

# Highland Messenger.

LIFE IS ONLY TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

### THE CAPTIVE BOY.

My child is too young to go to the Sabbath School, says a mother whom the world calls prudent. She keeps a public house and her little son delights to sit there and hear the profane, boisterous conversations of the bar-room. She is so used to him so quiet, but he has not yet learned to love vice before she has learned that she is purchasing present ease by laying up stores of misery for herself and her

Parents and teachers, who need more to convince them of the importance of early impressions, should ponder the following story:

Our frontier settlements were many times frequently laid waste by the Indians, who robbed the inhabitants, killed the men, and made prisoners of others. A young man by the name of Bird, was taken together with his wife and child, about six months old. The Indians had taken so much plunder that they spared the wretched father and mother, and forced them to help carry it off. The wretched mother contrived to conceal her infant from her captors, and having crept it up in her bosom, close to her breast, journeyed by the side of her husband towards the wilderness.

After travelling from morn till evening of a long summer's day, the Indians threw themselves on the ground and were soon asleep; but Bird and his wife, even after much fatigue, felt little disposed to close their eyes. They contrived to escape, and, with their helpless babe, which they succeeded in preserving unnoticed, fled, at midnight, to retrace their steps. In the day, fatigue, anxiety, and hunger so completely exhausted them both that they could carry the child no longer; if they would escape, not a moment's time was to be lost. Love of life at length prevailed on the parents' fondness. The father, for the last time, pressed her infant clinging to her breast, bedewed his cheek with tears and set it down on the bank of a little forest stream to perish there. As she proceeded, she cast a backward look of agony behind her, and saw her child scrambling after the gay flow-

When they returned to the settlements, their neighbors went with the father to the spot where the child was left, but he was gone. As years rolled on, God gave them many other children, so that they almost forgot their lost boy. Fifteen years afterwards, a treaty with a tribe of Indians bound them to deliver up any captives that might be in their possession. A boy was given up, who, it was said, had been found in infancy upon a very spot where young Bird had been left. He was sent to his parents who immediately recognized him by a remarkable scar on his right hand, which he had received in his father's house.

The measure of the parents' joy was full, but the boy wandered through the possessions of his father without a smile. His bow and blanket were his only toys. He despised alike the dress, the habitation, and the luxuries that were offered him; and his mind constantly brooded over the scenes in which he had passed his childhood. Vain were all attempts to wean him from his native habits. While persuasion and indulgence were resorted to, he quitted; but when force was tried, and he was compelled to change his blanket for garments of civilized life, and his bow for a book, he grew sullenly discontented, and at last was missing. He was seen the same evening, arrayed in the dress of a soldier, crossing a distant mountain, and heading his course towards the setting

Twenty years after this event, Mr. Bird and his wife removed to a new settlement, from their former residence, where they inhabited a small hut, until a house could be built for them. One day as the old lady was left alone, a man of the neighborhood saw several miles to "a rising," she saw from her door, several armed and painted Indians approaching her. Alarmed, but resolute, she seized a hatchet, and ascending a ladder to the loft of the dwelling, drew it up after her, and determined to defend herself to the last.

The savages entered, and finding their attempts to entice her down were vain, laid down their rifles to ascend after her; but the first hand that was thrust through the door was cut off by the intrepid woman, and an alarm being taken at the moment, that the whites were coming, the Indians retreated, and disappeared in the woods, just as Mr. Bird and his party came sight. Mr. Bird then noticed the severed hand, and lo! it was the scarred right hand of her eldest son!

Young parent, as an irresistible impulse impelled to drag this child to a savage life,

your child, by the power of early impressions, may be drawn towards heaven, or be dragged down the 'broad road' which leads to the 'second death.'

Children may learn from this story to avoid bad habits.

[From the N. Y. Observer.]

