning of chapters are adorned in old books—if you wish to have the depths of your soul rolled up into a muddy conglomeration of feelings; if you wish to view one of the most singular phases of eccentric, wandering, and yet universal human nature; if you wish to feel at once peace and unrest, quiet joy in a few simple but great truths, and a deep deep disgust at the strange, wild, yet decent pageant before you, come with me into a Shaker's meeting. You go softly and with a reverence into the wide, scrupulously neat house, where excessive plainness presents a new idea of architectural beauty; and as soon as you put a noiseless step upon the polished floor, the chill absence of pews—those dumb, social, almost companionable re- flects to the vacancy of great buildings—strikes oddly and painfully upon your curiosity; and you slide into one of the seats by the wall appropriated to such intrusive worldlings as yourself. Presently a side door opens, and a row of the demure sister- hood glide softly in, all dressed in that quaint singular costume, which approximates the female form of those rude drawings of children, where they place dots for the head, hands, and feet, and connect them by straight lines. The straight, stiff cap of snow white muslin, pulled forward be- yond the temples, seems intended, like the blinders we put upon horses, to prevent any sliding glances of the eyes which it pro- tects. Yet I have observed, at times, that the texture was so en- tirely impervious, as to prevent the sharp, glowing lustre of cer- tain of their eyes from peering through its flimsy obstruction. They are all reduced to that same straight cut elderly form; the old, to whom the grass-hopper has be- come a burden, and the young who ought to be as joyous, and as light as that frisking insect it- self, that lops from blade to blade of the tall grass, in all the luxury of Nature and the Sun. Nothing would enable you to detect the presence of youth among them, but that unerring index of the eye, there it is seated in that lustre of young life, that is irrepressible by any outward restraint or disguise, and which nothing but years and the drying up of life's bubbling springs can ever dim.

younger, and those who are not so far removed from the ranks of the backsliding; and in the corner of the little ante-room out of which they proceed, some one may be seen smoothing down his cropped hair, and brushing a speck or two of dust from his clothes—for not Shakerism itself can entirely sup- press the inherent coxcombry of human nature. At length they are all in, and all seated in deep, silent congregation, the men on one side the women on the other, with their hands folded in their laps, and their eyes cast down. Notwithstanding the strange grotesque scene, no tendency to smile comes upon you, for it is all done with a decency, and order, and a quiet confiding reverence for the sanctity of the place and the occasion, that address them- selves at once to your better feelings, and put far away all im- mediate sense of the ridiculous. But after a few moments of silence, the whole assembly rises as one per- son, at a signal apprehensive only to themselves, and having removed the benches, they stand in two dense, square bodies opposite to each other; and then you feel a painful half reluctant curiosity, thinking that something is about to be done that will shock or dis- gust you. Again profound silence spreads its wings over the whole assembly, and when every nerve is calm out of the excitement of recent emotion, some old man drops a few words about 'the priv- ilege and the great importance' of meeting together, which fall gratefully upon your ear, and bring you back again to the uni- versal ideas and the common ground of religion itself, when every condition of mankind can sympathise with every other.

Anon the words cease—the as- sembly is again silent—and in a few seconds, they burst forth in a dance, in two lines, arranged with their backs towards you, dancing to and from the wall on the op- posite side. Suddenly the figure changes to two large circles, one within the other, the outer and the inner with their faces directed in opposite directions; while in the centre of the whole stand sev- eral men and as many women, who lead the song to which they dance. Round they go, in a sort of swing- ing half dance and march, with their hands raised before them to a level, with their elbows, and flapping up and down like fishes' fins. They become more and more agitated, as the song rises, and every now and then at the re- currence of a sort of chorus, they clap their hands in one loud, sim- ultaneous beat that makes the roof of the building ring. You grow nervous at the sight, and at the shrill, irregular, and almost wild music of the hymn: you would be glad if it were over, or that you had not come, but on they go, in this strange procession, for the space of half an hour, when the song suddenly ceases, and they re- turn to their places. Then after a few more simple, earnest words, they betake themselves to the benches, and another interval of silence follows, after which the meeting is abruptly broken up, and you are glad to be once more in the open air, to get back to the world, and forms, and ideas to which you are used.

