

The Abolition Plot in Texas and other States.

WASHINGTON, August 31.—New Orleans dates of Tuesday last are received, containing Texas news.

New events were daily occurring in various parts of that State, adding considerable to the excitement already existing there.

Among other things, it is stated that a man named Pearce has been arrested on the charge of being concerned in the burning of the town of Henderson, and that the proof is almost positive against him.

The people are driving from the upper counties of the State every individual the least suspected of Abolitionism.

The town of Mount Vernon has been destroyed by incendiaries, one of whom was caught and hung.

A plan to burn Sulphur Springs had been discovered. A slave negro preacher acknowledged that he and others had set apart a certain time to burn all the dwellings in the place, and commit other depredations; and then, in case they could not whip out the whites, they were to take all the horses they could lay their hands on, and fly to the Indian nation.

A white man named Taylor, who had made negroes his only companions, had been ordered to get his traveling card immediately, or be hanged.

An attempt was made to burn Indianola, but it was discovered in time to prevent a serious loss.

The Crockett Argus says that considerable excitement exists in that and the adjoining county of Anderson. Several barns and one dwelling had been burned. These acts of incendiarism were directly traced to negroes.

A white man implicated with the negroes had been hung near Ione.

A plot to burn and destroy had been discovered among the negroes in Tyler Prairie.

Various persons had been ordered to leave the State.

Vigilance Committees were continually forming.

SERVILE INSURRECTION.—A most diabolical plot has been discovered with our negro population, contemplating the destruction of Talladega, the massacre of the citizens, and the ravaging of the surrounding country. The plan is extensive, deep laid, and has been on hand some months. Suspicion was first aroused to the fact as much as three or four weeks since, but nothing was known of its extent or exact character, until about a fortnight since, when the plot was disclosed to the Messrs. Lane, by one of their negroes. This led to the examination of other negroes, who, upon being separately examined, testified to the same result. The concurrent testimony of many other slaves, subsequent to this, gives us the moral conviction that our citizens have been sleeping with all the barbarous calamities of a servile insurrection hanging over us.

We have been present at the examination of some of the negroes implicated in the proposed insurrection, and was struck with the adaptation of the plan to excite both the cupidity and fears of the negro. The lure of lucre, lust and unbridled liberty was held out as an inducement to engage in the hellish plot, while those who betrayed the plan, or refused to join it, were threatened with certain death.

The plan of attack was, to assemble at Talladega, separate into small parties, repair to all the houses in town, fire them simultaneously, and then to stand by the doors and murder the whites as they ran out. The time agreed upon for the assault was some Saturday night about the middle of September.

The concurrent testimony of the negroes examined, goes to show beyond the possibility of doubt, that the whole plot has been concocted and set on foot by white men. It shows, too, that Abolition emissaries have been in our midst, inciting our slaves to rebellion, and conspiring against the lives of our citizens.

Two white men, citizens of our county, (Lem Paine and Steadham) have been arrested and lodged in prison. There is every moral conviction that they are instigators in the insurrection. Ten negroes have been taken and put in jail, as leaders in the proposed rebellion. As there is every reason to believe that similar plots are in existence in other districts in the South, it becomes the duty of every community with a slave population, to see that no torches are preparing for the destruction of their homes, and that no knives are forging for the butchery of their mothers, wives, daughters and sisters.

A Vigilance Committee has been formed in our county, which has been for some days past actively engaged in ferreting out the offenders. As "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," so is active vigilance in this age of Abolition raids, the price of life.

