



THE REGISTER.

"Nullus in odium juris in verba magistri."

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1843.

Office of the Register on the north side of the square, in the building lately occupied by Dr. Williams—up stairs.

The Court House &c.—The county Court House in this place is now fairly underway. The foundation is laid, and from the energetic and business character of the contractors, Messrs Packer, Erwin and Grayson, we anticipate its speedy erection. It will be an elegant brick building, fifty by sixty.

We understand Messrs Acker & Wilson are about erecting a store house for the purpose of doing a produce business, and that another citizen of the place contemplates the erection of some five or six dwelling houses this season. The rapidity with which the surrounding country is filling up must eventually make this a point of considerable importance. We believe the place is unsurpassed for health by any in the State. No town can be built up or deserves to grow by dragging others down. A spirit of emulation is commendable, but, we protest against that rivalry between neighboring towns, which like envy in the breasts of individuals, only commends a poisoned chalice to the bosom of its possessor.

Stop the Leg Treasurer.

Gov. Tucker has offered a reward of \$1000 for the apprehension of Graves from which the following description is taken.

"Description.—The said GRAVES, is about 28 or 30 years of age, 5 feet 9 or 10 inches in height, with a high and somewhat receding forehead, light brown hair, approaching auburn, which he is in the habit of wearing brushed from off his forehead, and long behind; his mouth is large, with a peculiar pucker at the corners; his nose is slightly crooked and prominent; has a thick and rather projecting upper lip, and his front teeth slightly decayed; large light blue or grey eyes, with heavy brows of a color similar to his hair; he wore short sandy whiskers when he left, but it is extremely probable that he may have cut them off to avoid detection; he speaks very quickly and fluently, and in rather a loud tone. He is supposed to have escaped in female attire."

The Benton Banner states, on the authority of an endorsement on the stage way bill from Jackson, that W. H. Shelton the former President of the Brandon Bank, put a period to his life by drowning himself in Pearl River.

Later.—The above is since fully confirmed. We take the following from the Vicksburg Sentinel:

THE TRAGEDY—SUICIDE OF WM. H. SHELTON.—A gentleman yesterday from Jackson announced the death of Wm. H. Shelton by drowning. Before he threw himself into Pearl River, he wrote a letter to one of his friends, in which he detailed his reasons for putting an end to his existence. It appears that he was leagued with Graves, the Treasurer, and during the investigation of his office, by Mr. Matthews, he Shelton borrowed 10,000 dollars in Treasury warrants, from Wm. R. Crane, Esq., to enable Graves to make a full show and square his accounts, which Shelton promised to return to Crane as soon as the examination was over. But the apprehension of Graves and his trial before Judge Sharkey, prevented the return of Crane's warrants. Shelton was examined as a witness, and swore that he never had furnished Graves with any warrants, and after the flight of Graves, Crane called on Shelton to return the warrants he had lent him.—Shelton being unable to comply, Mr. Crane threatened to expose him and have him prosecuted for perjury; and to escape the shame and disgrace of such a development, he deliberately drowned himself in Pearl River. He left his hat, clothes, and gold watch, on the bank of the river; and his body has not yet been found.

A revolution is in progress in St. Domingo—the insurgents numbering 4,000 to 5,000, and increasing by constant desertions from the government forces. It was thought the aid of France would be called in by the government, and that this would be a preparatory step to the surrender of the island to that power.

The Jackson Mississippian states that the Governor has tendered the appointment of State Treasurer to Gen. Wm. Clark of Jackson—said to be well qualified for the office.

Mr. Van Buren has received the nomination of the democratic members of the Massachusetts Legislature for President, and Mr. Buchanan by the Pennsylvania Legislature.

The Prince De Joinville is shortly expected in this country on a visit to arrange for the reception of the French Steam Packets. It is also stated that he is about to proceed in a frigate to the Brazils to negotiate his marriage with the sister of the Emperor.

The N. O. Picayune states that Judge Waggoner has died from the effects of the wound received in his duel with Dennis Prieur Esq.

The Providence Chronicle states that when, at a Millerite meeting in that city lately, the audience were worked up to the highest state of alarm and expectation of the immediate sound of the "seventh trumpet," a wag, who had procured a fish horn for the purpose, blew up with a perfect tempest of wind, producing a climax which froze with fear and stupefied with horror numbers of the fanatic multitude.

