

RALEIGH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARD'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS"

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A Voice from the East.

It will be seen by the following extracts from the Circular of Mr. MacLean, of Johnston county, to his Constituents, that the intelligent men of the East are becoming sensible of the radical necessity which exists for a diminution of the expenses of our State Government:—

It is, my fellow-citizens, a lamentable fact, that we have been here, upwards of two hundred of us together, for nearly two months, at an expense to our people, who pay taxes, of between seven and eight hundred dollars a day; making, altogether, a sum, amounting to between forty and fifty thousand dollars, spent by us in our own payment, without having done any thing, that we could not have done equally as well in two weeks. It is, in truth, shameful—that taxes should be laid, collected, and brought up here, just for the purpose, that two-thirds of the whole of it should be squandered upon the Members of the Assembly. How much wiser would it be, that one half of what is spent here by the Assembly, were laid up for some benevolent and useful purpose? How soon would it amount to a sum large enough to establish cheap Schools in every neighborhood, if no better purpose could be found for its application. Even in the run of ten years, which is but a short period in the existence of a State or Country, the saving would amount to two or three hundred thousand dollars; a sum large enough to effect many, yea, very many valuable purposes. It is in this, my friends, that our greatest fault lies: we are too many of us here, and we meet oftener than there is any occasion for. If we met but once in every two years, and were reduced in number, from two hundred to one hundred and twenty, we should not only save forty or fifty thousand dollars of your money annually, but we would do, what was done, better and quicker; for any of you must know, that when you undertake to do business among two hundred men, let it be ever so trifling or unimportant, it will take up time, in proportion as the body is over a reasonable number.

One of the greatest faults to be seen in our actions here, arises from what is called private legislation, and that also, grows out of the fault of our numbers—it is this: Every man from a county comes here with a desire to do something by which he is to be noticed here; or of which he can boast at home; consequently, he must bring in a bill for some thing, no matter what, so his name is to be seen on the Journals, frequently on the strangest occasions; as for instance, a bill was passed into a law for a particular county this session, which prevents any person from shooting wild fowl in the night time; now you may easily see that such a disposition in so many, from so many counties, creates not only great delay, but it keeps us here making foolish and unprofitable laws, for distinct and separate counties—not public laws for all the State, but private ones for some few or more counties. It is this kind of business that detains us in a great degree, and it increases every year; for so sure as a man has such as that done one session, some one will be apt to oppose his re-election the next, and the opponent is apt to succeed, for the great body of the people are mighty apt to be willing to keep clear of new and strange laws. So whoever comes next year, comes ready to bring in a bill to repeal what was done the year before for his county—thus, this kind of legislation increases every year, until it has now really become a public grievance.

The deep-stirring question of Convention, or of altering the Constitution, was much agitated, and very nearly compromised in a manner calculated to give satisfaction to all parties, without a Convention; but it was lost in the Senate, where it originated, by I believe, a single vote. Greatly do I fear, that it will never again be so nearly adjusted to the benefit of all. This will depend however, upon the future disposition of members from what is called the Eastern part of the State; and in forming that disposition, they must take into consideration the fact that a change will take place in the course of a year or two, without their being able to prevent it, by any possible means. Hence, the question will arise for them and for the people also to consider, whether this matter cannot be arranged by way of compromise, so as to be suitable to all parties, and without injury to either, and without forcing upon either, what they may horribly deplore. I hope, and sincerely hope that it may.

After the question of compromise was lost in the Senate, as before stated, a bill was introduced into that body to take the sense of the people upon calling a Convention, which passed by one vote, but was rejected in the House of Commons by five votes, on the last day of the session, and when five of the friends of the measure had gone home. I voted against it, notwithstanding I am convinced they will obtain their object and perhaps upon more unfavorable terms for us, hereafter, as a new county is made in the West, at this session, which will give them additional strength. A Convention, to act with unlimited powers in forming a Constitution, in these times of political distraction, when all the elements of discord and confusion are abroad, is, in my opinion, a highly dangerous experiment. But when the remedy can be effected in a less dangerous way, by either agreeing here in a legislative capacity on the propositions and amendments to be submitted directly to the people, or to a Convention for ratification, I think there ought to be but one opinion amongst us as to the choice, hearing always in mind that one or the other will prevail, and not long first.

