

Highland Messenger.

"Life is only to be valued as it is usefully employed."

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 40.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1842.

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TERMS.
This paper is published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; or Three Dollars, if payment be delayed after the receipt of the 10th Number from the time of subscription. These terms will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to.

No subscription discontinued (except at the option of the publishers) until all arrearages are paid.

AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS!!
We, the undersigned, have connected ourselves in the
AUCTION, FACTORAGE AND COMMISSION BUSINESS,
under the firm of **EDNEY & LYONS.**

We beg leave to offer our services to our friends and the public in the above business, pledging ourselves to use every exertion to promote the interests of those who may favor us with their patronage.

If untiring perseverance, strict attention and promptness, will insure success in our business, we confidently expect it.

In connection with the above business, we would respectfully acquaint merchants and others, that we also

Receive and forward Goods.
In this branch of our business, promptness and despatch may be expected, our stand being on Centre street, next door to Howard & Garmany's Grocery Store, where all wagons coming in and going out must pass in review.

THOS. A. EDNEY,
J. R. LYONS.
Hamburg, S. C., Feb. 1842. 2m 87

LAW NOTICE.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in offering his professional services to the citizens of Western North Carolina, and solicits their friendly patronage in the practice of Law and Equity, in the following Courts, viz: Cabarrus, Mecklenburg, Lincoln, Iredell, Burke, Yancey, Buncombe, Henderson, Rutherford and Cleveland. He further assures the public, that his whole time will be hereafter devoted exclusively to the Profession of Law, and that a strict attention to his clients' interests shall be given, and a regular attendance in the above Courts may be confidently expected.—Those who have hitherto confided their interests to his keeping, will please accept this as a tender of his highest regard and best thanks for their disinterested friendship. His office and residence is in Lincoln, where he will be pleased to receive any communication addressed to him, in his professional line of business.
BALIS M. EDNEY.
January 28, 1842. 3t—86

Valuable Land for Sale!

THE subscribers offer for sale two hundred and fifty acres of Land, situated 7 1/2 miles east of Asheville, on the Morganton road, and 45 acres in cultivation; there is 25 or 30 acres well adapted to the growth of grass, some cleared, and some uncleared. The plantation is well watered, and in a first rate place for stock of all kinds.—Liberal credit will be given, by the purchaser giving good security. For further particulars, enquire at this office.
R. W. & A. PORTER.
Feb. 25, 1842. 3t 86

Notice to Contractors.

THE undersigned Commissioners, appointed by the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, for Burke county, hereby give notice that they will receive sealed Proposals for building a NEW JAIL in the Town of Morganton, until Monday the 18th day of April next.

The Building to be of well made and burned brick, 46 feet in length, by 20 feet in width—two stories high—the first story to be divided into two rooms, and an Entry, and the workmanship to be done in a plain, neat style suitable for dwelling Rooms.

The upper story or Prisoners apartment, to be divided into three Rooms, each end room to be 15 by 16 feet in the clear, and 8 feet high in the clear, and an entry or middle room 11 feet square in the clear—these rooms to be secured by inner walls of hewed timber 7 inches square, dove-tailed and fitted close together, and sealed with oak plank 1 1/2 inches thick nailed on with spikes 20d. at least 36 to the square foot, and otherwise constructed in the most secure and approved manner.—The whole work to be of the best materials, and done in a workmanlike manner.

The Bids will be made known on Thursday the 21st of April, and it is desirable that the Bidders should be present.—It is also desirable that the job should be undertaken forthwith, and completed as soon as possible.

A plan and specified time of the building may be seen at the Post Office or at Mr. Erwin's store in Morganton.

DAVID CORPENING,
E. J. ERWIN,
THOMAS G. WALTON,
WM. C. ERWIN,
R. C. PEARSON.

RANAWAY

From the subscriber on the last inst., a Negro boy, named **AUSTIN**—about twenty years of age; very dark complexioned; about five feet six inches in height; rather heavy countenance. I expect he will attempt to make his way to the West. A liberal reward will be paid to any person who will deliver said boy to me at my residence at the Mountain Shoals, in Spartanburg Dist., S. C., or lodged in any jail where I will get him.
S. M. MOSTLER.
Mountain Shoals, Spartanburg }
Dist. S. C., Oct. 11, 1841. } 69

Administrators' Sale.