### PRAYER AT THE MAST-HEAD.

A sailor recently returned from a whaling voyage, and in conversation with a pious friend, spoke of the enjoyment he had in prayer while afar on the deep. "But," inquired his friend, "in the midst of the confusion on ship-board, where could you find a place to pray?" "Oh," said he, "I always went to the mast-head." I have heard of closets in various places, but never in one more peculiar than this. Peter went upon the house-top to pray. Others have sought the shades of the forest. I remember hearing of a youth who came home from the camp during the last war, and his pious mother asked him, "Where, John, could you find a place to pray?" He answered, "Where there is a heart to pray, mother, it is easy to find a place."

And yet the sailor's closet was a favorite spot. The ear of man could not hear him as he cried mightily unto God. The gales that wafted his ship on its voyage, would bear his prayers upward toward the throne. "The voice of many waters would be the music of his sanctuary, and the angels that had charge concerning him, would listen to the swelling song." As he lifted up his heart and his voice in prayer, he was surrounded with the majesty and glory of his Maker. The "deep, deep sea" spread its illimitable expanse around him. The heavens spread out like the curtains of Jehovah's chamber, and the stars, like the jewels that adorn His crown, hung over him as he climbed the giddy mast, and bowed down to pray. Perhaps he had little imagination, and entered not into the grandeur of the scene around him. But he had a soul; a soul that felt the power of God; that loved high and holy communion with the Father of spirits; and while the others below were rioting in the mirth of a sailor's jovial life, his joy was literally to rise above the world and find intercourse with Heaven.

What peace there was in that sailor's heart. The storms might rudely toss his floundering bark, but they could not shake his confidence in God. The ocean might yawn beneath him to swallow him in its faithless depth, but he was sheltered in the bosom of his Father's love. The frail bark might be driven at the mercy of the winds, or be dashed on the rocks, or stranded on the shore, but he had a hope that was an anchor to the soul both upon and beneath the sea, entering into that within the veil. Through the thickest darkness that enveloped him, the 'Star of Bethlehem' shed its celestial light, over his path in the trackless deep, and guided him onward and upward to the haven of his eternal rest.

Thitherward from the mast-head he strained his eye, and true as the needle to the pole, he pursued his way; when tempted, he sought the mast-head to pray; when in despondency, at the mast-head he found joy; when the taunts of his companions filled his ear with pain and his soul with grief, he fled to the mast-head and poured out the desires of his heart, into the ear of Him who hears the humblest suppliant's cry.

I love to think of this sailor. I wish I knew him, and could kneel down with him and hear him converse with God. How few would be as faithful as he! How many would neglect their closet and seldom pray in secret, unless they could have a more safe retreat; a more sacred chamber than the mast-head of a wave-rocked whaler. But he, 'when here a sailor's pillow pressed,' walks now on the mighty deep, and when the tempest-tossed mariner cries, He answers, 'It is I, be not afraid.'

AN AFFEERING INCIDENT.—We saw a letter, within a few days, written by a young lady who, not many weeks since, was journeying from this place to the west. It narrates a very exciting occurrence which took place on board the steamboat in which she was a passenger, and of which she was an eye witness. In passing down the Mississippi river, our narrator was summoned from the cabin by alarming shrieks and great commotion on deck. On going up, she found that a young lady had fallen overboard, and the boat in its progress was fast leaving her behind. A gentleman on board immediately divested himself of a part of his clothing, and sprang into the river. He reached the drowning person, and upheld her in the water until a small boat came to the rescue of both. The young lady, thus snatched from a sudden death, was the daughter of an elderly gentleman who was on board the boat—foreigners, neither of whom could speak English. On reaching the deck, and recovering from her fright, she passionately embraced her deliverer and bestowed kiss upon kiss upon him, as the only way she could express her gratitude and thankfulness; while the father rushing from the cabin eagerly professed him a roll of bank bills. These being refused, he ran to his cabin and returned with a bag of gold, which he likewise pressed upon his acceptance; nor could either father or daughter be made to understand, or feel satisfied, why the proffered reward would not be accepted.—Salem Observer.

A BAD SMELL.—A man by the name of John Small was caught picking a pocket in Baltimore last week—arrested and sent to prison.

### MR. GRAHAM'S SPEECH.

"SPEECH of Mr. GRAHAM, of North Carolina, On the Sub-Treasury Bill, delivered in the House of Representatives, June 30th, 1840. [Concluded.]

