

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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MONEY MAKES A MAN BOLD.

From the New York Transcript.

This is an axiom that few perhaps will deny. The celebrated Dr. Witherspoon, President of Princeton College, going to preach on a Sunday to a neighboring country congregation, as he passed through the square to the pulpit, said to one of the ruling elders, "John lend me a crown." The crown was lent, and the Rev. Dr. putting it into his pocket went into the pulpit and preached a bold, eloquent and powerful pathetic Sermon. Descending from the pulpit after service, he pulled out the money and said to John, "here is the crown." "Oh keep it," says the elder. "No, no," says the Dr. "I only wanted it when I preached, for a man is always much bolder with money in his pocket. This anecdote of one of the most sensible men of his day, is not only true as an isolated fact; but it is also true as a general principle applicable to almost all mankind. The man with money in his pocket is invariably bolder than him who has none. Experience teaches this abundantly. Go into company where any thing is to be expended or any thing to be purchased, and if you are ever so wise and virtuous, or otherwise ever so fearless, you feel on this occasion exceedingly timid, ashamed and even sheepish. While your neighbor, who has not half your merit, who has money, is as bold as a lion. If you enter a market or shop to buy an article you want, although your credit is ever so good, you feel a want of confidence in yourself, and cannot drive a bargain half so readily or adroitly as if you have the cash to plunk down for the purchase. If you are in debt, and one of those ugly articles a dun comes across you, how insignificant and humbled you feel in your own estimation, and what a sorry apology you make. Whereas, if you have money to pay with, your spirits are elastic and light; you are bold as Bonaparte himself. As a politician, you present a poor humiliating posture without money, and are computed as a naught in arithmetic, as of no account whatever. If you enter a gentleman's house to attend a drawing room party or soiree, if you are known not to have money, no matter how wise or virtuous you may be, you feel humbled to the dust almost, as you hear some rich fool call you in a whisper "a poor devil."

And whether you are a minister, a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant, an editor, a mechanic, or any thing else in life or in business—if you have no money, or next to none, your feelings tell you that you are despised by others who are rich, and who have their pockets full of cash, and your mortification at the contemptuous treatment you receive, is almost overwhelming. Some may praise you for your talents, admire you for your amiability, eulogize you for your virtues and patriotism—but the epilogue to all this fine dramatic eulogism is, poor fellow, he is poor and has no money. Money then, not only makes a man bold and fearless, but is considered as the chief evidence, the undoubted criterion of merit. If a man is rich, the world says he is "a good man," even if he is leprous with half the vices that curse humanity, and a jackass with a pair of panniers on his back, stuffed with dollars, is reputedly a much wiser and better and admirable animal than the noble lion, who ranges lord of the forest, and is king by consent of his fourfooted kinsmen. The meanest fool, the veriest knave, with plenty of money, can make his way near to the throne while the wisest and most virtuous man, without it, must lay like Lazarus at the gate. A celebrated writer says—"wealth is power," and we add, it is also courage, conduct and virtue. Line the pocket, and the pocket and the man can storm the rock of Gibraltar; empty it and he is frightened at a fly. Money is the god of this world; all who have it, are of the orthodox faith; those who have not, are considered heretics, and "worse than infidels."

TOM BROWN—AN ALLEGORY.

We have heard of a Blacksmith of the name of Tom Brown, who was somewhat celebrated for his skill in the village in which he resided, and who was acknowledged to be the best shoer of hor-

ses for many miles around. At length he was so much tickled by the encomiums which were showered down upon him from every quarter, that he was unwilling to rest contented with the fame of being merely the best blacksmith within ten miles of his forge, but he felt within him that he was qualified and destined to exhibit surpassing skill and ingenuity in labors which no blacksmith ever before attempted.

He had come into possession, it matters not how, of a valuable gold watch, the manufacture of some of the most ingenious workmen of the age. He often examined the watch, studied the movements of the wheels, the surprising power of the springs, and listened to its ticking with much delight. The watch kept excellent time, but Mr. Brown gradually convinced himself that it was out of repair; that it did not go regularly; that it was imperfectly constructed; that in some unexpected moment it might stop, and involve himself and family, and indeed the whole neighborhood (for there was no other good time piece in the village) in difficulty. He conceived that it was in his power, by confining himself more strictly to mechanical principles, to improve its construction, render it more simple in its action, produce a more uniform and petter motion, and thus introduce a new era in the art of watch-making.

