

N. CAROLINA FREE PRESS.

Whole No. 458.

Tarborough, (Edgecombe County, N. C.) Saturday, August 24, 1833.

Vol. IX—No 52.

The "North Carolina Free Press,"

BY GEORGE HOWARD.

Is published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per year, if paid in advance—or, Three Dollars, at the expiration of the subscription year. For any period less than a year, Twenty-five Cents per month. Subscribers are at liberty to discontinue at any time, on giving notice thereof and paying arrears—those residing at a distance must invariably pay in advance, or give a responsible reference in this vicinity. Advertisements, not exceeding 16 lines, will be inserted at 50 cents the first insertion, and 25 cents each continuance. Longer ones at that rate for every 16 lines. Advertisements must be marked the number of insertions required, or they will be continued until otherwise ordered, and charged accordingly. Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

DOMESTIC.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

Major Downing's official report of the United States Bank.

Published "By authority."

Rip Raps, August 4, 1833.

Dear Sir: I have just got here after examining the bank; and it was the toughest job I ever had in my life. The General was so bent on my doing it, that I had to "go ahead" or I'd sneaked out the first day. I was nigh upon a weak about it, figerin and syferin all the while. Mr. Biddle see quick enuf it was no fool's journey I come on; and I made some of his folks scratch their heads, I tell you. I gin um no notice of my coming, and I jumped right in the thickest on em there one day when they were tumblin in and shellen out the munny like corn. "Now," says I, "my boys, I advise all on ye to brush up your multiplication tables, for I am down upon you with aligation, and the rule of three, and vulgar fractions; and if I find a penny out of place, the General shall know it. I'm no green horn, nor member of Congress, nor Judge Clayton, nor Mr. Cambreleng neither," says I. As soon as Mr. Biddle read the letter the General sent by me, says he, "Major, I'm glad the General has sent some one at last that knows something, and can give a strait account;" and with that he call'd the bank folks, and tell'd em to bring their books together. "Now," says he, "Major, which eend shall we begin at first?" "It makes no odds which," says I; "all I care about is to see if both eends meet; and if they dont, Mr. Biddle," says I, "fits all over with you and the bank—you'll all go, hook and line"—and then we off coats and went at it. I found some of them are fellers there playy sparp at syferin. They'd do a sum by a kinder short Dilworth quick as a flash. I always use a slate—it comes kinder natural to me; & I chalk'd her off there the first day and figur'd out nigh upon one hundred pretty considerable tuf sums. There was more than three cart loads of books about us, and every one on em bigger than the Deacon's family bible. And such an eternal batch of figerin I never see, and there wasn't a blot or scratch in the whole on em.

I put a good many questions to Mr. Biddle, for the General gin me a long string on em; and I thought some would stagger him; but he answered them all just as glib as our boys in Downingville do the catakise, from the chief 'eend of man' clean through the petitions; and he did it all in a mighty civil way too, there was only one he kinder tried to git round, and that was—how he come to have so few of the General's folks among the Directors until very lately? "Why," says he, "Major, and Major" says he (and then he got up and took a pinch of snuff and offered me one) says he "Major, the bank knows no party; and in the first go off, you know, the General's friends were all above matters of so little importance as banks and banking. If we had but a branch in Downingville," says he, "the General would not have had occasion to ask such a question," and with that he made me a bow; and I went home and took dinner with him. It is playy curious to hear him talk about millions and thou-

sands; and I got as glib too at it as he is; and how on earth I shall git back agin to ninepences and four-pence-happenies I cant tell.

After I had been figerin away there nigh upon a week, and used up 4 or 5 slate pencils, and spit my mouth as dry as a cob, rubbin out the sums as fast as I did them, I writ to the General, and tell'd him it was no use; I could find no mistake; but so long as the Bank was at work it was pretty much like counting a flock of sheep in a fall day when they were just let into a new stubble—for it was all the while crossing and mixing, and the only way was to lock up all the banks, and as fast as you count em, black their noses.

