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LIBERTY...THE CONSTITUTION...UNION.

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BY THOMAS WATSON.

TERMS.

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From the New York Standard.

MONIED MARKET.—It cannot but be evident to all reflecting persons, that the great object of the Bank of the United States and its advocates, is to force a return of the Public Deposits, by creating as much distress as possible, and exaggerating that distress to the utmost extent of its power. Hence we see every failure in the commercial world, by whatever accident, imprudence, or misfortune it may have been brought about, announced and dilated upon, with a degree of exultation which cannot be disguised, under the sympathy for public suffering. Hence too those straggling reports, which are sanctioned by no name, and supported by no authority, of refusals to one, knows, where, or by whom, to receive the notes of the Bank, to which the Public Deposits have been confided, and of these Banks to receive the notes of each other. Every rumor, every coinage of interested zeal or unbridled indignity is resorted to for the purpose of enjoying the apprehensions of the people on the side of the Bank, and forcing their Representatives to renew its charter—for this, after all, is the grand object of all the machinery at present in operation. It is to coerce the Nation—to grind, to bully, and to frighten it into abject submission.

The Bank, is the "great first cause" of all the good we have enjoyed for the last eighteen years, and its fall is to become the root of all the evils we are to suffer in future. A monied corporation wielded by the will of one single man, accountable for the exercise of his power, neither to the people nor their government, is according to these authorities, to be permitted to perpetuate its despotism, and become forever, the supreme arbiter of the national prosperity, nay the national existence. Evils and accidents from whatever cause they may proceed, are ascribed to the removal of the deposits, and the people of the United States are to be coerced into an abandonment of their principles, by an appeal to their interests and their fears. That nation—that very nation, which endured seven years of suffering and bloodshed—which voluntarily denied itself the enjoyment of all its customary luxuries, and paid the price of the sacrifice of its most virtuous patriots for the great prize of Independence—that very nation is expected to sell itself for a mess of pottage, and grovel at the footstool of an insolent, arrogant monopoly!

Such are the anticipations of Mr. Bidle and his friends, and such the means by which they are expected to be realized. This gentleman, who never in any other station of life, public or private, did or could, exercise any other influence than that of an atom in the great mole-hill of the world, is now, by means of the monied power confided to his discretion by the Directory of the Bank, in a condition to give the law to two branches of the Government of the United States, and if what his satellites say is true, to bring universal distress and ruin on the nation. Truly this is a fearful state of things for a country boasting of its freedom, to be placed at the mercy of a delegated power, greater than that which created it, and responsible neither to that, nor any other tribunal. Equally elevated above the government and the people, it has become the rival of the one and the oppressor of the other.

But we are woefully mistaken in the character of the people of the United States, if they are not roused into tenfold resistance by this insolent attempt to drag them into submission. It is not they that will abandon the stern inflexible patriot, who saw the dangers resulting from perpetuating a power, which aspired to the government of the Union, and manfully undertook to beard the paper godhead, in the pride of his strength and the fulness of his purse. They cannot but see and feel that the present contest between the Government and the Bank, is one the result of which is to decide which shall be master—money or patriotism—the constituted authorities of the people, responsible to the people, or a purse-proud corporation, the invader of State Rights, and a blot on the Constitution.

Whatever scarcity of money may at present exist is owing in a great measure, to the conduct of the Bank of the United States, in first increasing its accommodations to upwards of 70,000,000 of dollars; then suddenly commencing a rapid course of extreme curtailment, and of hostility to the State Banks so violent as to paralyze all the efforts which they might have made to prevent the existing difficulties. Its object was to produce distress, and it has done so. It rejects all terms, it scorns all compromise—it disdain even the affectation of moderation—it is determined to rule or ruin—to bring the nation to its feet or destroy its prosperity, to the extent of its power. But does any one believe that it really possesses the means of arresting the march of this great country? Does any one believe for a moment, that the spirit of the enterprise, the irrepressible energies of this young Hercules, this youthful prodigy of modern times, and indeed of all times, can be checked except for a moment in its career by the fly on the wheel, the redoubtable little proprietor of the breeches pockets? No, the destinies of such a nation are not to be weighed in the golden scales of the Bank of the United States. Omnipotence must be the arbiter here, and causes must be brought into action beyond the control of pigmies. This nation does not owe its prosperity to any bank, nor to all of them combined, neither can any one, or all of them put together, control its future destinies.

