



## TARBORO' PRESS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1842.

**WE** commend the admirable Protest of President Tyler, on our first page, to the close attention of our readers. It appears to us it should be unhesitatingly admitted by all candid persons, that instead of the Federal Whigs having been successful in their attempt to "head Captain Tyler," he has triumphantly foiled and tried his pursuers.

**Adjournment.**—The Senate and House of Representatives adjourned to-day about half after two o'clock. The conclusion of the session was in keeping with the character of the Congress. In the House, there was a quorum scarcely at any period during the sitting; and, under these circumstances, immense sums were voted away, in absolute defiance of the Constitution. We would signalize one instance, to exemplify the reckless proceedings of this fraction of a House. On mature deliberation, the House had reduced the appropriation for judicial expenses one hundred thousand dollars. This settled decision of a full House—which had long since been carried to the account of the promised retrenchment of Whigery—was reversed in the twinkling of an eye, to-day. One hundred thousand dollars additional for the judiciary was incorporated in a bill making an appropriation to perfect a treaty with the Wyandots; and to these unlettered savages our enlightened judges are indebted for the great addition made to their means of dispensing justice through our land. There was really no legally constituted House to vote the money to the Indians or the judges; but it is certain that a vast sum was carried off in their names. We doubt much whether the Gauls that invaded the Roman capital, and had the city's ransom weighed out in the Senate-house, really carried as much as these Wyandots in their breech clouts, and our gentlemen of the long robe. It is questionable, however, whether the barbarians of the Far West will ever know what an exploit they have achieved, or whether their fortunes or our jurisprudence will be advanced by the appropriation.

A joint resolution was hurried through, under the same circumstances, making an appropriation of six thousand dollars to defray the expenses incurred in behalf of certain prisoners who joined the Texans in the Santa Fe expedition. Mr. Adams objected that, constitutionally, money could only be appropriated by bill. The Speaker would not listen to his objection, but hurried on in putting the question. Mr. Adams then objected that it was a money appropriation, and that it could not pass without being submitted to the Committee of the Whole; and, by the time he had shown this to be a flagrant disregard of the rule for making an appropriation of money, he was told the thing was done, and his admonition came too late.

This is but a sample of the way in which our Rump Parliament, after the longest session ever known in this country, closed its career of the last nine months. In ninety days it will be back again—the distant members having barely time to go to their homes, rest, and return again, to earn their mileage. The intervals between the adjournment of the Senate, after Harrison's inauguration, and the extra session, and between the extra session and that just terminated, were only sufficient to enable this Congress of Whigery to run home, as it does now, to kiss their wives and children, and get back to Washington. Whigery (or Connerly, as some call it) may then be said to have made the most of its term of service—unless, indeed, they had spent the whole time in travelling to and fro. In this case, the profit to themselves would have been vastly increased, and their expenses much less, and the advantage of the nation incalculably promoted.

Yet so unappeasable was the appetite of this Rump Parliament of Whigery to bless the nation with its legislation, that, after the hour of adjournment (2 o'clock) had arrived, no less than four of its prominent men rose in their places, and gave notice that they would, at the next session, have prepared for the country vast systems, sufficient each to swallow up all existing legislation. Mr. Cushing gave notice that he would hereafter in recess a plan of currency and fiscal agency, to remedy all defects in these great essentials. Mr. Wm. Cost Johnson followed, in the midst of confusion, and promised (as we understood) to have perfected for adoption his scheme to turn the public domain into scrip, pay the State debts, and fill the national coffers. Mr. Pope of Kentucky pledged himself to bring forward his project to turn the public lands into bank stock—make universal paper currency,—and pay the debts of the States so far as contracted for internal improvements. Mr. Arnold of Tennessee proclaimed, amidst a shout of laughter, that he would introduce bill five hundred and odd. (or, probably, five hundred and odd bills),

for consideration at the next session. From this it will be seen that, much as Whigery has done for the country, much remains to be done; and that there will be no lack of great measures for the promotion of the public welfare.