It was in vain that some of his more sensible neighbors advised him to stick to making horseshoes and agricultural implements, and leave watches to those who were well acquainted with the difficult, delicate, & complicated operation. But no; Mr. Brown was remarkable for a pig-headed obstinacy, and prided himself on never having acknowledged himself in error, or having relinquished a measure which he had once resolved upon. He seized his hammer, his pincers and screw driver, and went to work. The watch was soon taken to pieces, and his neighbors were assured that he would now exhibit to them a sample of watch-making that would surprise them. His design was to dispense with the *balance wheel* entirely, and to rely altogether on the *little wheels*, the number of which he soon found it necessary to increase, although such an idea had never entered into his original plan. He toiled without ceasing, but soon found watch-making a more difficult business than he imagined. After many weeks of labor, he completed it, and his neighbors were called in to witness the triumph of ingenuity and strict mechanical principles over the errors and prejudices of the age.

This was an eventful moment in the life of Tom Brown. Some of his friends who had unbounded confidence in his skill as a workman, were prepared to witness an invention which would become the wonder of mechanics, and be a benefit to the whole human race; others alternately smiled and sneered at his folly and presumption, and gathered around, prepared to witness the total failure of the experiment. The watch was put in motion; its movement at first promised well; but it was soon seen that it possessed no power within itself to produce regularity or uniformity of action. In a few brief minutes, although its motion was considerably accelerated, it became evident that the experiment would not succeed; it soon began to fize and whirl, and whistle, and sputter away at an astonishing rate, much to the alarm of the blacksmith and those of his friends who were confident of his success. He was altogether unable to control its movements, and after a little time it made a loud and startling noise, resembling a fearful explosion of gunpowder, and stopped! Instead of *improving* the watch, he had *destroyed* it; or at least had so much injured it, that it will be a long time before the best watch makers in the country—men who have devoted a large portion of their lives to the business—will be able, with all their skill, to restore it to its original regularity and excellence of condition.—*Boston Jour.*

A REMARKABLE STORY,

From a notice of *Illustrations of Human Life*, a new work by the author of *Tre-maine and De Vere*, in the New Monthly Magazine for April.

The story to which we shall now advert, has the double value of being told, on Mr. Ward's personal knowledge, and of illustrating the extraordinary chances on which human life is sometimes suffered to depend. The circumstances occurred to the well known Sir Evan Nepean, when in the Home Department. The popular version of the story had been, that he was warned by a vision, to save the lives of three or four men condemned to die, but reprieved; and who, but for the vision would have perished, through the Under-Secretary's neglect in forwarding the reprieve. On Sir Evan's being subsequently asked how far this story was true, his answer was—"The narrative romances a little; but what it alludes to was the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me." The simple facts, as told by himself, are these:—One night, during his office as Under-

Secretary, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined; he was in perfect health, had dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake.—Still, he found all his attempts to sleep impossible, and, from eleven till two in the morning, had never closed an eye. At length, weary of this struggle, and as the twilight was breaking, (it was in summer,) he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the Park. There he saw nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But, in his walk, happening to pass the Home Office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The book of entries of the day before still lay on the table, and through sheer listlessness he opened it.—The first thing that he saw appalled him; "A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution." The execution had been appointed for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes;" he could not find it there. In alarm, he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, knocked him up, (it was then past three,) and asked him if he knew any thing of the reprieve being sent. In great alarm, the chief clerk "could not remember." "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "recollect yourself; it must have been sent."

The chief clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the Clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"Good," said Sir Evan. "But have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No!"

"Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is early." It is now four; and the Clerk of the Crown lived in Chancery-lane. There was no hackney-coach to be seen; and they almost ran. They were just in time. The Clerk of the Crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the Under Secretary of State, at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the truest and fleetest express. The reprieve reached York next morning, just at the moment the unhappy men were ascending the cart!

