THE CONVICT.

From the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin.

THOMAS TIBBETS.—This extraordinary individual 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

"Ay, it may be so to you, and such as, 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 still I was a wretched prisoner; the bright morning of my life was wasting away, unsolaced, 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 miserly, 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-thebye, 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 Denis Prieur my head.

"TOM TIBBETTS."

THE BEN SHERROD.

A letter to the editors of the *American* from the clerk of the steamboat which was burnt on the 8th inst. on the Mississippi, says that she left New Orleans with about *one hundred and sixty* passengers, thirty of whom were picked up, and the remainder perished in the flames or were drowned. Among the latter were two young men of Baltimore, CARROLL WHELAN and E. J. HUBBLE.

The New Orleans Herald has some particulars of this most melancholy disaster, in addition to those already published, which we subjoin.

One gentleman, Mr. Cook, floated down the river some miles before he was picked up. He hailed a wretched and despicable character who had put off in a yawl from the shore, and begged his assistance. The infamous scoundrel, who was intent only on picking up boxes, &c. asked with the utmost sang froid, "How much will you give me?" To the entreaties of others for help, he replied. "Oh, you are very well off there! Keep cool, and you'll come out comfortable!" Whether the captain of the Alton deserves the censure that has been heaped upon him we know not, nor will we pretend to say positively until we have seen his statement; but it does appear to us that if the captain of the Columbus had acted in a similar manner to that of the Alton, there would not have been half a dozen souls left to tell the tale of the calamity.

Poor Davis the pilot, who was at the wheel during the fire, was conversing with a friend of ours just before he left this city, about the burning of the St. Martinsville, and the burning of her tiller rope, three or four years since; "If ever I'm in a boat that takes fire (said Davis,) if I don't run her ashore, it will be because I shall be burnt up in her!" Poor fellow, his statement has been verified; he was burnt up in the Ben Sherrod.

Out of nine ladies that were on board, only two have been saved, the captain's wife and Mrs. Smith, of Mobile; their husbands threw hen coops into the river, jumped off the wheel house, the ladies followed their example and were saved.

One scene was distressing in the extreme; a young and beautiful lady, whose name at present, we can not learn, on hearing the cry of fire rushed out of the ladies' cabin, in her loose dress, in search of her husband, at the same time holding her infant to her bosom; in endeavouring to go forward, her dress caught, fire and was torn from her back to save her life; after seeing her husband fall into the flames in the forward part of the boat, unable to reach him, she leaped with her child into the water, seized a plank and was carried by the current within 20 yards of the Columbus; but just as she had seized a rope thrown from the steamboat, both mother and child sank to rise no more!

Our limits preclude the possibility of enumerating the various heart rending sights that this calamitous affair occasioned. The captain, for instance, saved his wife, but saw his two children perish. Mr. Smith saved his wife and one child, and saw the nurse rush madly through the flames with his daughter, and both perished. Mr. Gamble's wife, we understand, was burnt to death; he escaped, although very badly burnt. One young man who had reached the hurricane deck in safety, heard the cries of his sister, rushed back to the cabin, clasped her in his arms, and both were burnt to death. One of the clerks, one of the pilots, and the first mate, were burnt up. All the chamber-maids and women employed on the boat perished. Out of 35 negroes that were known to have been on board, only two escaped alive. The Ben Sherrod had the largest crew of any boat on the river, and by reference to the above list of names, it will be seen, that out of the 50 saved, over 30 belonged to the boat; and out of the 60 or 70 cabin passengers, there are but about 10 or 12 left alive. One of the officers of the boat assured us, that in addition to the cabin passengers, there were at least 60 or more deck passengers, of whom scarce six are saved.

Although this has been one of the most serious disasters that ever happened in the annals of Mississippi steamboats, there being at least one hundred and fifty families deprived by it of some dear and beloved member—over one hundred beings hurried by it out of time into eternity, with scarce a moment's warning. And among those who are saved, many are said to be severely burnt; some, so much so, that their recovery is very doubtful.

We understand that eight different explosions took place on board the boat while burning—first, barrels of whiskey, brandy, &c.; then the boilers blew up with a fearful explosion, and lastly, 39 barrels of gunpowder exploded, which strewed the surface of the river with fragments.

