

of the 100s, is a Roman matron; the margin cut off in making the alteration; Tens, vignette a steamboat, ship, and a town in the distance; genuine has a drover on horseback and cattle at a distance; Tens, letter A; genuine has margins with TEN, and a border on one edge with the figure 10 in, which are not on the counterfeit; 20s, altered from 5s; clumsily done; they have heads of different individuals, genuine not so.

THE REGISTER.

“Nullius in verba”  
SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1845.

The editor is absent and not responsible for the editorials in this number.

Agricultural Societies.

In the course of the last year, an agricultural society was formed at Belmont, and if it be still in existence we would be happy to hear from it. If it has fallen through we hope it will be revived, and set an example for the formation of similar societies in other parts of the county. Why not form one at Berlingham and others at Pharsalia & Ponola, and then a Union society at Ponola to compare views once a year.— We would be happy to be authorized to give notice of a meeting to be held at any of those points for the formation of such a society, and would gladly hear from some of our farmers on this subject.

The Circuit Court at this place adjourned on Monday evening last after a session of a week and a day. The trials of Smith and Sullivan, indicted for murder were continued by defendants. The session was one of more than ordinary interest, the suits being much litigated; but the chief subject of interest was pleas in abatement filed in a large number of the suits denying the right of our sheriff to discharge the functions of his office, by reason of his not having taken the oath according to the requisitions of law. The oath was taken before the Probate Judge, whereas, as the advocates of the pleas in abatement insisted, it should have been taken before a justice of the Peace.— The question was ably argued by Messrs. Coleman and Barton in favor of the pleas in abatement, and by Messrs. Totten and Bradford against them, and is held under advisement by his honor to be determined at the Oxford Court.

Some very unpleasant excitement arose from the circumstance of the pleas in abatement, being sworn to, alleging broadly, that William W. Smith, was not the sheriff of Ponola county; whereas it was a fact notorious to the community that said Smith was duly elected and commissioned as sheriff, and had given bond and taken an oath of office, and had actually officiated as sheriff more than a year without his right to do so ever having been called in question. The oath to the pleas was taken by several of our most respectable and intelligent citizens, yet appearances were strongly against the correctness of it. It is not generally understood, as it should be, what is the nature and effect of the pleas in abatement in question, and under what circumstances they were verified by affidavit. By law, no plea in abatement can be filed unless the truth appear by the records of the court, or be verified by affidavit. This is required, because the plea does not tend to settle the controversy between plaintiff and defendant, and is a plea unverified by the court, and one which if allowed to be plead on every occasion, would harass and occupy the time of the courts without conducting to justice.— The oath when made is always as to the truth of a point of law or of fact.— The oath does by no means settle the point sworn to; nor is it even considered as evidence in the least. If it be made as to the law, it merely raises the point of law to be adjudged by the court, if as to a fact, it merely raises a controversy upon that fact to be determined by a jury; and it does not, as oaths do under other circumstances, contribute in the least to decide a question one way or the other. There is then less danger in this oath than any other that can be taken; it can harm no one unless the court or jury concur in opinion with the affiant. Then if it be on a point of law, the advice of a lawyer given under the sanctions of an oath to his client, together with the reasoning of the lawyer and the reading of the law itself might raise a conscientious belief in the breast of a sensible man that the point of law—or rather the legal fact—does exist in a particular way and therefore he can conscientiously swear to it, and refer it, as his oath really does, and does no more, to a legal tribunal to be determined. Besides it is often the only way of raising and submitting a legal question for adjudication. Suppose

against the affiant, therefore is he perjured? by no means if he swears according to his best belief; for the law is often at best, but matter of opinion; and it is quite common for the most able lawyers and judges under oath to give adverse opinions upon it. But we did not intend to dwell so long upon this subject.

During the session of the Court the corner stone of the new court house, was laid with Masonic ceremonies, & we are happy to add that the building is now rapidly progressing.

For the Register.  
Black Jack Grove April 16 1845.  
Mr. Editor—

I noticed in your paper of the 5th inst., an article headed “a trance,” which reminded me of having heard an old gentleman relate a similar circumstance some ten years ago—it was related at a Camp meeting in North Alabama.