ON Thursday, 17th of March next, the subscribers, Administrators of Dr. T. BOUCHELLE, dec'd, will expose to public sale at the late residence of Dr. Thomas Bouchelle, in Morganton,

TEN OR TWELVE LIKELY NEGROES.
A fine assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Medical Works, Surgical Instruments,
Horses and Cattle,

And various other articles, the property of said Dr. Bouchelle. Terms made known on the day of sale.

Persons indebted to said Dr. Bouchelle, are requested to make payment immediately and those having claims against said estate will present them in the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar.

CHARLES McDOWELL,
WM. F. McKESSON,
Morganton, Burke Co., N. C., }
February 3, 1842. } 15 84

Webster's Dictionary.

FOR sale at this office—very low for cash.
No. 26.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas,
WHOM IT WAS HARD TO MAKE SCOLD.

A gossiping correspondent of the New York Standard, who writes over the signature of "John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas," tells the following story about his better half:

About six years after I had transformed Miss Mary Lopez Smith into Mrs. John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas, I got into a habit of going down to old Billy Taylor's tavern, in Helena county, and there I'd sit, hour after hour, and play cards, as the Vermonters express themselves when they want to talk about card playing, and sometimes got a little wrong in the upper story.

Mrs. John Smith, Jr., bore all this pretty well, for a long time; but I could see that my folly and extravagance was a source of anguish to her; and though she'd sit and weep in silence, when she thought I did not see her, she was too proud to complain—loved me too well to tell me that I was an ungrateful fellow, and was driving her to the tomb by my neglect and dissipation.—I saw all; knew that I was murdering the wife of my bosom, and yet, for the life of me, I could not conquer my thirst for gambling and conviviality.

A thousand times did I attempt to cut asunder the bands that bound me to a sinful course of folly and madness; and I often prayed to my God, imploring him to invest me with a resolution sufficiently strong to enable me to escape from the slavery of vice and folly. But all was of no avail. At last it occurred to me, that if I could get Mrs. John Smith, Jr., waked up to anger and compel her to scold me like a virago my end would be accomplished, and I should be able to consummate the reformation I panted for in all sincerity. At last I was successful.

Christmas came round, and I flogged all my negroes; gave each of them a suit of new clothes of Oznaburgh, and a shilling all round, by the way of an annual comforter; and away I went down to old Billy Taylor's tavern, to play cards and drink whiskey. I was gone three days and nights, and during the whole of that sad period, Mrs. John Smith, Jr., sat by the door of the log-cabin, and sighed and wept for her truant and reckless husband. Her eyes had not been closed one moment. She wept for me and my sins; and when her little infant would turn up its bright eyes, and smiling try to kiss the name of father, my poor Mrs. John Smith, Jr., would fall into all the agonies of mental and physical distraction! "Smile on, sweet babe!" she would say; "smile on, be happy while you may, for the day will soon come when this distracted heart shall burst, and I shall find repose, I hope—in the embrace of an unfeeling but beloved husband, but in the arms of the God of Abraham. Smile on, sweet innocent! live, love, and be happy; and when I am no more, then—oh then! thy father may learn to love and protect you."

At a late hour of the fourth night of my carousal, I went home, and found Mrs. John Smith up waiting for me. She said nothing but wept bitterly.

"My love," said I, "I am very sorry you are crying; pray has anything happened to make you unhappy?"

"Mr. Smith," said she, "and is it possible that you can ask such a question?—Anything happened, sir? Do you mean to add insult to injury?"

I saw, for the first time in my life, that she had something of a woman's spirit about her, and I rejoiced that there was now a chance to make her scold me. I resolved to improve the golden opportunity. So, assuming a dignified and despotic attitude, I looked at her with all the mock ferocity I could muster, and in a stern voice exclaimed:

"Mrs. John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas, do you know, madam, whose log-cabin do you occupy? Do you know, madam, that I am lord of this manor, and master over you and your negroes?"