In the Senate, Mr. Bayard of Delaware undertook the same sort of provision in advance for the work of the next session. He gave notice that he would bring in a resolution to expunge the expunging resolution, and restore the censure on President Jackson for the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States. As a stockholder and attorney in that bank—one of its pall bearers in the funeral procession of its stockholders—and one of the executors of the last will and testament of the rotten establishment, this design of offering up the reputation of President Jackson as a sacrifice at its shrine, well becomes him; and the time he has chosen for it will suit well with the character of the mover and of the party who are to effect it. The American people will, by that time, have put its mark of reprobation on the whole of them at the polls. The Senators who will be called upon to put this stigma on General Jackson, will themselves be stigmatized by the Legislatures they will assume to represent—be denounced, by resolution, as violating the trusts reposed in them, and doing outrage to the feelings of the States on whose warrant they pretend they act.—*Globe.*

FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

### SPLENDID PHENOMENON.

**Mr. Howard:** On the night of the 25th August, at fifteen minutes after 9 o'clock, I witnessed at my house one of the most rare and beautiful phenomena in nature. One which I never before saw, of which I do not recollect ever to have read any account, and which only one man that I have seen has ever heard of appearing; and to him only once during a long life, spent in various parts of the world.

When the moon was about three-quarters of an hour high, and shining beautifully clear, there appeared a perfect *Rainbow* in the west, spanning from one part of the horizon to the other, and forming a complete semi-circle. The colors were not so brilliant and distinct, as if formed by the sun; but the bow or arch was as perfectly delineated as any I ever saw during day, and was evidently caused in the same way by the rays of the moon on the falling rain, as the rays of the sun acting on it in the day would have done. There was but a small cloud and a slight shower. There appeared a few stars beneath the bow, or within the arch of the bow. It lasted about fifteen minutes, and gradually disappeared as the rain increased.

Respectfully yours, &c.

JNO F. BELLAMY.  
Belle Mont, Nash County, N. C.

FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

### Good news from Corn Neck.

Well, George, old Lawrence is here yet; the gust has not blown him to the South, nor the freshet carried him from the mount of Corn Neck, where he beholds the pleasant plains and past fertile fields thereof. Yet my fields, that would have brought ten barrels of corn to the acre, I now ride in a canoe over the tops of the corn tassels. All danger is not death—when a man has God on his side, what has he to fear? For he has said, to allay the fear of his saints: "I will never leave nor forsake you."

Here, George, you can see cart loads of the finest horse apples, floating to the first raft they come to. Here you can see eleven stacks of wheat, that grew chin high, all in water, except the tops. Here you can see and hear the calves and sheep bleating, the cows and oxen lowing, for want of their rich meadows. Here you can see hogs confined upon hills, squealing for want of liberty and range. Here you can see a thousand pannels of fence swept from their foundation, that have not a rider thereof been moved in 35 years, exposing the farm to the ravages of every depredator. Here you can see rabbits in gangs, driven from the low lands to the high noles, for security. If you love July rabbit soup, George, your cup might have been filled to overflowing. And as for spiders, there are some so large that a muscull would think they were young crabs; and as for grasshoppers, they are here by thousands of thousands, of every hue but black; and for ants and bugs of different descriptions, they are here so superabundant, that if old Adam was here, who in creation gave names to all the beasts, I think it would puzzle his noddle, and carry him far away beyond his vocabulary to give names to this heterogeneous assemblage of insects, that climb the trees, stumps, and bushes, for safety, by millions—who fight it out until the weaker falls in the water, and seek other refuge.

Here, George, you can stand on the mount of Corn Neck, and look over its fertile plains, and it looks like a Sound a mile wide. Yet all this is not a pin head to me, "the Lord will provide"—"it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." The world is his, and the best of all is, I can say he is, with an evidence in my heart, my father, and I am an equal heir with all his children to all he possesseth in heaven. I would to God you could say so.

So then I fear not, for here is an old gray headed man, that has spent forty years for the benefit of his fellow men, and

seen the time he had but a raccoon to eat and no grace to put in that; and lived three weeks on squirrels, and no meat nor grace to put with them. Such was the case of a poor outcast orphan. But now I am worth forty or fifty thousand dollars, dug out of the ground honestly, after having spent thousands on the education of my children. It is but to say, kill this beef, sheep, or hog, and it is done to command; and better than all, is to say with a heart, "thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." All is right in the providence of God.