BANKS.

To my mind, we must have, Mr. Speaker, we are obliged to have, more currency than gold and silver to supply the fiscal operations of Government, and to transact and interchange the business and trade of the people. I know of no better plan to furnish, and make up the deficiency, than by the use of banks. I may not be a competent judge of the best kind, as I have no practical knowledge of their machinery—I have never owned one dollar in the stock of any corporation; nor borrowed one cent from any bank in my life. I am concerned only as every planter, farmer, and business man is obliged to be, in a sound currency. When we sell a bale of cotton, a barrel of corn, or lump of gold, we want good currency in return, of specie par value. I am in favor of sound specie-paying banks, whose notes or bills may, at the will of the owner, be redeemed and converted into gold or silver coin. In other words, when it is impossible to obtain a sufficiency of cash to support labor and reward industry, then I approve of using sound credit, as a substitute. This idea may be aptly illustrated by a familiar example in domestic life. When bacon and beef are so scarce and hard to get as gold and silver, we are obliged to use smaller quantities of the solids, and larger proportions of vegetable food, to preserve health and sustain life. But, sir, among the rich valleys, the green hills, and blue mountains, in my district, where solid provisions abound, we always regard bacon and beef as a constitutional currency, and a legal tender; yes, sir, they pass very current, and will satisfy any reasonable man. They are drafts that are always honored, and bills that are never protested.—Cash and credit may be united and advantageously used together, like meat and bread, so as to go further, and supply a greater number.

The object is to multiply, increase, and render abundant, that currency which is so essential to mankind, and enters into all we eat, and wear, and have. A good plough is the true emblem of a good currency. No farmer is such a metal-loving man as to construct that useful instrument entirely of iron. It would be too heavy, unwieldy, and expensive. That would be a practical error. The groundwork of his plough of iron, but stock, beam, and handles may be made to advantage of good wood; they are lighter, cheaper, and more convenient. In this way every body, the poor as well as the rich, may own and use that useful instrument which cultivates the fruits of the earth. In like manner, a good currency may be made to general advantage out of precious metal and paper united; so that all who work may live, hold, and enjoy a portion of the currency, which is rendered more abundant, convenient, and useful, by a proper mixture of suitable materials.

The planters and farmers, generally, have but little direct intercourse with banks; yet, there is no class of the community who derive greater profits and advantages from the existence of sound banks. They want a good market to sell their cotton, grain and other articles. The merchant obtains accommodation, and borrows fifty thousand dollars of the bank, and pays the planters and farmers that sum in bank notes for their cotton and grain. Fifty thousand dollars are then distributed and circulated in smaller sums, through smaller channels, in the currency, until supply and demand have consummated their contracts, and administered comfort and convenience to all through whose hands it passed.—Again, it returns to the bank, to afford accommodation and facilities to other persons and places, whose vocation and business require the helping hand of currency.—Like the heart, it distributes and circulates the blood through the veins, to all and every part of the system which needs the natural currency of life.

Sound banks are useful instruments to Government, and beneficial institutions to the people—they furnish and supply capital and currency for public revenue, and private funds, to maintain and foster the great interests of the country. Still, I am always jealous and watchful of power, whether it be pecuniary or political; because it is constantly liable to abuse. The best instruments may be applied and perverted to the worst of purposes. I look upon a bank just as I do upon fire in a chimney; useful in its proper place—a good servant, but a bad master. Fire, while confined to its appropriate sphere, within limited banks and safe bounds, is very useful, and absolutely necessary to comfort, and to sustain life; and yet that very element, which cooks our daily food, may by negligence, accident, or abuse, destroy all our comfort, property, and life itself. The fault is not in the use but abuse, of the element employed. When a house is burnt, or a steamboat blown up, no one thinks of abandoning the use of fire and steam. So when a bank breaks, or suspends specie payments, the fault is not owing to any radical defect in the general principle used, but is attributable to the misapplication and abuse of banking. I believe we have entirely too many banks,

