



The "Tarborough Press."

BY GEORGE HOWARD. Published weekly at Two Dollars and Five Cents per year, if paid in advance...

Miscellaneous.



THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

I live in this wide world alone, No friend to wipe misfortune's tear...

HOME.

Home! what'er of beauty Thy blessings can impart, What'er of love and duty...

HARD OF HEARING.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived "down East," who professed to be deficient in hearing...

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter?"

Old Man. "You want to borrow my halter." I would loan it to you Jonathan, but my son has taken it and gone off to the mill.

Jonathan. Putting his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening voice, "I've got 500 pounds of money!"

Old Man. Stepping back as if greatly alarmed, and exclaiming in a voice of surprise, "you've got five hundred pounds of money!"

Jonathan. (Not yet the victim of despair, and putting his mouth to the old man's ear bawled out) "I've got gold."

Old Man. So have I Jonathan, and it's the worst cold I ever had in my life. So saying, the old man sneezed "wash up."

By this time the old lady came up, and having observed Jonathan's unfortunate luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear and screamed like a wounded Yahoo:

Daddy, I say daddy—you don't understand; he wants to marry our daughter."

Old Man. "I told him that our calf's halter was gone."

Old Lady. "Why daddy, you can't understand; he's got gold! he's rich?"

Old Man. He's got a cold and the itch, eh! what's he doing here with it? So saying, the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his walking cane; but happily for Jonathan he dodged it.

Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan who took to his heels, nor did Jonathan's luck stop here, he had not got out of the barn yard, nor far from the old man; who ran him close race, ere Jonathan stumbled his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could "take up," he stumbled over Jonathan and fell sprawling in a mud hole.

Jonathan sprung to his heels, and with the speed of John Gilpin cleared himself. And poor Sal! she died a nun. Never had no husband.

New Orleans, Oct. 19.

Attempted Insurrection.—We learn from the Bulletin Board of the Merchants' Exchange, that an intended insurrection among the negroes in a portion of the parish of Rapides, near Alexandria, was to have taken place on the evening of Saturday, the 7th instant, but was fortunately prevented by one of the negroes interested having sufficient remorse to divulge the circumstances to his master.

The consequence was, an arrest by the inhabitants of about fifty negroes; and on making the requisite inquiries, nine were tried, convicted and executed at Alexandria, on the 11th and 12th instant; three of whom were free blacks. About forty of the culprits yet remain in confinement, against whom there exist not sufficient proofs for condemnation.

Louisiana Advertiser.

Distressing Mortality.—One of the most distressing instances of mortality which it has ever been our lot to record, has occurred in the family of our late worthy and enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. Henry Miller, who removed from this county last fall to Arkansas.

Himself—his wife—his daughter in law, (Mrs. Lucinda Miller, wife of Mr. George Miller,) and two of his servants—were all carried off (except the elder Mrs. Miller, whose death is ascribed chiefly to mental distress)—about the 20th of September, within a few hours of each other, by the prevailing fever of that country. Alas, how

vain and unsubstantial are human hopes and prospects! How melancholy the change which a few days have brought over this family! Few have embarked their fortunes in the West under more auspicious circumstances or with greater certainty of realizing their highest anticipations. But their bright and glowing future has closed in sudden darkness; their land of promise has proved an early grave!

Staunton (Va.) Spectator.

Shooting by a Woman.—The sheriff of Warren county, Virginia, Samuel Cooke, on riding up to a house with a view of collecting taxes received the contents of a gun, discharged as was supposed by a female in the house. Mr. Cooke was seriously wounded. The woman has been committed to jail.

Mineral Wealth.—No part of the world presents greater developments of mineral wealth than our own. Its mines of gold, copper, lead, iron, coal, &c., which are every where found, though yielding considerable wealth at present, have hardly, indeed, begun to be explored. What an immense field is here opened for wealth and speculation. Look at Georgia and North Carolina and Virginia, with their gold and copper mines! Pennsylvania and New York with their coal and iron—Missouri with her coal and iron and lead—and Maine with her exhaustless granite quarries, and slate and marble. There is an abundance of lead and iron and coal and salt, &c. also to be found at the South—West—and Texas, which is doubly enriched with all, and more than all of these, will ere long be pouring her millions of mineral wealth into the lap of New York and New Orleans. No man living can foresee or imagine the speculations and the fortunes that will hereafter be made. The gold and silver which is coined at our mints, will be exchanged for lead and iron in Missouri; and the granite, slate and marble, which is to embellish our city, will be shipped in return for the "mint drops," some hundred miles distant from the State of Maine. It is no hyperbole to say that we have nothing more important at the north, to send in return for the hundred millions annually shipped us from the south, than granite and ice. In truth, this is the staple. The former is the most substantial and valuable and beautiful building material now in use, both at the north and south, and each good quarry is a mine of wealth to its owner. Every city is using it, and the demand for it is daily increasing. Look at our own favorite city, and see the changes that have been effected by it in a single year? Could the whole granite region be explored and quarried at once, New York and New Orleans, we believe, would consume the whole of it in a single year, so rapid is their growth and prosperity, and so sore are they destined to become the largest and wealthiest cities in the western world.