I stand and wonder sometimes, on the mount of Corn Neck. When I passed this creek with an old pad of a bed worth only six dollars, without a house to put my head in, only sixteen years old, and weighing 95 pounds, how comes all this? Without money or a friend, an outcast orphan, to now command Corn Neck, where rich men dwell with fifty or a hundred negroes. I stand amazed and wonder, where, and when, and how, the scene of my life will end. Yet the oath and promises of God are the stay up of my soul, in all his dark dispensations towards me; more stable than the Pilot mountain, the Alleghany, Himalaya, or Andes. Will he now forsake me, who fed me on coon and squirrels when a poor orphan? No, never; no, never; no, never; while he is God. All though my farm is deluged with water, he is my God, and Jesus Christ is my brother; they will provide in time and eternity for me. Here, George, you can see some of the consolations of the religion of God.

Here I can see the snakes as I pass them in my canoe, coiled on the bushes and limbs of trees for safety and heat, to preserve life. Here you can see the desolation of a freshet, in all its ravages on the labor of the farmer. Here you can see hundreds of thousands of peas rendered abortive and destroyed. Here you can see negroes stand gazing at the wide water, never having been used to such things, with wonder and amazement, with their countenances depicting sadness, after the toil of a summer's labor, and all their elevated hopes laid in the dust.

But the good news from Corn Neck is simply this: Any thing that has a tendency to humble my pride, self-dependence, and trust in the riches or honors of this world, whether it be mercy or judgment, I consider the greatest good that can befall me in this life; for the less we love the world, with less concern can we leave it.

JOSHUA LAWRENCE.

### Corn Neck, 25th of Aug. 1842.

George, I so fully believed, while riding over the tops of the corn tassels for a mile in the canoe, that there would be another gust, I deferred sending to you the above, that I might record the effects of the past and present in your paper, for the benefit of the present and future generations; for when I can't live for the benefit of man, let me die. For he who lives alone for his own benefit, is a cypher in creation; but he who lives for the benefit of others, puts a 1, a 2, a 3, or 4, to the left of that cypher, that counts well as the case may be.

Here you can see corn so dead and dry, that there is not a green blade, stalk, or ear to be seen; that if it was the month of March and the wind blowing, it would burn for three quarters of a mile in my low lands, by reason of its being planted in drills, two stalks in a hill, eighteen inches apart, lying all the same way, one on top of the other. I had repaired part of my fences, now swept away worse than before. Yet Corn Neck is the garden of Eden, these things don't happen every day; plenty has always abounded there, but no fat beef this year, George, from Corn Neck, look out elsewhere. I may make bread and get along this year, times will get better not long first. Then push your boat ahead. I have seen the freshet four feet higher, but in all the freshets put together that I have seen for forty years, I have not seen half the damage done to the farms on Fishing Creek, owing to its coming in July, when the corn was in its blister. I have swam over the tops of the corn tassels and made as good corn and that in its silk as ever I made, heretofore; but the forwardest gust I ever saw, was the 4th of August. And I have seen two freshets of a year, but never, no, never, two gusts in the same year. This is something I never saw to my knowledge before. And the cause is, when March and April are without much wind, look for it in August and September, for it will come on the Atlantic coast. Young people, observe it. A thousand dollars would not pay me for damage done to my lowlands, &c. A hundred things more, but not now. Bear up and bear along.

**Melancholy Occurrence.**—Mr. Burwell Pitchford, Sr. was accidentally drowned on Wednesday evening the 24th ult. while attempting to cross Owen's Creek, about three and a half miles west of Warrenton, on the Road to Williamsboro. Owen's Creek is a small stream and rarely difficult to cross; but it was very much swollen by the heavy rains which fell on the night of the 23rd of August and the day of the 24th, and a deep hole was washed in the bed of the stream where travellers usually pass. The body of Mr. Pitchford was not found until Saturday morning, when it was discovered by a slave in the water. The deceased was a useful magistrate and a good citizen.—*Warrenton Reporter.*

**Mesmerism.**—We learn from the Nor-

folk Herald, that Theophilus Fisk will shortly retire from the editorial chair of the Chronicle and Old Dominion, and turn his attention to the practice of mesmerism. The Herald says that Mr. Fisk has been quite successful in the vocation he has recently taken up, and mentions the following cure performed by him by the influence of Mesmerism:—"If we had leisure we might cite a number of instances, well authenticated, to attest its efficacy in the cure of nervous diseases (and beyond this we do not extend our credence.) Indeed, Mr. Fisk himself, at the very threshold of his practice of mesmerism, has triumphantly established this point. We have all the particulars, but no authority to give names, and shall therefore briefly state, that an eminent physician, reduced by disease of the nervous system, so low as to be unable to walk 100 yards without assistance, was thrown by Mr. F. into a mesmeric sleep for an hour; and on being awakened, found himself so far restored as to be able to walk with the elasticity and ease of one in perfect health."—*Pet. Int.*

