



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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VARIETY.



NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad, nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.
Long you'd not weep, could you but keep
At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune you'd find, is often most kind,
When chilling your hopes with denial.
Let the sad day carry away,
Its own little burden of sorrow,
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

New Orleans, July 23, 1841.

INTENDED REVOLT.

Intelligence was received yesterday by the packet steamer Clipper, from Bayou Sara, of a systematized plan on the part of the negroes to rise upon and murder the whites. The news, greatly exaggerated in its repetition, has created quite a sensation in town. The truth is certainly sufficient to occasion serious apprehensions.

The particulars that we have received are these:

The overseer of the plantation of Rob't J. Barrow, of West Feliciana, having occasion to arise from his bed late in one of the recent hot nights, heard what he believed to be negroes conversing in one of the quarters. On silently approaching the vicinity and listening, he overheard two of the slaves discussing the subject of a rising against the whites. This led to the examination the next morning of the two fellows, when they confessed the fact, and gave information that led to the arrest of several others. The alarm was immediately spread abroad, arrests were made in various plantations, and it was found by the confessions that they all agreed in the main facts, that there was to be a general rise, and that the first of August was the day agreed upon.

A white man, a carpenter, who had lately done a job of work for Mr. Barrow, was also arrested on suspicion, and examined. He said he had nothing to do with the plot—that he had never said any thing to the negroes on the subject, but acknowledged that they frequently spoke to him, and informed him all about it.

This white man with about 40 negroes, all of whom had confessed their knowledge of the intended rising, were in the jail at St. Francisville, guarded by a company of volunteers. The examination by a competent tribunal was to have commenced yesterday at 10 A. M.

At Woodville, we learn numerous slaves were confined in the jail, having confessed to the same facts as those arrested at Feliciana.

Capt. Laurent states that on stopping at Point Coupee, to communicate information of the situation of the affairs above, several gentlemen recollected occurrences of recent date which tended to confirm the suspicion that the slaves of their section were parties to the wicked plot. Doct. — said he had been asked what day of the month it was, by more negroes, within the last ten days, than in seven years before—and there had been unusual assemblies of the slaves, in rather by-places, for several Sunday's past.

Some of the negroes have confessed that the combination was from Bayou Sara to Natchez.

It may not be amiss to remark, that the plantations in Feliciana and Wilkinson county from which the slaves were taken who are imprisoned, are owned by the most wealthy and respectable planters of the State, whose kind and humane treatment of their slaves is proverbial.

Bulletin.

The St. Louis Gazette, speaking of Madison, a ring-leader in the late St. Louis murders, says:—

"He was born in Virginia, the slave of Asa Brockman, and was sold when 12 or 15 years of age to a negro trader by the name

of Blakey and taken to New Orleans. He soon obtained the full confidence of his master returned with him to Maryland and was encouraged by him to tell "false tales" to slaves, whom we wished to purchase, and to aid him in coaxing off, or in stealing and secreting others. The slaves were told that his master was from a free state, and that they would be taken to Canada, out of the reach of their masters. To the women and girls, he held out the prospects of marrying rich white men, and of living in style and splendor. Blakey, in connexion with his partner, having collected from 80 to 100 slaves, started by land to N. Orleans. On their return to Washington, a plan was formed by which Madison's master was to sell him as often as he could, after which he was to run away and go back to him. He was sold in this way to Mr. Clay, at Washington, for \$1300, and soon after joined his master in Baltimore.—He was afterwards sold for \$1000, in Virginia and returned as before. Near Orange court-house, he states that his master robbed the vault of a merchant of a large amount of money and bills, amounting to about \$100,000, and set fire to the building, which was entirely destroyed. On their return to New Orleans, Madison was sold to Mr. Blanchard, and the purchase \$900, was given by his former master to him as a reward for his fidelity. After this he was engaged, as he states, with a man named James Buel, a clerk of Mr. Blanchard's, in obtaining goods on forged orders. Soon after, Madison concealed himself in the store of Mr. Williams, which he robbed of \$300. Afterwards, the store of Mr. J. H. Fields, of Dienville street, was robbed of \$3000; and, in company with a man by the name of Learned, \$2700 was obtained from the bank on a check altered from \$200.—About this time a partner, named David Rook, was taken into the concern, and the firm turned their attention to stealing negroes, running them to Mobile and selling them at auction.—Such are a very few of the cases of negro stealing, robbery, and other acts of villainy, in which Madison was engaged previous to his coming to St. Louis.