The Granite Quarries of Maine, which form so conspicuous a feature in the geological character of that State, we are disposed to speak of in no measured terms, for they are invaluable. They are now attracting the especial notice of builders and capitalists, and promise an immense return for all the capital and labor invested, and the most enduring source of wealth of any kind which this "working-day world" of ours affords. The quarries of the "Granite Region" so called, and which is limited to a particular district on the western bank of the Kennebeck River, at Hallowell, Me. are the most conspicuous and important, and have

become immensely valuable.—"Granite Hill Quarry," specimens from which have been exhibited at the Fair, promises to be as valuable as any hitherto explored. The granite has a richness and durability about it, and a beauty and uniformity of texture, equal, if not superior, to any elsewhere obtained. Our mechanics should purchase it, that they may draw from their own permanent and independent treasury the last materials which are to contribute to their wealth, and constitute the chief ornament in the temples of our city.

N. Y. Star.

Old Rip Moving.—Col. Davie, of Hillsboro' N. C. has just imported from Liverpool, a number of blood Horses and Cattle of the approved English breed. They were landed at our wharves from the ship Richmond.

Portsmouth Times.

Bank Circulation.—From a statement recently made by the New York Journal of Commerce, it appears that the Bank bills withdrawn from circulation, since the first day of January, 1837, amount to the enormous sum of forty-six million of dollars—and all this in a period of less than nine months! In addition to the above, 4 5ths of all the specie, amounting to 20,000,000, has also been withdrawn from circulation. This leaves the present circulation, in bills, \$92,000,000—specie, \$5,000,000.

Lamentable Occurrence.—A melancholy gloom was cast over the inhabitants of the village of Jamaica, L. I. by the death of Mr. Cogswell, aged 26 years, his child, and the momentarily expected demise of his wife, occasioned by the explosion of a can of spirit gas. It appears that Mrs. Cogswell and infant were in bed, and Mr. C. had undressed himself but undertook to replenish a lamp, while lit, with spirit gas, when the whole ignited and exploded so as to be mistaken for a small cannon by the neighbors. This filled the chamber, a very small one, with a volume of flame. Mr. C. in his agony of terror, burst through a window and set on the shed calling in intense misery for help; Mrs. C. sprang for the door, which was locked and bolted, and after some time she escaped with her babe and shut the door, which had a great tendency to save the house. Mr. C. was taken across the street to Miss Hannah's seminary, and there, under the attention of Doctors Kissam and Shelton, lingered till 11 A. M. yesterday, when he expired, praying God for the deliverance of his wife and child, he being unconscious of their situation; he was so dreadfully burnt that the sole of one of his feet peeled off. The babe died yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The unfortunate mother remains now in an extremely precarious state, with a full knowledge of the fate of her husband and child.

Mr. Cogswell (by profession a baker) was an industrious and enterprising citizen, an affable and benevolent neighbor, an affectionate husband, and one of the brightest ornaments of the Methodist church, of which he was a member.—N. Y. Ev. Post.

Practical Amalgamation.—One of the fruits of incendiary abolition doctrines endeavoring to inflame and extol the negro race, may be seen in the following disgusting narration:

The Greensburg (Indiana) Repository says: Quite an excitement was produced in Madison, week before last, by the marriage of a negro man to a white woman. A strange minister was employed to celebrate the nuptials, who was

conducted to a house occupied by a black family. It appears that to prevent suspicion on the part of the minister, the fair damsel had colored herself, as dark as the bridegroom.

Liberia.—A vessel sails next month from Norfolk, Va. with 90 colored emigrants, 60 of which are from the estate of the late John Smith, of Sussex county, in that State, and 30 from that of the Rev. John Stockdell, of Madison county, deceased, both of which gentlemen left this direction in their wills, and provided funds to transport these liberated slaves to Liberia.

N. Y. Star.

A child in this City, being asked the other day, what a Pilgrim was, very innocently answered—a man who takes Beckwith's pills.

Raleigh Register.