**A Negro Case.**—There was quite an excitement at Lockport last Sunday and Monday, says the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, growing out of the following facts. A gentleman from the South, named Thompson, who had been staying some days at the Falls, had had a negro confidential servant with him, who at a convenient opportunity opened his master's trunk, stole \$500, and fled to Canada. A posse of constables, stimulated by the reward that was offered, caught the negro at Waterloo and restored him to his master. Mr. T. immediately started off for the East, and when passing through Lockport some of the abolitionists there learning that he had a black man in keeping, got out a writ of habeas corpus and took the negro before the Supreme Court Commissioner. Center, who after examination ordered his discharge as a free man. He was immediately arrested for the alleged theft, and is now in jail awaiting his examination.

**Murder by negroes.**—It appears, from the New Orleans papers, that Mr. Baylis L. Wilcox, overseer of Dr. A. Allen, of the parish of St. Mary, was murdered, on the 10th inst., by two runaway negroes whom he had captured, and was taking home. One of the murderers was subsequently killed in an effort to capture him; the other was tried, sentenced, and hung on the 18th instant.

**A Lesson to Blasphemers.**—One day last week, says the N. Y. Sun a man was employed rickling hay in his master's field, near Ivy bridge, Devon, Penn. when a circumstance took place of a most awful nature. The atmosphere, which had been sunny, became clouded, and a heavy shower of rain fell. The man continued his work, throwing the hay from the ground to the top of the rick, but in a moment of passion he raised the fork high in the air, and swore that Almighty God might come and rick the hay for he would not. At that instant a flash of lightning, attracted by the iron prong of the fork, struck him to the earth, and on being raised, the unhappy man was dead.

## Foreign.

**Lute from England.**—By the steamer Caledonia, at Boston, we have English papers to Aug. 19th inclusive.

In the Chronicle of the 19th, we find pages filled up with movements of great bodies of the operatives, who, having abandoned the coal mines, the potteries, the glassworks, the mills, and other manufacturing establishments throughout England and Scotland, are filling the kingdom with cries of distress, extorting support from involuntary charity, and encountering sometimes in bloody conflicts posess of constables supported by military force. Lord Wellington is appointed to the command of the British army, that his great name may contribute, with the imposing array of regular troops and civil power, to curb the spirit of revolt.

We might fill several columns of details of the riots. It appears that they commenced about the 11th of August, and continued in all the manufacturing districts up to the 18th, at which time the different places had become, in a measure, quiet.

The accounts represent that throughout England there has been an uninterrupted succession of fine weather, and that the prospect of an unusually good harvest was very great. Money was abundant; the demand for most descriptions of produce was good; and the cotton market had decidedly improved in demand and in price.

**From Brazil.**—An attempt at revolution has been for some time in progress in the empire of Brazil. A battle has been recently fought between the insurgents and the Imperial troops, at Tamanda, in which the former after being defeated, fled precipitately, leaving their arms, money, and provisions on the field. Orders had been given by the government to show no mercy; no quarter was given, and even their property was ordered to be burned. The Brazilian government is by no means in a safe state, though the royalists have still the upper hand.

**Washington Market, Sept. 7.**—Corn—wholesale, \$3 per barrel. Bacon—7 a 9 cents. Lard, 6 to 6 1/2 cents. Naval Stores New dip, \$2 35; Old, \$1 80. Scrapes,

70 cents. Tar, \$1 10. Fish, shad, 6 a \$7. Herrings, cut, \$3 50 a \$4 00; whole \$2 25 a \$2 50.—*Whig.*

## Prices Current.

At Tarborough and New York.