All that is necessary to the present crisis, is prompt action on the part of the House of Representatives on the subject of the removals of the deposits. So long as there is any possibility that these deposits may be restored, the

banks to which they have been removed cannot discount on them with the confidence and liberality which they otherwise would. Delay in this instance increases the evil, and gives room for additional exaggeration; the question wants but to be settled, and the evil will soon pass away. The bank of the United States cannot and dare not carry its depots beyond a certain point without the evils it produces reacting on itself. If the state banks stop payment, what will become of the mammoth? If it should devour all the lesser animals, where will it find its food? Mr. Bidle knows this, and dare not carry things to extremity, even if he had the power. Action therefore, prompt and decisive action, is all that is required at the present moment. Let the committee report with all convenient speed, and the House decide this important question at once, instead of listening day after day to the declamations of orators, talking against time and disputing about remedies while the patient is suffering.

We do not think it can be much enlightened by the angry fogmatics of the South Carolina orator, the advocate of state rights in mass, and the surrenderer of them in detail: the gentleman who strains at a gnat and swallows a camel; who goes through the eye of a needle without touching, and sticks in a barn door; the casuist who splits hairs with a butcher's cleaver and severs the gnarled oak with a wooden beetle; who launches the *brutum fulmen*, the thunder without the lightning; discharges his quiver of leaden arrows into the innocent air, and who is the genuine undoubted prototype of the famous archer A.

Who shot at a frog,
But missing his mark, shot into a bog."

LETTER OF MR. O'CONNELL TO THE LONDON SPECTATOR.

[We present our readers with a letter from an extraordinary correspondent.—Mr. O'Connell, who takes this mode of replying to the strictures which we and others lately offered on his conduct as a public man, upon the revival of the report that he was about to join the Ministry. It will be recollected, that the tendency of our remarks was to show, that there was nothing in Mr. O'Connell's past conduct or present position to render such a junction impossible, or even unlikely. Of course our supposition implied no very high opinion of Mr. O'Connell's consistency; and we moreover roundly declared our belief that he was "in the market"—that his services might be secured to the Government, by the offer of a lucrative and influential post. To defend his political consistency, and independence, is the ostensible object of the following amusing letter.]

To the Spectator.

Darrynane Abbey, 10th October, 1833.

Sir—This mountain but, which I dignify by the name of Darrynane Abbey, is the residence of a Member of Parliament, most remote from London of any in the British dominions—the next to America. The wave comes in here unbroken since its departure from the coast of Labrador. But even here the Spectator penetrates; and I can very safely say affords much information and rational amusement. In truth, I like your paper better than I choose to tell you; because I am looking for a mere act of justice at your hands, and I do not wish to owe any part of that justice to your gratified self-complacency.

My claim upon you is this.—You have devoted a column in each of your papers, of the 19th and 26th of October, to a dissertation upon me. I, of course, have no right to complain of being dragged, in your fashion, before the public. As a public man, I am public property; that the talented and well-intentioned should deem me of sufficient importance to form a prominent subject of discussion, is in its nature calculated to gratify my vanity.

All I require is some attention to justice in my behalf. I am not fastidious; I can easily bear a reasonable share of direct abuse and of unjust imputation. Indeed, the more unjust it is, the more easily I bear it; for between you and me be it spoken, I never get angry at any newspaper attack, but at one founded in fact and truth; and really, the more of fact and truth in any assault ever made on my reputation, the more angry have I been. This is a secret worth the notice of those who may delight to assail me.

You are not one of those, as I potently believe, who feel any pleasure in abusing me or any other public man; you seem to do it with an air of candour, and with that fair discount of mingled praise which induces me to think that you act therein purely in the discharge of your duty as a public journalist.

To enable you to discharge that duty more to your own satisfaction, and with more utility, I desire to correct some erroneous notions you entertain respecting me. I repeat, that I seek only for justice at your hands.

Pray, then, correct these opinions. In your paper of the 19th, you say, "Every one knows that O'Connell is not blessed or plagued in politics which would induce him to abide by professions formerly made, when it becomes his present cue to renounce or forget them."

I assert that this is a total mistake. I assert that every one does not know any such thing, and nobody can know that which does not exist! The proof lies upon you; you will readily avow that you ought not to make this charge against me without proof. Where is that proof? what is it? It must consist of some fact or facts to be easily, and what is better for you, shortly stated: the statement of your proofs cannot consume much of your time or of your space.