Here, he was engaged, with others, in robbing the stores of Mr. J. R. Scott, Mr. Goodell, Messrs. Braun & Hollander, Sinclair, Taylor & Co., and E. & A. Tracy; and here his infamous career has been brought to a close on the scaffold.

Contradicted.—The Philadelphia Catholic Herald denies the story, lately published on the authority of Mr. Castelli, of the imprisonment of Dr. Reese, an American bishop, by the Pope. A young gentleman of that city, just returned from Rome, says that he saw Dr. R. publicly in the streets, as free as the Pope himself.

Shakerism.—Mr. Carter, a renouncing shaker, visited this place a few weeks since and gave two or three lectures on shakerism, and sung some twenty songs, danced, exposed Miller's theory, and several other things for the amusement of his audience.

The shakers' creed is a very curious one. They believe in one God and two persons in the Godhead—male and female, or Father and Mother—called Power and Wisdom.

They believe that Adam was the Father of the Old Creation, and Eve was the Mother—both being created after the image of God; and that Christ is the Father of the new Creation, and Ann Lee the Mother—and that the Millennium commenced with the appearance of Ann Lee on earth.

They believe in the immortality of animals as well as of men. They say that John saw horses in the world of spirits, as recorded in Revelations. They believe that all the ugly and venomous animals on earth are symbolical of the evil spirits that inhabit the lower regions of the invisible world, and that all the beautiful creatures, such as birds with gorgeous plumage, are symbolical of the good spirits in the mansions of bliss.

They believe that the souls of shakers, in their trances and visions, really visit the heavenly world. The lance has been applied to them, and their flesh been scarified while in this state, without producing a particle of blood. One person who visited the land of spirits in a trance, saw all the patriarchs and kings of the olden times; saw king David travelling, and Solomon on a snow white horse; saw Christ and all the apostles.

Newburyport Watchtower.

Resuscitation from Drowning.—A boy about 8 years of age fell into the river at Haverhill, one day last week, and his body was not recovered until it had been under water all of ten minutes. He was then taken to a dwelling house near by, where the application of warm blankets and gentle friction had the desired effect of restoring life, though to all appearance the child was dead, his face and hands hav-

ing become discolored, and pulsation entirely ceased.

In remarking upon this case, Dr. Spofford, of the Haverhill Gazette, says that many persons in the case of a drowned person, are disposed as the first relief, to roll the body on a barrel, the consequences of which in our opinion, is certain death, if any chance is remaining. We believe that not one in a hundred would be restored by this method, while the application of warmth in any manner, by blankets or a warm bed, will restore ninety-nine in a hundred!

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Death of a Hero.—Gen. Samuel Dale, one of the bravest of the Pioneers of the South West, died at his residence in Lauderdale County, Mississippi, on the 23d of April. A writer in the Natchez Free Trader, relates the following incidents in his life:—

"As a scout—a pilot to the emigrants who blazed the first path through the Creek nation, from Georgia to the Tombigbee, with arms in their hands; and subsequently, as a spy among the Spaniards at Pensacola, and as a partisan officer during the most sanguinary epochs of the late war—present at every butchery—remarkable for hairbreadth escapes; for caution & coolness in desperate emergencies; for exhibitions of gigantic personal strength, and undaunted moral courage—his story is studied over with spirit-stirring incidents, unsurpassed by any thing in legend or history. His celebrated *Canoe fight*, where, unaided, in the middle of the Alabama, then in its spring flood, he fought seven warriors with clubbed rifles and killed them all, and rowed to shore with the corpse of his last antagonist under his feet, would be thought fabulous, if it had not been witnessed by twenty soldiers standing near the bank, who not having a boat, could render him no assistance.

"Some years ago he was attacked by two warriors who shouted their warwhoop as he was kneeling down to drink, and made a rush at him with their tomahawks.—He killed them both, and though bleeding from five wounds he retraced their trail nine miles, crept stealthily to their camp, brained three sleeping warriors, and cut the thongs of a female prisoner, who lay by their side.—While in this act, however, a fourth sprang upon him from behind a log. Taken at such a disadvantage, and exhausted by the loss of blood, he sank under the serpent grasp of the savage, who, with a yell of triumph, drew his knife, and in a few moments would have closed the contest. At that instant, however, the woman drove a tomahawk deep into the head of the Indian, and thus preserved the life of her deliverer."