SEP. 10.	per	Tarboro'. New York.
Bacon, -	lb	7 8 4 5
Brandy, apple, -	gallon	50 60 40 50
Coffee, -	lb	13 16 9 13
Corn, -	bushel	70 80 47 52
Cotton, -	lb	7 8 8 9
Cotton bagging, -	yard	20 25 15 16
Flour, -	barrel	\$6 1/2 7 \$6 6 1/2
Iron, -	lb	5 1/2 6 3 4
Lard, -	lb	7 8 7 4
Molasses, -	gallon	30 35 18 20
Sugar, brown, -	lb	10 12 1/2 6 20
Salt, T. I. -	bushel	50 55 32 33
Turpentine, -	barrel	150 160 225 238
wheat, -	bushel	65 75 120 130
whiskey, -	gallon	35 40 20 25

McIlwaine, Brownley & Co.

Have on hand and are now receiving their

FALL SUPPLY OF

## GROCERIES,

which is extensive and well assorted. They will sell low for cash, or to punctual customers on the usual credit. Their stock consists in part of

160 hhd's Sugars—St. Croix, P. Rico, Cuba, Muscovado, New Orleans, and extra clarified  
15000 lbs Leaf & Lump Sugars—all kinds  
750 bags Coffee—Rio, Laguayra, Cuba, Java, Porto Rico, &c.  
1700 sides Sole Leather, various qualities  
100 dozen Upper Leather—Calf, Kip, Sheep, lining and binding Skins  
500 pieces Cotton bigging and burlaps, from 3 4 to 2 1 4 lb. per yard  
450 coils bale Rope, various kinds  
1200 lbs Shoe Thread—brown, bleached, hank, &c.  
1500 lbs Twine—sewing, seine, wrapping, &c.  
500 reams wrapping, writing and Letter paper  
800 casks cut Nails and brads  
25000 lb. good western bucon Sides  
25000 lbs Castings, a very general assortment  
150 THOUSAND pounds Iron—Swedes and English flat, round & square bands, hoops, nails, and Spike Rods, &c.  
5000 lbs Steel—German, English and American, blister, cast, shear, spring, &c.  
200 boxes Soap and candles  
1000 sacks Liverpool fine and ground Alum Salt  
50 1-2 chests and boxes Imperial, Gunpowder, Y. Hyson and Pouchong Teas—part very superior  
Pepper, spice, ginger, Nutmegs  
Indigo, madder, white Lead,  
Salts, salt petre, alum, brimstone  
Coppers, Snuff in bladders and bottles  
Buck and patent Shot, bar Lead,  
Gun Powder in kegs and canisters  
Skirting and harness Leather  
Trace chains, chains, halters, seives  
Horse collars, saddlery,  
Spades and shovels, axes, hoes,  
Iron bound tubs and pails  
Farmers' Oil, shaving Soaps  
American and Spanish Cigars  
Family and superfine Flour  
Rice, Mustard, window Glass  
Chev'ng Tobacco of various brands  
Bed cords—hemp, cotton and Manila  
Plough lines, grindstones  
Lemon syrup, Fig blue, putty  
Salaratus, ink and ink powder  
Cotton Yarns and Ozaburgs  
Blacking, borax, starch  
Cotton and wool cards (genuine Whittemore)  
Chocolate, coffee mills, feathers, &c. &c.

☞ We are prepared to receive and forward goods consigned to our charges; and our usual attention will be devoted to all PRODUCE sent to us for sale.

McL. B & Co.  
Petersburg, Va. Aug. 27. 36 4

**UNITED STATES—District Court of North Carolina—In Bankruptcy.**—Notice to show cause against Petition of Thomas S. Burt, of Edgecombe County, Merchant, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Edenton, on Monday, the 17th day of October next. By order of the Court.

H. H. POTTER,  
Acting Clerk of Court in Bankruptcy.  
August 4, 1842. 34 3

### Tarboro' Female Academy.

THIS institution will be re opened on the first Monday in October next, under the continued superintendence of Miss A. M. Ragsdale. Terms as heretofore.  
August 16, 1842 33 7

## New Flour.

THE subscriber has just received 100 bbls. of very nice Flour, made from Wheat of the present year's growth, which he will sell at a moderate price, for cash only.

He expects to keep a constant supply of favorite Roanoke brands, and will always sell at the lowest cash prices—A liberal deduction will be made to those who buy to sell again. Orders, accompanied by the cash, will meet prompt attention.

JOHN CAMPBELL.  
Weldon, Aug' 12th, 1842. 33 3