HUNG.—Lem Paine, who was lodged in jail last week, under the charge of inciting slaves to insurrection, was forcibly taken from his prison, last night, and hung from a large China tree near Dr. McKenzie's tan-yard. The jail, it appears, was entered by a strategy; a large party of armed men in disguise, called Mr. Pucket, the jailor, up, under the pretext of imprisoning a felon. The moment the door was opened the crowd rushed in, seized Mr. Pucket, and demanded the keys to Paine's cell, on

pain of death. He was forced to yield.—Paine was carried off, and this morning was found hanging as above stated. The Coroner's jury brought in a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

No blame is attached to the jailor, Mr. Pucket.—*Talladega Watchtower, 29th.*

ABOLITION PLOT IN SELMA.—The following startling news (says the Montgomery Mail) comes to us from a perfectly reliable source:

SELMA, ALA., August 30th, 3 1/2 P. M.—There is great excitement here while I write. A yellow man named Milton, belonging, I believe, to Dr. Gee, and who stays at the Gee House, in this city, was taken up about half an hour since as an accomplice in the insurrectionary conspiracy in this section. Milton has heretofore borne an irreproachable character in this city.

The Mayor has issued a call for a meeting of the citizens of Selma, this evening, at 4 o'clock, to take immediate action on the subject. Considerable excitement prevails among the community. There is now no doubt of the existence of a diabolical scheme to incite insurrection in this section. It behooves all to be strictly upon their guard.

I wish I could give you what transpires at the citizens' meeting, but it will be impossible for me to do so before the mails close. More anon.

Yours, in haste,
II.
SELMA, Aug. 31.—Three more negroes have been arrested, and are now in the lock-up awaiting investigation—making four in all. The committee appointed at the citizens' meeting, yesterday evening, have not reported yet.

H.
Special Dispatch to Montgomery Mail.

EXCITEMENT IN ROME, GEO.—From the Rome Courier, of the 28th, we learn that considerable excitement exists in that place and vicinity on account of a plot discovered near Adairsville, and confessed by some of the negroes. But it appears that the facts developed by the investigation of a special committee do not warrant it. During the day a man recently discharged from the penitentiary was detected in trying to instil wrong notions into the mind of a negro, who informed against him. He had with him a negro boy fifteen years old, whom he had made a partner in his rascality. The Vigilance Committee administered thirty-nine lashes and a half shaven head to the elder, and turned them loose. The excitement in the County, and in Cass, Gordon and Whitfield Counties also, had risen to a considerable pitch, but not the first act of insubordination among the negroes occurred to disturb the security of the people.—*Columbus Sun.*

THE PERILS OF FALSEHOOD.—In the beautiful language of an eminent writer, "When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as the day—confidence can never be restored any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum, which you have once pressed in your hand." How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a greater portion of mankind. Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is most certain to lead to many serious crimes. With partners in life—with friends, with lovers, how important is confidence? How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in the intercourse between such parties? How much misery would be avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been the guiding and controlling motives, instead of prevarications and deceit. "Any vice," said a parent in our hearing, a few days since, "any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child should commit an error, or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow—an overwhelming exposure may come."

TALENTS ALWAYS ASCENDANT.—Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party spleen or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirits will lift them to their proper grade. He who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitles him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result; however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, "the swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but they will soon pass away, and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, and least of all, the truly great man, has reason to droop, or repine, at any efforts which he may suppose to be made with the view to depress him. Let, then, the tempest of envy or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him, and any attempt to extinguish that, will be as unavailing as would a human effort to "quench the stars."—*Wirt.*

Riches consist of that which sufficeth, and not in that which is superfluous.

Make no enemies; he is insignificant indeed that can do thee no harm.

Mystery, Reason and Faith.

The following illustration occurs in a little essay, published some years since in Boston:

Night comes down over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on the deck. The waters plunge and welter, and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up, in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadow falls as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and as the ship changes her course, the passenger knows not which way is east, or west, or north or south.—What islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course, or what that course is, or where they are, he knows not. To him, all around is mystery. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock, and taking note of the pace of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books, composed of rules and mathematical tables making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the middle of the seas. Storms may have beat, and currents may have drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is reason appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel, and watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as it were a living finger to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the course of the sky. But reason and experience have given him faith in the commanding officer of the ship—faith in the laws that control her course—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so, without a single doubt, he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the gray and misty highlands, rising like a cloud in the horizon, and as he hears them, the hills appear; and the light-house at the entrance of the harbor, and, sight of joy! the spires of the churches, and the shining roofs among which he strives to detect his own.

AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return home from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural thing on earth than one of these families without a heart.

A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart. Who would not rather bury his wife than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection?

Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Love God. Love everybody and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic cultures, to give them warm hearts, and ardent affections. Bind your whole families together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too numerous. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love—love to God, love to man.

AFFECTION AND UNKINDNESS.—The sweetest, most clinging affection, is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved, often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn, in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—Without female society it has been justly said, that the beginning of men's lives would be helpless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort. The celebrated d'Alembert makes a reflection that does honor to the female sex and to his own feeling: "We are in a peculiar manner," says he, "in want of the society of a gentle and amiable woman; when our passions have subsided to participate in our cares, calm and alleviate our sufferings, and enable us to support our infirmities. Happy is the man possessed of such a friend! and more happy still if he can preserve her, and escape the misfortune of a survival."

Selected Poetry.

Each One hath a Part to Do.

Men and brothers! up, be doing,
Help each other by the way,
Aid with hand and heart the dawning
Of a great and mighty day.
Think not earth hath fixed teachers,
Progress centered in the few;
All men more or less are missioned—
Each one hath a part to do.

Lend your aid, however little,
Lend your talent, though it's small;
Trifles thrive by combination,
Working for the good of all;
Truth is slow, and wants assistance
Of the many with the few;
Every man, however feeble,
Hath a part he's skilled to do.

Faint not, lag not in your doing,
Still press onward; ye will find
Brilliant sunbeams flashing ever
From thy archives of the mind;
Earth holds not a human creature,
Meanest spurk ye may view,
If he hath a part of reason,
But he hath a part to do.

All men may assist each other,
Though it but a trifle be;
Tay streams make flowing rivers,
Rivers make a mighty sea.
One may do the work of many,
Many help the toiling few;
Thus with all men, high or low,
Each one hath a part to do.

Many pillars bear the temple,
Varied in their strength and height;
And, though versatile in greatness,
Each contributes to its might.
Thus, though men proclaim their weakness;
And their talents small and few,
Each one shares in human greatness,
Each one hath a part to do.

Men and brethren! onward! onward!
Lag not till the work is done;
Grow in ardor, grow in earnest,
For the dawning has begun.
Let no heart be found to tarry,
Stirring impulse bear you through,
All men aid the day that's dawning—
Each man hath a part to do.

Singular Courtship.

The Rev. Dr. L.—n, an eminent Scotch divine and professor of theology, was remarkable for his absence of mind, and indifference to worldly affairs. His mind, wrapt in lofty contemplations, could seldom stoop to the ordinary business of life, and when at any time he did attend to secular affairs, he generally went about them in a way unlike any body else, as the history of his courtship will show. He was greatly beloved by his elders and congregation; was full of simplicity and sincerity, and entirely unacquainted with the etiquette of the world. Living the solitary, comfortless life of a bachelor, his elders gave him frequent hints that his domestic happiness would be much increased by his taking to himself a wife, and pointed out several young ladies in his congregation, any one of whom might be a fit match or companion for him.

The elders, finding all the hints had no effect in rousing the doctor to the using of the means, preliminary to entering into the matrimonial alliance, at last concluded to wait upon him, and stir him up to the performance of his duty. They urged on him the advantages of marriage—its happiness—spoke of it as a divine institution, and as affording all the enjoyment of sense and reason, and, in short, all the sweets of domestic life. The doctor approved of all they said, and apologized for his past neglect of duty, on account of many difficult passages of Scripture he had of late been attending to, and promised to look after it, the first convenient season." The elders, however, were not to be put off any longer; they insisted on the doctor at once making use of the means, and requesting from him a promise that, on Monday afternoon, he would straightway visit the house of a widow lady, a few doors from him, who had three pretty daughters, and who were the most respectable in the doctor's congregation. To solve any difficult passage in the book of Genesis—reconcile apparent discrepancies, or clear up a knotty text, would have been an easy and agreeable task to the doctor, compared with storming the widow's premises. But to the raising of the siege the doctor must go, and, with great gravity and simplicity, gentle reader, you can imagine you see him commencing the work.