The Force of Sympathy.—The Sandy Hill Herald tells the following good anecdote:

"I'll tell you," says an ex-member of Congress in Michigan, "how I secured my election in this district several years ago. When I was nominated, the party to which I belonged was in the minority, and there was no hope of succeeding unless something more than ordinary was resorted to. After reflecting some time I came to the conclusion to steal a hog from one of my neighbors, which I did, and in the morning the neighbor traced me to my dwelling, and ascertained beyond a doubt that I was the thief, and published me as such; when I immediately appealed to the sympathy of the people, and asked them if they thought I would steal a hog? They swallowed the bait—said it was persecution on the part of the neighbor, who was politically opposed to me; and the consequence was, I was triumphantly elected. But the next time I was a candidate for the same office, a Yankee, from Vermont, was the opposing candidate, who having learned the secret, stole a sheep, and run me sky high."

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The Concord, N. H. Statesman, in announcing the death of Miss Eunice Choat, aged 40, states the following curious particulars respecting her:

After she had grown to womanhood, she lost the power of speech, and for about ten years, she never uttered a single articulate sound, yet all this time, her senses were perfect, and her physical faculties in other respects unimpaired; all her correspondence was carried on by writing. Her speech went from her in so remarkable a manner, that it has not been satisfactorily accounted for as yet, and often both she and her friends had supposed that she would never again speak, but in an instant her speech returned again and she spoke as freely as ever, and it is equally as unaccountable how she recovered her speech.

New Light.—The National Intelligencer states that a series of experiments are now being made, under the order of the Secretary of the Treasury Building, for the purpose of testing the production of Carburetted Hydrogen Gas from the bark of the silvery or white birch tree. These experiments have been directed with a

view of introducing a better and more economical light for the lighthouses on our coast. The method of manufacturing this gas, is an invention of Mr. Robert Grant, of Maine.—The birch tree, from which the bark used in these experiments is obtained, is found in abundance in our Northern States, and upon all the mountainous ridges throughout the continent of N. America. It throws off a large quantity of fine carburetted hydrogen gas, upon the application of a very low heat, which gas requires to be passed through a few gallons of water only, to cleanse it from all impurities.

Money Market abroad.—A late London paper says: The prospect of the Americans coming into the London market once more as borrowers, a prospect with which we are threatened by a paper of the last arrival, has created a strong feeling of the propriety of resisting every attempt to send money to a country where the legal and moral obligation of paying State debts is still an unsettled question, rather calculated to elicit the ingenuity of the disputant than likely to be solved to the satisfaction of the lender. A correspondent suggests that the first effort of the kind should be met by the publication of a resolution by the committee of Stock-Exchange against the introduction of any fresh loans until all the States have paid up their arrears of dividends, and have given security for future payment. This measure, throwing obstacles in the way of every State, on account of the defalcations of a few of them, would be somewhat severe, but the unsaleable appearance of affairs generally is such that the people of the United States must not be surprised if the resolutions adopted here are more than ordinarily stringent.

The National Debt.—The Conservative Star and Times has the following article:

"**The Loan.**—It is said that the agents of several English bankers are now in this country, with authority to take part of the new Government loan of \$12,000,000."

The agents of English bankers are not only ready to take a mortgage of twelve millions on the land labor of the United States, and pay them in British goods, but they are kind enough to attend at Washington, and to aid by their counsel and advice, in carrying out the Federal measures of relief to the people, by running them in debt to obtain the means of loaning money through a great Bank, to speculators, and stock jobbers. The scheme for bringing this country into pecuniary subservience to the stock operators of England, is in a train of accomplishment. First, we are to have a national debt like England; then a National Bank like England; to these will succeed an assumption of the State debts, or a mortgage of the public domain to the fund-mongers of England, to secure them one hundred dollars for sixty dollars paid by them on the stocks of many of the States. The public domain, instead of being reserved for the benefit of freemen, and subject to their control, is to be mortgaged to, and controlled by, the lordly stock-jobbers of London.—*Albany Argus.*

A new Medical Theory.—A German physician has published a medical tract, in which he maintains that ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone. It is said this book is in great demand.—*Balt. Sun.*

A distressing accident occurred on the Fredericksburg Rail Road the other morning, as the Coal train of Cars was starting out. A woman named Jane Grace—an inebriate—was standing upon the track, and as the cars neared her, fell in the attempt to escape, and was crushed under the wheels of the engine.

The death of Mr. F. T. Jerman, in the City of New Haven, a few days since, created a great degree of feeling in the whole of that intelligent community. Mr. Jerman was one of the most respectable members of the community. He was in the meridian of life—eminently pious—an officer of the Church—active in all benevolent objects—surrounded by a domestic circle that he was particularly fond of—flavored with a delightful residence, and having a handsome competency and a prosperous business. Yet with all these comforts he gradually became melancholy, which finally ended in an aberration of mind, and in one of these moments of severe gloom he put a period to his existence in the cellar of his own house, suspending himself by his handkerchief.