A large quantity of specie was in the boat on its way to the Tennessee banks; this was lost. One gentleman placed his pocket book, containing $38,000, under his pillow, and though he escaped with life, he lost all his money. A great many more persons on board had very large amounts of money with them, the most, or all of which, in the confusion, was lost.

N. B. We have since learned that the four left at Fort Adams, are Messrs. James P. Wilkinson, G. Stanfield, Gamble and his son. Mr. Francis was burnt to death.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

MORAN'S EXECUTION.

This unhappy man has paid the penalty of his life due to violated law and humanity. At an early hour this morning, the commencement of a humid Spring due in the month of May immense crowds were seen issuing forth from the city, in the direction of Bush Hill, where the execution was to take place. The vehicles for the transportation of people de-

on the move. The view of the [illegible] proceeding northwardly from Broad street, as seen from the corner of Chestnut street, was an unbroken stream of the populace, moving slowly onward, and seeming at a distance like a funeral array. Diverging from Broad, near the Fever Hospital, the gallows came in sight to the multitude. It seemed a very frail structure, and was apparently got up in great haste. The crowd had gathered together in very large numbers at as early an hour as eight o'clock, and the amount was continually augmenting from all sides.—Towards the dismal grey turrets of the Cherry Hill Penitentiary, to the north west, the roads were lined in every direction with men on horseback, hastening in throngs to the prison, and formed a complete train, united with pedestrians, from the gallows to the door of the prison, before which the posse comitatus were arranged in order. In the meantime, all the eminences and roofs, and even trees, in the neighborhood of the death-ground near or remote, were covered and clustering with the multitude.

At about half-past ten o'clock, as near as we can judge the massy door of the penitentiary turned on its hinges, and the prisoner made his appearance. He was dressed in the habiliments of a malefactor, with a white cap, a sort of robe, and blue sailor's pantaloons. He walked behind his coffin, which was placed in a furniture carriage provided for the occasion. He had his arm in that of a clergyman, who held a prayer book in his hand. The marines of the navy yard were in attendance, and with their measured march and glistening bayonets, added to the impressiveness of the scene. Near by, in carriages and barouches, were the Marshal, Mr. BONSALL, and several other gentlemen connected with the melancholy business by virtue of their office. The mounted horsemen who preceded them, preserved order in a circle of some seventy feet, which had been formed by ropes around the scaffold. As the prisoner approached the place where he was to suffer, he seemed oppressed and weighed down with the bitterness of the moment. A hush like the approach of twilight diffused itself among the multitudes who made up a vast radius or rather a sea around, of anxious and uplifted faces. As if by one impulse, all who could find room to do it removed their hats, and stood uncovered to witness the expiation.

The prisoner ascended the stair leading to the scaffold with a tolerably firm step, but he could not lift up his head. He never once looked at the assembled thousands around him; he was evidently passing through a hurried review of the past, and pondering with all the energies of his soul, upon the dark and mysterious future. The clergyman who accompanied him, offered him spiritual consolation, which he seemed to receive with earnest attention, and great feeling. Once, he raised his hand pensively to his eyes, and dashed away a tear.—After a while, another clergyman, as we believe, offered a brief prayer, and both took their leave of the criminal. The death-warrant was then read,—and the grisly hangman, hideously disguised, ascended the scaffold, to perform his "dreadful trade." When the cap was adjusted over the eyes of the sufferer, he was left by all the ministers and instruments of justice, standing alone:

Silent and thoughtful on the solemn shore
Of the dark ocean he should sail so soon."

Having taken his last look at the earth, the sky, and the immense assemblage around him he lifted his face towards Heaven as if supplicating for mercy from HIM who alone can bestow it in man's utmost need. The scene at this moment was awful. Not a sound was heard throughout the vast concourse; and when the drop fell, the electric shudder of sympathy ran through their bosoms, like the first tremors of a storm.

The miserable man struggled violently awhile; but in a few moments all was still as the grave. We should have mentioned before, that something was dictated by him previous to his death, to the priest, who attended him, and who we believed, pencilled down his observations or disclosures.