On the first night of the camp meeting—as is usual I believe on such occasions, they assembled and worshiped God by singing and praying; after which an elderly man sprang from his seat as if under some excitement, and remarked, that if he could be permitted, he would take much pleasure in relating a circumstance in the history of his life, which might not prove uninteresting to his hearers. His request was granted him, and he proceeded as follows—

Some two years since, as I was walking along a small path in a thinly settled part of the country in Tennessee, meditating on the beauties and excellencies of christianity, and the mercies of my heavenly father, I was met by my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who told me that my time had come to leave this troublesome world, and that he had come as a special messenger to waft my soul to heaven—saying which, he locked arms with me, and walked by my side. The further we went the smaller the path we were travelling seemed to get until it was not wider than the thickness of a case knife blade—our course however seemed to be onward and upward, until we finally came in contact with a much plainer road, which bore off to the left hand, I asked my companion if that was our road and he told me no—saying that was the broad road to destruction, but that our trail would carry us safe home to glory. We were at this time so near the habitation of the devil and his angels, as to hear the mourns and yells and shrieks of persons undoubtedly in great pain; so intense was my desire to know what it meant, that I stopped still to listen. My companion told me it was hell—that I was not to go there, that he would pilot me safe to the House of God. We soon arrived, he gave a tap at the door and it flew wide open, I was now in the presence of the most high, who sat as a judge upon his bench, before him lay a large bible which was open, I was conducted round and seated at his right hand, and my brothers and sisters, if every feather bed upon this encampment was here in a pile they would not be half so easy as that was. I remained but a short time, when all at once my attention was drawn to a great crowd of people near by, amongst whom, were males and females, white and black, old and young, all dressed in white robes, and all singing the same song, which I thought the sweetest music I had ever heard; I desired to be with them, accordingly I was permitted to go—I mixed and sung with them, and enjoyed more real happiness in the short time I was there, than I could enjoy here in a thousand years, I found many old acquaintances there who had been dead a number of years, yes blessed be God, I struck hands with those who had been my associates in by gone days, my father was there, my mother and brothers, and sisters were there; all enjoying the sweets of heaven singing glory and hallelujah to God and the Lamb. But my friends I was not permitted to remain long in that happy abode. My Saviour appeared to me and informed me that my time had not come, but that when I died, that was my resting place. He again took me by the arm and accompanied me back, and when I came to myself I was going along the same little path praising God and slapping my hands together, which were blistering all over. This my friends I consider a fare taste of heaven.

After the old gentleman had concluded his remarks, all were silent for some moments. If a corpse had been lying present, more solemnity could not have prevailed, finally the old cock struck up a tune—Jesus my all to heaven is gone—and such another shaking among the dry bones in the camp of Israel, the writer has never seen.

A LOOKER ON HERE IN VIENNA.  
“That’s into him,” as the oyster said when he was swallowed.

From the Picayune of the 19th.

Late from Texas.

We have dates from Galveston to the 15th inst., and from Houston to the 15th, inclusive, brought yesterday by the steamship New York, Capt Wright.— From our files we gather the following summary.

The Texan papers, or at least many of them, appear sanguine that a large portion of the Mier Prisoners have made a successful retreat, although we must confess that we have strong fears that such is not the case. That a few of them have been fortunate enough to reach the Rio Grande in safety there is little doubt; but the Mexican accounts of the recapture of the main body look so positive, and give time, place and circumstances with such an appearance of truth, we cannot but think the main body of Texans are again in their hands.

The reports in the Texan papers go to show that several of the prisoners have arrived at different points, who state that the majority of their companions, after their successful attack upon the guard at Lolado, succeeded in reaching the settlements of the Rio Grande in safety, but after much suffering. They confirm, to the fullest extent the death of Dr. Brenham in the attack upon the guard, he having been chosen to lead it. They also state that some two or three more were killed, but do not mention the name of Fitzgerald.

