

# RALEIGH REGISTER

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarp'd by party rage, to live like brothers."

THREE DOLLARS Per Annum,  
ONE HALF IN ADVANCE.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1836.

VOLUME XXXVII.  
NUMBER 13.

**TERMS.**  
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**CONGRESS.**  
IN SENATE.  
Monday, Jan. 13.

**Mr. WHITE, of Tennessee,** rose and said: I rise, Mr. President, to offer the Resolution which I hold in my hand; but to enable the Senate to understand why it is offered, and the object I wish to accomplish, it is a duty incumbent on me to accompany it with some explanation; I will therefore read, and then pass it to your table.

**Resolved,** That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby requested to inform the Senate what office Benjamin F. Curry holds in the Cherokee Nation, under what law he was appointed, and at what time; what salary he receives, and whether he has at any time received any allowance, in addition to his salary, and how much, stating particularly the whole amount he has received each year.

This Mr. Curry (proceeded Mr. W.) went into the Nation some time after the election of the present Chief Magistrate, and I believe until about twelve months ago he had been employed as an inferior Agent to superintend the enrolment of Cherokees for emigration, to have their improvements valued, &c. During the last winter he was here, and when I returned home last spring, I understood he was making some figure as a politician; that out of his own head, or by the instigation of some person, more wicked than himself, he had while here, written some letters for publication to a small newspaper in my own State, which had engaged in the business of traducing me. In the course of the summer, we had in some of the Congressional districts, animated contests between candidates for Congress. This gentleman, I understood, took an active part. He sometimes travelled out of the Nation, and even out of his Congressional district, was zealous in propagating his opinions, and, as I am informed and believe, either wrote himself, or furnished the materials for one or more pieces, for the same vehicle of slander to which he had written while in Washington.

In the district including the Cherokee Agency, he was zealous in opposing the election of the former member, and, with a view to enable him to act efficiently, was in the habit of reading and showing, confidentially, a letter said to be written by the President himself, finding fault with the former member by name, and using general expressions, which Mr. Curry said were intended for me. I have likewise been informed that, still further to succeed in his plans of defamation, he confidentially used a letter, said to be written to him by my honorable colleague (Mr. Grundy,) in which my name was used, not much to my advantage; and I now take this occasion, in the Senate, in the presence of our brother Senators, in presence of this audience, and in the face of the world, to ask my colleague to say whether, at any time, he wrote any letter to Mr. Curry, in which my name is used.

[Mr. Grundy answered that he was taken by surprise with the question; but he did not remember he had ever written a letter on any subject to Mr. Curry, and that he felt certain if he had, he had never used his colleague's name in other terms than those of respect.]

Mr. White proceeded: I am then satisfied with the answer given for the present, and this artifice must have been used by Mr. Curry the more effectually to deceive and mislead those to whom he made such statements.

All this conduct I disregarded, & did not even think it worthy to be made matter of conversation. Our elections terminated, the former member was re-elected; and when the Legislature met, I was again honored with a seat here by a unanimous vote.

Some short time ago a friend brought me a Georgia newspaper, and pointed me to a letter under the signature of Mr. Curry, dated 1st December, 1835, and addressed to the Editor of a newspaper called the Federal Union. In that paper it has been published, and from it copied into various other papers, and finally into one in my own State, called the Nashville Union, gotten up by funds furnished here expressly for the purpose of distributing, in my own State, and elsewhere, all the dirty filth and slander which could be collected, with a view to detract from my humble standing.

The time at which the letter was published, as well as the place where, and the matter of it, struck me with some force.

The Legislatures of Georgia, of Alabama, of Tennessee, of North-Carolina, of Virginia, & several other States, were then in session, if I mistake not, and if I do I hope gentlemen will correct me, and that of Mississippi was soon to meet. Four of these States had a deep stake in the Indian question, because the Indians now reside in portions of them. I say that the most gross and base falsehoods were contained in it, as to myself. This I did not so much regard; but I saw further, that, with a view to reach me, a statement was made respecting Mr. McConnell, one of my constituents, an humble and inoffensive citizen, which would, in all probability, cost him his life. I felt hurt by this, as I had been the medium through which the Secretary of War had induced him to undertake this delicate, confidential, and hazardous agency.