This hurried sketch is of course imperfect; and it is likely that we may err in our computation of the number present; when we state them at twenty thousand, of which nearly one third appeared to be women in the lower walks of life. The interest felt in the prisoner was very great; and while the death warrant was being read to him, many persons in the outskirts of the tremendous crowd, thinking it a reprieve, set up vociferous cheers, which the victim of the law must have felt as bitter mockeries ringing in his ear.

Thus died James Moran, at the early age of nineteen. May his fate be a warning to all who indulge in evil company, or yield to the tyranny of their own malignant, vindictive and wicked passions.

Since writing the above, we have read the following in a second edition of the Saturday Courier.

"While the mariners were conveying the hangman to the prison for security, the mob assailed him with stones, and would probably have killed him, but for the promptness of the officers, who ordered the marines to load and fire, upon which intimation the assailants desisted. The horse which drew the cart to the gallows, dropped dead in a few minutes afterwards, without visible cause or disease.

EXCELLENT.

The following excellent article from the Village Herald, published at Woodbery, N. J. we commend to the attention of our readers.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.—The many failures that have recently taken place among the great merchants and monopolists of our cities has had the good effect of reducing the price of many articles of provision nearly twenty-five per cent. For instance, Richmond, Va. flour, which not long since sold for between 11 and $12 a barrel, is now quoted in the New York papers at $7; pork and hams heretofore at from 12½ to 17 cents a lb. are now down to 8 and 10, and many other articles have fallen in the like proportion. Thousands of mechanics and laborers, therefore, who have been almost suffering for the necessaries of life, will now in a measure be relieved—(at this every good citizen should rejoice)—while the comparatively few rich merchants who have failed, or stopped payment, as it is more properly called, will, as heretofore, no doubt still live in luxury and extravagance. The country is not the least impoverished by their failure. The property merely changes hands, and in the course of a short time we shall probably find these very men carrying on a more extensive business than ever. This is frequently the case.—Still for these men, if we may judge from a certain class of presses, the public should feel the warmest sympathy. This is not the case when an honest farmer or mechanic fails in the country. If a poor wight fails among us, and has his all knocked off under the hammer, for perhaps not one-half of what it is really worth, even his neighbors frequently rejoice at his downfall, (such are the perverse feelings of human nature,) and condemn him as wanting judgment, industry or some other quality which they suppose might have saved him, and turning his wife and children into the street to starve or beg.

We have no doubt that there are more real suffering and distress experienced in three months among unfortunate people of West Jersey, who are sold out by sheriffs and constables, than will be felt by all the rich speculators and merchants who have failed in our large cities for years. These men when they fail generally save enough from the wreck of their stores to support themselves like princes the rest of their lives. When a farmer or mechanic in the country fails, he rarely, if ever, recovers from it.

In times like the present, it is well to recur to first principles, and look to the teaching of history for the tendencies of measures. We refer our readers for some strong hints of the sort, in a communication signed "PATRICK HENRY"—Globe.

COMMUNICATED.

BANK FALLACIES, OR POPULAR ERRORS AS TO SPECIE.

1st. The first prevalent fallacy is that by a resumption of specie payments the coin would be exported, while it cannot be, or will not be, during the suspension.

Just the reverse of this is probable, as now the banks can part with the specie to their friends for export, without risk to their circulation; whereas, if making specie payments, they could not part with much without danger, and would not, in prudence place themselves in a condition, by excessive issues, to part with such coin. The United States Gazette, under Mr. Biddle's eye, lately said that ten millions of specie must be exported.

2d. The second fallacy is, that the export of specie depends on mere bank discounts; whereas, it depends in the balance of trade, and the consequent rate of exchange; and if those be really against us, specie will be obtained from individuals as well as banks, and exported till the balance is expunged by produce, by specie, or by bankruptcy of the debtors, so that they become thereby unable to obtain either produce or specie through, either from individuals or banks, to send abroad and meet their engagements. All the banks in the country have only about thirty or forty millions of specie, while the people now have in their own possession from forty to fifty millions, notwithstanding the hue and cry as to its scarcity. The whole amount is, in fact, more than double what it ever was in the United States before 1833.

