

RALEIGH REGISTER AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1837.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, Not exceeding sixteen lines, will be inserted three times for a Dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent publication; those of greater length in proportion. If the number of insertions be not marked on them, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

THE PROPHECY. We subjoin a letter which the late lamented Major Jack Downing wrote to the Editor of the N. York Daily Advertiser, three years since. We ask our readers to give it a perusal, and see whether the gallant Major is not entitled to a place, at least among the minor Prophets. Com. Herald.

From the New-York Gazette. TIMES PAST, AND TIMES PRESENT. "Come, let us reason together."

The reader will please bear in mind that the Public had been furnished with a "cabinet paper" showing the reasons and promises for abandoning the system we had, and adopting a "better currency," and thereupon the Major set forth his reasons as contained in the following, for letting "well enough alone." Time only shows which was correct.

OFFICIAL PAPER. Read to the Cabinet, and Majors, Auditors, and under Secretaries, and Sub-Postmasters, and the rest of the Government, on the 26th of Dec. A. D. 1833, and printed for the use of all the citizens from Downingville to New-Orleans, along the seaboard, 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 every body.

General, and Gentlemen of the Cabinet, and the rest on you here present, composing the Government—I speak to you as a man standing right between you and the People, and what I am going to say ain't calculated to make any one change your opinion so much as to make you know mine—you have pretty much all of 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 ain't had time to scrape the edges smooth. I'll give you my notions pretty much as you get bread from the bakers, and leave you to slice it or crunk it as best suits you; and every man can better his own slice just to please his fancy—that ain't my business so much as it is his'n.

We are not 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 going to say a little on both points. When a chimney smokes at the wrong end, with the wind at northeast, some folks may content themselves with opening 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 going to examine—What kind of a critter the Bank of the United States raly is; Whether its nature is to do good or evil to the country; and then to 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 leetle worse. If any body ain't old enuff 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 paper and ink used every year in makin a report on't; but this is only a drop compar'd to what would be these now of the same kind of stuff if it had not 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—one strong enuff to do the work well, and to clear out all the trash; and so this bank was made, and the first thing was, as there was a very little rale money in the country, the bank went and bot a good jag on't in Europe, and went to work clearin away jest as we do our fields in the spring.

It was a pretty dirty job to do so, I tell you, and the bank didn't get thro' with it without scratching and smatting its fingers pretty considerable; and that warn't the worst on't for the bank. The Gov-

ernment made the bank agree to pay fifteen hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of doing this work, and made it agree to take care of the People's money in all parts of the country, and to pay it here and there whenever the Government told 'em, and to pay off 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 keeping of the money, and when the Government didn'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 whoppin 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 Conestogas—and it want every one who knew how to drive such a team. The owners of this wagon found that out, for some of the first that they got come plagu nigh upsetting 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 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 hadn't lost a linch pin or broke a strap; and there warn't no complaints made agin him by the folks on the road; on the contrary, all the other wagoners liked the Squire amazingly; he was always ready to give 'em a lift when he found them in the mud, & 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 begun 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 the leadin horses—they said the breed warn't right—he ought to put on the lead some Albany trotters—that they were the best horses on the lead he could have. The Squire didn't like the change—he said the horses he had knew the road as well as he did, and they wouldn't bolt nor kick up; and when they came to up-hill work he could depend on 'em. Then agin our folks wanted the Squire to change harness—they said they had new patent collars—and a horse could pull as much agin with 'em as with the old fashioned collars. Well, the Squire didn'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, and so long as they kept him there, he would go along and do his duty, jest 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 away out of his wagon a part of the bags and boxes, and divided it around among the drivers of other wagons, who was mixin in the scuffle too, and away they all crack'd off with it. Some undertook to cut 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 split their jack nives. Some went on ahead and rolled 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 didn't flinch, and as they had dragged the big wagon over worse roads in their day, they went along without accident. Well, now it turns out that all the wagons that drove off so with a part of the Squire's load are in trouble, for in 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 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 that's impossible; the most he can do is to take back the load they took from his wagon, and then, perhaps, they can get out of the mud; but it is more than his team can do, and he won't run the risk of breakin his harness or injurin his horses to drag 'em all out together. Well, now that's jest about the condition of things, and the longer they remain so the worse it will be—the longer the horses and wagons stand knee and hub deep in the mud, the less able they'll be to get out on't.

And now I'll leave 'em there a spell, and we'll take a look into the nature of the Bank, and what it raly is; for to hear some folks talk about it, one would think it was a most shockin monster, and that it was pretty much nothin else but Squire Biddle, when it was 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 everlastin 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 hain't got no parents livin, and all our own people, they put their money in the stock of this bank for safe keepin—not to speculate—and jest 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, then these are the folks, then, that compose the bank. Now what way do they want this bank managed?