With Sir Evan Nepean, we fully agree in regarding this little narrative as one of the most extraordinary that we ever heard. We shall go further even than he acknowledged, and say, that, to us, it bears striking evidences of what we should conceive a superior interposition. It is true, that no ghost appears, nor is any prompting voice audible; yet the result depended upon so long a succession of what seemed chances, and each of these chances was at once so improbable and so necessary, that we are almost compelled to regard the whole as matter of influence not to be attributed to man. If the first link of the chain might pass for a common occurrence—as undoubtedly fits of wakefulness will happen without any discoverable ground in the state of either body or mind—still, what could be less in the common course of things than that a man thus waking should take it into his head to get up and take a walk in the Park at two o'clock in the morning; yet, if he had, like others, contented himself with taking a walk round his chamber, or enjoying the cool air at his window, not one of the succeeding events could have occurred, and the men must have sacrificed. Or if, when he took this walk, he had been content with getting rid of the feverishness of the night and returned to his bed, the chain would have been broken: for, what was more out of the natural course of events, than that, at two in the morning, the idea should come into the head of any man to go to his office, and sit down in the rooms of his department, for no purpose of business or pleasure, but simply not knowing what to do with himself? Or if, when he had let himself into those solitary rooms, the book of entries had not lain on the table; (and this we presume to have been among the chances, as we can scarcely suppose books of this official importance to be generally left to their fate among the servants and messengers of the office); or, if the entry, instead of being on the first page that opened to his eye, had been on any other, even the second, as he never might have taken the trouble of turning the page; or if he and the chief clerk had been five minutes later at the Clerk of the Crown's house, and instead of finding him at the moment of getting into his carriage, had been compelled to incur the delay of bringing him back from the country, all the preceding events would have been useless. The people would have died at York, for even as it was, there was not a moment to spare; they were stopped on the very verge of execution.

The remarkable feature of the whole, is that the chain might have been snapped at every link, and that every link was equally important. In the calculation of

the probability of any one of these occurrences, a mathematician would find the chances very hard against it; but the calculation would be prodigiously raised against the probability of the whole. If it be asked, whether a sufficient ground for this harsh interposition is to be discovered in saying the lives of a few wretched culprits, who, as is frequent in such cases, probably returned to their wicked trade as soon as escaped, and only plunged themselves into deeper iniquity—the answer is, that it is not for us, in our ignorance, to mete out the value of human life, however criminal in the eyes of Heaven. But there was another interest concerned, and one of evident value.

If those coiners had been hung, Sir Evan Nepean could scarcely have escaped utter ruin; popular wrath would have flared out against him from one end of the country to another; he would have been charged with their murder. No man under such circumstances could have retained office a week. We have seen a circumstance of the same nature, but of a much slighter color, drive a late chief Judicial officer of London from his office in a moment. No minister could have ventured to screen him;—office in England would have been shut upon him for life. He would probably have been driven to hide his head in some foreign country, even if some Parliament rebuke, or Royal mark of displeasure, had not broke his heart. Yet thus, all, who know the subsequent services of Sir Evan Nepean as Secretary to the Admiralty, during the long period of our naval glory in the revolutionary war, know that a humane, honest and intelligent man would have been lost to himself and his country.—The actual neglect was the Town Clerk's; but it would have been thrown back from the inferior on the principal, according to the manner of popular justice; and, doubtless, if Sir Evan had made the enquiry the night before, which he made in his waking hour in the morning, the reprieve would not have suffered the hazards of delay. The adventure, slight as it was, would have been his ruin.

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

The following, from the Speech of Mr. CLAY, in the session of 1834-'35, is prophecy itself. It could not have been a more faithful delineation if written at this time, describing what has occurred, instead of foretelling what would be the consequence of the madness of misrule:

"Mr. Clay thought it extremely fortunate that this subject of Executive patronage came up at this session, unannounced by any collateral question. At the last session we had the Removal of the Deposites, the Treasury Report sustaining it, and the Protest of the President against the Resolution of the Senate. The Bank mingled itself in all our discussions, and the partisans of Executive power availed themselves of the prejudices which had been artfully excited against that institution, to deceive and blind the People as to the enormity of Executive pretensions. The Bank has been doomed to destruction, and no one now thinks the recharter of it is practicable, or ought to be attempted. I fear, said Mr. Clay, that the People will have just and severe cause to regret its destruction. The administration of it was uncommonly able; and one is at a loss which most to admire, the imperturbable temper or the wisdom of its enlightened President.—No country can possibly possess a better general currency than it supplied. The injurious consequences of the sacrifice of this valuable institution will soon be felt. There being no longer any sentinel at the head of our Banking establishments to warn them, by its information and operations, of approaching danger, the local institutions, already multiplied to an alarming extent, and almost daily multiplying, in seasons of prosperity will make free and unrestrained emissions. All the channels of circulation will become gorged; property will rise extravagantly high, and, constantly looking up, the temptation to purchase will be irresistible. Inordinate speculation will ensue, debts will be freely contracted, and when the season of adversity comes, as come it must, the Banks, acting without concert and without guide, obeying the law of self-preservation, will, all at the same time, call in their issues; the vast number will exaggerate the alarm, and general distress, wide-spread ruin, and an explosion of the whole Banking system, or the establishment of a new Bank of the United States, will be the ultimate effects."