The falsehoods were so glaring, and the mischievous tendency of the letter so obvious, that I at first, hoped, so soon as it met the eye of the Administration, they would be set right without application from any quarter. After waiting some time without any step having been taken, and having good reason to believe the letter had been seen by at least one member of the Administration, I addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, under date of the 2d inst. a copy of which I will now read:

**WAR DEPARTMENT,**  
January 9, 1836.

Sir: The attention of this Department has been drawn to a letter from you to the Editor of the Federal Union, and which was published in the Augusta Centinel of the 23d ult.

I am instructed by the President, if that letter was written by you, to convey to you, his disapprobation of a part of it. There certainly can be no impropriety in an officer's communicating to the public proper information when circumstances require it, and the general proceedings relating to the prospects and progress of the Cherokee emigration are of this nature. But it is with regret the President observes in this communication, allusions to persons and parties, which do not seem to be necessary, and are calculated to produce an injurious effect.

There is one error of fact, which it becomes the special duty of this Department to correct, as the requisite information is upon its files. You state that Mr. McConnell "has for some years past, under the procurement of Judge White of Tennessee, been receiving pay from the United States Government, as a secret and confidential agent." &c. You have been led into a mistake on this subject. Mr. McConnell was not employed under the procurement of Judge White. The suggestion that Mr. McConnell's services might be useful, as well to the United States, as to the Cherokee Indians, was made to this Department from another and very respectable quarter. As all the necessary circumstances were not fully known at the Department, proper instructions were given to Mr. McConnell, and enclosed to Judge White, to be delivered, if he thought the arrangement would be useful. Judge White had no agency whatever in the matter, until he was requested, by the express direction of the President, to serve as a medium of communication between Mr. McConnell and this Department.

Mr. McConnell transmitted various reports, containing information as to the state of things in the Cherokee country. But there is nothing in these, going, in the slightest degree, to show that he did not act with due fidelity, as well to the United States as to the Cherokee Indians.

It is also a matter of regret that you should have attended at all to the employment of Mr. McConnell. From the relation in which he stands to the Cherokees, and the suspicious disposition of Indians, the disclosure may even put his life at great hazard. It is therefore the more imperative upon me to state explicitly, as I have done, that there was nothing in the report, of Mr. McConnell which could give just offence to the Indians.

The President has directed me to say that he has read and approves this letter; and that, while he appreciates the zeal you have displayed in the execution of your duties, he deems it incumbent upon him to recommend to you great discretion and particularly to convey to you his disapprobation of the allusion you have made to the employment of Mr. McConnell.

Very respectfully,  
Your most obedient servant,  
LEWIS CASS.

Major B. F. Curry, New Echota, Ga.

To this, on the 16th, I wrote a very short reply.

Washington, Jan. 16, 1836.

Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge that I received last night your favor under date of the 14th, with its enclosure in answer to mine of the 2nd inst.

The result is so different from what I think I had a right to anticipate, that I refrain from any remarks on the contents of the letter written to Mr. Curry by direction of the President.

I have the honor to be, Most respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
HU. L. WHITE.

I had applied in the only friendly mode I could devise, for the interposition of the executive power. I remembered well the great principle for which the party had struggled to elevate the President to his present station. I remembered his recognition of it in his Inaugural Address, which thousands of the citizens of the United States, as well as most of those now in the reach of my voice heard him deliver, as containing the principles upon which he would administer the Government. The paragraph is in the following words:

"The recent demonstration of public sentiment inscribes on the list of executive duties, in characters too legible to be overlooked, the task of reform, which will require, particularly, the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the Federal Government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and the counteraction of those causes which have disturbed the rightful course of appointment, and have placed, or continued, power in unfaithful or incompetent hands."