Navigation of Red River above the "Raft" is suspended, a great mass of drift wood having blocked up the passage.

The Boats report a rise in the Ohio of 30 feet, and the Mississippi rising. The immense quantity of snow in the mountains renders it probable that the Mississippi will rise so as to produce an overflow equal to that of 1828.

We learn from the Yazoo Whig that a Mr. James Caldwell was not "killed in that city by being thrown from a mule."

The weather is now as warm as we have any use for—making up for lost time. The comet has left few mourners for his departure.

The Carrollton Pioneer speaks of it as certain that the Hon. R. J. Walker has received the appointment of Minister to France. So much for sticking like wax to the Captain.

The Vicksburg Whig states that the government officers have broken into the State Treasury, the key of which Graves carried off, and found there—not an empty Treasury; be it known the proud State of Mississippi has not come to that!—six dollars and two bits, in CASH!

It appears that \$96,000 in gold and silver and U. States Treasury notes, besides \$30,000 in State warrants, have been surrendered by Mrs. Graves.—According to the showing of Graves the amount plundered was \$141,000, leaving the State minus \$15,000—a pretty good haul still for a negro wench.

The body of W. H. Shelton has been found in Pearl river. Mrs. Shelton has become irrecoverably deranged, and it was feared, must be buried the same day with her husband. It is shocking to see the meed of villiany fall with crushing weight on the heads of the innocent.

The Devil of the Vicksburg Whig says Graves is in Texas, 'sittin' on a log whistling the rogues march—the Devil of the Yazoo Banner insists that he was 'sittin' on a rail,' whistling the 'Repudiator's Lament'—our Devil wags his tail and grins, but says nothing.

The impression at Jackson seems to be that the State Treasury is minus \$42,000 by Graves, although \$126,000 has been recovered.

The Memphis Appeal of the 31st ult states that "an Irish laborer, who had been bitten by a rabid dog about two months previously," died in that city of hydrophobia.

Counterfeit \$20 notes of the Bank of Indiana are in circulation in Cincinnati. The Cin. Gazette states that counterfeit dimes are also plenty there.—The Gazette says:

"As a confirmation of the truth of our remarks yesterday, respecting the amount of spurious money in circulation we mention the fact, that a gentleman yesterday made a deposit at one of our Banks, of \$100, all in dimes—on examination, \$6 20 of the lot proved counterfeit!

Lewis G. Galloway, Secretary of State was in New-Orleans on the 31st on the chase for Graves—Tucker and Matthews took the northern route.

A second shock of an earthquake was felt in the West Indies, on the 3d ult. A captain of a vessel off the north part of the Island Gaudalope stated that

it shook his vessel so that his crew could hardly keep their feet.

Our neighbor of the Dollar Democrat has made a terrible "bustle," which he thinks will soon come in fashion. In that event he recommends that a train of pages follow as a sort of rear-guard to hold it up with tongs, after the manner of the trail.

The N. Y. Express says:—The African Squadron, it is said, is to have a great accession of force than was contemplated prior to the appearance of the late speech of Sir Robert Peel.—It was intended to send out Commodore Perry in a sloop of war, with a few brigs or schooners, but, it is added it is now thought expedient to give him a frigate.

The frigate Macedonian is to be the flagship of the African squadron.

The Money returned to the Treasury.

We learn that on Saturday, Mrs. Graves, the wife of the fugitive Treasurer, sent for Governor Tucker, and handed over to him 96 thousand dollars in gold and U. S. Treasury scrip.—There were also some 30 thousand dollars in State Warrants returned by Mrs. Graves. We have not heard how much is missing, or in what manner Graves spent it—whether he gambled it away or has it yet in his possession.—It is generally supposed that he has not carried much off.—Vicks. Sentinel.

The Lawyers Tricked.

We learn that Graves did not even pay his guard of lawyers out of the funds before he absconded. He had four lawyers who did all they could to get him off without disgorging the public money, and he gave them a mortgage on his plantation and negroes in Madison county. But after he made his escape, it was found that he had only paid one thousand dollars on his plantation, leaving eight thousand unpaid, which is more than the place is worth. ib.

Communicated.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me to call your attention to the following summary of public and private annoyances.