3. The third fallacy, is, that a paper currency not redeemable in specie can be preserved, and the specie be also retained in the country. But all experience shows that if banks do not pay specie, and a mere paper currency is tolerated or encouraged long, the export of specie not only happens as an article of trade, but increases and a country is gradually drained of it. Because it is no longer needed or required as a circulating medium in such a country, and not being compelled to be kept at home as a currency, or the basis of one, it is manifest that on the plainest principles of common sense, as well as of trade, specie will, with impunity and profit, be sent abroad to purchase more goods, pay more debts, and aid in more speculations. Thus in France, after the assignats ceased to be tolerated as a mere paper currency, specie which had disappeared ceased to be exported or to be hoarded, and reappeared in abundance, while in England, during the suspension of specie payments, from 1797 to 1823, it is a well known historical fact that, so far from the coin being thereby kept in the country, almost every guinea and dollar was exported, and remained abroad for the use of other nations.

4. These are serious and solemn truths on the present agitating topic of the day—instead of the fallacies so much in vogue.

If the country—after having already suffered so much in its currency, finances and prosperity, by not taking seasonable heed to the admonitions, official and otherwise, of several of its public officers, and portions of the public press, on overtrading, overbanking, and injudicious legislation as to the deposites during the last few years—will again run wild and insane, into a new delusion; if they will be so infatuated as to suppose that a long continuance of specie payments can be either safe, useful, honest, or honorable, and much less can be conducive to the preservation of our present vast and advantageous amount of over eighty millions of specie within the country, I have the strongest apprehensions that the termination of the whole will probably be in universal bankruptcy and ruin, and in the long, if not total eclipse of all the glorious destinies and hopes of our renowned republic.

5. Freemen, be on your guard, and take care that your liberties, as well as your wealth, be not all sacrificed in the end to mere speculating fallacies—to commercial and political panics—to mere paper bubbles, of a delusive South Sea origin, and that "will not and cannot come to good," durably, either for private prosperity or public safety.

PATRICK HENRY.

From Niles' Register, of Dec. 11, 1819.

THE PAPER SYSTEM.

With the blessings of God through feeling, the people of the United States have been brought to an understanding of the length and breadth, heighth and depth, of the supremely-to-be-hated rag, or paper system—which, of late years, first made them "mad," and then ruthlessly "destroyed" tens of thousands of them—that a few *circulating* persons, half a dozen men in fifty thousand of the population, might become *great*, but who I am happy to add, have been generally mired in their own corruption, and suffocated by their own filth—serving as things for "Scorn to point her slow unmoving finger at"—

A glorious purgation is going on—"Leprosy to the arm" that would arrest it by new modifications of fraud! It is hard to bear and grievous, but it is wholesome; and the good effects of it will extend to posterity. The "good old way" of money-making, by honest labor, will be esteemed as the best; and it will be the fashion, I trust to doubt the gentility of every man who does not perform something useful for his country. The inevitable nature of incorporations begins to be estimated; especially those vesting money manufacturing powers in irresponsible men; and such is the public feeling on the subject, brought about by public suffering, that if a petition for a *new* bank were offered to some of our State legislatures, it would be kicked out of the house as an insult to common decency and common sense. The effect of this feeling will be to bring us back to the state we were in about ten years ago, when the bank was considered as the *opposite* to bankrupt; though the terms now, of banking and bankruptcy, are nearly synonymous!

Our private letters from New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Ohio, especially, as well as some from Delaware, Maryland, and Tennessee, detail cases of hardship and misery such as never before were witnessed in any part of the United States; except just at the period when they were passing from a revolutionary government to the present system of things—when patriotism ceased to act in favor of confidence, and dark suspicion and suspence [illegible] that those who lately were independent farmers, are involved in debts; that they who hitherto purchased lands with cash, the products of their industry, are driven from their homes by borrowing money that they did not want, or by putting their names to pieces of paper, to oblige a neighbor, for form's sake! They who had money to lend, eight or ten years ago, and who ought to have had an excess of it now, are those on whom the "system" most severely presses—those that were as pillars of the independence of their country, are the chief victims of unprincipled speculations and unblushing fraud. The notaries and sheriffs are as busy as "Old Nick in a gale of wind," riving and tearing honest men to pieces, and sacrificing property for half its value—less, perhaps than a fourth of its cost.

