



The Tarborough Press,

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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

VARIETY.



CHEER UP.

BY EDWARD YOUNT.

Cheer up! cheer up! Why look so sad?
Though earth in sombre guise is clad,
What good will sighing do?
"My griefs are very great," you say,
Quite likely; almost every day
I have my troubles too.

And so has every other man;
It is our lot, but yet we can
Well bear them if we will;
There's not a grief the world can bring,
But what despite its sharpest sting,
It has some comfort still.

Tho' friends grow cold, as some friends
will,
And fortune proves unkindly, still
I hold it sin to pine,
While round me fellow men I see,
Whose loads of care and misery,
Are heavier far than mine.

If ever I'm disposed to sigh,
I turn my thoughts in years gone by,
And view each passage o'er,
And though I find enough of ill,
This truth is plain to cheer me still,
The good is ten times more.

This strengthens me in every grief,
And fixes firmer my belief,
And trust in God secure;
I know He sends to none below
A greater load of care and woe,
Than each can well endure.

Nerved by this tho' I play my part;
And ever keep a cheerful heart,
Whatever may befall;
And doing all I can to cheer
The sorrowing of my fellows here,
Trust God, and hope through all.

From the National Intelligencer.

A VISIT TO THE FIVE POINTS.

By N. P. Willis.

As I presume you are interested in the one portion of New York made classic by a foreign pen, let me jot you down a *men* or two from my first visit to Dickens' Hole at the Five Points, made one evening last week with a distinguished party under the charge of the Boz officer.

I had an idea that this celebrated spot was on the eastern limit of the city, at the end of one of the omnibus routes, and was surprised to find that it was not more than three minutes' walk from Broadway, and in full view from one of the fashionable corners. It lies, indeed, in what was once a secluded valley of the Island of Manhattan, though to believe it ever to have been green or clean requires a powerful effort of the imagination. We turned into Anthony street about half past ten, passed the tombs, and took the downward road, as did Orpheus and Dickens before us. It was a cold night, but women stood at every door with bare heads and shoulders, most of them with something to say, and by their attitudes, showing a complete insensibility to the cold. In every thing they said they contrived to work in the word "shilling." There was very few men to be seen, and those we met skulked past as if avoiding observation—possibly ashamed to be there—possibly shrinking from any further acquaintance with officer Stevens, though neither of these feelings seemed to be shared by the females of the community. A little turn to the left brought us against what looked to be a blind tumbled down board fence; but the officer pulled a latch and opened a door, and a flight of steps was disclosed. He went down first and threw open the door at the bottom, letting up a blaze of light, and we followed into the subterranean Almack's of the Five Points. And really it looked very clean and cheerful. It was a spacious room with a low ceiling, expressively white-washed, nicely sanded, and well lit, and the black proprietor and his "ministering spirits" (literally tilling their vocation behind a very tidy bar) were well dressed

and well mannered people, and received Mr. Stevens and his associates with the politeness of grand chamberlains. We were a little early from the fashionable hour, the ladies not having arrived from the theatres; and proposing to look in again after making the round of the other depots, we crept up again in the street.

Our next drive was into a cellar crowded with negroes, eating, drinking and dancing, one very well made mulatto girl playing the castanets, and imitating Essler in what she called the *crack over again*. In their way these people seemed cheerful, dirty and comfortable. We looked in afterwards at several drinking places, thronged with creatures who looked over their shoulders very significantly at the officer: found one or two bar rooms kept by women, who had preserved the one virtue of neatness, (though in every clean place the hostess seemed a terrible virago) and it was then proposed that we would see some of the dormitories of this Alsatia. And at this point must end all the cheerfulness of my description—This is called "murdering alley," said our guide. We entered between two high brick walls, with

hairy room to pass, and by the police lantern, made our way up a broken and filthy staircase to the floor of a large building. Under its one roof the officer thought there usually slept a thousand of these wretched outcasts. He knocked at a door on the left. It was opened unwillingly by a woman who held a dirty horse blanket over her breast, but at the sight of the police lantern she stepped back and let us pass in. The floor was covered with human beings asleep in their rags, and when called by the officer to look in at the closet beyond, we could hardly put our feet to the ground, they lay so closely together, black and white, men, women and children. The doorless apartment beyond, of the size of a kennel, was occupied by a woman and daughter, and the daughter's child, lying together on the floor, and covered by rags and clothes of no distinguishable color, the rubbish and dirt only displayed by their emaciated limbs. The sight was too sickening to endure, but there was no egress without following close to the lantern.

