

RALPH 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

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THREE DOLLARS per annum—one half in advance. Those who do not, either at the time of subscribing or subsequently, give notice of their wish to have the Paper discontinued at the expiration of the year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
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COURT ADVERTISEMENTS, and Sheriffs' Sales will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the usual rates.
A deduction of 33 1/2 per cent. will be made to those who advertise by the year.

MISSISSIPPI.

Mississippi is acknowledged to be the most important State in the Union. She has the credit of breaking two-thirds of her sister States; her Governor was the first to convene the Legislature, and to meet the exigencies of the times, to recommend the issue of Post Notes, measures which have been adopted by a number of other States. Her Banks were about the first to suspend specie payment, and will be among the first to resume.

Mississippi will undoubtedly be the first State in the Union to rise from under her difficulties. One crop of her great staple, even at its minimum value, will free her from the shackles of debt; and as her rich and inexhaustible soil, now offered at low rates, will induce continued emigration, she will be rich in resources in spite of circumstances. Mississippi will be the first to throw off the chains of political despotism. Next November will tell a tale, grating to the ears of the minions of power in Washington. The State will then wash out the foul stain which now blots her escutcheon, of having voted for a man who conceived it "glory enough to have served under such a chief" as Andrew Jackson! and will come out politically disenthralled and physically regenerated.

Southern Argus.

Suspension of Specie Payments.—So long ago as 1832, during one of the investigations to which the Bank of the United States was periodically subjected, Mr. Biddle predicted the existing state of things, as the necessary result of the destruction of that Institution. The following question was submitted to Mr. Biddle by Mr. Cambreleng:

"What, in your opinion, were the causes which enabled the Banks to resume specie payments in February, 1817?"

To which Mr. Biddle thus responded: "On the whole subject of specie payments in the United States, my opinions are these: I believe that the suspension of specie payments was occasioned mainly by the circumstance, that the Government of the United States renounced, for a time, its constitutional power over the currency, in permitting the dissolution of the first Bank of the United States. I believe that the resumption of specie payments was occasioned exclusively by the establishment of the present Bank of the United States; and I believe that the suspension of specie payments will again inevitably, and shortly follow, whenever the Government shall cease to exercise that control through an establishment like that of the present Bank of the United States."

In reference to the present state of affairs, it is well and justly remarked by the Editor of the Lynchburg Virginian:

"There is one thing which the strongest friend of the Administration must admit; and that is, that whether the measures of the General Government have or have not had a tendency to create and augment the pecuniary embarrassments of the nation, they have certainly not resulted in the benefits promised by their authors! They have not given us a more uniform currency; they have not equalized exchanges; they have not banished paper money from circulation; they have not restored the constitutional currency of gold and silver;—and judging from the past operation of those measures and the present aspect of things, we fear that there is very little prospect that they can ever accomplish these results. Is it not time, then, to abandon them? We should return to the 'old paths,' in which we found safety and prosperity, and forever hereafter close our ears to the voice of the charmer, who would induce us to hazard new experiments, charm he never so wisely."

Extract from a Speech delivered in Congress, in 1832, by Thomas H. Crawford, of Pennsylvania, (a Jackson man.)

"I believe most solemnly that the vital interests of this great community are extensively connected with our legislation on this important question. That if we shut the doors and vaults of the Bank of the United States, not only will our advance to the highest point of social prosperity be checked, but we shall be thrown

back at least twenty years, and be compelled again to emerge from a universal deluge of distress and ruin! On my soul, sir, I believe that if we do not pass this resolution, the Bank will not be rechartered—that the country will be covered by one wide waste of public and private embarrassment, and that nothing which the wit of man could devise will be so likely to effect this disastrous result as the rejection of the proposed measure."