After the usual salutations were over, he said to Mrs. W.—n, "my session have of late been advising me to take a wife, and recommended me to call upon you; and as you have three fine daughters, I should like to say a word to the eldest, if you have no objections." Miss W.—n enters, and the doctor, with his characteristic simplicity said to her, "my session have been advising me to take a wife, and recommended me to call upon you." The young lady, who had seen some thirty summers, was not to be caught so easily; she laughed heartily at the doctor's abruptness; hinting to him that in making a sermon, was it not necessary to say something first to introduce the subject properly before he entered fully upon it; and as for her part, she was determined not to surrender her liberty at a moment's warning—"the honor of her sex was concerned in her standing out." This was all a waste of time to the doctor, and he requested to see her sister.

Miss E. W.—n, then entered, and to save time the doctor says, my session have been advising me to take a wife, and I had been speaking to your sister who has just gone out at the door, and she is

not inclined that way, what would you think of being Mrs. L.—n? "O! Doctor, I don't know, it is rather a serious question. Marriage you know binds one for life, and it should not be rashly entered into. I would not consent without taking time to deliberate upon it." "My time," says the doctor, "is so much occupied, and as my session has said so much to me on the business, that I must finish to-day, if I can, so you had best tell your mother to send in your youngest sister to speak to me." In a moment comes the honest, lively Miss Mary W.—n. "Come away my child, it is getting on in the afternoon, and I must get home to my studies; I have been speaking to both of your sisters on a little business, and they have declined—I am a man of few words and without mispending precious time, what would you think of being made Mrs. L.—n?" "Indeed, I always thought a deal of you Doctor, and if my mother does not say against it I have no objections." The doctor left Miss Mary in a few minutes, enjoining her to fix the day, for any would suit him, but to send him up word the day before.

The doctor was scarcely home before a keen dispute arose in the family among the young ladies, all claiming the doctor. The eldest one said the offer was first made to her, and she did not positively refuse. The second declared that she wished only a little time to think upon it; and the youngest insisted that she was completely settled with her. The mother of the young ladies was in such difficulty with her daughters, that she was obliged to call upon the doctor himself to settle the dispute. She called, and the reverend doctor in his characteristic way said, "My dear Mrs. W.—n, I am very fond of peace in families; it is all the same thing to me, which of them, and just settle it among yourselves and send me up word." The doctor was married to the youngest, and one of his sons is at this day a respectable clergyman "in the land of the mountain and the flood."—*St. Louis Republican.*

USES OF MONEY.—If a man had eyes, hands, and feet, that he could give to those who wanted them; if he should either lock them up in a chest, or please himself with some needless or ridiculous use of them, instead of giving them to his brethren who were blind and lame, should we not justly reckon him an inhuman wretch? If he should rather choose to amuse himself with furnishing his house with these things than to entitle him to an eternal reward by giving them to those that wanted eyes and hands, might we not justly reckon him mad? Now money has very much the nature of eyes and feet; if we lock it up in chests or waste it in needless expenses upon ourselves, while the distressed want it for their necessary uses; if we consume it in the ridiculous ornaments of apparel, while others are starving in nakedness, we are not far from the cruelty of him that chooses rather to adorn his house with hands and eyes than to give them to those that want them. If we choose to indulge ourselves in such enjoyments as have no real use in them, and satisfy no real want, rather than to obtain an eternal reward by disposing of our money well, we are guilty of his madness that chooses to lock up eyes and hands rather than to make himself forever blessed by giving to those that want them.—*Law's Call to Christians.*