Another door was opened to the right. It first disclosed a low and gloomy apartment, about eight feet square. Six or seven black women lay together in a heap, all sleeping except the one that opened the door. Sometimes stirred in a heap of rags, and one of the party removing a dirty piece of carpet with his cane, discovered a new-born child. It belonged to one of the sleepers in the rags, and had an hours experience of the tender mercies of this world! But these tales are disgusting, and have gone far enough when they have shown those who have the common comforts of life, how inestimably, by comparison, they are blessed! For one, I had never before any adequate idea of poverty in cities.

I did not dream that human beings, within reach of human aid, could be abandoned to the wretchedness which I there saw—and I have not described the half of it, for the delicacy of your readers would not bear it, even in description. And all these horrors of want and abandonment lie almost within the sound of your voice, as you pass Broadway! The officers sometimes make a descent and carry off swarms to Blackwell's Island—for all the inhabitants of the Five Points are supposed to be criminal and vicious—but still thousands are there, subjects for tears and pity—and starving, like rats and dogs, with all the sensibilities of human beings.

As we returned we heard screams and fighting on every side, and the officers of the watch were carrying off a party to the lockup house. We descended once more to the ground ball room, and found the dance going on very merrily. Several very handsome mulatto women were in the crowd, and a few young men about town, mixed up with the blacks; and altogether it was a picture of amalgamation such as I had never before seen. I was very glad to get out of the neighborhood, leaving behind me, I am free to confess, all discontent with my earthly allotment. One gentleman who was with us, left behind him something of more value, having been robbed at Almack's of his keys, pencil case and a few dollars, the contents of two or three pockets. I wind up my "notes" with the hope that the true picture I have drawn may touch some moving spring of benevolence in private societies or in the Common Council, and that something may be soon done to alleviate the horrors of Five Points.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

The Liberty Party's Nomination.—The National Convention, sitting at Buffalo, proceeded on Thursday, to vote by States for candidates to be supported by the Liberty Party, for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States. On counting the votes, it was announced that James G. Birney, of Michigan, had received 148 votes, all that were

cast, for President, and Thomas Morris, of Ohio, 148 votes for Vice President.

The nomination was received with loud and enthusiastic cheers. As soon as silence was restored, Mr. Keep prayed for Divine blessings on their proceedings, and for the advancement of human liberty. This was succeeded by a song, composed in honor of Birney by Elizur Wright. To cap the climax, Abbey Kelly came forward, and harangued the convention on the existing relations between the American A. S. S. and the Liberty Party. Her address was cut short by the adoption of a motion that the convention would hear Miss Kelly, after the business had been transacted. The convention adjourned *sine die* at one o'clock on Friday morning. Its proceedings were characterized by great intemperance of language. It adopted resolutions recommending the nullification of the Constitution of this confederacy and approving a resort to servile war.

The colored convention which preceded it, is declared by the Buffalo Advertiser to have been vastly superior to its successor, in wisdom, dignity, order, intellect and eloquence.

An Outrage.—A gentleman from the South stopping at Jones' Hotel, named T. Pollock Burgwyn, while walking along Chesnut street near 9th, on Tuesday evening between 6 and 7 o'clock, was attacked by a number of rowdies, who were returning from a pitched fight in the vicinity of Moyamensing prison. He attempted to use a sword cane which he carried, but before he could place himself on the defensive, he received a severe blow under his eye, and on the back of his head, which felled him to the earth. There was no provocation whatever given for this shameful treatment. Two men were shortly afterwards arrested, named Robert Tomlinson, and John Somerville. They had a hearing on the charge of a riot with others, and an assault and battery on the above named gentleman, before his honor the Mayor, yesterday morning, which resulted in their commitment in default of \$1000 bail, to answer, at Court.

Philadelphia paper.

William Goddard, Post Master of Petersham, Massachusetts, a man heretofore deemed of sterling integrity, has been detected and confesses forgeries amounting to \$41,000 which have been taken and are now held, \$18,000 by Ware Bank, 10,000 by W. H. & J. B. Foster, Boston, and 10,000 by Chase & Craw, of do., &c.

A youth eighteen years of age, named Saunders, succeeded in forging and obtaining a large sum on the forged check of Austin, Wilmerding & Co., New York, and attempted to get off in the steamer Great Western but failed to do so. He has been taken, and most of the money recovered.