The widow and orphan too, the aged and infirm, who vested their money in banking institutions to derive a support from it, are among those who suffer most. They confided in villians; their funds have been squandered; and those who were comfortable are reduced to penury.

But let us take courage, the shock, we hope, is nearly over; the further progress of roguery will be impeded by the widow's curse! Our country has an astonishing elasticity, and we want nothing but *employment* by which to earn money enough to relieve the general embarrassment. Two or three years of profitable industry, and prudent economy, would nearly bring us back to the state we were in before the banking mania began to rage—but all is lost, our sufferings will result in no good whatsoever, if we give way to the creation of a new "rag system." There is no safety to the people but in considering specie as the basis of their transactions, and we shall have enough of it for all useful purposes under a wise administration of our public concerns and individual circumspection.

From the Boston Post.

REASONABLE INFERENCES

The whig papers would fain make the people believe that Gen. Jackson's policy has been one of the principal causes of the late money pressure. Let us consider how this could have arisen from the causes assigned—The cause of the suspension of specie payments can be nothing but a want of specie—if the suspension was an act of honest necessity—not the want of a sufficiency of bank notes. Now, which individual has made war upon the specie—Gen. Jackson or Nicholas Biddle—the President of the democracy or the President of the aristocracy? The whigs themselves cannot deny that Gen. Jackson has done every thing this power co-operating with the leading members of the Administration, to make gold and silver coin abundant, and to during the late administration there has been more hard money coined than during the proportional quantity of bank notes; and in the time of any previous administration. Every measure has been used that could be devised by Gen. Jackson and his supporters to increase the amount of specie circulation, and to discourage excessive amount of banking. Nothwithstanding all these efforts, Nicholas Biddle, having the co-operation of the whig party, has succeeded in flooding the country with such an immense and irredeemable quantity of paper money that the banks throughout the country have been obliged to suspend specie payments. Now then may it not be reasonably inferred that Gen. Jackson's policy has probably saved the country from being thoroughly drained of specie, and that had it not been for the course which he has pursued, this crisis of suspension must have happened at a much earlier period, and proved, far more disastrous in its final results.

THE WHIG CURRENCY.—The Whigs for several years have been waging a bitter warfare against every attempt of Gen. Jackson to make gold and silver the circulating medium among the citizens of the United States for all the ordinary transactions of business. They have laughed and hooted at the idea, and endeavored by all means to make the people believe that Bills or Banks notes were a *better currency* than gold and silver—and their daily arguments was that Biddle's bank notes was a good enough currency for *them*. Now mark the result. Biddle's Bank notes are from 10 to 15 per cent below par, that is, a ten dollar note of his bank is not worth more than nine dollars of the real Jackson currency—*Gold and Silver*. Thus the friends of the hard money system have gloriously triumphed, and every unprejudiced man of either party must certainly admit that the measures of the administration were calculated to increase the amount of specie in the country. Instead of the "Benton Mint Drops" so vituperated by the opposition we have now the genuine Whig currency—in the shape of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent bills issued by the Whig Council of Philadelphia to supply the place of the Jackson small change. This is the real Whig currency.—Del. Gaz.

The St. Louis Argus, of the 5th inst. contains a letter from Col. BENTON, in reply to a note addressed to him by several democrats of Louisville, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not he "will accept the nomination of any thing else than a National Convention of the Democratic Party," as a candidate for the Presidency at the election in 1840. The Col. refers them to his letter and toast, to the managers of the Inauguration dinner in New York, on the 4th of March last, which, he says, fully expresses his sentiments in relation to the next presidential election. He adds:

"I am decidedly in favor of the re-election of Mr. VAN BUREN, supposing his administration to give satisfaction to the republican party (of which I have no doubt) and that without reference to his own inclinations, of which I know nothing, and without regard to my personal feelings in his favour, which can have no influence in a case of this kind, but wholly and entirely for public reasons, and because I believe his re-election will be for the public good."

PROFESSIONS VS. PRACTICE.