Every man is religious.—A clergyman was conversing with a parishoner on the importance of a due observance of the Sabbath, and was surprised to find his companion readily seconded his views on the subject. "Why, neighbor Jones," you often drive your team, and even go a hunting on the Sabbath." "True," replied

Jones, "but then on those occasions I always whistle psalm tunes."

To Cure a Burn.—"A Lady," in the Knoxville Register, gives the following recipe for a burn. "Scarcely a month passes away but we read or hear of some accident caused by fire. I send you the following prescription for a burn, believing that if it were generally known, that much suffering might be alleviated.—Take a spoonful of lard, half a table spoonful of spirits of turpentine, and a piece of rosin as big as a hickory nut, and simmer them together till melted. It makes a salve, which, when cold, may be applied to a linen cloth and laid over the burn. If immediately wanted, spread it on the cloth as soon as melted—it will very soon cool. I have seen it applied after corroding effects of chemical poisons, after a foot has been burned by boiling sugar, after severe scalds, and in every case the sufferer obtained perfect ease in ten or fifteen minutes after it was used. It may be applied two or three times a day, or as often as the cloth becomes dry."

Diarrhea.—People need not be long troubled with that disorder, so generally prevalent at this season, commonly known as the Summer or Bowel Complaint, when the certain remedy therefor may be found on every man's table, in the shape of salt and vinegar. Two tea spoonfuls of the former, dissolved in a half a gill of the latter, and swallowed at a draught, will in most cases effect an instant cure. The second dose, if needed, will assuredly accomplish it. We are ready to give our certificate to Dr. Pickle in the premises, for we have witnessed the proof *Quod erat demonstrandum*—which is as much as to say, in Dutch, "it has been tried." This recipe should be published annually, every summer.—*Nantucket Inq.*

Good.—A gentleman in Alabama, has taken out a patent for the French Guillotine, on a small scale, and is selling the right as a shingle cutter.

"John, how does it happen that you, who tried so hard to get your wife, through a long courtship of four years, now that you have won the prize, seem to care so little about her?" "Why, boss, I'll tell you. I've heard of a man who wanted to jump over a stone wall. He took a good start and run a mile, and when he got up to the wall he was so tired that he had to lie down and go to sleep by the side of it. Now, I loved my wife so hard and so long before I could get her, that I found my love had all run out when I had her fast."

"Say Pat, are the days longer in Ireland, than in this country?" "Longer! ay, you may well say it, and not only longer, but there are a great many more of them!"

Going to Texas.—Not long since might have been seen on the Vicksburg road a staid looking old gentleman on horseback, with his coat buttoned tight round him and an umbrella hoisted over his head, protecting him from a drizzling rain that had that evening "set in" with every indication of a continuance. His horse moved sluggishly along, as though jaded by a long journey. The rider seemed anxiously looking for a whereabouts to pass the night, when a fire a short distance from the road attracted his attention. He rode to the spot, and beheld, what is very common in this section of the country, an encampment of a family "a-moving." By the fire, with logs of wood for pillows and each wrapped in a blanket, was lying two females—near them a small child. Leaning against the fore-wheel of the wagon was a lad of about ten or eleven years of age; he wore a pair of linsey-woolsey trowsers, too short for him, a roundabout that reached down half way from his shoulders to his waist, no hat, and possessing one of those tow-heads of hair so frequently to be met with among the piney wood nondescripts of Alabama. There he stood crying most vociferously.

"Ba!—a—a—a—Ba!—a—a!" roared piney wood.

The old gentleman rode up to him, and in a tone of voice calculated to soothe the lad's distress, addressed him:—

"What's the matter, my son?"

"Matter! Fire and d—n, stranger!—Don't you see mammy there shakin' with the ager!—Da'dy's gone a fishing!—Jim's got every cent of money there is, playing poker at a bit ante!—Bob Stokes is gone on ahead with Nance!—Sal's so corned she don't know that stick of wood from seven dollars and a half!—Every one of the horses is loose!—There is no meal in the waggon!—The skillet's broke!—The baby's in a 'bad fix,' and it's half a mile to the creek! and I don't care a d—n if I never see Texas!!!"

"Ba!—a—a—a—Ba!—a—a!" roared the old gentleman gave spur to his horse and again moved forward, not having any desire to prolong his chance visit to a family going to Texas.—*Yazoo Whig.*