The New Jersey Murder.—The trial of Joseph Carter, Jr., indicted for the murder of Jon. Castner, Maria Castner, John B. Parke, and Maria Matilda Castner, near the village of Washington, Warren county, New Jersey, on the first of May last, has been brought to a close. The jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty." The evidence against the prisoner (who is a relative of the murdered family) was altogether circumstantial. One of the witnesses testified as follows:

"We found in the house of J. B. Parke \$5,625 32, \$3,000 in paper, \$185 in gold and the rest in silver. The notes were in Belvidere, Euston, Sussex, and Morris county, Butchers' & Drovers' State Bank of New Brunswick; I think two-thirds of the paper money was in Belvidere and Easton bills. We found no New Hope Delaware Bridge money. Most of the gold was in sovereigns, some American coin. The silver was principally American; some five franc pieces, and some Spanish dollars; some of the specie seemed to have lain a good many years. The bank notes were nearly all found in Parke's chest, at the head of his bed. The money in his pocket book was not labelled. There was \$1,000 wrapped in an old pair of stockings, \$1,000 in a small book and the money seemed to have been there a great while, and the notes were glued together. The book was found in the chest with the clothes; the stockings were found in the bottom of the chest and the pocket book in the till. There were two apartments in the chest that contained silver; it was wrapped up. Some of the gold was found in the desk that was unlocked, in one of the small drawers. There was some gold found in another part of the house. Some money was found in a muskrat trap in the garret, which was covered up with old boards, dry herbs, and an old cradle and scythe lay near. I think \$1,200 in silver was in the trap. It looked to me as if it had lain there a good while. There were old newspapers in it cut up by mice. An old trunk in the garret was found, and in it \$800 in silver."

More Wells, bottoms out.—In addition to the well of Mr. Church, near Fort Hamilton, Narrows, L. I., which we mentioned the other day, we learn that several others in the western part of Long Island have sunk about fifteen feet, to the great inconvenience of the owners, not to say alarm; for if their wells rest upon so unstable a foundation, their houses may be exposed to a similar disaster.

N. Y. Jour. of Com.

From the Globe.

Voluntary return to Slavery.—The Sandwich (Canada West) Express chronicles an occurrence that took place in that neighborhood on the 21st ult., which may be interesting to our anti-slavery friends in this vicinity. Three slaves, who had escaped from bondage in the United States, had been working for some months past with farmers in the vicinity of that town. Their owner (for they are all the property of one man) having discovered their place of refuge, sent his nephew to persuade them to return, and to promise, if they would do so, they should not be sold or punished for their absence. The quondam slaves replied that if their master would himself come and give the assurance, they would return. The master came, gave the required pledge, and then left them, lest his presence might be considered as coercion. The three men, true to their pledge, packed up their clothing, and, accompanied by any white man, proceeded to Windsor, crossed the river, and voluntarily went back to slavery; one of them observing as he went on board the ferryboat, that he never knew what hard work was until he came to Canada.

From the Madisonian.

CROPS IN TEXAS.—A letter to the editors of the New Orleans Picayune from a gentleman residing at Lagrange, Texas, under date of August 1, says, the crops of Texas, are in a very flourishing condition. Three times as much corn will be gathered this year as will be necessary for consumption. "It sells at 12 1/2 cents per bushel, for cash." "It is the prevailing opinion among the farmers," adds the writer, "that if the army-worm should not molest the cotton, and the fall be moderately dry, that there will be gathered from 2500 to 3000 lbs. to the acre, of seed cotton." Some of the farmers have made an experiment of wheat raising in the vicinity of La Grange. It has proved very successful, the soil yielding from thirty-five to forty bushels to the acre of excellent grain. A gentleman in the neighborhood of Austin gathered from sixteen acres the net amount of five hundred bushels of merchantable wheat.

The Chevokees.—The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer, of the 19th ult., has the following: "We are highly gratified to have it in our power to announce to our readers that peace and quiet prevail in the Cherokee Nation. The wheels of government are in regular operation; and as little excitement exists in the Nation at this time as did at any other period, except in the neighborhood where the late murder was committed. Vann and Hicks are not dead.—Bushyhead was killed during the election, and three of the murderers are apprehended, one of whom is a white man, and the police are in pursuit of others."

Philadelphia paper.