The moment I put you to the proofs, that instant I think you will detect yourself in the error of having adopted some unproved calumny. I have now been thirty-three years a

public man—be the same more or less public—by my resistance to the Union, in my earliest manhood—by my struggles for religious equality—for Reform—for Repeal. I say it now with the most complete as well as tranquil conviction of its truth, that during that long period I never abandoned one political principle. I never acted inconsistently with the principles I professed. I was a Radical in principle, I was of the Movement party in principle, before either the one name or the other was invented. I am still as thorough a Radical, and as thoroughly of the Movement party, as ever I was; and I do in the spirit of unaffected good-humour, defy, you or any other person to show any one instance in which I have deserted my principles, are to point out any one personal or improper motive which could have swayed me to alter any professed opinion of mine.

As to my being called a "factious demagogue," and names of that class, they come quite of course, I really am a "factious demagogue" in the sense which, not you, but the supporters of the abuses of power, use the words: I certainly am a demagogue in its literal sense; and a factious demagogue when I have only a portion of the people to sustain me as their leader.

How you wrong the people of Ireland, too, when you attribute to me personal influence! I mean influence attached to me personally, and not attached to the principles which I avow and which I have ever maintained.

Believe me, Sir, I would lose that influence to-morrow if I were to desert the cause of a suffering, a calumniated, and an insulted people! Nay, mere neutrality in this cause, would deprive me of all popular power. I have, it is true, preserved my popularity more continuously and extensively than, perhaps, any other man. I attribute that duration, solely to the consistency with which I have maintained, and the energy with which I have advocated, the principles of civil and religious liberty.

Here are my proofs: an unequalled continuance of popular influence amongst a people not exceeded by any other in shrewdness and powers of perception.

You say, and you repeat, that I am "in the market." I am not, Sir, and I never was in the market. I never, for one moment, since the House rose, or indeed during its session, entertained the least notion of seeking for or accepting any office. I freely acknowledge, nay, I boast, that there is no motive sufficiently powerful to induce me to take office under Earl Grey. It may be exceeding bad taste in me, but it exists, good or bad. I easily discovered, so long ago as 1825, that one of the materials of his mind was a haughty and contemptuous hostility to Ireland. He thought us "troublesome!!!" This judgment of mine I pronounced in that year, and repeatedly afterwards; and every moment which has elapsed since the formation of the present Administration has convinced me of its accuracy.

I will not dispute with you whether this judgment be right or not; but, being founded on my deep conviction, it would be utterly impossible for me to accept office under Earl Grey.

Why should I trespass longer on your patience? Let me only add, that I am persuaded I could not be so useful to Ireland in office as I think I may, be in my state of entire independence. Besides, there is this conclusive reason against my being in office,—that I am daily more and more convinced that the British Parliament never will—never can—do justice to the people of Ireland. They are ready enough insolently and causelessly to trample on our liberties. They have a direct interest to refuse us our financial rights. We are egregiously cheated with respect to the Government debt. The result must be either total separation, or a new adjustment of the connexion by the Repeal of the Union. I infinitely prefer the latter; and I can never abandon its pursuit.

There is not, therefore—there cannot be—any office for me. Besides, it is impossible I should ever forget or forgive "the Coercion Bill." Do you recollect the shape in which that bill came out of the House of Lords? that is, from the hands of Lord Grey and Lord Brougham?

I do not complain of the sneering tone with which you and many other writers for the English press a released to treat me. I am the best-abused man in the world. I have been so for many years. Why should I now repine at trifles! Enough and more than enough of this.

You conclude with a *persiflage* which throws an air of ridicule on all that you say. You propose to create me "Pacifactor" of Ireland, with a salary of six thousand pounds a year! Sir, I am ready and anxious to do the duty gratuitously. Allow me to throw off the SHOULDERS OF THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND A SINECURE AND MOST INIMICAL CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT,—to destroy the internal taxation by Grand Juries, taxation altogether separated from representation, actual or virtual,—allow me to disarm a party Yeomanry and a partisan Police,—to annihilate all that is insolent, bigoted, cruel, and ignorant, in the Magistracy,—to fill the bench of Justice with men of known impartiality and competent knowledge,—to make the Law so cheap, expeditious, and simple, that the poor man may find in it a protection and not a curse,—to root out the multifarious abuses, peculations, and oppressions, of the combined religious and civil monopolies of our Corporation,—in fine, to destroy the hundred other giant grievances which operate to render the situation of the Irish people almost beyond endurance; let me be permitted to take this course, and save you 6,000*l.* per annum in the pacification of Ireland.