The Democrat—published in Yates county, New York, always a thoroughgoing Jackson and Van Buren print, has the independence to speak thus of the grand Jackson "Experiment":

"The Currency Experiment.—The experiment has been fairly and thoroughly tried. A reform in the currency has been attempted, and it is amongst the thousand lessons of history which teach, that theory without practical proof of its utility, is but the baseless fabric of a vision." Experience in this instance has been dearly bought; for the building has been torn down before the materials for another were collected; and now we are exposed to the pitiless peltings of the tempest.—On this subject it is high time to be honest, and to cease recrimination, for all parties have been struck with the fiscal mania, and rude hands and cruder suggestions have overthrown the experience of long years. The currency has been the subject of the morning's discussion, the evening's conversation, and the midnight dream. All voices were loud in extolling a hard currency; and a hard currency it has proved to be. We attack no one's system; we do not doubt that a Benton or a Hill could show us, on paper, by neatly arrayed figures, that a metallic currency was the most preferable, and enforce its virtues by argument; still we should doubt. Let us have back our old currency, our small notes, our confidence, and our credit; and, above all, if Uncle Sam would have his children abundant in specie, let him not monopolize it all in his own breeches' pocket, idle and useless to himself and to them."

Beauty.—The following is an extract from Dr. Howe's Address before the Boston Phrenological Society, and contains a beautiful idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully expressed:

"Most heartily do I agree with the sage who said, with a sigh—'Well, philosophers may argue, and plain men may fret; but beauty will find its way to the human heart.' And it should be so, for so hath the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He hath vouchsafed to man the faculty of perceiving beauty. He hath made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the sea, and the skies, with bright and beautiful objects, which he may contemplate and admire. Else, why is the earth and every thing upon it, so varied of form, so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river, canal-like, to the Ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, the golden fruit, and the yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament of leaden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the skies?—Why, the bright tints of morning, the splendor of noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an ever-turning kaleidoscope, at every revolving hour, present to man a new and beautiful picture in the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight and sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us, as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them; and, by so doing, he hath made it incumbent upon us to draw from so abundant a source."

The Law of Kissing.—At the Middlesex adjourned sessions last week, Caroline Newton was indicted for assaulting Thomas Saverland, and biting off his nose. The complainant, whose face bore incontestable evidence of the severe injury inflicted, stated that on the day after Christmas day he was in a tap-room, where defendant and her sister were.—The sister laughingly observed that she had left her young man at Birmingham, and had promised him no man should kiss her while absent. Complainant regarded this observation as a challenge, especially it being holiday time, and caught hold of her and kissed her. She took it in good part as a joke, but defendant became angry, and desired she might have as little of that kind of fun as he pleased. Complainant told her if she was angry he would kiss her also, and tried to do it. A scuffle ensued, and they both fell to the ground. After they got up, complainant went and stood by the fire, and defendant followed and struck at him. He again closed with her, and tried to kiss her, and in the scuffle he was heard to cry out she has got my nose in her mouth. When they were parted he was bleeding profusely from the nose, and a portion of it, which defendant had bit off, she was seen to spit out

of her mouth upon the ground. The defendant, a fat, middle aged woman, treated the matter with great levity, and said he had no business to kiss her sister or attempt to kiss her in a public house—they were not such kind of people. If she wanted to be kissed she had a husband to kiss her, and he was a much handsomer man than defendant ever was—even before he lost his nose. The Court told the jury it mattered little which way their verdict went. If they found her guilty, the court would not fine her more than one shilling, as the prosecutor had brought the punishment on himself. The jury, without hesitation, acquitted her. The judge told the prosecutor he was sorry for the loss of his nose; but if he would play with cats he must expect to be scratched. Turning to the jury, the judge afterwards said, "Gentlemen, my opinion is, that if a man attempt to kiss a woman against her will, she has a right to bite his nose off, if she has a fancy for so doing." "And eat it too," added a learned gentleman of the bar.—London paper.

Great Discovery in Surgery.—An article has appeared in one of the Wall street journals, (the Express) by which it seems there is some hope that the consumption may be cured by surgical means.—The surgeon who makes this communication, proposes to cure the consumption [in any case where one of the lungs is affected] in the following manner:—An incision is made between the ribs, and an orifice opened to admit the air into the chest outside of the diseased lung—so that no air will be drawn into that lung through the windpipe at all. The lung will collapse, and remain perfectly quiescent and in that state be cured by the efforts of nature alone, or removed altogether. As there is a partition between the sides of the lungs, while one of them ceases its action, the other goes on with its ordinary functions. The operation is neither difficult nor painful, and may be performed upon a person in the last stages of consumption, without danger—as a person in that state would bear the operation better than one in robust health. The plan appears to be feasible, from the very fact that nature does sometime effect a cure by the very same process (drying up one lung) and it is the only method by which a cure is ever effected. If this plan succeeds it will be the greatest discovery in the art of healing, in modern times.