We see by a Taunton (Massachusetts) paper that the people of Weymouth are petitioning Governor Morton to pardon the man Leavett, now under sentence of death, for cold blooded murder of a married woman, with whom he was living as the paramour. The jury that convicted him, and five thousand others, have signed this strange petition, solely on the ground that the murderer was under the influence of rum when he committed the crime. Poor man, he is our brother, says a correspondent of a Taunton paper; why should he be sent out of the world! It is enough to make a man lose all patience with his race, to read such paltry mawkishness—such sickening, disgusting sentiments. Not a particle of sympathy is felt for society, for the victim herself, or for her innocent orphan children; but to hang her murderer is something exclusively cruel and unchristian.—N. Y. Courier.

Great Fees in Bankruptcy.—The Journal of Commerce states that the fees of the Clerk in the United States District Court, for New York, in bankruptcy cases, have amounted to fifty thousand dollars, and those of the assignee, Mr. Waddell, to one hundred thousand, while the Courier has received over twenty thousand for advertisements.

From the Raleigh Independent.

A slight mistake.—A man by the name of Ing, a broker of Baltimore, had confided to his care a sum of money, say between \$17,000 and \$18,000 to be exchanged by

him, a short time since, at a Bank in Frederick, Md. He left the money at home, and upon his arrival at Frederick, announced at once that he had been robbed. Few believed it, and on his return to the city, it was found that the money was safe and sound. The fellow has decamped.

Rail Road Accident.—A dreadful accident occurred on the Su-quehanna Rail Road, on the 13th inst. When the first train from Baltimore, which left at 7 A. M. with a large party of Defenders, Military and Citizens, on their way to the celebration at York, had reached a point about eight miles from York, the front axle-tree of the first passenger car broke, throwing that car and the two following it off the track and splintering all three cars, the first one being almost entirely demolished. The cars being crowded with people, a scene of confusion and dismay ensued which may be readily conceived. Eleven persons were more or less injured. None were killed, but several had their flesh lacerated and limbs badly broken. The wounded persons were taken to the hospital at York, ib.

Great Robbery.—Between twenty and thirty thousand dollars worth of Jewelry was stolen a few days ago from the store of W & S. Rockwell, Jewellers, in New York. The thief, it is said, made a clean sweep ib.

Indigo.—A New Orleans paper says that the low price of cotton has directed the attention of planters in the southwestern part of the State to the cultivation of indigo. It was formerly a profitable crop, but has been driven out of the market by the indigo from the British East Indies, Manila, the Philippine islands, and South America. It is said that in some places it can be made a more profitable crop than cotton or sugar.—ib.

Correspondence of the (N. Y.) Courier and Enquirer.

Buffalo, Sept. 11th, 1843.
Friend Webb:—You have been apprised that the political Abolitionists held a convention in this place on the last three days of August, for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, as well as candidates for county offices, at the ensuing election. To-day has shown up a new feature in *amalgamation*; the Recorder's Court commenced its session this morning, and after swearing in the Grand Jurors for the term, the panel of Petit Jurors was called, when among others who answered to their names was Abner H. Francis, a BLACK MAN, who has had the wool shaved off his head, and its place supplied by a wig of straight black hair. The first cause tried was an action of replevin; and among the first jurors drawn was this black, and while I write he sits cheek by jowl in the jury box with eleven white men.

If the impudence of amalgamation can go farther than this, I know not how. Francis is a tailor here, and the owner of a small property, and as he has been regularly drawn is perhaps not so much to blame as the whites who have urged him to go forward and take his seat. The Court of course can do nothing unless the jurymen protest, and if they do not do so, I only wish the mercury in the thermometer marked 90° for their especial comfort.

This is, I believe, the first instance on record, in this country, where a black man has been permitted to sit in the jury box; but it will not probably be the last.
Yours, W.

FEMALE MASONS.—Half a century ago there were two Masonic Lodges, composed of females, in Paris; which are thus described by an English traveller. They were called by the pretty, and we presume, appropriate appellation of Candor and Fidelity. Says our author, we attended one of these—of which the Duchess of Bourbon is grandmistress—some years ago at the reception of a sister; and were highly pleased to find the utmost dignity and decorum prevail; a most splendid assemblage of Brothers and Sisters, of rank and fashion, attended the ceremony, which was awful, solemn, and impressive; the decorations of the apartments, which are situated in a large building, appropriated solely to this purpose, were extremely brilliant. Eloquent and suitable orations were delivered on this occasion; and when the serious business of the lodge was over, a play, and a ball, terminated the amusements of the night.

CHILDREN IN FACTORIES.—A London paper states that the official reports show that the children of the working classes in most of our manufacturing districts are living in a state of blind ignorance and consequent immorality which would be a disgrace to any Christian people, and such as is not witnessed in any other country on the face of God's earth.