Seldom will a sight present it- self, that shall touch stronger sympathies, than that of a child Shaker. Take it in its garb, fit only for the withered form of age, with its dry response, carrying you back to scriptural communi- cation, of yea, yea, and nay, nay, a child without the vagaries of childhood, a copy of the men and women Shakers, a chick, on which the mantle of Ann Lee has fallen in miniature; and the oddities of all human fanaticism will not pre- sent many an odder image. It

groweth up, for a solemn cross- ing of hands, for a life that is one long straight jacket, and for yea and nay: for the weaving of bask- ets and pressing of cheeses on all week days, and for a quaint old dance on all Sunday, thro' four score and ten years. It knoweth naught of the high places, the brilliant sights, the power and grandeur and mechanism of that far country—that wicked island in a ocean of Shakerism—called the World, it keepeth on in its growing and declining periods of life, eating, dancing, singing and working, with a solemnity that it learns to breathe as an atmos- phere, and which is as little to be accounted for or conscious to it- self. It hath no holidays, or spending money, it never shoots fire crackers, or lets off a squib. It does not keep a baby house, or play at having a tea party. The Fourth of July dawns to it, like any other morning, and it never counts the weeks and then the days and then the hours to vaca- tion. It never hears the words Father and Mother; and should it die—for little Shakers do die, though rarely; it will not be wept with a parent's agony, even if the natural parents stand at the bed- side. Should you in your world- ly curiosity seek a reason for this, you need to be informed, that Ann Lee said there were no parents nor children in heaven.

**Gov. Stokes,** one of the Commissioners to treat with the Indians, was very unwell at Fort Gibson, at the period of the latest dates from that post. He intend- ed however to set out, or attempt it, on the 5th of August, for the place of rendezvous, (Major Mas- son's camp,) 100 miles distant from the post of Gibson. A large detachment of infantry was to ac- company Governor Stokes to the treaty ground.—*Salem Reporter.*

**Narrow Escape.**—We are in- debted to a friend for the follow- ing:—"On Saturday evening ab- out 8 o'clock, one of the large Tigers at the corner of Sixth and Prune sts was observed by the keepers to have escaped from the cage. He had concealed himself under the partition adjoining the cage, and on the approach of the keeper, he rose slowly and gave him a severe blow on the face. The keeper being near the door, succeeded in making his escape. He immediately went to the pris- on on the opposite side of the street, and procured a musket loaded with ball and buckshot, and ascended to a window of the room, near to the roof of the building, a lantern was lowered in order to enable him to discover the object of his search. The Tiger in the mean time had at- tacked the Poney, which was in the same apartment, and almost devoured it. He then stretched himself out in the centre of the room. The keeper instantly dis- charged the contents of his musket into the animal's head, and thus killed him instantly. The cost of the animal was \$800."  
*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

**Exploration of Africa.**—*Colonel Haskett,* the famous American pedestrian and disciple of water- gruel Graham, not having found room or encouragement enough for the exercise of his profession on this continent, is determined to try his hand or rather foot upon the unexplored regions of Africa. The Colonel is ambitious of num- bering himself among the daring spirits who have so fearlessly met their death in impotent attempts to penetrate into the interior of that country. A country which from the savage character and treachery of the negro tribes and the fatal insalubrity of the climate, promises still to remain an un-