The federal presses which have the most to say about the pressure, and the greatest amount of sympathy to bestow upon those who are suffering by it, take the best possible course to add to its intensity and prolong its continuance. Instead of putting the best face upon matters, and doing all in their power to promote confidence, they magnify the truth, and tax their ingenuity for new modes of creating panic and distrust. The distress which has actually taken place has been magnified by those who have sought to turn it to political account, and who have made it much more severe than it would otherwise have been, by their unjust efforts to destroy confidence. If men had contented themselves with the prospect of getting rich in a reasonable time, and had not attempted to accomplish in a day what is properly the work of years, we should have heard nothing about a pressure, and the federalists would have been deprived of what is now the principal [illegible] they attempt to wield against the administration.—[*Eastern Argus.*

AN HONEST SHOPMAN.—On Monday morning a very respectable looking young lady, named Phœbe Gonlin, residing at No. 10 Essex street, appeared and preferred the following complaint against Alfred Phillips, proprietor of a dry goods store, No. 108 Chatham street, She went into the store and purchased of Mr. Phillips a shawl for $3, which she paid for; and while he was rolling it up, she was invited to look at some elegant dress patterns in the rear of the store, whither she went. After looking at them she returned, and took up the bundle, containing as she supposed, her shawl, with which she departed. On the road home, she stopped at the house of a friend, and while there unrolled the bundle to show her purchase, when lo! it had been miraculously transformed from a handsome shawl, 6-4 wide to a little trashy thing, for which she would not have paid three shillings. Conceiving at once that a trick had been played upon her by the honest shopman, she went to the police office, and told her story to the sitting magistrate, who forthwith granted a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Phillips, to answer the charge.—N. Y. Cour.

The editor of the New Orleans True American, a whig paper, in a recent number, gives the following picture of the effects of monopolies:

"Monopolies of all kinds are inimical to liberty. When the State gives one man an advantage over another by granting him immunities, it wrongs the citizen. Industry becomes paralyzed, for whole years of toil will not suffice to reach a point that the fortunate holder of legal privileges may attain in an hour. Yet legal monopolies have found advocates on the score that the public good requires their establishment. But the evil does not stop here. The institution of bodies of men for effecting a certain object under the law, sows the seeds of unprivileged monopolies. Look at the cotton monopoly of New Orleans for the last ten years. It sprang from and lived upon the vitals of the banks. There was no liberty of speech, no freedom of the press beneath its blighting shade. It was a blind power that crushed all that was not votaries. Every thing, every body, which came within the pale of its influence, dragged out a miserable existence. Nor was it a body remarkable for intelligence or thought. It drew its breath from the banks, and by its own weight tottered to destruction."

The London Times says that letters from Toulon, after stating that the Constitution American frigate was hourly expected in that port to take on board General CASS (Ambassador of the United States to the French Court,) surmises that the object of the General's intended voyage to the East is connected with the continued desire of his Government to obtain a footing in the Mediterrenean.

FROM TEXAS.—EFFECT OF THE PRESSURE.—The last accounts from Natchitoches state there were 2000 persons, one half slaves camped in that vicinity on their way to Texas. The New Orleans Bulletin May 6th, adds:

"Many planters it is reported have left their farms with a crop newly planted and started for Texas with their negroes. They had been deceived by the treachery of the times into large purchases of lands, and now that the bubble has burst, and they can no longer enjoy either their imaginary wealth in the means of paying their debts, are fleeing to Texas with their negroes, as the only means of saving any thing from the general ruin.

EASTON, MD.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1837.

☞ The Executive Council of this State meets on Tuesday the 6th of June next.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Citizens of Dorchester county have formed an Agricultural Society for that county, and to be extended generally to the Eastern Shore. The first exhibition will take place at Cambridge on the first Tuesday and Friday in November next. We will publish the proceedings in our next.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING IN WASHINGTON.—A general and imposing meeting of all classes of citizens was convened on Saturday the 20 h inst. at the City Hall in Washington, and resulted very differently from what was expected by those who called the meeting. Resolutions were offered by Mr. Sweeney in the first place requesting the City corporation to issue bills to supply the place of small change.