Painful death.—A few days since a Mr. Rumberger, residing at Lynkita's Valley, was bitten in the heel by a snake, and in his fright ran a considerable distance with the snake hanging to his heel, till in fording a small stream, the reptile disengaged itself and escaped. The unfortunate man immediately swelled, and after a few hours of intense agony, terminated his existence.

The bite of a snake is as easily and as readily cured as the sting of a bee, if taken in a reasonable time, without a physician, as every one has a remedy in his own house. Bathing the part bitten with warm milk, affords immediate relief. An external application of hog's lard, with a diet of honey and milk, will have the same effect, tho' not so speedily. These remedies should be universally known and remembered, and resorted to as soon as possible after the infliction of the wound.—*Fenn. Mercury.*

MAJOR DOWNING'S OFFICIAL PAPER.

Read to the Cabinet, and Majors, Auditors, and Under-Secretaries, and Sub-Postmasters, and the rest of the Government, on the 26th day of December, A. D. 1833—and printed for the use of all the citizens, from Downingville to New-Orleans, along the sea-coast, and up the Mississippi and Missouri and so down the Lakes, and across by the Erie Canal to Albany, and along by the middle route over New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, to Washington—and away again to all parts of creation, and to every body.

GENERAL—and Gentlemen of the Cabinet, and the rest on you here composing the Government: I speak to you as a man standin' right between you and the people. What I am goin' to say aint calculated to make any on you change your opinion, so much as to make you know mine. You have pretty much all on you had your turn and now comes my turn. If any thing I say has sharp corners, and scrapes the skin a little, it is because I aint had time to file the edges smooth. I'll give you my notions pretty much as you get bread from the Bakers, and leave you to slice or chunk it as best suits you; and every man can butter his own slice just to please his own fancy—that aint my business so much as it is his'n.

We are met here not only to fix on some plan to get the country out of trouble, but to see how it got into trouble; and I am goin' to say a little on both pints. When a chimney smokes at the wrong end, with the wind at north-east, some folks may content themselves with openin' windows and doors, to let the smoke out; but my notion is, that the safest plan is to see into the cause on't, and correct it—so that the chimney will only smoke at the right end, let the wind blow any way.

Now there is a few things we must look into a little, and then we will know more about 'em: And I am goin' to examine—

What kind of a critter the Bank of the United States raly is;

Whether its natur is to do good or evil to the country; and then wind up with Matters and things in general.

Twenty years ago the country was in trouble, and fill'd up with all kinds of bank paper—nigh upon as bad as old Continental—and a good deal was a little worse. If any body aint old enuf to remember that time, and wants to see what kind of money I mean, let him go to the Treasury, and Mr. Taney can show him nigh a million and a half of dollars, not worth the cost of the paper and ink used every year in makin' a report on't—but this is only a drop compared to what would be now there of the same kind of stuff if it had'n't been for the Bank of the United States. All our wise folks of that day said we must have a Bank of the United States, and a good big one—a one strong enuf to do the work well, and to clear out all this trash. And so this Bank was made; and the first thing was, as there was very little rale money in the country the Bank went and bought a good jag on't in Europe, and went to work here clearin' away, just as we do our fields in the Spring.

It was a pretty dirty job to do so I tell you, and the Bank did'n't git thro' with it without scratchin' and smuttin' its fingers pretty considerable; and that warn't the worst on't for the Bank. The Government made the Bank agree to pay fifteen hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of doing this work, and mad' it agree to take care of the people's money in all parts of the country, and to pay it here and there wherever the Government told 'em to, and to pay all the pensions, and to do every thing in the money way, without chargin' any thing for it to the Government. This was a pretty tuff bargain for the Bank; for all it got in return was to have the keepin' of the money, and when the Government did'n't want it, the Bank might lend it out. It took a good many years before the Bank got things to work smooth. It was like a whappin' big wagon that wanted a good many horses to drag it; and as it had a valuable freight in it, wanted none but the best kind of horses, rale Conestugas—and it warn't every one who knew how to drive such a team. The owners of this wagon found that out; for some of the first they got came plagy nigh oversettin' it. So to rights they got Squire Biddle. I suppose they thought that, seein' that the folks in Pennsylvania have the best and strongest horses and the biggest wagons, they ought to know best how to guide 'em. Well, they made a pretty good guess that time; for ever since they told the Squire to take the lines, they haint lost a litch pin or broke a strap, and there warn't no complaints made agin him by the folks on the road, or the country. All the other wagoners liked the Squire amazingly; he was always ready to give 'em a lift when he found 'em in the mud; and whenever they got short of provender, the Squire never refused to turn out some of his to keep their horses from sufferin'. Every thing was goin' on better and better, and every body said at home and abroad, there warn't such a team in all creation. Well, about four years ago, we began to pick a quarrel with the Squire, and it's been goin' on every year pretty much after this fashion. The first go off some of our folks wanted the Squire