soled problem and a *terra incognita* to the prying curiosity of the civilized nations contiguous to it. The greater the mystery in fact in which the condition and charac- ter of Africa is involved, the greater the stimulus does it appear to be to the enterprize and courage of those gallant spirits and enthu- siastic adventurers, who are anxious to unravel it, and who thus, with the certainty of death almost before their eyes by the failure of all previous expeditions however well organized, are willing to haz- ard the bold experiment under the conviction, that unattainable and hopeless as may be their dreams of success, a glorious immortality is sure to award him who finally accomplishes the undertaking. Col. Haskett has accordingly, as we learn from the New York Times, volunteered his services gratuitously to the British African association, which society being, as we learn, in a measure defunct from its previous fruitless research- es, has referred him to the Geo- graphical Society of London, who inform him that while they admire and applaud his daring proposal, they are unable to ac- cept of it from the immense number of applicants who have pre- ceded him. It appears in fact, that a gentleman of fortune, in- fected by the African exploring mania which has so long prevailed in England, is now about under- taking an expedition to Africa to Timbuctoo, at his own cost, by way of Tripoli. Col. Haskett, at the recommendation of the Geo- graphical Society, next made pro- posals to the American Coloniza- tion Society, but his application was rejected. He is now resolved to go to Europe and offer his services to any scientific body who may think proper to employ him.—America may yet see in him another of her enterprising sons, as chivalrous and adventurous as the lamented *Ledyard*. He is in the prime of life and health, but we think he will find it necessary to live on something more substan- tial than water gruel, to protect him from the deadly miasmata of the rivers of Africa.—*N. Y. Star.*

**Fire and Loss of Life at Niblo's Garden.**—About 1 o'clock yester- day four or five loud explosions were heard by those living in the vicinity of Niblo's Garden. It was found to proceed from thence, and was caused, we learn, by the spontaneous combustion of one of the articles used in the manufac- ture of fire-works. Mr. Hall, the pyrotechnist, and an assistant, were at work in an apartment in the building where the Diorama is exhibited. They were warned of their dangers by a hissing noise proceeding from one of their jars, and escaped unhurt. The fire ex- tended from the one jar to the other, and finally they all explod- ed in succession. There was for- tunately no gun powder, or at least only in very small quantity, on the premises.

Immediately after the explo- sions, the flames were seen to arise from the building, which was en- tirely destroyed, with the picture it contained of 'the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' valued at \$5000. From that, they spread to the two buildings occu- pied by Mr. Niblo and the gentle- men residing with him, Mr. Isaac Howe, and Mr. Rupert J. Cock- rane. These buildings were very much injured, the furniture, &c. was chiefly removed. The loss to the proprietor is probably \$15,000. He is, however, partly in- sured.

We are sorry to add that a colored boy occasionally employ- ed by Mr. Niblo, of the name of Isaac Freeman, lost his life. He had succeeded in saving some ar- ticles in the upper part of the building occupied by Mr. Niblo

and had gone there for the last time. The flames burst out on the stair case and impeded his re- turn. Two firemen, one the son of Alderman Purdy, were with him in the same apartment. They dashed through the flames and advised him to 'do the same, but he had not the courage. He was seen afterwards at the window, but before a ladder could be rais- ed to it, had left it and was found when the fire was extinguished a few feet from the stair case, dead. The coroner's inquest which sat on the body returned a verdict of 'died by suffocation.' The saloon and decorations of the garden, have, thanks to the extraordinary exertions of the fire department, not been much injured, and we learn that in two or three days, the usual routine of amusements will be again offered there to the public.—*N. Y. Courier.*

**Romantic Adventure.—Married**—In this village on Tuesday even- ing last, by John Stagg, Esq. of Clarkstown, Miss Hester Ann Evens, of Walden, Orange Coun- ty, to Mr. Levi Smith, of this town.

The circumstances attended the above marriage, are some what singular; but having had a happy termination, and having produced some little amusement in the neighborhood, we have thought best to give them to our readers correctly.

