

# The Register.

## MECKLENBURG JEFFERSONIAN.

We have been in the habit of paying large sums of personal courtesy and respect towards the paper, because, from the acquaintance formed with its Editor, when he professed to be a Whig, we took up impressions favorable to him. Frequently, since his connection with the "Jeffersonian," however, we have had reason to distrust the correctness of our "first impressions." A distinguished gentleman from the West said to us last summer—" You have entirely mistaken the character of the Editor of the "Jeffersonian"—he is, all to nothing, the most worthless Editor in the State." We deemed this strong language, as we thought of the existence of the "Standard," Fayetteville Carolinian, and Washington Republican; but the subjoined extracts from the last number of that paper show that it was not too strong.

Year past—The General Meeting of the Stockholders of the Bank of the State of N. C., adjourned on the 30th ult., after passing a Resolution, madly saying—" Since the Legislature has adjourned without passing any measure refer to the people, the President and Directors of the bank are instructed to extend their discounts, &c. This more open in the political maneuvering of this Bank. Its refer to the people is what is now so oppressing them."

QUESTION OF VERACITY SETTLED.—We stated last week, on the authority of the Standard, that a large majority of the borrowers from the Literary Board were Whigs. This the Register denied; but the last Standard publishes the names and political classification of the borrowers, and closes with those remarks:

" Whole number of individual borrowers, 55; of whom 47 are Whigs and 8 are Democrats. Whole sum due from individual borrowers, \$103,955; of which sum the Whigs borrowed \$97,499, and the Democrats the sum of \$11,456. No wonder the Whig Governor and the Whig Legislature of 1841, '42, dodged the question."

## LOCO LOGIC.

We cut from the "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian," the following choice specimen of the deep and subtle reasoning powers enjoyed by the Editor of that paper.

" The majority of the Committee of Ways and Means (all Whigs,) have reported against the expediency of Mr. William Cost Johnson's plan of assuming the State Debt by the issue of \$200,000,000 in public Stocks, on the faith and credit of the General Government. The minority submitted another report, denouncing the scheme as dangerous, unconstitutional and inexpedient."

And now mark the deductions our contumacious draws, after having gravely informed his readers, that "the majority of the Committee were all Whigs!" Hear him.

" These moves show that this assumption of State debt will shortly be a prominent measure of the Whig party!"

Any comment upon such logic as this, is entirely unnecessary.

" It is a curious astronomical fact, that there is no new Moon in the month of February, 1842, but there are two new Moons in the month of March following. It is new Moon on the 30th of January, again on the 1st of March, and also on the 30th of March."

## THE SIBYLLINE ORACLES.

A late number of Chamber's Edinburgh Journal gives a short and pleasant account of those singular Females who so strongly swayed the mind of ancient Italy and Greece. The Philadelphia North American supposes with some show of reason, that these Sibyls produced many of the wonderful effects attributed to them, by means similar to those employed by modern Mesmerists. That they possessed most extraordinary powers, cannot be doubted, and it is most probable that they were aware of this strange method of exciting the imagination which has elicited so many of the phenomena of Animal Magnetism. Late experiments seem to prove that it is possible, in some individuals, to divorce the imagination from the will, so that reason no longer controls the fancy. This may have been the allusion of the Sibyls.

" The Wilmington papers mention that the shock of Earthquake, felt in this City, was about the same moment or time, sensibly noticed in that place."

The Washington City and Charleston papers also notice the shock, as occurring about the same moment as felt here.

" And through the world, he'll wander,  
A poor forsaken Gander."

Such seems to be the fate destined for our neighbor of the "Standard," if we are allowed to judge by the blows, dealt him right and left, from his quondam allies. A writer in the last "Washington Republican," alluding to his recent acts of rebellion says—

" Let him see to it, let he force the Democracy to believe that his aged locks were too much whitened by New-England frost, before he felt the genial rays of a Southern Sun. Let him beware, lest the already glimmering lights of his party's confidence in him change into lurid darkness—of expulsion from our ranks. Let him take heed to his ways, else the seeds of discord which he is now sowing in our ranks, will, ere long, put forth blossoms of his own diabolical and yiel fruits of his political friends. Let him hasten to the reprobate of weighed justice, and loose himself from the dangerous net of his own making, ere he has to make it a strait to cover his shame."