A very good Story.—"A soldier expecting to go into battle, went to the regimental tailor, who was finishing off a suit of clothes for him, and requested him to put a thick sheet of lead so as to cover his heart. The tailor, being somewhat of a wag, put it in the seat of his breeches. The action took place before he had time to correct the mistake. The army to which he belonged was defeated, and the gallant soldier had to run for it, closely pursued by the enemy. On climbing the fence, a grenadier came up with him, and applying his bayonet to the part protected by the tailor, threw him clean over the fence, without paying any further attention to him, supposing him to be killed. After a little while, the soldier, finding his way clear, resumed his flight, remarking that the tailor was a very clever fellow, and knew much better where his heart lay than he did himself."

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

The conflicting accounts from Florida, which have been rife ever since the Campaign, so called, began, are now made themes of jest and merriment. In the multitude of narrators of affairs in that region, there has been produced a mass of testimony, the constituent parts of which are so various and irreconcilable, that one hardly knows what to believe, on any occasion. The following plan of a Boston Journal, would doubtless save much ink, and more error.

From the Boston Courier.

FLORIDA.—We shall order immediately, from the foundry, two stereotype plates, of the following character:—
The Florida war is ended.
The Florida war is now ended.
Which will be inserted alternately, once a week, till intelligence of a more authentic nature can be afforded.

Wholesome Advice.—The Salisbury Herald (England) gives the following:

For a fit of Idleness.—Count the tickings of a clock: do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the work house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a gaol, and you will be convinced.

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a fit of Ambition.—Go into the church-yard, and read the grave-stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.

For a fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt, and the Blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted and deranged; and

they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

THE BRIDE—A SKETCH.

Among the crowds who were hastily promading the streets on Christmas eve, was Charles West, and if his step degenerated into a stride, and then a run, he might be pardoned. Charles West was a new made bridegroom. The transition from the dirty, old street, into a warm parlour, was itself pleasurable; and added to that, to be welcomed home by a bright-eyed girl—all smiles and blushes, (for the honey-moon was barely passed) was absolutely too paradisaical for earth. Emma had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles had seated himself beside her, he was certainly a very happy fellow. Alas! he had as yet only drunk the bubbles on the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek which heightened the lustre of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow, and her husband instantly remarked it. It was the first Charles had ever seen there and it excited his tenderest inquiries.—"Was she unwell? did she wish for any thing? Emma hesitated, she blushed and looked down. Charles pressed to know what had cast such a glow over her spirits. "I fear you will think me silly, but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon." "Not for that, certainly," said Charles, smiling. "Oh! I did not mean for that, but you know we began to keep house nearly the same time, only they sent by Brent to New York for carpeting. Mary would have me walk down to Brent's store this evening with her, and he has brought two—and they are such loaves." Charles bit his lip. "Mary?" she continued, "said you were doing a first rate business, and she was sure you would never let that odious Wilton lay on the parlor, if you once saw that splendid Brussels—so rich and so cheap—only \$75."

Now the "odious Wilton" had been selected by Charles' mother and presented to them, and the color deepened on his cheek as his animated bride continued, "Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it—there are only two; and it seems a pity not to secure it." "Emma," said Charles gravely, "you are mistaken, if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one which will answer very well, and is perfectly new." Emma's vivacity fled, and she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed—he drew out his watch and put it back—whistled, and finally, spying a periodical on Emma's table, began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well tuned, and he soon entered into the spirit of the writer, and forgot his embarrassment: when looking into Emma's eyes, how he was surprised, instead of the glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent on her hand, evident displeasure on her brow, and a tear slowly trickling down her cheeks. Charles was a sensible young man—I wish there was more of them—and he reflected a moment before he said "Emma my love, get your bonnet and cloak and walk with me, if you please." Emma looked as if she would like to pout a little longer, but Charles said "come," with such a serious gravity on his countenance, that Emma thought proper to accede, and nothing doubting but that it was to purchase the carpet, took his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several streets in the direction of Brent's until they stood before the door of a miserable tenement in a back street.—"Where in the world are you taking me?" inquired Emma, shrinking back. Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting a latch, they stood in a little room, around the grate of which three small children were hovering closer, as the cold wind swept through the crevices of the decayed walls.—An emaciated being, whose shrunk features, sparkling eye, & flushed cheek, spoke of deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the light covering of which barely sufficed to keep her from freezing, while a spectral babe, whose black eyes looked unnaturally large from its extreme thinness, was vainly endeavoring to draw sustenance from the dying mother.