PHYSICAL AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT.—A clean, comfortable dwelling, with wholesome equals is no small aid to intellectual and moral progress. A man living in a damp cellar or garret, open to rain and snow, breathing the foul air of a filthy room, and striving without success to appease hunger on scanty and unsavory food, is in danger of abandoning himself to a desperate, selfish recklessness. Improve then your lot. Multiply comforts, and still more get wealth if you can by honorable means, and if it do not cost too much. A true cultivation of the mind is fitted to forward you in your worldly concerns, and you ought to use it for this end. Only beware, lest this end master you; lest your motives sink as your condition improves; lest you fall victims to the miserable passion of vying with those around you in show, luxury and expense.—*Channing.*

Mrs. FRY'S RULES.—1. I never lose any time; I do not think that is lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. 3. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. 4. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 5. Do all things with consideration; and when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.

Be always frank and true; spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

Aristotle remarked, "In every block of marble, there is always a beautiful statue; the only difficulty is in getting it out."

The Farmer.

There is no life so full of blessings, and so free from anxieties, as that of the cultivator of the soil. Contentment is said to be the sum of human happiness, and it is a truth none will venture to dispute. That business, therefore, which affords an equal and harmonious exercise to all the feelings and faculties of the mind, is most conducive to it. Now we ask, is not this the precise character of the farmer's occupation? His bodily organization is strengthened, and the measure of his days extended by the nature of his daily toil. The fountains of feeling in his heart are never exhausted by the occupations of the head, and he regards with the keenest sensibilities every thing in nature that ministers to human enjoyments. He has no influence over the market, except in so far as it is controlled by the supply of its demands, and he is never tempted to solicit favor at the expense of his principle. While he is reposing upon his couch rapt in dreamless slumber, or seated at the bounteous board partaking with keener relish his invigorating meal, the hand of nature is blessing him in his "basket and in his store." In short, he is the offspring of nature. She furnishes the impulse of his heart, directs the actions of his hands, and his integrity is as immutable as her own laws. The following remarks upon the same subject, are extracted from an article upon the "effect of climate and scenery upon the mind," and exhibit the facts in a very clear light and attractive language:

The quiet repose and placid loveliness of the cultivated landscape stretching out in dim perspective—no less than the rugged grandeur and wild sublimity of the mountain and the forest—the purity of the atmosphere—and habitual contemplation of the ever changing phenomena of nature, irresistibly tend to the elevation of character—the germination and growth of thought—and the predominance of the better feelings and impulses of the heart. The intellectual faculties may be and frequently are more rapidly developed, and more speedily matured, by the collision of mind with mind, produced by the diversified interests and pursuits of a crowded population; but all history and experience have demonstrated that the substantial elements of character—the moral sentiments—the virtue and graces of public and private life—inconspicuous integrity—devoted patriotism—diffusive benevolence—and an abiding and cheerful faith, are best prompted and most effectually cherished amid the scenery, and pure associations of the country.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farm house, that it is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent of the world—while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and garden, and that shall flow every day, and every night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done.

PULSATIONS OF THE HEART.—The left ventricle or cavity of the heart acts as a powerful piston, and by its contractions discharges into the great artery of the body a certain quantity of arterial blood at each contraction. These contractions constitute, in fact, the pulse of the heart; but as the blood so discharged passes along the arteries to every part of the body, it is usual for the physiologist, and more especially the medical man, to reason the number of these contractions at some of the more remote arteries, and the radial artery at the wrist is the vessel usually selected. The phenomenon called the pulse, is erroneously supposed by many to reside in the arteries, but it is dependent solely on the action of the heart and on the pressure of the observer's finger. The number of pulsations is simply the number of contractions which the left ventricle of the human heart performs in a given time.

We hear people incessantly growling about the hard world they live in. They never have seen a better—we hope they will not see a worse one. If the world gives you hard knocks, buckle up and pay down. Keep on the sunny side of creation and of human nature, or you will see the blindest waste ever "hearn tell on." Keep out of slough-holes and bad company, and work for an honest living, and you will find that this world is considerable of a place to be got up in six days.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

An Arkansas editor says that he keeps a big bear in his sanctum. He writes like a "bar keeper."