Most Melancholy Accident.—It becomes our painful duty to record one of the most heart-rending accidents, which took place on Thursday, the 5th inst. at Otsego, in this county, that has ever fallen to our lot. The particulars are communicated to us by Mr. James Lollett, Esq. who left Otsego on Friday last. It seems that the day previous (Thursday,) Deacon Josiah Chace left his home in Sydney, Delaware County, with his family, consisting of six persons—himself, wife, and three children, two girls and a boy, and a young lady by the name of Patience French, a resident of his family, in a two horse wagon, for the purpose of attending a meeting to be held at that place on that day.

When they had arrived at the top of the hill on the east side of the river, a short distance from the village, the horses suddenly took fright from the fore-board of the wagon falling out, and started down the hill at the height of their speed. Soon after the horses started, Mr. Chace, who was driving at the time, slipped from his seat, and was immediately precipitated under the wagon, still continuing his hold of the reins, and in this condition was dragged a distance of fourteen rods, when he let go. The horses kept on at full speed until they arrived at the bridge, which crosses the river at the bottom of the hill, when the wagon came in contact with a corner of the bridge, throwing the whole of the occupants out with great force, and killing instantly Miss French, the young lady alluded to above. One of the girls was afterwards found near a fence, a considerable distance from the bridge, having been thrown over the embankment which constitutes a part of it, in a most deplorable situation—being awfully bruised and entirely senseless.

Mrs. Chace and her other two children, providentially escaped immediate death, though it is feared that the injuries which they have thereby received will eventually result in such a calamity. Mr. Chace was taken up for dead, but after a short time exhibited signs of life, and when our informant left there was but slight hope of his recovery. On examination, one of his legs was found dreadfully mangled, and stones of considerable size were extracted from the flesh, which had become embedded during the time he was drawn on the ground.

The wagon, we understand, was literally smashed to pieces, with every thing in it; and the horses were not arrested until they had got into the village.

The sufferers were conveyed to their homes on Friday morning last, and the lacerated and disfigured corpse of the estimable young lady (Miss French,) was consigned to its last resting place, in the

afternoon amid the regrets of many, whose sympathies and feelings were touched by this sudden and afflictive dispensation.

Mr. Chace is about sixty years of age, and a valuable and much respected member of society.

Cooperstown N. Y. Rep.

The destruction of human life in this country by wrecks and accidents in steamboat navigation, within the past twelve months, is without a parallel. In the three cases of the Mexico, the Ben Sherrod and the Home, about four hundred human beings have met untimely and awful ends.

Gazette.

Another Explosion of a Grindstone.—Mr. John Hall, a workman in the rifle factory at Harper's Ferry, was near losing his life, a few days since, by the exploding of a grindstone, produced by its rapid rotary motion. A fragment of the stone, as it burst, struck him in the face, mangling it, in a shocking manner.

Origin of Disease.—I tell you, honestly, what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human frame—it is their gormandizing and stuffing and stimulating those organs (the digestive) to excess, thereby producing nervous disorder and irritation. The state of their mind is another grand cause—figeting, discontenting yourself about that which cannot be helped; passions of all kinds, malignant passions, and wordly cares, pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, and do a great deal of harm.

Dr. Abernethy.

The Pill Trade.—The New York Journal of Commerce states that a certain pill manufacturer of that city has received in the course of the past season two hundred tierces of pill boxes, and it appears that he has filled them; for on receiving recently a fresh load of tierces, he remarked to the carman who brought them that he had on hand sixteen bushels of pills, for which he had no boxes.

The Yellow Fever at Mobile.—There were eight interments the 15th inst. and nine the 16th. The cases were mostly of yellow fever and among strangers.

The World is not half so bad as the people are too often disposed to believe it. The very occurrences which at the time cause us the most uneasiness and chagrin, will often, if properly traced up from their source, link by link in the chain of existence, to their natural effect and ultimate, be found to have been productive of much good; of a large amount of pleasure; of exactly the reverse of all that our fond imaginations have conjured up before us as their certain attendants. Thus out of the very bitter things of life, if we could be brought to view them with unjaundiced eyes, we may be enabled to gather the sweets of joy and pleasure. Even the revilings of our enemies may thus be foiled with scarcely an effort, and the evil intended for us be made to recoil upon themselves. In this world of strife, where man is continually endeavoring to wrest the baton of power from his fellow man, where passion and ambition range like a whirlpool of madness, where means are not respected in order to gain ends, it is well to bear this maxim in mind, that the darkest night is not all darkness, and that when the tempest of passion has ceased to lower, and the desolating fever of grasping ambition has subsided, reason will have regained her throne, and peace and joy will follow in the footsteps of reason.

[Col. Spy.