The business of the bank is to loan money, and is jest for all the world like any rich man whose business is to loan out his money—is it his interest to dabble in politics, or to let politicians dabble with him? Not an atom on't. I never knew one of your rale politicians who ever could pay his debts; and they ain't the kind of folks people like to deal with, any way, who have got money to loan—they know that talkin politics, and gettin things into snarl's jest to answer party purposes, ain't the way to pay interest nor principal nother, and politicians in a bank, are the worst people in the world for the owners of the bank, for the most on 'em hain't got money of their own to lend, but they are plagu 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's jest so with a bank,) wants to see every body busy and industrious, 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 quarrellin and disputin, and when they do, they git their money back in their pockets agin as soon as they can, for they know that politics ain't profitable business.

Then it comes to this, that if the bank is what I have said it is, (and it's nothin else) it ain't such a monster as some folks try to make us think it is; and, instead of being a dangerous monster, I see, and I know every body else must see, who don't squint at it, but looks it strait in the face, that its nature is jest like the nature 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 according to law—no gangles and tangles and talkin politics in porter houses and bar rooms, hurra in for this man, and puttin down that man—that kind of work don't clear up new lands nor plough up old ones: it don't keep the hammer goin and the 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's no tellin what a 'dangerous monopoly' of power that crittur's got in that are boat. I was lookin into it when I came on with him a spell ago, and he showed me how he managed it. If he was to fasten down the kivers of them two mortal big copper kiddles he has got in his boat and blow his belluses a spell, he would smash every thing for more than 50 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 han't scalded nobody—but he can do it in a minit if he chuses. Well, I'll tell you why he don't—it ain't 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 his business. He knows if he didn't watch over their interest, they'd turn him out—and jest so the owners of the bank would sarve Squire Biddle. And that ain't all, Capt. Bunker knows if he hurts any body with his boat he'd run a chance o' hurtin himself too—he knows, too, that it is the interest of his owners not to have any accidents aboard any boat—for if they get scalded in one steamboat they keep clear of all on 'em—and tho' some folks think banks ain't 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 ain't 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 Godenow has been in that bank, as one of its directors, off and on, ever since it was a bank; and I have heard him say fifty times, (and he's a man to be depended on,) he never heard a word about politics in it, till about four years ago, and it all came from our sendin, every year since that time, some rale politicians to help the other twenty 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 could find no eggs to suck—but when they undertook to come up chamber, and smell about in all the cubbords, it was time to snub 'em—and then came trouble, and that's jest about the way now; and the Deacon says, and he's about right, that politicians in a bank are just as bad as skunks in the cellar—and I am so certain of this, I won't make a trial on't.

Some on you say, the owners of this bank hain't got no right; to recharter—they have had it long enuf—and it's now time to have a new shuffle and cut; well, that ain't 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—jest as a Congressman has a right to expect his constituents will send him to Congress agin if he behaves well—and it's a good way to keep folks strait, and make 'em do their duty; but if we are to knock 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 in stock in the new bank ought to pay the loss that all these old folks and young children will suffer by knocking 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, the older it gets, the better folks abroad and at home like it—people who have got money to lend don't like changes—and particularly Government changes. Would any on you like to lend money in South America? And do you think any of them Governments could make a bank that folks would have any confidence in? I don't think they could—jest because they keep choppin and changin every year.

Will any on you say that it ain't a good thing for a country to make folks all about think it is a safe one to lend money to? Ain't good credit worth nothin? Well, how does any man in trade get credit, and make folks think him safe to trust? Will he break up his stand every year, and change his business, and try new plans? I say that ain't 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 hain't 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 knows us; and so we can manage things through the bank better than we can alone.

Some on you say it ain't right to pay interest to foreigners—that when we git money from foreigners they keep drainin us of interest. Well, that is all chalk and water. Now I know we have got an everlastin new country to clear up yet, and if an honest industrious man can git a few hundred dollars lent to him, he can 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 fifteen times more for it than the land first cost; and as our folks go on borrowin, they 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, I for one, am willing to say to foreigners, as the Cape Cod fishermen say to the fish, when he gets on the hook, and is pullin him in—"So long as you hold on one end, I will 'tother." 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 our 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 knock down this bank when its charter is out, and bring trouble on the country, foreigners will say, "Aha! there's trouble there!" Back they come with their stock, and git their money, and keep it; and all our prosperity is nocked in the head! We chartered 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 ain't 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 ashamed to look one of these innocent foreigners in the face, to say nothing 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 puttin down the bank, just to get a new shuffle and cut a new one, without turnin 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, it ain't so much my fault as hisen; for I tread the strait line, and only on toes that stick out beyond the line; and that's too often the

case with folks now-a-days who fill offices. I've tell'd 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 any 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 scrape you've got it in, the People will tell you pretty quick, or I ain't no hand at guessin. I have now done my duty—if the People won't do theirs it ain't 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 won't git worse—but that I won't promise. If things come to the worst, I shall suffer as little as any on 'em, for I hain't got no wife and children to support (and I'm sorry for those who have, if things are to go on as they now go); I can cut my foddier pretty much anywhere. But I love my country, ev'ry 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, wants to git hold of the big wagon and all the money in it. My dander is up, and I had 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.