Mr. Binney, a distinguished Whig Representative from the city of Philadelphia, thus spoke in Congress in Jan. 1834:

"Sir, the project of the Secretary of the Treasury astonishes me—it has astonished the country. It is here that we find a pregnant source of the present agony—it is in the clearly avowed design to bring a second time, upon this land the curse of an unregulated, uncontrolled State Bank paper currency. We are again to see the

drama, which already, in the course of the present century, has passed before us, and closed in ruin. If the project shall be successful, we are again to see the paper missiles shooting in every direction through the country—a derangement of all values—a depreciated circulation—a suspension of specie payments—then a further extension of the same detestable paper—a still greater depreciation, with failures of traders and failures of Banks in its train—to arrive at last at the same point from which we departed in 1817. Suffer me to recall to the recollection of the House a few more of the striking events of that day. The first Bank of the United States expired in March, 1811. Between the 1st of Jan. 1811, and the close of the year 1814,—more than one hundred new banks were established, to supply this more uniform and better Currency. For ten millions of capital called in by that Bank, twenty millions of capital, so called, were invested in these. In the place of five and a half millions, about the amount of circulation in notes of that Bank withdrawn, twenty-two millions were pushed out.—Then came a suspension of Specie payments, in August and September, 1814. As an immediate consequence of this suspension, the circulation of the country, in the course of fifteen months, increased fifty per cent., or from forty-five to sixty-five millions of dollars; and the fruit of this more uniform currency was the failure of innumerable traders, mechanics, and even farmers; of one hundred and sixty-five banks, with capitals amounting to thirty millions of dollars; and a loss to the United States alone, in the negotiation of her loans, and in the receipt of bankrupt paper, to an amount exceeding four millions of dollars."

The Boston Atlas gives one of ten thousand instances of the baneful operation of the "Experiment" on the poor.

The Better Currency—A Fact.—An elderly and respectable female, in reduced circumstances, presented yesterday in the market a twenty dollar note of the Planter's Bank of Natchez, one of the Deposite Pet Banks. It was all the money she had in the world; but she found that it would not buy her a pound of beef. Under these circumstances, she applied to one of the men of whom she had been in the habit of making little purchases, for advice.

She told him that she was poor, and chiefly dependent on the pecuniary assistance she received from her son, who was settled at Natchez and who had been in the habit of making her such small and occasional remittances as he could spare from the results of his constant and laborious industry. His last remittance, which was all the money she had in the world, was this twenty dollar note on the Planter's Bank. He had no other way of remitting than by mail—and the best currency which he could remit was that of a Deposite Bank. Deceived by the false promises of the Government, he probably thought that this bill would be redeemed by the Pet Bank in this city.

The friend to whom she applied, took the bill to one of the Deposite Banks, and asked at what discount it would take the bill. The answer was, that it could not take it any price. Being thus driven to the Brokers, the reply was, that for the TWENTY DOLLAR NOTE they could afford to pay but FIVE DOLLARS! This is a poor and destitute woman, by the mere action of the Executive, defrauded of three fourths of a sum, which, however insignificant, was to herself of the utmost consequence, inasmuch as it was her ALL. Thus it is not merely those who have "EARNED NOTHING;" & therefore OUGHT TO STARVE"—in the language of the Globe—who have been stripped and plundered by the accursed policy of a Cabinet of swindlers and vagabonds—but the honest and laborious poor—the very class interested above all others in the preservation of a sound and uniform currency.

THE CONVICT.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS COMMERCIAL BULLETIN.