too much bank capital, and too many different kinds of notes circulating as money. The excesses and abuses of the system are felt and acknowledged. Reform and correction are greatly needed. The remedy and the rod are in the hands of the people themselves. I hope an enlightened public opinion will soon distinguish and separate between the good wheat and the tares. It is the duty of the Government that creates a corporation, to see that it faithfully performs its stipulations, and redeems its promises. This General Government can, at any time, exercise a commanding control and powerful influence, for good or for evil, over all the money matters and banking institutions of this country. Whenever this mighty machine, through whose treasury thirty or forty millions of dollars pass every year, receives the notes of any bank in payment of public dues, that single fact inspires confidence every where, and its bills pass current, as if endorsed by the United States. And whenever the notes of any bank are refused at the Treasury, that moment credit and confidence are lost and withdrawn by the public. This Government holds the standard in law, and in fact, of the value of all money—its breath can make, or unmake the currency—it is the Sun of the monetary system—the minor State planets can do but little in general currency, without its aid and influence, it can bite and blight the summer's fruit with winter's frost—or the kindly action of this centre Sun can make "the winter of our discontent, glorious summer."

Let me illustrate. Suppose, on the first day of January last, A sells to B a tract of land for \$1000; a conveyance is executed, and possession given. B paid down \$500, and gave his note for \$500, payable next January. When the land was sold, this Government received bank notes at the Treasury in payment of its dues. The Sub-treasury bill will now pass, and bank notes will be hereafter refused at the Treasury, and all property of the people will thereby be sunk two thirds in value.—B is sued for \$500, the last half of the purchase money. The very same tract of land is sold, upon a judgment and execution, to A, the plaintiff, for \$300; and B yet owes him \$200. Now this rank injustice has been produced by the action of this Federal Government refusing to receive the common currency of the country, and thereby depreciated all bank notes. B could not sell his crop for gold and silver, and A said he would take no money this Government (the standard keeper) would not receive; and thus B has been sacrificed, and rendered poor, without any fault on his part; and A has been enriched without any merit on his part. This is a very unjust and wanton interference between creditor and debtor, and a gross violation of common contracts. In this manner, those who are in debt will be fearfully pressed, and cruelly screwed down by Federal power. Thus the people are subjected to inconveniences and losses which necessarily arise from the fluctuating policy of the Administration, and an unsteady state of the currency. The evil will be extensive, and the distress general. Such experiments upon the currency may be sport to office-holders; but they are death to taxpayers.—The Sub-treasury will create a rich harvest for federal officers, creditors, and capitalists; while it will enlarrass taxpayers, impoverish laborers, and ruin debtors. It will fill the pockets of the first class, and empty the pockets of the last, by making it double as hard to pay money, or taking twice as much labor or property to pay the debt.

It is alleged, in justification of this bill of divorce, that a large number of the banks are paralyzed, and have suspended specie payments.—That is a violation of their charter, and a serious injury to the credit and character of their paper; therefore, I ensure and condemn any act of theirs which depreciates their notes below specie-par-value. Before we grant this divorce, let us hear the evidence, and inquire into the true cause of the banks stopping specie payments; and I apprehend the Administration will be found equally censurable and responsible to the country for all consequences. I will prove this from public documents, "out of their own mouth will I condemn thee."

In 1833, soon after the State banks were selected and appointed fiscal agents, Mr. Taney, then Secretary of the Treasury, gave the following instructions to banks: "The deposits of the public money will enable you to afford increased facilities to commerce, and to extend your accommodations to individuals;" he adds, "he anticipates the adoption of such a course respecting accommodation as will prove acceptable to the people, and safe to the Government." The financial officer instructed the bank to loan out the public money, "to increase the facilities to commerce, and to extend your accommodations to individuals." The banks did just exactly what they were commanded by authority to do; they loaned the public money liberally and broad-cast among the people.—The Secretary of the Treasury, under the eye and advice of the President, issued an order that the public money should be loaned out. Lenders are sometimes scarce, but borrowers are always plenty. Well, there was about forty millions of public money advertised and offered to be hired.—Yes, sir, this hard-money-loving Administration was then out in open market, offering to loan the people forty millions of soft bank paper notes!!! Now, I ask, what were the necessary and natural consequen-