CANDLES AND OIL.

SUPERIOR Sperm and Tallow CANDLES. Lamp, Whale and Linsed OIL. Just received and for sale by WILLIAMS & HAYWOOD. April 22.

DRAWN NUMBERS

Of the North Carolina State Lottery, 5th Class for 1837. 34 65 3 44 63 24 7 67 39 71 30 NORTH-CAROLINA STATE LOTTERY. For the benefit of the Salisbury Academy. CLASS No. 7, FOR 1837. To be drawn at Wentworth, Rockingham county, On WEDNESDAY, 4th MAY, 1837. 66 Number Lottery—10 drawn Balls.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of \$10,000, 1 Prize of \$4,000, 1 Prize of \$3,000, 1 Prize of \$2,320, 1 Prize of \$1,340, 5 Prizes of \$1,000, 10 Prizes of \$400, &c. &c. Whole Tickets \$4. Halves \$2. Quarters \$1. A certificate for a Package of 22 Whole Tickets will cost: Do. Half 25 Do. Quarter 12, 50 To be had in the greatest variety of numbers, either by the Package or single Ticket, of STEVENSON & POINTS, RALEIGH, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LOTTERY.

For the benefit of the Salisbury Academy. CLASS No. 8, FOR 1837. To be drawn at Washington, N. C. On SATURDAY, 13th of MAY, 1837. 75 number Lottery—11 drawn balls.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of \$10,000, 1 Prize of \$4,000, 1 Prize of \$3,000, 1 Prize of \$2,000, 1 Prize of \$1,200, 20 Prizes of \$1,000, 20 Prizes of \$500, &c. &c. Whole Tickets \$4. Halves \$2. Quarters \$1. A Certificate for a Package of 25 Whole Tickets will cost: " Half do. 30 00 " Quarter do. 15 00 To be had in the greatest variety of numbers, either by the Package or single Ticket, of STEVENSON & POINTS, Managers, RALEIGH, N. C.

GREENSBORO HOTEL.

The Subscribers inform their friends and the Public, that they have purchased the Establishment formerly known as the *Warrior House*, and that they are now ready to receive and accommodate Boarders and Travellers. The Buildings are large and commodious and situated in the most central and pleasant part of the Village. Their Rooms and Beds are clean and comfortable. They have procured a supply of Servants that will be polite and attentive. Their Table shall, at all times, be furnished with the best dishes and liquors which the country can afford. Their Bar shall be supplied with the choicest Liquors, Wines and Segars. Their Stables are large and airy, and shall be kept supplied with the best provender, and the most attentive and experienced Ostlers. In short, nothing shall be wanting on their part to render all comfortable, who may favour them with their patronage. They would remark, that in a few weeks, they will enlarge the buildings, which will make them much more pleasant than they have heretofore been. They flatter themselves that by devoting their entire attention to the business, they will be able to give satisfaction to all who may visit their House. KETTREL & EVANS, Greensboro, Ala. April 12. 3t

SWAIM'S PANACEA.

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE, BY WILLIAMS & HAYWOOD. April 22.

LITCHFORD & OLIVER,

Merchant Tailors. Four doors South of Williams & Haywood. FAYETTEVILLE STREET, RALEIGH, N. C. ARE NOW RECEIVING A Splendid Supply of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. Embracing every thing in general use.

THESE GOODS have been selected by the junior Partner of this Concern, in person, and can be confidently recommended to their friends and customers, as the best assortment of Goods in their line, ever opened in North Carolina. Their Cloth consist of Wool, Drags, of every colour and quality, and are warranted not to fade in wearing. They deem it unnecessary to say any thing more in commendation of their Goods, but only request those who want ocular demonstration, to give them a call.

The following are a part, viz: Super Blue and Black " Apple Olive " Olive Green " Rifle do. " Dahlan " Roman Purple, and " London Smoke Brown

Super Black and Green

Super Blue and Black " Steel Mixed " Sage " Drab, and various other Colours

London Shrunken " Plain " Figured Silk " Figured Velvet " Satin and " Cashmer

Summer Cambrils, and French Bombazines

London Merisilles, Figured & Plain

Wool Drags Single & double milled

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