to change some of his leadin' horses—he said the breed warn't right—he ought to put on the lead some Albany trotters—that they were the best horses in the lead he could have. The Squire did'n't like to change; he said the horses he had knew the road as well as he did, and they would'n't bolt nor kick up, and when they came to up hill work he could depend upon 'em.

Then agin our folks wanted the Squire to change the harness—they said they had new patent collars, and a horse could pull as much agin with 'em as with the old fashion'd collars. Well the Squire did'n't like that notion nother. So to rights they told the Squire he must give up the lines—well that he wouldn't do he said, without orders from the owners of the team; they had appointed him, & so long as they kept him there, he would go along and do his duty, just as he had done; and it warn't right to keep stoppin' him every day on the road, and tryin' to make him try new plans.

And with that, all our folks made a regular battle on the Squire, some took a way out of his wagon, a part of the bags and boxes and divided it round among the drivers of other wagons, who was mixin' in the scuffle too, and away they crack'd off with it. Some ender took to cut the the Squire's traces, they thought they was only leather and rope traces; but the Squire was too deep for 'em, for his traces was all chains kivered with leather, and so they spill't their jack-nives. Some went on a head and roll'd stones in the road, and dug deep holes, and tried all they could to make the Squire upset, and threw stones and mud at him and his horses; but the Squire kept on, his horses did'n't flinch, and as they had drag'd the big wagon over rocks and roads in their day, they went along without accident. Well now it turns out that all the wagons that driv' off so with a part of the Squire's load afe in trouble; for the first piece of muddy road they all stuck fast, and there they are now. One wants the other to give him a pull and the other a lift; but they say they all want liftin'. The Squire has just come up with 'em, and now they want him to hitch on'to 'em and drag 'em all out together; but he says impossible; the most he can do is to take back the load they took from his wagon, and then perhaps they can git out of the mud; but it is more than his team can do, and he went run the risk of brakin' his harness or injure his horses to drag 'em all out together. Well now that's just about the condition of things, and the longer they remain so, the worse it will be: the longer horses and wagons stand knee and hub deep in mud, the less able they'll be to git out on't.

And now I'll leave 'em there a spell, and we'll take a look into the natur of the Bank, and what it really is; for to hear some folks talk about it, one would think that it was a most stockin' monster, and that it was pretty much nothin' else but Squire Biddle, when it is, no more the squire than that big wagon is, not a grain more. Look at this long list of names; well these are the owners of the Bank; here we see, in the first place, the nation owns one-fifth, and the rest is scattered round, as you see here, among an everlasting batch of folks all about this country, and some in forin countries; and I am glad to see on the list here old widows and old men, and trustees of children, who haint got no parents livin'; and all our own people, they put their money in the stocks of this Bank for safe keepin'—not to speculate; and just so with the innocent foreigners; and the best on't is, they have paid our folks a pretty high premium for every dollar on't; well these are the folks that compose the Bank. Now what way do they want this Bank managed? The business of the Bank is to loan money, and is just for all the world like any rich man whose business it is to loan out his money. Is it his interest to dabble in politics, or to let politicians dabble with him? Not a atom on't. I never knew one of your rale politicians who ever could pay his debts; and they aint the kind of folks people like to deal with in any way who have got money to loan; they know that talkin' politics, and gittin' things into snarls just to answer party purposes, aint the way to pay interest nor principal nother, and politicians in a Bank are the worst folks in the world for the owners of the Bank, for the most on 'em haint got money of their own to lend, but they are plagy ready to loan other folks' money to brother politicians of the same party.