To conclude with more practical seriousness—You justly say the Government ought not to make me a judge; you intimate I would make a bad Judge. In this I am inclined to concur with you. I should be subject to two temptations—the one, favouritism towards the partisans of my own opinions; the second, the equal-

ly vicious and more paltry affectation of impartiality in leaning in favour of "the enemy," and thereby doing injustice to my friends. This is, after all, the common practice of patriot lawyers. I never knew a prerogative lawyer who, when promoted to the Bench, did not adhere to his former party; I never knew a popular partisan at the bar who, upon the Bench, did not continue to favour the party heretofore opposed to him. Even if I escaped either vice—the partiality of party, or the partiality of affected candour—yet in such a country as Ireland now is, I could not, as a Judge, get credit for virtues which I would fain flatter myself I possess; and justice would be tarnished by suspicions of my integrity, if she escaped pollution from my crimes.

It follows, upon the whole, that there is nothing for me but to continue my practice of agitation; young for, and promoting to the extent of my feeble powers, every measure conducive to lessen the burdens or increase the franchises of the British people; but always recollecting, that my first and last thought, act, and exertion, belong to Ireland. I have the honour to be your obdt' serv't.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

VARIETIES.

The Schoolmaster is abroad, at least in Arkansas, as will be seen from the "parliamentary speech" of a Mr. Guekendall, on a bill introduced into the Territorial Council on a bill for the reduction of Wolves in his district. It was attempted by several honorable gentlemen to fasten so many clauses to this bill, and to make it profitable to kill so many species of animals, such as weasels, minks, opossums, and rats, that Mr. Guekendall was afraid his bill would be smothered. The gentleman actuated by that impression, says the Advocate, "delivered extempore the following classical, energetic, and nervous speech." It is proper to premise that it was proposed to give a bounty of two dollars for each wolf that should come to his death by the hands of man, but after that sum, and one dollar, and seventy-five cents had been rejected, the blank was filled with fifty cents.

"Mr. President—If I'm in order, I want to say this an' thus on this here subject. I think it one of the most important, one of the most glorious, one of the most valuable frontier works that can be. Don't treat it with quite that much contempt, for I'm a frontier man.—Give it a little! Give it a half dollar! Do my sons! We are all frontier men. If I want a worthy thing, I'll give it reason. Now, as to minks, I ha'n't no objection. I've seen a mink catch a chicken. I'll catch a chicken too, if my wife tells me to, and treat a gentleman.—And as to 'possums, I ha'n't no sort of objection. I've seen Virginians climb a tree ninety feet high, after a 'possum, and bring back his load on his back home. I don't eat 'possums—I eat hog meat—that's good—that makes soap. I ask for wolf first—he's a big fellow—he catches a big hog. Let them that wants a 'possum, catch him and eat him. All them things catches chickens. I ask only a liberal price.

May-be you want to treat me with contempt. You darent do it—you darent—I'll meet you on even ground. But I'll moderate a leetle—I'll come on a moderate scale. Understand me Sons! You all know Uncle Amos, some on you twenty-five years. Nor dont let him be brutified. Dont treat him with contempt."

Notwithstanding the bursting of this boiler of eloquence, the bill, most incontinently was finally rejected, ayes 16, so that wolves, bears, 'possums, minks, rats, "and other vegetables" are likely to "flourish in all their pristine vigor" in the Territory of Arkansas for some time to come.

The Cincinnati Gazette says, there are before the Legislature, at least five hundred applicants for divorce—this is in the state of O! Heigh! O!

Fiddling by Instinct.—The Pawtucket Chronicle relates an account of a negro fiddler who fiddled in a grave yard and raised the dead—also of another who when dying cried out "chassez round de corner."

An English shopkeeper said to a lady, in recommendation of his goods—"Ma'am, it will wear forever, and make you a petticoat afterwards.

"There is nothing so *bastely*," continued Murphy, in his criticism on bad manners, "so unmanly, nor so ridiculous, as the dinner table, as to see a man trying till deafen a body wif his jabber, while his mouth is so full of *bafe* and *potatoes*, that he cant say a word.

The Boston Atlas gives an item of intelligence: "we have heard of no suicide yesterday." The editor is desirous they should cut and come again. They furnish a good subject for a nice little sentimental paragraph.

A correspondent of the Preston Chronicle signs a communication thus:—"A Tailor yet a Man"

The Glasgow Conservative dinner is said to have ended in smoke." Most good dinners begin in that way.

One of the Emperors of Japan is said to have killed himself by immoderately laughing, on being told that the Dutch were governed without a King.

An eccentric wag used to say that it was no wicked to lie, swear, cheat, or steal, and that he could prove it by scripture. Thus, it was not wicked to lie on a bed; to swear to the truth; to cheat the devil, or to steal from bad company.