One account is, that on the morning of the 6th inst., a Mexican arrived at Mount Vernon, a small town about 30 miles west of Washington, with a letter containing an account of the escape of the Mier prisoners from their guard, of their arrival at Comargo, and of the taking of that place. The Mexican was direct from the city of Mexico, and crossed the Rio Grande the day after the Texans entered and took the town. He was despatched by one of the San Antonio prisoners (by permission of the Mexican government.) The letter is signed by several of the Mier prisoners, and no doubt is entertained of its genuineness by those who have seen it. It states that the prisoners, finding it impracticable on account of the scarcity of water and provisions, to pursue the route which they originally designed, they crossed the mountains at the head of the San Juan, and continued down that stream until within a short distance of its mouth, when they took the road to Comargo. Having become desperate by long suffering, and probably apprehending an attack from the Mexicans, determined, to hazard an attack upon the town. When they entered the place the Mexican troops were already drawn up to oppose them, but such was the impetuosity of the charge of the Texans, that the troops of the enemy were routed in a few minutes. Between six and seven hundred Mexicans were killed.— The Texans lost but twenty-five men.

An arrival at Houston on the 11th inst confirms the above, and states that they had all reached the Guadalupe, and that some of them had arrived at Montgomery county.

In another and entirely different account, it is said that all but eleven who made the attack upon the guard escaped; these were killed, and amongst them Doctor Brenham is mentioned. It is stated that he was killed accidentally while rushing upon a soldier. The latter fell to the ground as Dr. Brenham rushed at him, and the gun fell towards the Doctor, who rushed upon it inadvertently, and the layonet passed directly through his body. He expired very soon after the accident.

A rencounter, resulting fatally, occurred at Washington on the 31st ult., between Col. James R. Cook and a Mr. Adkins. In a dispute Adkins struck Cook; the latter drew a knife and wounded Adkins severely. Adkins then drew a pistol and shot Cook dead upon the spot. It was considered as doubtful whether Adkins would survive the wound received from Cook.

The steamboat Pioneer was carried into Galveston on the 1st inst., from the Sabine, in charge of Mr. Green, U. S. Consul at Galveston. The crew, it is stated, mutinied while at the Sabine, and there being no court near, competent to the adjudication of the case, they were removed to Galveston to await their trial.

Capt. Elliott, H. B. M. Charge d’Affaires for Texas, arrived at Washington on the 6th inst., and after a long interview with the President, left for Houston. It was rumored that his visit was connected with the recent despatches from Mexico.

Numbers of emigrants are still pouring into the Northern and eastern counties of Texas. A gentleman who recently arrived from the Sabine states that he passed several large groups of emigrants on the road near Nacogdoch-

es and San Augustine. Forty or fifty families from Missouri and Illinois lately removed to the settlement in the Cross Timbers; and numbers have also settled in Fannin county.

The Rev. Ira Parker died at Galveston on the 6th inst.

Up to the 25th ult. Gov. Butler, U. S. Commissioner, was still at the Waco village, and would remain there until a treaty should be concluded with the several tribes in attendance, among which were delegates from the Delawares, Sharnces, Iones, Anadargoes, Wacoos and Caddoes. Others were expected. The council was to be holden in about ten days. The Comanches had sent no representatives to the council, and it was doubtful whether they would assent to a treaty. The Shawnees who were sent to them report that they have agreed to send in four chiefs, after three moons have elapsed, provided the President will send four white men to their tribe to remain as hostages until their chiefs return. They are represented to be warring with the Mexicans, and to have recently taken two Mexican villages and captured about 300 prisoners.

On Cypress Creek, a few miles from Houston, a shrub called Wild Tea is found in great profusion. The Telegraph states that the leaves of this shrub so nearly resembles in taste, odor and form the leaves of the common Young Hyson tea, that it would be difficult to distinguish them from it.

More of the Shelton Tragedy.

Every thing connected with the tragical end of the late Col. Shelton, will be read with interest, and we are enabled through the kindness of a friend, to continue, to some extent, the chain of circumstances which will, in the end, make up a very correct history, and we shall probably be induced to republish it in a more connected manner.

The day previous to Col. Shelton’s death, he received from Wm. R. Crane, Esq. the following letter, which, no doubt, hastened the dreadful catastrophe:—  
“You can see me to-morrow morning at 10 o’clock precisely, at the Marshal’s office. You had set a part in the division of Graves’ spoils (of which I have positive testimony) ten thousand dollars. I have concealed my knowledge so far from the world—the ten thousand dollars is unknown to the public. If you are not here by that time, I will then communicate to the Governor, the facts in my knowledge, that you may be ‘convicted’ of embezzeling the public funds. I shall lay my plan immediately—a search warrant will tell the tale. I am in a dreadful state of mind; but I will be quiet until 4 o’clock. You need not talk to me about reimbursement on the sun moon and stars.