Thomas Tibbetts.—This extraordinary individual, who was hung yesterday morning, was born, we believe, in this State. However, be that as it may, he has spent the best (or rather the worst) part of his life in it. At the age of ten years, he was a drummer boy in the army, and was stationed with his step-father, (a corporal,) in Louisiana. Having been beaten, as he says, very severely by his step-father, in a fit of revenge he seized a musket and laid him dead at his feet. For this he was tried and sentenced to be imprisoned twenty-one years; the sentence of death being thus commuted on account of his extreme youth. After remaining in prison for the space of eleven years, he was, in January, 1836, being then but twenty-one years of age, pardoned out by Gov. White. He arrived in this city just at the time that the Louisiana volunteers were about to embark for Florida; and having enlisted under Col. Persifer Smith, he went with him to Florida. After serving there four or five months, he returned to this city and almost immediately went up the river. He returned here, however, in a fortnight

after, and had not been in the city three days ere he committed the crime for which he yesterday forfeited his life.

Three days since, he was visited in prison by the Mayor, Denis Prieur, who asked him how he felt.

"As well as a man in my situation can feel," was his answer; "but I should like to have something to drink."

Some brandy was brought him, which he drank eagerly; after which Mr. Prieur told him he did not come for the purpose of giving him any hopes of a pardon.

"And if you should do so, I'd not believe you," said Tibbetts.

"Would you not prefer imprisonment to death, and that on a scaffold?"

"Ah, no!" said he, with a bitter smile "if my sentence could be remitted for only a year's imprisonment, (and I know that they would not let me off for so short a period) I would prefer to die instantly."

"Life is said to be sweet," observed the Mayor.

"Ah, it may be so to you, and such as you, surrounded as you are by the comforts and luxuries of life. But look at me, (holding up his chains.) Eleven long years of my life have I passed in a miserable cell, chained thus like a galley slave, disgraced and deserted by all and every thing that could render life dear to me. What sweetness then think you has such a life for such a person as I am? No sir, (seeing Mr. Prieur was about to speak,) as a boy, it is true, I was headstrong and wayward, but not naturally vicious. It is true that I hated those who hated me, but I also loved those who were kind to me. But this I take no credit for; I but obeyed therein the instinct of Nature. But upon one occasion, for indulging in a damnable propensity, that corporal (his step father) beat me so brutally, that I seized a musket and shot him. I was imprisoned, and led to believe that if I behaved well I should be released in a year or two; but year after year rolled on, and I was a wretched prisoner; the bright morning of my life was wasting away, unsoleaced, uncheered; no release came, my heart sunk within me, my hopes were blighted, and with my hopes died my youth. I then gave loose to the worst passions of my nature, and joined my miserable companions in their worst pursuits. Finally my prison doors were unbarred—I was pardoned; I entered that prison not a depraved boy—I left it a desperate man. I came to this city and joined the volunteers for Florida: before sailing I was arrested as a suspicious character, but being released, went with Colonel Smith—returned to this city and—the rest you know.

Mr. Prieur then hinted that the vice which led him astray was drinking.

"No, sir," said he furiously, "gambling! damnable gambling! for that was I beaten by the man whom, in revenge, I killed. I deserve to die, but not for the offence for which I now stand committed. I deserve to die, however, for deeds that I have lately done."

He was questioned on this head, but obstinately refused to reveal a syllable. Mr. Prieur, who is, by-the-by, a practical phrenologist, then proceeded to examine his head, to ascertain, if the organs of firmness and destructiveness were not strongly developed, and finding such to be the case, he spoke of it. The prisoner said nothing in reply to him on that head then, but, the day before yesterday, he asked for pen, ink and paper, and wrote the following:

"MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.
"Give Dennis Prieur my head.
"TOM TIBBETTS."

At a Public Dinner given to Mr. Wise, at Williamsburg, a few days ago, President Dew of William & Mary College, made the following remarks:

"President Dew being called on for a Toast, said that he would tell an anecdote by way of introduction and explanation to the sentiment which he should give. He said that among the characteristics of the interesting people of Ireland, was that peculiarity in thought and expression, which led, both in speaking and writing, to the frequent perpetration of blunders termed balls. He stated that he had somewhere met with an account of the bill of an Irish Farrier presented to an English Nobleman, couched in phraseology which had suggested the Toast that would be offered. It ran as follows:

"To curing your honor's mare until she died, 12s. 6d."

Mr. Dew then proposed: The monetary system of the United States; cured to death by Doctor Jackson—Alas poor Yorick!"

A gentleman paying his addresses to a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy planter, and of course entitled to the honor of being very accomplished, inquired of her if she was not lonesome, there being no society in the neighborhood, and how she spent her time? She replied she was not lonesome; that she amused herself with reading and writing. He asked her which she was most fond of writing, poetry or prose? "Nary one," says the lady, "I writes small hand."