"How are you, Mrs. Wright?" quietly inquired Charles. The woman feebly raised herself on her arm. "Is it you Mr. West? Oh how glad I am you are come—your mother?" "Has not been at home for a month, and the lady who promised her to look after you in her absence, only informed me to-day of your increasing illness." "I have been very ill," she faintly replied, sinking back on her straw bed. Emma drew near, arranged the pillow and bedclothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak. Charles observed it, and felt satisfied. "Is that beautiful girl your bride? I heard you was married." "Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not suffer." "Bless you Charles West—bless you for a good-son of a good mother: may your young wife deserve you—and that is wishing a great deal for her. You are very good to think of me,"

she said, looking at Emma, "and you are just married." Charles saw Emma, could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the poor woman coal that night. The moment they reached home, Emma burst into tears. "My dear Emma," said Charles, soothingly, "I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes salutary to look on the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing seventy-five dollars, you may spend it as you please."

It is unnecessary to say the odious Wilton kept its place, but the shivering children of want were taught to bless the name of Emma West, and it formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

THE ADMINISTRATION PRINTS.

It is somewhat astonishing to see the pitiful devices, to which the Administration prints are resorting, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the people from the true issue now before them, and deceiving them as to the real cause of the alarming distress which overshadows the whole land, and which every individual, (no matter how humble his situation in life) so sensibly feels. They first tell us "there is no distress which an honest man ought to regret." But the honest yeomanry of the country, and even their own party, will not be thus lulled to sleep. "The most sensitive of all nerves, the great pocket nerve," has been touched, and they have been aroused from their lethargy, and awakened to their interest. They cannot submit to have their very life's blood sapped from their veins, merely to be styled honest by the Administration. If complaining when they are oppressed, and making resistance to the iron grasp of tyranny, be dishonesty, then they glory in such dishonesty.

Again, they are told that the calamity of which they complain has been brought upon them by the Act of Congress ordering the distribution of the surplus revenue." But how can the withdrawal of money from the vaults of the Treasury, and putting it into active circulation make it more scarce. It is true that it enabled us to see the rotten condition of the Institutions in which the Executive had placed the public moneys. Would that this Act had been passed a little sooner, and that surplus which had been collected from the people had been returned to their pockets, before it was finally too late; before it had been placed beyond the reach of the Government, and likely to render the Government itself bankrupt, and produce the necessity of taxing the people, and drawing from them the hard earnings of their labor, to replenish the Treasury.

The people also are told by the Van Buren Presses, and demagogical politicians, that all the pressure which they now feel has been occasioned by a wild spirit of speculation and overtrading on false capital. We admit this to be one of the great causes of distress, but let us trace this "overtrading and wild speculation" back to its original cause, and we will find that it flows directly from the "unwise measures of the late Administration," from the war of extermination which Gen. Jackson prosecuted with so much vigilance against the United States Bank, and by the annihilation of that Institution, removed all restraint from the State Banks, created hundreds of new ones, and threw open all their doors, from whence the whole country was flooded with a paper currency, which all past experience had shown could never long remain sound and uniform. Thus, by the creation of a great abundance of this kind of fictitious circulating medium, enhancing the value of every species of property, and furnishing every facility for the extension of trade beyond its natural limits and the indulgence of a spirit of speculation to a ruinous extent, until the Currency has proven itself unsound, and our enterprising citizens are involved in irretrievable ruin. On whom then should rest the blame? On those who have been led astray by the false and mistaken measures of the Government, or on the Government itself? But there are thousands of the laboring class of the community who never have departed from their ordinary course of business, that are now groaning under the mighty pressure. And yet the people are told by those who were active in bringing this state of things about, that they know not the cause of the evils of which they complain: they add insult to injury, by presuming the people so ignorant as to be blinded by such sophistry as is daily issued from the Administration Presses. It will not do. Every citizen of the country sensibly feels the pressure of hard times. They are too intelligent not to be convinced of its origin; and being convinced, too honest not to avow it, Rutherford Gazette.