W. R. CRANE.”

“P. S. If you are not here by 12 o’clock, I will be in Brandon as soon as speed will take me.”

Col. Shelton started early the following morning for Jackson, in company with a friend. When he arrived at Mr. Taylor’s two miles from Jackson, he wrote a letter to Mr. Crane, a copy of which we have seen, but cannot at the present moment procure it for publication. The purport of it is, that Mr. Crane threatened prosecution and exposure had run him to despair; he (Shelton) would be in eternity by the time he read that letter—that he intended to serve Mr. Crane faithfully all his life, or pay him back every dollar of his money—that neither he nor his family had one dollar, but that Graves had it all, and that Crane’s letter precipitated his death.

We expect to be able in a few days to lay before our readers a part or the whole of Col. Shelton’s history of the Brandon Bank. What new light may be given to the world by this history, we are unable to say, but we shall publish it in justice to the deceased, whose character suffered much from his connection with the Bank—how justly, the public will be left to decide. The borrowers and debtors, we doubt not, will come in for a tolerable share of blame. [Southron.

American Stocks.

The following is the letter which was written in the direction of Lord Aberdeen, in answer to an application by some of the holders of American Stocks for his aid with the American Government in their behalf:

FOREIGN OFFICE, March 6, 1845.

GENTLEMEN—I am directed by the Earl of Aberdeen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th ultimo, calling his lordship’s attention, on behalf of yourselves and other holders of American securities, to the non-fulfilment by several of the American States of their engagements with their public creditors.

I am directed to state to you in reply, that the bonds, being bonds of the sep-

erate States, and not of the central government, that government has no concern with the securities in question, and no power to compel payment of the sums required; and I am, therefore to inform you that it appears to Lord Aberdeen, that any good officers which her Majesty’s government might be disposed to employ, with that of the U. States, on your behalf, would, under these circumstances, be ineffectual.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient humble servant.

H. U. ADDINGTON.

Latest from Jamaica and Hayti.

Dates of the 26th ult. have been received. Among the articles that Boyer stole at Port au Prince, just before his flight, was the crown of Christopho, which is said to be studded with jewels, worth \$2,000,000. Among the results of the revolution are the following, which may be considered important in a civilization point of view:

“The President in future is to be elected for three years only, but may be re-elected if this policy and government are approved. The army is to be abolished, and a strong police substituted. The old Generals will be pensioned off, and every effort made to employ the soldiers in agriculture. All religions are to be tolerated and capitalists encouraged. Seminaries of learning will be established, and the public allowed expression of their own opinions through the medium of the press.”

A Most Remarkable Phenomenon—A Cross on the Moon.

We give a statement below which is likely to excite much speculation. The letter is from the pen of an officer of the United States army, of unquestionable character and veracity.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.

Extract of a letter, dated Fort Leavenworth, Mo., March 20th 1845.

The season has been most remarkable in this quarter. We have had earthquakes—one considerable shock, and two slight ones. But on the 4th of February, we had the most remarkable phenomenon here that I have ever heard of except the falling stars. Although I did not see it myself, there is no doubt of it having been witnessed.— At 3 A. M., the moon which had been obscured by a cloud for some hours, burst forth of a deep blood-red color, with a black cross of equal proportions, over the face, but not extending beyond the rim; while on the two sides small pieces of rainbow were visible. After continuing in this way for about an hour, the color of the moon changed to its ordinary hue, and the cross became a silvery white, with the edges extending beyond the rim, and touching the rainbows. It continued so for half an hour, and heavy clouds then intervening, obscured the moon, which set unseen. This phenomenon was seen by the hospital attendants, who were up at that hour—some of them very intelligent men—by the guard and sentinels on post, and by several citizens of Weston—a little town, five miles off.

An Epistle from the White House.

The editors of the Boston Atlas have received from Washington the following epistle, paying therefor 25 cents:— The editors of the Boston Atlas, if they have an account against the President, will enclose it, and discontinue their paper.

J. TYLER, Jr., P. S’y.

To the editors of the Boston Atlas.