## SAGACITY OF A PIG.

Instances of the wonderful sagacity of the canine race have often been noted. But we do not recollect of hearing of any performances of the Swine herd, that surpass the exploit of a little Porker, that has lately come to our notice.

About the time of the first snow that fell this Winter, a gentleman in this vicinity, discovered on his premises, a fine litter of pigs of the Berkshire and Granier breed, entirely "snowed under." A few weeks since one of these sires was brought up by the owner, and sent as a present to a friend, who resided 33 miles West of this City. What was the donor's surprise when, in two days after his departure, he found the same little pig back again, alive and squealing! In having traversed the whole distance alone, and in less than a day. Since his return to his old quarters, a letter has been received from the place he was destined, acknowledging the safe arrival and receipt of the pig in fine order; also stating that the little fellow, not liking his new home, had taken French leave, after staying only a day and a night, and that the last he heard of him was, that he was seen crossing Haw River bridge, bound for this City, as fast as his "little trotters" would carry him.

## THE LATEST GEM.

We find the following in an exchange paper. We don't know the name of the author, but he cannot remain concealed. He need might consider the sun-beams, if such gains can remain unknown:—

" The "Picayune" wonders why the Mad dog does not go into Bankruptcy, it has failed so often."

Philosophers sport with the follies of mankind, tradesmen make money by them. Which is the wiser of the two?"

## HENRY CLAY.

We recently picked up a paper from any quarter of the Union, that is not teaming with enthusiasm upon the public service of this veteran Statesman. What a proud era in his life is the present, when he has retired to the shades of infamy, after having devoted the greater portion of it to his country, to see his past services held up as a poor example to those who now control the destinies of this nation, and to see the people whose confidence he has so long enjoyed, looking up to him to relieve the country from the embarrassment that has been brought upon it by Loco Foco extravagance and misrule! Even some of those who were once his bitterest revilers now acknowledge him to be the only man who can save the country from impending ruin.

Let us take a retrospective view of his public career, and ask, when dangers threatened, to us, what was foremost in the counsels of the nation to defend her rights and her honor! View him at the treaty of Ghent, nobly defending the rights and liberties of the American people and rescuing them from the ravages of a destructive war! View him in the Senate Chamber, when the spirit of division was stalking through the land, and the country threatened with a civil warfare, more to be dreaded than any other calamity that could befall her, throwing himself into the breach, regardless of popularity or personal considerations—When party discord rose to its climax and a dissolution of our beloved Union seemed almost inevitable, Henry Clay, with the spirit of a true patriot and with a singleness of purpose which the great and good alone can feel, held for it the olive branch, yielded his long cherished opinions, for his country's safety, introduced and carried through Congress the Compromise Bill that restored peace and tranquility to a trembling Republic. What a proud moment in the history of his life, and what a noble example to posterity!

Scarcely has any great measure of National policy been introduced into Congress, of which Mr. Clay was not either the originator or its most zealous advocate, and yet a set of pseudo politicians and their organs, have vainly endeavored to build up political capital by reviling him! Is there any one who is familiar with the history of the country who forgets the struggle he has had with the party who guided the helm of State during the 12 years preceding the 4th of March, 1841, who will not admit that he was always the fearless and able defender of the people's rights? He was the vigilant sentinel of his country's interest, and though a great portion of the time in a meagre minority, he acted as a check upon the usurpers of power, who preyed like hungry vultures upon the public Treasury. He has ever been the friend of American liberty and American principles, and the foe of demagogues and plunderers, and altho' at the close of his brilliant career, he has had the mortification to see his brightest hopes for his country's welfare blasted by the imbecility and treachery of a man into whose power an accident had thrown the destinies of the nation, yet scarcely has he had time to reach that home which he so long neglected for the public weal, when all his toils are repaid by the shouts of freedom from every section of this wide spread Union, exclaiming, as if with one voice, " well done thou good and faithful servant!"