ces of that liberal loaning policy? The answer is plain and easy; over-banking, over-issuing, over-lending, over-borrowing, over-trading, over-speculation. Money was so plenty that many got over and above their business; they quit work, and tried to live by borrowing. We had a flood of paper currency—the streams and channels of trade and commerce (having so much public money) broke over the banks. All excesses are hurtful—even the rain which descends from Heaven, if it comes in great floods will often prostrate our crops and injure our land. Now, you perceive, the Administration in 1833 directed the deposit banks to loan liberally the public money, and thereby used and contributed their power and influence to swell and flood the whole country with spurious bank paper money. In 1836, the Executive in a public message congratulated Congress and the country, "that the State banks were excellent fiscal agents to the Government, they having disbursed the enormous sum of fifty-nine millions of dollars of public money." Besides this, the President adds, "a number of the deposit banks have, with commendable zeal to aid in the improvement of the currency, imported from abroad at their own expense large sums of the precious metals for coinage and circulation." Well, these State banks, when favorites, not only issued their notes on the large sum of public money in their custody, as they were instructed, but they sent to foreign countries to borrow large sums of specie to bank on, and issued their notes to debtors on that borrowed capital also; and for this they were told by the Executive, well done, good and faithful servants, you have acted with commendable zeal to improve the currency. I have now adduced proof positive, from the highest authority, that the Administration advised and approved of the banks loaning the public money liberally among the people. I admit distinctly the banks did wrong.—They should have resisted and refused to loan more than their debtors could safely return, so as to be able at all times to redeem their notes with specie; but they yielded to the advice and influence of the Administration, the largest depositor and creditor interested in those institutions.—Now, in the day of their trial and tribulation, they are upbraided and abused, loud and long, by those very persons who advised and approved the act before it was done. Such conduct resembles that of an artful man who acquires influence over a female and seduces her, and then to hide his own shame, denounces and traduces her whom he betrayed. The seducer should never be the traducer. The banks and the Administration have been twin sinners.—The banks wanted to make large profits out of their agency, and the Administration wanted to make general popularity out of their excessive liberality. Where both parties are guilty, there is no just cause of divorce, and this bill ought to be dismissed and rejected.

Mr. Speaker, it affords me no pleasure to advert to the unfortunate experiments of the Administration on the subject of our finances and currency, and the great errors of the banks that have not measured their way and means by the specie standard, and therefore are unable to redeem their notes. Whenever my Government or my countrymen are in distress no matter from what cause, I am ready and willing to give all the relief in my power, which equal justice, common right, and sound policy, may dictate. Those who administered the Government should at all times be identified in interest with the people; to feel prosperity or adversity just as they do. Common feeling and common interest are the strongest bonds and surest guarantees the constituent can have and hold on his Representative. The Sub-treasury violates this primary principle. It affords relief and safety to the Government agents at the great expense and direct injury of the people. The common currency in circulation, created by the banks for the use of the people, will by the passage of this bill be discredited; and the bank bills which the farmer has now in his pocket-book, and received for his crop, will become depreciated in value. The banks are the institutions of the people, made by their laws, and for their benefit. A bank is like a market—a place where surplus provisions are carried and collected to sell and supply those who want to buy. So, also, a bank is a place where surplus money is collected and deposited to loan and supply those who want to borrow and need the use of money. One man has his money idle, doing nothing; another wants and needs the use of it for a time; thus, the money benefits him that lends, and him that borrows. The active circulation of money is necessary to diffuse general health and comfort, like free air and running water. If an indolent man sets all the year idle, his labor and services are lost to himself and society; just so, if one hundred dollars be locked up and lie idle one year, it will be useless and unprofitable all that time to the owner and the country.

The friends of power and privilege, who repudiate equal rights in money matters, have asked in this debate, how will demanding and exacting gold and silver for the Government injure the banks and the people? The answer is ready. I will tell you. Just as taking the solid foundation from under a house would cause it to totter and fall. Just as taking the iron off a plough would render that instrument useless. Just as throwing the ballast out of a ship would cause her, in a storm, to capsize.