A lady went into a dame school, and seeing a little girl at work, asked her what she was making. The child dropped a curtsy and replied—"A hemise ma'am." "A what?" said the lady, "why, it looks like a shirt." "Yes, ma'am," rejoined the little work-woman, "only goodness says we ought to say hemises for these, the same as *shemises* for the others.

A considerable sensation has been excited at Paris, during the last week, by the exposure of some racing transactions of a very nefarious nature in which the son of an English nobleman is unfortunately concerned.

Wonders in Natural History.—In the North of Scotland, according to the Inverness Courier, the foxes have taken to sheep-hunting.—When lamb is scarce, and they can dine on mutton, it seems they chase the sheep over precipices, and then go below themselves, and regale off the hash they find ready prepared by the fall!

Errors corrected.—The editor of the Lowell Journal killed a man the other day, and being called upon to resuscitate him, raised the dead with the following charm:

"Edmund Gove, whose death we announced a few weeks since, considers himself alive; whatever opinions there may be to the contrary."

"The Carlisle Almanac for 1834 is this year smaller than ever; yet portraits of Gen. Jackson, Otho of Greece, and a number of fancy subjects, are crammed into this literary curiosity, which is about the size of a tolerable thumb-nail!

London has 194,000 houses, and 1,474,500 inhabitants; Paris, 45,000 houses, and 774,000 inhabitants; Petersburg, 9,500 houses, and 449,000 inhabitants; Naples, 40,000 houses, and 360,000 inhabitants; and Vienna, 7,500 houses, and 300,000 inhabitants.

A ludicrous mistake happened at a funeral in Mary le bone. The clergyman had gone on with his service, until he came to that part which says, "Our deceased brother or sister," without knowing whether the deceased was male or female. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a brother or sister? The man very innocently replied, "No relation at all sir: only an acquaintance."

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of the one part stated, "we lye on this side, my Lord; and the counsel of the other part, said we lye on this side." The Chancellor stood up and said, if you lie on both sides, whom will you have me believe?

AN EPITAPH.—The annexed piece of sublimated sublimity is said to have been transcribed word for word, from a grave-stone in a church yard near Wellington, Salop, Eng. In the way of costive rhymery we have not seen its equal since the advent of Dermot M'Morrough:

Elizabeth the wife of Richard Blacklamb passed to eternity on Sunday 31 May 1797 in the 7th year of her age.

Richard Blacklamb the ante-spouse Uxoriana was interred here 27 January 1806 in his 84 year.

When terrestrial all in Chaos shall exhibit effervescence

Then celestial virtues in their most Refulgent

Brilliant essence

Shall with beaming Beauteous Radiance thro' the Ebullition shine,

Transcending to Glorious Regions Beautiful, sublime.

Human power, absorbed deficient, to dissipate such Effulgent Lasting Sparks

Where honest plebeians ever, shall have precedence o'er ambitious great monarchs.

HATCH & SEARS

HAVE just returned from New York, and are now opening at their Store on Folsom-street, formerly occupied by Alonzo T. Jenkins, one door below Jacob Gooding's store.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,

HATS, SHOES, &c. &c.

The following articles embrace a part of their stock:

Blue and mix'd Broad Cloths,

Satinets, red and white Flannels,

Colicoes, apron and furniture Checks,

Brown and bleached Shirtings & Sheetings

Vestings, Handkerchiefs, and Bed Tick,

Rose Blankets, Point de

Tickenburg, Oznaburgs,

4-4 Irish Linen, brown Linen,

Lambs Wool half Hose,

Men and Women's white cotton Hose,

Plain and figured Book Muslins,

Swiss and Mull do.

Jaconets, Cambricks,

Ladies and Gentlemen's Gloves, &c. &c.

Men's and Boy's Leather and Morocco Shoes and Brogans,

Women's Leather and Prunella Shoes,

Children's ditto, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Madeira, Sicily, Port, Muscat, &c. &c.

Old Monongahela Whiskey, and W. I. Rum,

Cognac Brandy, Holland Gin,

Peach and Apple Brandy,

New England Rum,

Imperial, Gun Powder, and Hyson TEAS,

Trinidad, Cuba, and Rio Coffee,

White Havana and Brown Sugars,

Loaf and Lump do

Goshen Butter, first quality,

Butter and Water Crackers,

Smoked Beef and Cheese,

Lorillards Scotch Snuff in bottles & bladders

All of which they will sell low for cash on Country produce.

Notice.

THE Partnership hitherto existing between the subscribers, having been dissolved, all persons indebted to their late firm are requested to make payment without further delay.

PATRICK M. BRYAN,

JOHN BRYAN.

Swift Creek, Craven County, Nov. 13, 1833.

December 9, 1833.