- 1st. What can be more annoying than to have a man looking over your shoulder when you are writing a letter on private business to see what it contains.
- 2d. To have a man looking over your Ledger and Day-book to see what a man is owing you to take advantage of the circumstance.
- 3d. To have a man approach you when you are in confidential conference with a friend, for the purpose of learning the topic of conversation.
- 4th. To have a man eves-dropping your counting room or private chamber to ascertain all your plans of operation.
- 5th. To have a set of loafers lounging about you when you want to settle some important business.
- 6th. What is more annoying than to have one in a community who attends to every person's business except his own, and lets that alone.

JACK IN THE CRIB.

Important Judicial Decision.

In the Supreme Court of New York, in the case of Taylor vs. Porter & Ford; decided at the last January term, it was held, (Nelson, Ch. J. dissenting) that the statute authorizing the laying out of private roads without the consent of the owners of the land over which they pass, is unconstitutional and void. The decision is calculated to affect important rights, and should be generally known. Ex. pop.

Late from Mexico.

The N. O. Tropic of the 24th ult. says:

The U. S. schooner Dolphin, from Vera Cruz, touched at the S. E. Pass day before yesterday. The news is briefly given by the Courier of last evening.

We learn that tranquillity prevailed throughout Mexico.

Santa Anna had left his farm near Vera Cruz, in order to be present at the adoption of the constitution in the capital.

Information had reached Vera Cruz of the recapture of 111 of the Texian prisoners and that the Mexicans were close up with the remainder.

It is said that Santa Anna has sent agents to Houston to treat for peace between Texas and Mexico.

The Mexican army is said to be very numerous. On the 1st of March, 700 men sailed from Vera Cruz, to reinforce the army near Campeachy, which place, it is thought, would soon surrender.

An Eastern astronomer says with reference to the danger of a comet's striking the earth, that the comet Encke, whose period is only 1207 days and nearest the earth of all comets known,

cannot come in collision short of a period of two hundred and nineteen millions of years.

Treasurer Graves' Newspaper.

In the course of the investigation on last Monday, after Graves' flight, one of the most ridiculous little affairs leaked out that we have heard of for many a day. It appeared that Graves had actually negotiated for a press, and had procured the services of a Mr. Powe, to conduct it in support of Graves re-election to office, and to proclaim his innocence to the world. All the parties concerned, except Graves, we doubt not, were acting in good faith. What a commentary upon repudiation and rascality we had made up our mind that Graves was more the fool than the knave; but we confess we begin to doubt our phrenological skill. He has given good evidence to the world that he has great talent in villainy, and would have placed Murrill in the shade if they had both figured upon the stage at the same period. All his plans were well laid—he even succeeded in deceiving his most intimate friends up to the very hour of his departure. The buying up a press and employing an editor to defend him, affords ample evidence, if any were wanting, of his studied villainy. There is something in full-grown repudiation that is never recognised until it is stirred up with the pitchfork of honesty. Southron.

From the Southron.

The Finale.

The closing scene of the great farce of "jumping the chasms."

Go it with a rush, boys,
Go it with a bellow,
Go it for the clap traps,
Graves he is the fellow.
Send around the hand-bills,
The "skunkies" are in sorrow,
Caeth him if you can, boys,
"One thousand" paid to-morrow.

He's off in petticoats, boys,
And will make the linen rustle,
The two and three per cent funds
Are surely in his "bustle."
"Jump the chasms" now, boys,
"Seize him by the collar,"
Jump it with a rush, boys,
Jump it with a hollar.

After Graves had escaped from the guard in lady's attire, the whole town looked blank. Little groups could be seen dotting the streets during the greater part of Sunday night and the whole of Monday. Almost every man had his own particular notions about the whole matter. But all agreed that Graves and the money were as things that had been. Immediately after his flight, the Governor had hand-bills struck off, headed "\$1000 Reward," and they were sent to the four winds of heaven, or rather to the four quarters of Mississippi, for there was no wind stirring. It reminded us of an earthquake—an oppressive calmness in the heavens, with a tremendous rumbling of the grosser elements.