No, no; a man who has got his money loan'd out (and it is just so with the Bank) wants to see every body busy and industrious and mind their business and increase their property, for then they will be able to pay interest and principal too; they don't like to see things all mixed up with politics and people quarrelin' and disputin', and when they do, they get their money back in their pockets agin as soon as they can, for they know that politics aint a profitable business.

Then it comes to this, that if the Bank is what I have said it is, (and it's nothin' else,) it aint such a monster as some folks try to make us think it is, and instead of bein' a dangerous monster, I see,

and know every body else must see, who don't squint at it, but looks it strait in the face—that its natur is jest like the natur of any man who has got property in the country, and that is to have every thing go on in harmony and with industry and with honesty and accordin' to law—no jangles and tangles and talkin' politics in porter houses and bar rooms, hurra in for this man, and pullin' down that man—that kind of work don't clear up new lands nor plough up old ones, it don't keep the hummer goin', and wheels turnin'; and don't pay interest nor principal nother.

But some on you say the Bank has too much power, and that Squire Biddle might do a good deal of mischief if he would. Well, there is my old friend Capt. Elihu S. Bunker, of the steamboat President, runnin' twixt New-York and Providence—he's got about sich another monster—there is no tellin' what a "dangerous monopoly" of power that critter's got in that are boat. I was lookin' into it when I came on with him a spell ago, and he was showin' me how he managed it. If he was to fasten down the kivers of them two mortal big copper kettles he has got in his boat, and blow his bellows a spell, he would smash every thing for more than fifty acres round—Does any body know why he don't do it—he has been in a Steamboat as long now as the Bank's been goin' and haint scalded no body—but he can do it in a minit if he chooses—well, I'll tell you why, he don't—it aint his interest, and he don't own no more of the boat than Squire Biddle does of the Bank—the owners of the boat employ him to manage it, because they know he understands their business—he knows if he did'n't watch over their interest they'd turn him out—and jest so the owners of the bank would sarve Squire Biddle. And that aint all, Capt. Bunker knows if he hurt any body with his boat he'd run a chance of hurtin' himself too—he knows too that it is the interest of his owners not to have any accidents aboard any boat—for if the people git scalded in one Steamboat, they'll keep clear of all on 'em—and tho' some people think Banks aint like Steamboats, I can tell 'em that in the main thing they are exactly alike; for unless folks have got confidence in 'em and feel safe in 'em they aint worth ownin'—but when they all go on and meet no accidents, they are pretty good property—and the largest and strongest, and cleanest, and quietest and best managed git the most business. Now I think that's enuf about dangerous monopolies for a spell.

Let us now see what the Bank is about, and what we've been about.

Deacon Goodenow—Has been in the Bank as one of its directors off and ever since it was a Bank, and I've heard him say 50 times, (and he's a man to be depended on) he never heard a word about politics in it till about 4 years ago—and it all came from our sendin' every year since that time, some rale politicians to help the other 20 directors to manage the Bank—the first go off, the Deacon says, they thought best to keep quiet, and make no stir about it; for it was pretty much like findin' skunks in the cellar—the best way was to let 'em alone, if they'd keep there, and run the chance of their goin' out when they found there warn't no eggs to suck—but when they undertook to cum up chamber and smell about in all the cubboards, it was time to snub 'em—and then came trouble; and it's just about right, that politicians in a Bank are jest as bad as skunks in the cellar—there aint one grain of difference.

Some on you say we don't want a Bank now—well that may be so—but when I got up this mornin' it was plagy chilly till I got my coat on—now I am warn and it may be I don't need a coat—but I think if I take my coat off I'll feel chilly agin—and I am so certain of this I wont make a trial on't.

Some on you say the owners of this Bank haint got no right to a charter—they have had it long enuf—and its time now to have a new shuffle and cut—well that aint my notion and I'll tell you why tho'—this Bank was chartered for twenty years—it had a good right to believe we would renew its charter if it behaved well and did its duty—just as a Congressman has a right to expect his constituents will send him to Congress agin if he behaves well—and it is a good way to keep folks strait and make 'em do their duty—but if we are to nock this Bank down and have a new shuffle and a new cut, then I say that them folks who make money out of a rise of stock in the new Bank, ought to pay the loss that all these old folks and young children will suffer by nockin' down the old Bank—to say nothin' about the innocent foreigners who put their money in this Bank, thinkin' it was safe. And let me tell you another thing—the longer a Bank stands, and the older it gets, the better folks abroad and at home like it,—people who have got money to lend don't like changes—particularly government changes. Would any on you like to lend folks money in South America? and do you think any of them Government's could make a Bank that folks would have any confidence in? I don't think they could—just because they keep choppin' and changin' every year.