"Mr. John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas," she exclaimed in a dignified tone, and with an air of majesty that reminded me of Mrs. Siddons in Catharine of Aragon, "you are unendurable; your conduct, sir, is infamous, and I shall not submit to it any longer; you are a brute, sir; yes, sir, a brute, and I'll complain to your honored father and to my brothers, sir, and I'll see if a remedy cannot be effected."

"My honored father and your brothers may be hanged, madam," I returned; "I'll do as I please, and you, madam, shall submit to it! So take that for your consolation!"

"Mr. Smith," replied Mrs. John Jr., "it is idle and unnecessary for us to live as we now do. You supply me bountifully, it is true, with all I want to make my life comfortable; you are kind and affectionate to my children, but sir, you neglect me; and rejecting a wife's love and devotion, spend your days and nights in a filthy pot-house, and for aught I know, with bad and abandoned men and women, too, sir. I cannot submit to this gross outrage on my repose and life any longer. Mr. Smith, I must be provided with a separate maintenance."

She was firm and determined I saw, and there was something in her eye that told me that the hour of my repentance had come; and as Sir Harcourt Courly says, "my grasshopper" how my heart did palpitate.

"Provide you with a separate maintenance," I stammered out, "in the name of mercy, Mrs. John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas,

what do you mean, madam! You are not serious?"

"Yes, but I am, though," replied the highly exasperated lady; "I mean what I say, and insist, sir, on its immediate consummation."

If I had been shot, I could not have more suddenly fallen on my knees than I did. I saw that ruin, a shipwrecked boat, blasted hope and eternal disgrace awaited me, and there was no time to be lost in securing a reconciliation.

"My love," said I, "I did but go to the camp-meeting—and did—"

"Don't talk to me about camp-meeting; do not add the sin of falsehood to your vices, Mr. Smith; you, sir, have left me three whole days and nights to suffer all the pangs and pains of a distracted wife, in this wilderness; you have been far more cruel than the beasts of this forest, and I am determined to submit to my wrongs no longer!"

I seized her hand, and prostrate and penitent and heart-stricken while a flood of whiskey fell from my eyes, ejaculated, "pardon me, Mary, dearest wife; speak not those cruel words again about a separate maintenance, and I pledge my word and honor that never again will I go to Billy Taylor's tavern to play cards or to frolic. I'll quit every vice, join the teetotal society, and sell all my negroes to furnish you with money!"

"And will you be faithful to your promises?" she plaintively whispered. "Will you not suffer yourself to get into bad company again?"

"As I hope for happiness here and hereafter," I replied, "I will keep my promise, and no temptation, no power on earth, shall ever induce me to prove recreant."

Her soft black eye sparkled with joy, though clouded by tears, and as she pressed my hand to her lips, she imprinted it with a burning kiss, and softly ejaculated: "John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas, you are forgiven."

I rose like a man who had been prostrated on the guillotine, but who, whilst he gazed on the suspended knife, and the bloody executioner, expecting to see his head tumble into the basket, the next moment was pardoned, and clasping my Mary to my bosom half suffocated her with kisses!

O dearest, said I, do as you please; say what you please and I'll never find fault! I then ran to my bed room, seized a pair of buckskin inexpressibles, that I wore when I was a Sergeant in Sir George's army, of the Spanish Main, and handing them to her, exclaimed in the ecstasy of my delight:

"Take them, dearest wife; put them on, wear them, and hang me if you shall be master hereafter and forever. And if I on any occasion break my word, give them back to me and pronounce me a scoundrel."

She took the inexpressibles; did not put them on, but, from that day to this, has never had an opportunity to return them. Nor will she ever have. Now we are happy—are blessed—have had four little John Smiths, Jr., of Arkansas, at two births, and I wish I had an army of them. No scolding now disturbs us; I go to bed, every night, at 9 o'clock, precisely, drink cold water, do not play cards, but bite my thumb at old Billy Taylor and his log-cabin tavern in Helena county, Arkansas, and strive to make every body happy. Scolding in my case has been profitable.