Conversions.—We have ever believed, and still believe, that the great mass of the people are honest; and although they may sometimes be misled by corrupt and designing politicians, yet they cannot long be kept in darkness. They cannot long be deceived by the false col-

ours of their Rulers. Whenever they cease to take the assertions of those in power for the truth, and begin to investigate the affairs of Government for themselves, they will, nine times out of ten, come to correct conclusions; and if they see that they have been in error, they at once relinquish it and embrace whatever they honestly believe to be the correct and wholesome doctrine. As a proof of this, we have recently met with some of our acquaintances, who were but a few months ago the warm friends of the Administration, and the violent opposers of the old United States Bank, who now extend to us the hand of political fellowship, and honestly admit that "the experiment of Gen. Jackson has failed;" that they believe a National Bank essential to the prosperity of the country, and that they will go with us heart and hand for any Institution of the kind.

Rutherford Gazette.

Fayetteville, June 28.

Fraud in packing Cotton.—An instance of gross fraud in packing two bales of Cotton, was detected last week at the Factory in this place. The cotton in the centre of the bales was packed wet, and is now a hard mass, completely rotten, besides which a quantity of seed was thrown in to add to the weight. The man is known, and we are requested to say, that unless he comes forward speedily and pay the damage, with satisfactory explanations, he will be exposed. This is the second instance of detection at the Factory, and the system there pursued will necessarily lead to the detection of every such attempt, where the cotton falls into the hands of its Proprietor. In this case, for the sake of making perhaps ten dollars, this man has destroyed his character, and what he will probably feel as a greater calamity, has also destroyed his cotton to the amount of \$50, which he will have to refund.

SUSPENSION BY THE BANKS.

The Globe and other Van Buren presses ascribe the suspension of specie payments to the Whigs; with what truth and justice, let facts determine.

The first Bank that suspended was a deposit bank in Natchez—the next, a portion of the Safety Fund Banks, Mr. Van Buren's own creatures, and then the Dry Dock Bank in New York, another of R. M. Whitney's Pets.

In Philadelphia, the Pets were the first to suspend—and in this State, the Virginia Bank, a Pet, set the example.

We believe it was the case every where, that the "fiscal agents of the Government"—the particular favourites of the Executive were the first to keel up.

But if it were a Whig measure, it is passing strange that the Van Buren States should be so prompt to sanction it. No Whig State has yet legalized the suspension, but four or five Van Buren States have, and others are in the act of doing it. New York, the head quarters, its Legislature being in session at the time of suspension, instantly passed a law authorizing the suspension for twelve months and relieving the Banks from the penalties incurred.

Virginia, Connecticut and Mississippi, all with Van Buren Legislatures, have adopted the same course, and Alabama, another of the same political complexion, is about to follow in the footsteps.

But no Whig Governor has yet even convened the Legislature to consider the propriety of legalizing the suspension by the Banks. The Governors of Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Maryland, all Whigs, have declined convoking the Legislatures of their States—preferring to leave the responsibility on the Banks and the Van Burenites who have brought the country into its present difficulties.—Richmond Whig.

Beef Cattle
AND
SHEEP.

THE highest Cash prices will be paid for Beef Cattle and Sheep, by
WM. J. LOUGEE & CO.
Near the Court House.

Raleigh, June 20.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
BUNCOMBE COUNTY.
Superior Court of Law—April Term, 1837.
MALINDA LYMAN v. ARETUS A. LYMAN
Petition for Divorce.

IT APPEARING to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendant is not an inhabitant of this State: It is ordered that publication be made for three months in the Carolina Gazette and Raleigh Register, that the said Defendant, Aretus A. Lyman, appear at the next Superior Court of Law, to be held for the County of Buncombe, at the Court House in Asheville, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the said Petition, or the same will be taken pro confesso, and settled as of course.
Witness, J. ROBERTS, Clk.
31 Pr. Ad. \$ 5 63

FOR SALE,
A Single Horse Wagon, with a good top, cover and Harness, by
W. A. STITH.
Raleigh, May 27, 1837.