Will any on you say that it aint a good thing for a country to make folks all about think it is a safe one to lend money to? aint good credit woth nothin'?

Well, now does any man in trade git credit and make folks think him safe to trust? Will he brake up his stand every year, and change his business, and try new plans? I say that aint the way; and no man ever prospered after that fashion; but when he finds things go well with him, he hangs on; or else he haint got no wit in him.

Now my notion is that none on us alone can make folks all about creation think we are safe folks to trust. But all on us together can do so; and that is the reason a good big Bank can manage this for us. Folks abroad know the Bank; and the Bank know us; and so we can manage things through the Bank better than we can alone.

Some on you say it aint right to pay interest to foreigners; that when we git money from foreigners, they keep drainin' us of interest. Well, that is chaff and water. Now I know we have got an everlasting new country to clear up yet; and if any honest industrious man go and buy a good many acres and clear it up, and sell it to these very foreigners, who are all the while coming out here to settle among us, and they pay fifty times more for it than the land first cost; and so our folks go on borrowin' and can well afford to pay interest, and find themselves in a few years with money to lend too. And as long as this business goes on, for one I am willing to say to foreigners, as the Cape Cod fisherman says to the fish, when he gets on the hook, and is pullin' him in—"So long as you hold on one end, I will t'other."

But folks abroad who have money to lend don't know our folks who go on new land;—and a good many on old land nother. But they know our Bank and Canals, and Rail-roads, and we sell 'em the stock, and make 'em pay good premiums too; and our folks can lend their money to our farmers. But if we go on, and nock down this Bank when its charter is out, and bring trouble on the country, foreigners say, "Ahl there's troubles there!"—back they come with their stock and git their money, and keep it; all our property is knock'd in the head! We charter'd this bank for twenty years; and so we do Canal Companies, and Rail-Road Companies; but did we mean when the time was up to nock 'em all up too, and say we don't want no Bank, nor a Canal, nor a Rail-Road? It aint common honesty to say so; and I won't shuffle and cut with you after that fashion for make what I might by a new shuffle I would be asham'd to look one of these innocent foreigners in the face—to say nothin' of this long list of Widows, and Orphans, and Trustees of Estates, and old folks; many on 'em, when they bought the Stock at a high premium, I suppose never thought about the charter, or how long it had to run but trusted to the Government. And now if you can chizzle them out of their property as you will by putting down this Bank, jest to git a new shuffle and cut a new one—without furnin' as red as a beet when you meet 'em, for one say I can't and I won't.

And now I'm most done—if I have trod on any one's toes, I aint so much my fault as hisen; for I tread the strait line, and treat you on toes that stick out beyond the line, and that's too often the case with folks now-a-days in office.

I've telled you now pretty much my notions; and I tell you for the last time you have made a mistake, and that's no disgrace to a man unless he tries to stick to it after he knows he has made it. If you don't know how to git the country out of the scraps you've got it in, the people will tell you pretty quick, or I aint no hand at guessin'. I have now done my duty—if the people dont do thern it aint my fault. If they say my notions are right, they'll act on 'em; if they say they are wrong, then things will go on as they now go, and I hope they wont get worse—but that I won't promise. If things come to the worst, I shall suffer as little as any on 'em, for I haint got no wife and children to support (and I am sorry for those who have, if things are to go as they now go.) I can cut my fodder pretty much any where.

But I love my country, every acre on't, and it goes agin my grain to see any part on't suffer. And I know all this sufferin' comes from party politics—this same party politics that has driv' all our wisest and best men out of office; and now to keep together want to git hold of the big wagon and all the money in it. My dander is up, and I best stop now, for the more I think on't and the more I write about it, the more wrathly I git—So, no more at present.

From your fellow-citizen,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia 2d Brigade.

Col. Crockett has announced in the Washington papers, that the Sketches of his Life and Character, lately published, are not authentic, and that he will shortly put to press a Narrative of his Life, in which he will carefully endeavor to avoid the reprehensions of Literature.