Monday morning ushered in a new scene. Instead of having the pleasure of listening to the able counsel for the prisoner and for the State, before his honor, Chief Justice Sharkey—of noticing the workings of the human mind in all its various forms, from the fountain source of legal light, down to the miserable strategy of legal technicalities—we had to go down to the Old State House, so as to get the full benefit of our box ticket, and hear the ridiculous afterpiece. The Attorney General had some half dozen men arrested on the charge of having aided and assisted Graves in making his escape, and the guard summoned as witnesses. A *nolle prosequi* was entered as to all except Mr. Thomas, the father-in-law of Col. Graves. Mr. Freeman commenced the prosecution with a disclaimer of having any hard feelings towards Mr. Thomas, and said he really entertained the highest opinion of him as a gentleman of irreproachable character. It reminded us of the boy who was unable to whip his schoolmate, but said he would grin at his sister. Mr. F. was doing his duty, however, as an officer of the State, and could not stay the prosecution.—Mr. Saunders, one of the counsel for defendant, made a speech, in which he stated the prosecution was unjust and dishonorable. Mr. F. arose and demanded whether or not Mr. S. intended his remark to apply to the Attorney General as the representative of the State, or to him personally. Mr. S. was unwilling to make much of an explanation, and Mr. F. said if the remark was intended to be applied to him, in any way whatever, the charge was false, as Mr. Thomas and every man in the house knew. Here the court, consisting of Justices J. H. Boyd and L. L. Taylor, interposed and ordered the counsel to confine themselves to the question be-

fore the court. Mr. S. rose and said, the gentleman has pronounced my charge false, and I say he is a liar.—[Much confusion] Mr. F. went over the circumstances in a clear and distinct manner that did him great credit. He said this was great chivalry; he had said the charge was false, and that it was a lie, and he crammed it down the gentleman's throat; and after that, he retaliated in a most chivalric manner and called him a liar in return. At this juncture Mr. S. jumped at Mr. F. with the intention of striking him. Mr. F. squared himself and was about giving his antagonist the *quid pro quo* in a physical as well as a moral point of view. The constable and the crowd here interfered and restored order out of the chaos. Respectful apologies were made for the indignity offered the court, and the two gentlemen moved on through the trial without any farther illfeeling being manifested. We hope it will all be forgotten by both parties. Mr. F. throughout the difficulty conducted himself well, and fully acted out one of his remarks. "By the Gods, I will never permit the State to be insulted through me as her representative, nor myself to be insulted personally."

The trial progressed slowly, and in fact, wore out the whole day—the concluding speeches being made after candlelight. The court, after a short consultation, decided that there was not sufficient testimony to commit Mr. T. and he was accordingly discharged, amidst the shouts and hurrahs of the immense crowd that had assembled in the pit to have a full view of the *dramatis personae* at the falling of the curtain.

A letter from Graves!!!

The Natchez Courier has been honored with the privilege of first publishing the following letter supposed to be from the Mississippi Leg Treasurer.—We will not detain the reader by any comments relative to this important document.

Away over here towards the Sabine,
April 1st 1843.

To my Repudiating friends in Miss:

My dear fellows—I'm in a d— of a hurry, as you may well imagine, about this time, and having borrowed pen, ink and paper from an old fellow who used to live in Choctaw, snatch a moment while the old lady gets me a bite of something to eat, to write you a few lines to let you know how well I have succeeded and how perfectly safe I am. I tell you what, I have streaked it since I left and no mistake. If any of you had seen me when I come the nigger over the Guard, after I had got fairly out of sight, ye Gods and little fishes but didn't I run! I looked back once and I think my "female attire" stuck out so straight you could have played marbles on it very conveniently. It won't do for me to particularize now, but I travelled about four or five hours, and having had things fixed before, laid by a day or two, during which time I saw one of Tucker's \$1000 rewards for me, and I thought at the time, it would have been a capital joke if I could have had my press, (you understand, the one I was going to have started to support my re-election) handy, and immediately have offered a \$2,000 reward for Tucker! Ha! Ha! Ha! I reckon Tucker would have said "d—m it, the fellow first comes the dignity over me and won't let me count the people's money, and then makes fun of me besides."