A BROTHER ROMANTIC POLICE CASE.—The following report of a case brought before the magistrate of Henry-street police office, appears in the Dublin Morning Register. A young female, possessed of great beauty and most elegantly attired, whose name appeared on the charge-sheet as Ellen Roseland Holmes was brought before Mr. Duffy by a police-constable, who stated, that, at a rather late hour the previous night, he was on duty in Sackville-street, and hearing a noise in a parlour he went to ascertain the cause. He saw four or five girls along with, or rather encircling the prisoner; they were abusing each other and causing a great disturbance; when they saw him coming they all, with the exception of the prisoner, ran away; but the prisoner refused to go, telling him she was a lady, though he was hardly inclined to believe the statement in consequence of her conduct; so "the short and long" of the matter was that he took her to the station house, and charged her with being disorderly in the street.

The prisoner, in reply to Mr. Duffy, stated that she was a native of New York, where her friends, who she said were highly connected, reside, and that about two years ago a titled English gentleman (she refused to tell his name) was introduced into her family; he paid her great attention for some time, and wanted her to marry him privately; but she at first refused to do, telling him that her father could give her a princely dowry, and that she was willing to become his wife with the consent of her parents.—He refused this, and continued to persecute his addresses with such zeal that she in a moment of weakness was induced to elope with him; and, in order to prevent a discovery, she put on male attire, and passed as his lordship's page! He brought her to Europe, and visited the "Eternal City" (Rome) where they passed some months, and from thence they travelled through Germany, Spain, and all the continental countries; at last they came to the great English "Babylon" (London), where she donned her father's apparel, and was introduced into the first circles of society, where she passed as the bride of her destroyer; they came to Dublin a short time since, when shortly afterwards he departed, she knew not whither, leaving her in a very distressed state, so far as her mind was concerned, but with a tolerably large purse to support her; the occasion of her being out so late was, that she had heard his lordship was stopping at Kingstown, whether she went in search of him, but without success, and on her return, she was attacked by a number of girls, from whom she was obliged to defend herself in the best manner she could; she was willing to pay any penalty that might be imposed on her for the improper manner in which it was stated she had conducted herself. Mr. Duffy said her story if true, was very strange, and ordered her to enter into her own security to keep the peace, which being done, the fair but unfortunate daughter of the "land of liberty" was at once discharged.—London paper.

MR. HENRY'S LETTER.

Correspondence.
Between Louis D. Henry, Esq., the Nominée of the recent Democratic State Convention, assembled at Raleigh, and the Committee appointed to inform him of his nomination.

RALEIGH, JANUARY 11, 1842.

Louis D. Henry, Esq.:
DEAR SIR: We have been appointed a Committee, by the Democratic Convention now sitting in this place, to enclose to you a copy of its proceedings, and to ask your particular attention to the resolution nominating you as the Democratic candidate for the office of Governor of North Carolina, at the ensuing election. It affords us sincere pleasure to be the organ through whom this communication is made, and to accompany it with the assurance that the nomination was unanimous and enthusiastic, and we hope it will suit your convenience, at an early day to make known to us, your acceptance of a trust, which the Democrats of North Carolina have committed to you, with perfect confidence in your eminent abilities to discharge it.

With great respect, we are your fellow-citizens.

HENRY FITTS, sen.,
J. ALLISON,
WM. C. JONES,
E. McCALLUM,
THOS. J. HICKS,
J. O. WATSON,
THOS. W. GRAVES,
GIDEON GREEN,
WYATT MOYE.

FAYETTEVILLE, Jan. 21st, 1842.

GENTLEMEN: Your communication announcing to me, on behalf of the Convention assembled in the city of Raleigh, on the 10th inst., that I had been unanimously nominated by that Convention as the Candidate of the Democratic party, "for the office of Governor of the State of N. Carolina," has been received, and I regret that a temporary indisposition has prevented me from giving it an earlier reply. So strong a manifestation of the confidence of my fellow citizens, from every part of the State, fills my bosom with the deepest emotions of gratitude, and places me under obligations to them, which I fear, I never shall be able to repay.