This short paragraph shows the main ground on which the contest rested, which ended in the election of the present Chief Magistrate. It contains the sentiment avowed by him in presence of nearly twenty thousand freemen. It contains the sentiment which, as one of his advocates, I honestly entertained. It contains the sentiment on the maintenance of which, I believe, our freedom and liberty essentially depend. I felt hurt and mortified upon reading the Secretary's letter. I could not reply without using expressions not fit to address to a member of the President's Cabinet. In place of Mr. Curry receiving such rebuke as would deter him from committing a similar offence in future, it appeared to me that he was complimented. Although his conduct was not approved as to McConnell, as to me it was very well; that, instead of an inferior agent, he was to be viewed as an electioneering political diplomatist, and that hereafter, if the gardener, spoken of by the Senator from Massachusetts the other day, is to wear his diplomatic button, Mr. Curry ought to figure in his political electioneering star and garter.

But, sir, what was I to do next? The falsehood had gone forth to answer the

meditated mischief. In some of the States it is probable it has accomplished its object. How is it to be contradicted? I have been furnished with a document proving the falsehood. Is it supposed that I would sneak to a printing office to beg a publication of its contradiction? No. I cannot descend to such an act of meanness. If I could, I dare not. The proud, high-minded, honorable men who sent me here would, for such an act of degradation, recall me from a station among honorable men, and thus gratify some high in office, who seek to displace me.

My course is here, my place is here. From my stand on this floor, I contradict the falsehood, and expose the injustice. If any opponent will deny my statement or justify this outrage, I meet him here openly, face to face, eye to eye, and maintain and assert what is due to my constituents and myself, by all honorable means in my power.

But the Nashville Union—this vehicle of slanders and falsehoods, gotten up in this city, as I have understood, for just such purposes. The editor came here last winter, upon his own mere notion, or by the solicitation of some other person, with as I have understood and believe, not more money than would bear his expenses. He lived in the house with my honorable colleague, and while here, was furnished with some five or six thousand dollars to establish his press in Nashville, without relying upon subscribers, to be enabled to throw his paper into the hands of every man who would condescend to read it. Even this very number, containing this letter, I have no doubt, has been innocently sent, under the frank of Senators from this floor, to many of the States in the Union.

If there is any person within my hearing, who can contradict my statement as to the manner in which this paper was established, I wish to hear him do so.

Mr. Grundy rose, and stated that the editor had come here last winter not at his instance; that how the money was raised, or by whom, he had no knowledge; that the paper had taken its side, and was maintaining it as well as it could that he had not noticed this letter in it, and that he knew there was great scuffling to get subscribers for it at home. Mr. McConnell he knew, and thought him a clever man, of good sense, and he believed he had recommended him for this office.

To which Mr. White rose and replied; Yes Mr. President, there was a great scuffling to get subscribers for it; so great, that our old acquaintance, Samuel Gwis, the land officer from Mississippi, was called into service; and, when procuring subscribers at Gallatin in April last, wrote to Mr. Ritchie, of the Enquirer, the celebrated letter as to Tennessee politics, intended unjustly to influence the Virginia elections, and which no doubt had the desired effect. Mr. President, I have made these disclosures with great pain and the most deep mortification; but I deemed it my duty to do so. The answer to my resolution will show whether it will be in my power, and whether it will be my duty, to attempt any thing farther on the unpleasant subject.

**A DISGRACEFUL SCENE**  
In New-Hampshire.

We copy from the Boston Morning Post, the following description of the disgusting and heartless conduct of the individuals, who assembled to witness the execution of Prescott, at Hopkinton, N. H. agreeably to the sentence pronounced, and who were excited to indignation bordering on madness, when they received intelligence that he was reprieved:

"As the day appointed for his execution drew near there being a general conviction among the intelligent portion of the inhabitants of Hopkinton, that, by reason of general mental imbecility, or perhaps partial insanity, he might not be a proper subject for capital punishment, a petition was got up and presented to the Governor, and a brief respite obtained till the Council could be convened, and a farther investigation of the matter held. The fact of this temporary respite was scarcely known beyond the limits of the village of Hopkinton, and on the evening of the 22nd and the morning of the 23d of December, the day first appointed for the execution, a vast multitude of people, male and female, both from the neighboring and remote towns, poured into the village, to witness the exciting spectacle of a public execution of a malefactor—a spectacle never before exhibited in the county of Merrimac. On the 23d, after reconnoitering every corner of the village, its high-ways and by-ways, without finding any "convenience" for the execution erected, the sagacious assemblage took it into their heads that the deadly mandate of the law was to be carried into effect privately in the Jail, situated on a little abrupt elevation, about a quarter of a mile north of the heart of the village, and kept by Andrew Leach, Esq. deputy Sheriff.