By the by, fellows, I'm thinking I played the thing pretty fine; you see I kept publishing exposes and bullying Tucker, till I had got the people in such a pucker they didn't know whether to think I had actually stolen the money, or a part of it, or whether I was "a much persecuted man." Ay; golly, if they had pinched me so close about counting the money, I should have come clear and then cried "persecution" so lustily, that I would have made the whole crowd of patriots, those who felt such a deep interest in the safety of the money, ashamed that they had ever said a word about me. But they hunted me too close and I had to cut. And the manner of my departure from the renowned capitol of Repudiating Mississippi must, I think, command the admiration of Leg Treasurers throughout the world. To hear of my leaving a Guard of five men; in the disguise of a negro woman, would make Sam Swartwout stare, and Wm. M. Price leap for joy. Boyd never had an opportunity of showing his *genius for running*, because it has never been necessary for him to leave; he has staid and braved this disgrace. This latter I don't think I could bear, I'm too honorable, too proud a man for that; but even Boyd himself must give me credit for extreme dexterity, considering the practice I've had. You see I've never stole much, and until I was elected Treasurer, by you, my dear friends, I had only doue

a small business in that way. I claim the glory, though, fellows, the imperishable renown, of doing more in the line than any man that has ever attempted it in Mississippi. Pagaud is nowhere alongside of me. But I have had to throw out a good deal along the way to keep off the patriots, the rascals who call themselves honest, and who are only influenced by the lure; the biggest pile buys them. I'm safe now, though I am where old Hays himself would find me. I bid defiance through you to all the thief takers in the country. I may be vain of my abilities in this way, but if there is a Vidoey in Mississippi, tell Tucker to just start him out. Tell Tucker to send me a lock of his hair by him, and I would like to have one of Freeman's teeth, but he's no great shakes any way, I didn't respect him much. Look here, just tell me, Ha! Ha! Ha! just tell me will you? Has McNutt jumped any chasms yet? Was an old rip he is. If he had ever come about my office, I should have dropped the pigeon on him very nicely, you see I could have had a little liquor, and baited him very easily. I had much rather try and fool McNutt than Tucker, because if you get McNutt to like you, and that is very easy to do, he will go his death for you, and you may steal, lie and cheat as much as you please, but Tucker is simple, foolish, you don't know how to take him, I prefer a knave to a fool any time, and when a fellow is inclined to be both knave and fool, I consider him a man with too many pretensions, entirely. No insinuations, but such chaps ought to be put down. They ruin any party. It takes a pretty smart fellow to make a rogue, and, though I may be thought egotistical, my success certainly entitles me to the reputation of a man of genius in my line.

Do me the favor to tell our dearly beloved brother, Dr. Hagan, to go to — will you for me? He never liked me somehow or other; he was always jealous of me, and the truth is, he thought being an aspiring man, was in his way.

Embrace Father Matthews very affectionately for me, will you, and tell him I ask and shall expect his prayers. I want the newspaper editors to be particular how they use my name. If repudiation succeeds next fall, I'm coming back, and shall expect to be rewarded by my party, for the trouble I have put myself to, to advance the cause of correct principles, the benefit of the "repudiating million," for I contend that I have carried the principle of Repudiation about as far as it could be carried in Mississippi, I even brought the Key off. I don't know how Tucker will carry on the Government without money but I think if he goes to levying taxes to make up what I stole, the whigs will turn Repudiators and refuse to pay for any of our rascality. I do not know that I could blame em much, but you must try and make 'em stand it.

I have thousands of things to tell you fellows, and would write more, but I am getting uneasy—you know it won't do for me to stay in one place long—I must be moving.

Take care of yourselves, my noble boys, and recollect this one thing, your friend Choctaw tells you—money is a captain in any crowd.

Affectionately, your own,
CHOCTAW.

John Neal thus speaks of newspapers— "They are the fourth power of the State—or rather the first power, swelling up all other powers. They are the Presi-lent-makers, the law-givers of the judiciary, the supreme executive—with a pardoning power beyond all that was ever claimed for any earthly sovereign."

From Graham for April.
Love Song—FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

O! wert thou but with me,
In yon dark vessel free,
That o'er the moon-lit sea
Cleaves her way.
O! were it only mine,
From scenes in which we pine,
To bear thee o'er the brine,
Far away!
On ocean's ample breast,
Fenceath night's starry vest,
All else but us at rest—
Thou and I.
Of every mutual pain
Together might complain,
And unbetrayed remain,
No one by.
Thus lifting memory's pall
From this dark life, all, all
The past we should recall,
With its woes:
And then what could we crave
From Heaven and the wave
But a harbor or a grave,
To repose!