When the question was about to be put by the chair, Mr. A. F. Cunningham rose, and with a distinct and explicit introduction, expressed his decided dissent to the proposed measure of relief to the inconvenience of our citizens offered by Mr. Sweeney, read the following preamble and resolutions, and offered them as a substitute for those presented by Mr. Sweeney with the approbation of the gentlemen who signed the call of the meeting.

From among the latter resolutions we select the following.

Resolved, further, That an immediate resolution by every Bank in the city to redeem its five dollar notes in specie at its counters, will be received by this community as an earnest of that disposition and is due to the public, on the imperative principles of necessity and justice.

Resolved further, That such a measure at the present time will be a great and immediate public relief, and will save the community from the heavy evils and losses unavoidable from the existence and use of an extensive and depreciated paper currency, and will preserve to the District the benefits of a sound and constitutional circulating medium of specie equal to its wants, which, as Americans, we can alone recognize, without endangering the safety of the banks.

Resolved, therefore, That Messrs A. F. Cunningham, James Hoban, Lewis H. Machin, J. A. M. Duncanson and John Wilson, be appointed a committee to request of each bank in the city to adopt such a measure.

Further Resolved, That this meeting adjourn till the determination of the bank directors shall have been made known, inasmuch as their granting of the reasonable request propounded in the above resolutions, will entirely supersede the necessity of the Corporation exceeding its powers, or being otherwise necessary to the infliction upon their fellow-citizens, of the interminable evils of a depreciated paper currency.

THOMAS MUNRO, Chairman.

E. HANLEY, } Secretaries.
H. BRADLEY, }

When Mr. Cunningham took his seat, a motion was made to adjourn, but an overwhelming negative settle that attempt to stop the expression of public opinion.

A second reading of the resolutions offered by Mr. Cunningham, was then called for, which having been acceeded to.

Mr. L. H. Machin addressed the meeting in an able and perspicacious manner, in which he took a cursory view of our powers as a corporate community to issue small bills, and referred, in a lucid manner, to the law of the Congress of the United States, and assented, with some verbal alterations, to the preamble and resolutions last offered.

Mr. Sweeney then rose, and with much asperity answered Mr. Machin, and denied boldly that the law alluded to, prohibited the issue of small notes by the corporation. He also rediculed the idea of the citizens having any specie in their pockets to buy the necessaries of life—[here the rattling of the silver change wasdeafening from a vast number of mechanics and working men who had just thronged the room]—when the gentleman said that they were fortunate men for to night, as they would have it no longer,—if the preamble and resolutions offered by Mr. Cunningham were adopted, there would be no specie in the banks, as it would be all bought up by the brookers and speculators, at ten per cent advance.

Mr. Cunningham then obtained the floor, and with a few brief, but pertinent remarks, defended the resolutions, which, he stated, expressed the deliberate opinion of an immense majority of the community, of whom he appeared, on that occasion, as the representative, and whose views and feelings were clearly, calmly, and decidedly expressed in the preamble and resolutions which he had offered.

Before Mr. Cunningham had concluded his remarks the building had become densely crowded, and it became evident from the most continued and decisive tones of popular feeling that all hope of passing the resolutions for which the meeting was called together, had utterly vanished.

Mr. S. Robinson, and Mr. D. Clagett, merchants spoke in favor of the preamble and resolutions of Mr. Sweeney when James Hoban, Esq. obtained the floor and expressed himself most eloquently in favor of the proposition to MAKE THE BANKS PAY SPECIE.

When Mr. Hoban sat down another strong attempt was made to adjourn the meeting, which was instantly negatived by an overwhelming majority.

The questions was now called for, when the substitute of Mr. Cunningham was adopted by deafning acclamation.

Resolved, That the Committee be authorised to call a meeting of the citizens whenever, and as soon as they may be able to report; and that the preamble and resolutions signed by the Chairman and Secretary, be published in the city papers.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to the Chairman, for the urbane, able and efficient manner in which he has discharged the duties of the chair.—Metropolitan.

The hens in Rockville, Md. since the pressure has commenced, have increased their discounts, and now lay three eggs a day!—*Boston Post.*

And Sundays they lay four!

Finn's Last.—I am of Capt. Simm's opinion that the world is hollow.

Why?

Because so many have fallen *through* lately.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc4925_scm13074-0793