The specie in a bank is the ballast that gives credit to the cargo and confidence to the crew. The ballast of a ship is often of little relative value, and yet it will safely stay the ebbs and flows of winds and waves, and give certainty and security to a valuable stock of goods, and bills of lading worth millions. He that is at the head and helm of our good ship of state, should see that the ballast is properly poised and equally adjusted. The standard bearer should perform his duty in such a manner as to uphold and regulate the currency for the Government and the people. The silver beam and golden scales erected by the Constitution, as the true standard of uniform value, should be so held and used as to weigh out equal and impartial justice to all men; but do not pervert the object, and abuse the trust, by using one kind of weights and measures for privileged orders of office-holders, and another kind of lighter weights and smaller measures for the body of the people, who constitute the bone and sinew of the country. The Government is the trustee of the people, and I cannot consent that the agent shall have a better currency than the principal, or people.

Those who are hostile to all corporations, allege and charge that they are created for the exclusive benefit of the company, and to the great injury of the people. Is this allegation true, or not? Let us examine. All corporations ought to be for the general benefit of the people first, and then for the private benefit of the company. For instance, a railroad was generally wanted from Washington to Baltimore (forty miles) for the quick, cheap, and easy transportation of trade and travel. The people were unwilling to pay high taxes to construct such a road, and therefore they contracted with private persons at their own expense to build a rail road for the use of the public; and agreed that the builders, in consideration of the work and labor done, and money expended thereon for the public use, should pay and reimburse themselves by charging those who used the road a certain fixed sum, or legal toll. Now, the public derive a great benefit from a private work, and justice and equity of the plan consists in, "no use, no pay." None but those who use the road pay the company. Before this road was made under the charter granted, it took a wagon laden with produce two days to go to Baltimore, one to trade, and two to return, that is five days. Now, on the railroad, you leave at six in the morning, and in two hours you are in Baltimore; you are allowed from eight until four o'clock (all the business hours) to trade, and then return the same day from market. If any business man can now do in one day what formerly required five days, then I presume the people derive essential benefit from such a corporation. If it be true that "time is money," then four dollars out of five have been saved to the people by the company. I presume not one railroad in the United States has ever been made but by incorporated companies; single individuals have not sufficient capital; it requires "associated wealth" to construct such useful public roads, on which time and space are so easily conquered by the power of steam. Banks are similar institutions: The first object is to supply the people generally out of private funds, with a sufficient quantity of sound currency of specie par value; and, in consideration of doing this, the bankers are authorized to charge those who borrow their notes certain interest, fixed by law, for the time they enjoy their use and benefit. The public are benefited by the company furnishing capital and currency to the country. No body pays any interest for the use of bank notes, but those only who voluntarily borrow them. The people are not taxed to raise this capital, and no person is obliged to receive bank notes in payment of debts. Their character and currency depend on their good behavior. But it is the particular duty of the Government that give a legal existence to all such institutions to oversee them strictly, and see that they do supply the people with notes as good as gold and silver; and whenever they disregard their solemn promises, and defraud the people, then to use the legal rod of correction, and compel obedience to law, and the performance of a high public trust, and thereby save the community from the evils and losses of a demoralized and depreciated currency. Whenever this Federal Government will cease its unjust and indiscriminate warfare upon all banks (good and bad) and the common currency of the people, I will go as far as any reasonable man to correct their evils and punish their abuses. Now, I very much regret that this Indian war of extermination (killing all and sparing none) should be so fiercely waged against the common currency of the whole country, because it affords no opportunity of destroying the tares to preserve the wheat.—Bank notes are not paper money; the first have a specie fund set apart to redeem them, the last has no such fund. The confederation which incorporated the first Bank of North America, in 1781, made and established it to improve the currency, and to avoid the use of the old State paper money, which was based on faith only without any funds to redeem it, and "faith without works is dead."

For the want of a uniform currency, a large portion of the people of this Union are doubly taxed, and pay two tariffs—one to Government, and one to brokers, on the difference of exchange between the place where the goods are first purchased, and where they are finally consumed.