Mr. Smith formerly resided at Walden, and for some length of time paid his addresses to Miss Evens. He was honest and sincere in his attentions, and the wed- ding day was named. At this juncture of the affair, some evil disposed person whispered calum- nious in the ear of Mr. S. against the object of his affections—his jealousy was aroused, and he precipitately left the place. This happened in July, and Miss E. having learnt the cause of his sudden departure, made every inquiry, with the hope of finding and convincing him of his error; but all to no purpose. Confident that her friend was laboring under a false impression, confident of her ability to convince him of his error, and relying implicitly upon his honor when so convinced, about a week since she came to the romantic determination of leaving her friends and home, and of searching out his abode, if in- deed, he were yet living. The world is called cruel and un- friendly—it may be so; but we have yet to learn an instance, where a female ever ventured forth upon a laudable undertak- ing, but that the world assisted her at every step. So in the present instance, our fair heroine proceeded to Newburgh, where she soon found those who inter- ested themselves in her behalf and who, on inquiry, ascertained that a Mr. Smith, some few weeks since, took passage from that place to New York. She proceeded to New York in the first boat, arrived on the follow- ing morning, and entered that im- mense city a total stranger, to seek, among a population of two hundred and seventy thousand, a single individual, who, in all prob- ability, was unknown to them all. Probability, nay, we may say, possibility, was against her. But she carried within her breast a woman's heart, which actuated by the holy fire of love thought only of success. The very idea of a young, inexperienced, and un- protected female, entering a vast city, to search among a heterogen- eous population for a fugitive lov- er, appears incredible; but such is the fact—nor was she unsuc- cessful. Countless were the dan- gers she passed; but surmounting every obstacle, she pursued her inquiry, until, at last, she learned that a person, bearing the descrip-

tion of Mr. S. had, with a view, probably of irreflexionally hid- ing himself from the world, taken passage in a boat for little rocky Rockland. Hither she proceed- ed, and landed at Grassy Point. After making every necessary in- quiry at that place, she hired a conveyance and came this village on Tuesday last. Here the ro- mantic and dangerous journey was brought to a close—here she received the reward for all her toil and all her labor. Mr. Smith when he left his home came almost directly to this place, and here he had been and was still industriously and perseveringly pur- suing his wonted calling. After some little delay an interview was had, when a mutual explanation and reconciliation took place—"they kissed and were friends again." In the course of the evening, our good friend Justice Stagg put a stop to any further rambling on the part of the trout swain, by tying that knot which death alone can unravel.

In the language of Paine, it may be said of Mr. Smith that

"Delighted to find her in honor and ease,

He felt no more sorrow nor pain; And the wind coming fair, he ac- cended the breeze,

And went back with his? Hester "again."  
*North River Times.*

**The Riots at New Orleans.**—Our papers from this city, to Sept. 7th, give us the gratifying infor- mation that the city is quiet. The "Legion" had augmented by volunteers, to 2000 persons—dragoons, chasseurs, grenadier and infantry; and their nightly patrols have subdued the insur- rectionary spirit among the popu- lace. The United States' Troops, under Colonel Twiggs, had also arrived in the neighborhood, to act, if necessary. One cause of the excitement, is the presence of the 4 or 500 vagrants, blacklegs, &c. who had been expelled from Mississippi and Louisiana, and, who nightly prowled about from their lurking places in the craft on the river. These poor wretches, probably, are, many of them, in a state of great destitution, and are somewhat to be pitied, but the chief source of trouble lies in the heterogeneous character of the population—French and A- merican, German, Irish, &c. who are pitted against each other by the indiscreet and inflammatory remarks of different editors, fomenting the different sectional and national antipathies. The proprietor of the Louisiana Ad- vertiser, Mr. Pendergast, who had been imprisoned, has been releas- ed, and the editor, Dr. Verner, dismissed.

**A morning paper says—**"We learn that a lady of Boston, the authoress of several literary productions of considerable merit, has been appointed by the Anti- Slavery Society of Massachusetts to visit England and Scotland, on business connected with the im- mediate abolition of the slaves of this country. She will sail from New York in a few days."

We trust that this information is erroneous. Any mission, with the object of a closer connexion and more systematic co-operation between the British and American Anti-Slavery Societies, would be extremely injudicious and prejudi- cial. It could not fail to bring much additional odium on those societies at home. Let us not invoke foreign interference for any purpose.—*Balt. Gazette.*

**The Boston Post says,** an old lady of Virginia was so ex- cessively neat, that she scrubbed the floor through and fell into the kitchen and broke her leg, caus- ing her death.