Upon which the editors thus comment:

Truly, our reigning family is a most extraordinary one. We are at a loss to conceive what Mr. John Tyler, Jr., is driving at. We have not sent our paper to his Royal Father, since we were perfectly satisfied that he had deserted Whig party; which is now many months since. When we did send it, we made no charge of it. Be it known to you, therefore, Mr. John Tyler, Jr., that we have no pecuniary charge against the President, except the 25 cents which the Post-office Department made us pay, for transporting the foregoing important epistle to the city of Washington to the city of Boston—and that charge we will freely forgive him, on condition that he will peaceably and quietly quit and deliver up the premises of the White House, on the the third day of March, 1845.

Running for an Office.

The Philadelphia Forum lets off the following:— “Do you know Judge Blythe?” said a custom-house borer to a perfect stranger, yesterday on Sanderson’s steps. “Yes,” was the reply. “I wish you will introduce me, then.” “I will,” said the gentleman, “on one condition.” “What is it?” “Get some one to introduce you to me.” “Borer sloped.

Cultivation of silk.

Since the little notice of the culture of silk in St. James parish appeared in our columns, we have been informed that East Baton Rouge is to become the seat of a regular silk plantation, where the most ample test will be given to the project of making this article one of the staples of the State. A gentleman named Vasseur, just arrived from France, has purchased land and is making the id arrangements to commence the business, in which he has had the experience of many years.

Baton Rouge Gazette.

The New York Daily News of the 11th inst., says:—“We learn from the Frederick Herald that on the night of the 1st inst., a man called at the house of Mr. Adam Borrell, near Liberia, and informed him that two men outside the house wanted to kill him. Mr. Borrell went out and made a search, but could not see any one. The stranger then requested that he might stay all night, which was granted.

Early in the morning he arose, and laid on the table \$190, which he invited Mr. B. should take; and on that gentleman refusing and insisting that he should keep it, he replied that he had no use for it as he had not long to live, and then went off leaving the man behind.

The shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt at Liverpool, England, and the neighborhood, on the 16th of March. It lasted about four seconds, and was the severest shock experienced in the British isles with the last fifty years.

Ex. paper.

Be Something, says the talent Kingsbury, no matter what. There’s side all collateral aids—off with your coat—and determine to work your arms up. Providence has provided the labor—there it is before you; come mount. Don’t fold your arms as you can find something that suits your talents—Take the chisel—the saw—the hammer. We recollect a young gentleman—an intimate friend—who was a few years since wealthy being worth some \$50,000. He was excellent business; but the last year like a whirlwind, swept his whole property overboard, and left him bankrupt. Did he remain idle? No. He braced himself for a fresh struggle. He minded not his delicate hands; he worked his passage from a westerner to New Orleans. Finding nothing to do there he worked his way up the York. There we find him happily contented as of old.

“What are you at now, Bill?”

“At—oh, I am a porter to a bank in Wall street.”

“Pay well, eh?”

“Why, enough to live on, I manage a day, and have the privilege of sleeping on his counter at night. Ha! ha! ha!—a broker’s counter is rather a hard bed.”

“But, Bill, you ought not to live. Your talents ought to make you higher.”

“Ay, and so you would have me take the risk of starving, cut of respect my talents? I must do something. All I want is a foot hold. Inquire me a year from now.”

In a year he had worked himself to be confidential book-keeper in a New York establishment. He was admitted as a partner soon, and acquire another fortune. He adopted true method to keep out of mischief.

We learn from the New York Herald that Snotwell, the shoe-maker at Sing-Sing prison has been necessary to the attempted escape of wards. He is likely to be placed work with his friend the Colonel of same terms. Monroe received lashes with the cat o’nine tails, after his experiment.—Dime.

In London a duty is imposed upon every advertisement published in newspaper. The London Times the government for advertising in the last three months about \$1,000.

From the New York Mirror.

The Ocean.

Come, list to the music of Ocean’s roar;

As we gather the shells on the shore;

Let us number the monsters that dwell in its wave,

And the tempest-tost sea-boys who wait for their grave.

We will go to the groves of the deep below;

Where the gold fishes play and the porpoises grow;

We will search for the pearl in its shining shell,

And descend to the caverns where mermaids dwell.

When the water-spout comes in its bosom of wrath,

We will learn of the sea-bird to tell

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