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BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE FIRE KINBLETH.—The following is from the Providence American, an Administration paper, of 1839, in which it is proved that General Jackson's election to the Presidency was in consequence of a hog's breaking into mischief in Cranston, Rhode Island, a number of years ago. The proof runs thus: Gen. Jackson owes his election to the victory of New Orleans; that victory depended on the existence of the War; that War was declared by the National Senate, by a majority of one, Jeremiah B. Howell, a member from Rhode Island, voted for the War. Had his competitor, James Burrill, occupied his seat, he would have voted against the war. Mr. Howell was elected by the casting vote of the presiding officer of the Rhode Island Legislature. The tie was occasioned by the absence of a member belonging to the political party of Burrill. He was prevailed upon to absent himself through the influence of an individual at variance with Burrill, on account of a law suit respecting the depredation of a hog, in which suit Mr. Burrill was the prosecuting attorney. Had it not been for the hog, there would have been no quarrel. Had there been no quarrel, Mr. Burrill would have been elected; the war would not have been declared, and the hero of New Orleans would never have been known, to one quarter of the people over whom he was called to preside!!!

According to James Hamilton's letter to John C. Calhoun, the victory of New Orleans has cost the United States five hundred millions of dollars. This is going the whole hog!

The recent manufacture of Lord Lismore has brought "the whole Hog" into such demand, that every vendor of them should have this story incorporated into their Advertisements, with a view of further illustrating "how great a matter little fire kindeth."

It is pretty evident from many indications, that it is not the intention of the Executive to nominate individuals to the important offices now vacant, until Congress has adjourned; in order thereby to avoid surveillance of the Senate over his selections, which the Constitution entrusts to that body, and which was placed there to guard against the ambition or weakness, which it was wisely foreseen, might perchance predominate in the mind of the incumbent of the Presidential chair.—New York Courier.

READING.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined by a hard working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exercise, of which he already has enough, or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present. They are now exhibiting their true character. Having lost the souls they have nothing to recommend them together—one is for little Van, another for the "honest minister," another for Buchanan, who expressed such "holy horror" at having republican blood in his veins, and another for "honest Tom Benton." So they rage, and so they exhibit to the country that the "great democratic Loco Foco party" are tumbling to pieces like Nebrascian earthen images.—*Caroline Journal.*

" The "Picayune" wonders why the Mad dog does not go into Bankruptcy, it has failed so often."

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## COTTON.

The extract below, from a Speech in the Senate by Mr. Calhoun, strike us as being eminently just and sensible—showing, as they do, the vast resources of our Southern States, and the almost absolute defiance we can give to other parts of the world in the production of Cotton. He alludes to the common opinion that the present attempt to improve the cultivation of Cotton in the East Indies will prove a failure—and quotes an English writer to that effect, after which he proceeds:

In confirmation of the opinion of the writer of the article, that of intelligent individuals well acquainted with the country, might be added, who speak with confidence that, taking price and quality into consideration, we have nothing serious to apprehend. We might, indeed, have something to fear during the continuance of the Chinese war. That country is the principal market for the Cotton of Hindostan—and while it remains, so may materially depress the price. But the present relation between Great Britain and China cannot long continue. It cannot be doubted that the former will at last succeed in opening the market of China to the commerce of the world, to a much greater extent than it has ever been hitherto—when, so far from competing with us, the Cotton of Hindostan will be sufficient to supply the demands of that great market.

But I am not ignorant, that we must rely, for holding the Cotton market, on our superior skill, industry and capacity for producing the article. Nearly, if not altogether, one-half of the solid surface of the globe is capable of producing Cotton—and that, too, in the portions the most populous, and where labor is the cheapest. We may have rivals everywhere where the soil and climate are favorable, and where labor is the cheapest. Such is the result of the heavy rains and gales of the past summer, which destroyed the fruits of agricultural labor, from the Roanoke to the Chesapeake, and from James river to the Atlantic—the more complete in their devastation as they neared the sea coast of North Carolina.

## Norfolk Herald.

To which we can add, the melancholy fact, that instead of receiving from North Carolina to the amount of 40 or 50 thousand barrels of corn per annum at this port, as in ordinary times, we are constantly shipping through the canal, corn and other necessaries of subsistence, (staples of her soil or waters) to supply the wants of her people. Such is the result of the heavy rains and gales of the past summer, which destroyed the fruits of agricultural labor, from the Roanoke to the Chesapeake, and from James river to the Atlantic—the more complete in their devastation as they neared the sea coast of North Carolina.

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AMIDST INNOCENCE IN NORTH CAROLINA.—We believe says the "Old North State," that few are aware of the distress that exists in our county at the present time. There are many who have not raised corn sufficient to make bread, and have no means of making any.

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