The Jail is a two story wooden building, originally designed merely for a dwelling house. The front of the lower

story, and the entire second story, has always been occupied by Mr. Leach's family, while the rear half of the lower story, (separated from the front by a narrow passage,) being converted into three cells, has been used as the prison, the entrance to them being either through the kitchen, an appendage to the north end of the front of the main building, or through the front door of the dwelling house. On the 23d December, Mr. Leach's family consisted of himself, his wife, a married daughter, (Mrs. Clarissa Chase,) who had recently been confined, but had so far recovered as to be able to sit up a portion of the day, and her young daughter, and the infant son.

The suspicion of a private execution before alluded to, ripened into a conviction, as the sun rolled on towards the meridian, and the impatient multitude, believing that they were to be defrauded of their anticipated spectacle of the dying agonies of a mere boy, stupid beyond example, if not actually idiotic, but not more destitute of the noblest traits and distinguishing characteristics of a civilized human being than themselves, became highly exasperated, and, by common consent, rather than any concert of action, proceeded in dense, but detached masses, towards the jail, in front of which they concentrated to the number of fifteen hundred or two thousand. The more valorous and clamorous ascended the acclivity on which the jail stood, and, approaching the windows and doors, demanded in vociferous & imperative tones, when and where the expected execution was to take place. They were promptly and simply answered, that Prescott was not to be executed on that day, nor was it known when he would be. This answer—true to the letter—the jealous and incredulous spokesman received with loud jeers and utter contempt. They knew that Prescott was to be hanged that day, and the selfish folks in the house, together with their select friends and invited guests, were to have all the fun themselves. It was in vain that Mr. Leach, at the top of his voice, time and again, reiterated his solemn assurance that they were absolutely and entirely mistaken, and laboring under an extraordinary delusion.

Mrs. Leach, too, dreading lest the disturbance around the building might alarm and agitate her invalid daughter, informed the rioters of her critical condition, and implored them to retire, for the sake of humanity; but her anxious, and as the sequel has proved, fatally prophetic fears were derided even by the women, who, losing all sense of the wanted delicacy and decency of their sex, and traces of womanhood, fiercely pressed, in close contact with the men, towards the accessible points of the house. One woman to whom Mrs. Leach remarked that she was "afraid the noise would kill her daughter" brutally replied, that she did not care and hoped it would kill her.

Men, women and children ascending the woodpile, scaled the fence of the prison yard, while others approaching in front, burst into the kitchen and front doors, and gained entrance to the narrow passage way into which the prison cells open. In this confined passage occurred a scene, unexampled in real life, and which imagination never descended to invent or pourtray.

The prisoners had broken the glass in a small sash, designed to admit light into their cell, add to keep the cold out as well as might be, Mr. Leach had closed it up with some pieces of board. This fixture caught the eyes of the most forward of the mob who savagely hungered & thirsted, as it were, for the sight of poor Prescott's last mortal throes and death struggle—"Here," they frantically exclaimed;—"here is the place they are to hang him," & in an instant the temporary defence against the cold was ripped from the aperture, as if it were merely a piece of paper. The rush to get a view of what was supposed to be going on, that followed this announcement, was shocking and dreadful—not less than fifty were wedged into a space where a dozen could not stand at ease. Women shrieking for their lives, were lifted up by the pressure, till their heads struck the ceiling above, and they in turn, unavailingly besought to be permitted to retire.

It was of course impossible for Mrs. Leach, by any human effort or precaution to prevent their outcries and "humiliating yells from reaching the ears of her sick daughter. She frequently and distinctly heard the horrible threats uttered against both Prescott and her father, and her apprehensions for his safety terrified her to such a degree that her reason became unsettled, and every expedient resorted to calm her perturbed spirits was ineffectual. Towards evening the rioters, sick of hope deferred, suddenly began to retire, chagrined at their disappointment. One infuriated and intoxicated brute made an expiring effort to seize Prescott, and offered if fifty men would join him, to go down to the village to procure axes, with which to storm and demolish the jail.