"Now," says I one day to Squire Biddle, "I'll just take a look at your money bags, for the General you han't got stuff enuf in the Bank to make him a pair of specules, none of your rags" says I, "but thereal grit;" and with that he called 2 or 3 chaps in Quaker coats, and they opened a large place about as big as the 'east room;' and such a sight I never see—boxes, bags, and kags, all full, and I should say nigh upon a hundred cord. Says I, "Squire Biddle what on earth is all this?" "I am stump'd"—"O" says he, "Major this's our Safety Fund,"—"how you talk!" says I.

"Now," says I, "is that all genwine?" "Every dolly of it," says he, "will you count it Major?" says he. "Not to day," says I; "but is the General wants me to be particular, I'll just hussle some on em;" and at it I went, hammer and file. It raly did me good, for I did not think there was so much real chink in all creation. So when I got tired, I set down on a pile, and took out my wallet, and begun to count over some of the 'Safety Fund' notes I got shaw'd with on the grand tower. "Here," says I, "Squire Biddle, I have a small trifle I should like to barter with you, it's all 'Safety Fund,'" says I; "and Mr. Van Buren's lead is on most all on em." But as soon as he put his eye on em, he shook his head. I see he had his eye teeth cut. "Well," says I, "it's no matter;"—but it lifted my dander considerable.

"Now," says I, "Mr. Biddle, I've got one more question to put to you, and then I'm thro'. You say your bills are better than the hard dollars; this puzzles me, and the General too.—Now how is this?" "Well," says he, "Major, I'll tell you; suppose you have a bushel of potatoes in Downingville, and you wanted to send them to Washington, how much would it cost to get them there?" "Well," says I, "about two shillings lawful—for I sent a barrel there to the General last fall, and that cost me a dollar freight." "Well," says he, "suppose I've got potatoes in Washington just as good as yours, and I take your potatoes to Downingville, and give you an order to receive a bushel of potatoes in Washington, wouldnt you save two shillings lawful by that? We sometimes charge," says he, "a trifle for drafts, when the places are distant, but never as much as it would to carry the dollars;" and with that we looked into the accounts again, and there it was. Says I, "Squire Biddle, I see it now as clear as a whistle."

When I got back to Washington, I found the General off to the 'Rip-Raps,' and so I arter him. One feller there tell'd me I couldn't go to the 'Rip Raps;' that the General was there to keep off business; but as soon as I told him who I was, he ordered a boat, & I paddled off.

The General and I have talked over all the Bank business, he says it is not best to publish my report, as he wants it for the message; and it would only set them Stock fish nibblin again in Wall street. I made him stare when I tell'd him about the dollars I saw there; and once and a while he would rinkle his face up like a ball of raylins; and when I tell'd him Biddle wouldn't give me any of his 'Safety Fund' for any of Mr. Van Buren's

that I had with me; the General took out his wallet, and slung it more than five rods into the brakers.

We are now pretty busy, fitting and jointing the beams and rafters of the message; and if Mr. Van Buren don't git back before we begin to shingle it, I guess his Safety Fund will stand but a poor chance.

The General don't care much about having his head for a sign board, but says he, "Major," when they put my head on one eend of a bank bill, and Mr. Van Buren's on tother eend, and "promise to pay Andrew Jackson," and then blow up, it's too bad—I wont allow it—it shant be. The General says, if he allow Amos Kendle to make his report about the State banks, it is but fair to let me publish mine about Squire Biddle's bank. So I am getting mine ready.

We have a fine cool time here, and ain't bothered with office seekers; we can see em in droves all along shore, waitin for a chance. One feller swam off last night to get appointed to some office—the General thinks of making him Minister to the King of the Sandwich Islands, on account of their being all good swimmers there.

Yours, eternally,
J. DOWNING, Major Downingville
Militia, 2d Brigade.

Singular Phenomenon.—A correspondent of the Bulletin gives the following account of an uncommon occurrence which took place in Genesee county, N. Y. on the 10th of June:—