Six however, only joined his standard, and he abandoned his gallant project. After the noise and consternation ceased Mrs. Chase became somewhat composed, and might have recovered from the fright if another hostile demonstration had not been made about 10 o'clock at night. A rumor became prevalent that the execution was to take place at that hour in the jail, and about fifty marched up there in a body and renewed the disturbance, and partly effected an entrance into the kitchen.

After much entreaty and explanation they were induced to retire, but not until the fresh alarm had caused Mrs. Chase to relapse into another paroxysm, from which she never recovered. For eight and forty hours she lingered in a state of heart-rending delirium—at times exclaiming in the bitterest agony that the mob were killing her father, and at others repaying the assiduous attentions and soothing endeavors of her afflicted mother, with the wild unmeaning laugh of insanity. After the second attack she never indicated any consciousness of her situation at the close of the second day, death drew his veil over the tragic and melancholy scene. She has left two very young children—the eldest, a daughter, only twenty-one months, and the youngest, an infant son, only a week old, on the day of her death. She was the only surviving child of her bereaved parents, who were greatly admired for her accomplishments, and was twenty-two years of age, and has been married about three years, to Robert F. Chase, Esq. the United States Consul at Martinique, who is at this very moment fondly expecting her to join him, in the spring, at his Consulate.

Hillsborough, Jan. 10.

**Another Arrest.**—In our last we mentioned the apprehension and commitment of Mr. J. D. Brashiers, on suspicion of his having stolen a pocket book containing money, and his subsequent melancholy death. Since then, the real thief has been detected. On Saturday night last, Archibald Bradley, a journeyman hatter in this place, and originally from Fayetteville, deposited in the hands of Jim Black, a five dollar Tennessee note, for the loan of a fiddle. This fact was made known in the morning, and the note upon examination proved to be a part of the money which was contained in the lost pocket book. Bradley was thereupon immediately apprehended, & thirty five dollars of the money found upon him. His many contradictory stories, as well as his final confession that the money in his possession was a part of the stolen property, leaves no doubt of his guilt.

The part most to be regretted in this affair is the melancholy fate of Mr. Brashiers, from whom now all suspicion is removed. We thought from the first that the circumstances were not sufficiently strong to warrant his commitment. No other evidence appeared against him, than the fact that on Sunday afternoon Mr. Corbet the owner of the pocket book, was for a short time asleep upon a bench in the shop in which Brashiers worked, and during that time Brashiers was seen near his person. But no money was ever found in his possession, except what it was well known from whom he received it. Besides Mr. Corbet did not miss his pocket book until the next morning. Of Bradley there was even at that time much stronger ground for suspicion; but it is perhaps improper now to detail the evidence, as the matter will hereafter undergo a judicial investigation.—Recorder.

**Cool courage.**—What determined purpose—what decisive action—what cool calculation—what a powerful effort of volition it requires to get out of bed one of these icy mornings!—The man, who, in a stoveless, fireless room, can deliberately push back the bedclothes and roll out of his warm nest, without a shiver or shudder, is calculated for deeds of noble daring. He should hold himself in readiness to enlist against the French, for he undoubtedly possesses one essential requisite of a soldier, to wit, coolness. He has a savageness of disposition and an iciness of feeling, which, though they may command respect, they cannot be envied.

For a man of phlegmatic temperament, it requires a mighty effort to go to bed—a mightier to turn over when he gets there—but mightiest of all to get up again.—Before he goes he warms and turns, and turns and warms—pokes his toes to the fire and then his heels—rubs his hands—bakes his shins, and sneaks to bed. Then if a shank happens to stray over the cold linen six inches from the warm place where it was originally planted, he scratches it back as though it were snake-bit.—But when day comes, and the breakfast things begin to rattle on the table—here we must be excused, for it's no joke.—Hoo-oo-oo.—Greensboro' Patriot.

**Enterprise.**—Messrs. Tanahill & Leach, of Washington, in this State, have just built a Steam Boat, intended for the navigation of our own waters, to which they have given the name of *E. D. New York*. It is destined, with its numerous row boats, says the *Pilot* of that place, to quickly bring together in close approximation the upper towns on the River and the different points of trade on our waters, and Washington. Their enterprise deserves success, & we hope they will meet with it.