Between two and three o'clock in the morning, there was heard by several of the inhabitants of the towns of Java and Sheldon, Genesee county, a remarkable roaring, resembling that of a "rushing mighty wind," accompanied with a trembling motion of the earth, for a considerable extent. It was so considerable, that some removed the glass and earthenware from their shelves to prevent its breaking. In the morning there was discovered on the farm of Mr. J. Sykes, in the north part of the town of Java, a remarkable breach in the earth extending from Seneca creek, west across a small flat of a few rods in extent, up the side of a hill, the slope of which was about 40 or 45 rods in length. It was 20 rods wide at the end next the creek, 13 at the middle, and 16 at the upper end, where the earth was sunk from 25 to 30 feet, while it was raised about 20 feet above the bottom of the creek at its lower end, making the highest point at the creek nearly as high as the lowest depression at the other extremity. The bed of the creek was raised about 20 feet and carried about 3 rods beyond its former situation. The ground was thrown into ridges from 2 to 10 feet high. A considerable portion of the surface has entirely disappeared presenting in its stead several strata of different kinds of earth. Trees, stumps and logs were carried 12 or 15 rods. A small grove of timber, some of which was 20 inches through was carried the above distance, some standing, some broken down, and some torn up by the roots. In some instances, logs and other ponderous substances, that were in contact, were separated 6 or 8 rods, and others before at a distance, were thrown together. There are many conjectures concerning it, but no one can satisfactorily account for it.

Infidelity—Murder.—A laborer on the Jersey Canal, Bull's Island, in the Delaware opposite Lumberville, named Burns, for a long time past suspected his wife of infidelity. Unwilling to act hastily in the matter, but being strongly convinced that his suspicions were well founded, he resolved to take measures to ascertain certainly the whole truth. To do this, says the Doylestown Democrat, from which paper we gain these particulars, he gave out that he was going from home and did not expect to return soon. He,

however, came home, sometime in the night, entered his house, and proceeded to his room, where his suspicions were confirmed by finding the deceased there, and the marriage bed prostituted to the vilest passions. He immediately seized a club and beat out the brains of the seducer of his wife, and destroyer of his happiness, as he lay in the bed. This done, with the same club he beat his abandoned wife so severely, that she died in a few hours after.

Burns immediately gave himself up, and was committed to prison, in Flemington, N. J. where he now awaits his trial. When the decease of his wife was mentioned to him, he expressed the highest satisfaction, stating it was exactly what he desired.—*Phil. Gaz.*

☞ We understand that Mr. Jonathan Hare was drowned on the evening of the 8th inst. in crossing the river, from Newberry's election ground, on his way home.—*Fay. Jour.*

☞ A correspondent of the Springfield Pioneer states that Mr. McAdams, of Clermont county, Ohio, is the father of twenty-seven children. He has had four wives, all of whom were young women at their marriage. May, 1833, Mr. M.A. is married to his fifth wife.

A hard case.—A worthy physician in Boston, was last week arrested together with a lady with whom he had boarded, and they were committed to jail in the same room together. In the morning, they were placed together at the bar of the Municipal Court, and there together awaited their turn of being heard and tried. They were informed that they were charged with having lived together contrary to law and gospel. The Doctor produced a certificate of marriage, and the clergyman who had signed it testified that he had married them together. It is dangerous travelling without certificates, especially if, as in the Doctor's case, it subjects one to the risk of being locked up all night with a lady.—*U.S. Gaz.*

Baptists in the United States.—From Allen's Annual Register, we learn that the whole number of Baptist Associations in this country, a few months since, was 311; churches 5513; ordained ministers 3153; communicants 402,558; baptisms, during 1832, about 50,000. The increase of churches since 1831 has been 438, of ministers 219, communicants 48,224.

From other sources it appears that the Baptists have in different States, eight principal Colleges, of which the oldest is Brown University; (1764.) and the largest, Hamilton Seminary, in N. York, which has 130 students. Whole number of students between 400, and 500; and, including the Baptist academies; over 1,000.

☞ The Journal of Commerce states that James A. Hamilton, U. S. District Attorney for N. York, has already made \$100,000 out of the office, which he has not held more than four years.

Politeness of the Press in the West.—A Kentucky paper thus speaks to and of a cotemporary and neighbour:—

"Is he waiting for an excuse to call us to the field? We can furnish him with none whatever, further than to pronounce him, as we do most sincerely, and with an especial regard to the meaning of our words, a drunkard, a liar, a puppy, & most redemptionless scoundrel."

☞ At the Jury term of the court of common pleas of Preble county, O. a man named John Taylor, nearly 70 years old, was tried and found guilty of assaulting a girl 12 years old with intent to commit a rape, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for 3 years.