The exalted motives of patriotism, that called together at this inclement season of the year, at so great a distance from their homes, such a large Convention of *Planters, Farmers and Mechanics*,—truly representing the great industrial and agricultural classes of our population, sent forth by the spontaneous movements of the people in their primary meetings, prompted by the distress and embarrassment brought upon the country by the misrule of the Whig party—that Convention too, in its action, influenced by no leaders or aspiring politicians, but proceeding under the dictates of their own judgment, and zealously resolved upon the good of their suffering country—all these considerations, united with my ardent devotion to the cause of Democracy, and admiration of its principles, and the deep impression that our common country is bleeding under wounds inflicted by infatuated party leaders, have determined me to accept the honored banner of my party, and to bear it with my best ability, incompatible as I know it is, with my feeble health, and the retired habits of my life, trusting under Providence, to the justice of our cause, and to the zealous co-operation of every Democrat who loves his principles for the sake of his country.

What I have to say to you, gentlemen, and through you to my fellow citizens, shall be said freely and boldly, but with perfect respect for other men's opinions, knowing that there are honorable men in both parties. My position dictates it—the cause of truth and fair dealing demands that no concealment should be practised upon the people. It was by a contrary course that the whig leaders got into power; had their hand been openly shewn to the people, it would have excluded them from the public confidence.

"Change! change!! change!!! Things can't be worse," was the cry of Mr. Webster and the Whig leaders, in the year 1840. By charges the most unscrupulous, against Mr. Van Buren's administration—by unholy appeals to the passions of the people, and by deceitful promises of reform, the Government of the country was changed, and that party put into power. How that change has resulted, might have been foreseen from the *wicked means* contrived to effect it. What it is the wrongs and distresses of the country every where make manifest. Things have grown worse beyond all comparison! The disasters and ruin of centuries, by the baleful influence of this ruling power, have been compressed into the fatal—the ever memorable year—the Whig year, 1841! when the whig leaders, infatuated with power—faithless to their solemn pledges and promises, proposed no good, but contrived every mischievous measure that could aggravate the suffering, and mock the calamities of a people they had most cruelly deceived.

They have brought the affairs of the country to a dangerous crisis—too serious for them now to dare to deride the public suffering by midnight debaucheries and drunken processions; when, the people must take the affairs of the country into their own hands, by dismissing from their service, these unprofitable servants, who have practised extravagance where they promised economy—imposed taxes and a public debt, where they promised relief—

proscribed democrats for opinion's sake, where they promised toleration—are planning a paper-making, corrupting U. States Bank, when they promised a sound currency—have produced hard times and low prices, when they promised good times and high prices—in fine, who having quarrelled and separated into two parties, from an avowed distrust of each other's honesty and sincerity (shamelessly bruted to the world) have sunk the credit of the Government in the dust. The Secretary of the Treasury announces to Congress the astounding fact that the Treasury is bankrupt, and that he cannot borrow money upon the faith of the Federal Government—the country has lost all confidence in the honesty and ability of these men to conduct its affairs? Whoever beheld such a state of things before? The Federal Government, and the States overwhelmed with a debt of between two and three hundred millions; in a time of peace, their credit dishonored, and not able to borrow a dollar to meet the pressing exigencies of the country. How appalling would be the crisis were the country suddenly plunged into a war with England? when the alternatives would seem to be, to starve under the heavy hand of taxation, to die by the sword, or yield up ignominiously the liberties of the country.

To trace these effects to their true causes has now become a duty which must not be pretermitted.

CAUSES.
The primary and remote causes, I believe will be found in the vicious action of the Banking system—the secondary and more immediate cause, in the corrupt confederacy between the great leaders of the Whig party and the United States Bank, with the affiliated local Banks, to effect a recharter of the former, and to tear down the Administrations of General Jackson and Martin Van Buren.

I avow myself opposed to a latitudinous construction of the Federal Constitution. I think the Federal Government ought never to assume a doubtful power; and where a power may be wanted, to rely upon the people to give it, after the manner provided in the Constitution itself.

Herein consisted the fatal error of the Federal party, which having failed in the Convention of 1789, to model the Government to suit its own notions, sought by the subtleties of construction to derive powers to it which the people had not granted. Thus, instead of strengthening the administration of the Government, by attaching to it the confidence of the people, it weakened it by exciting their distrust and opposition.

Through this dangerous breach have entered the greatest ills that ever afflicted this country, and whose bitter fruits we are now tasting. The ripose experience, reflection, and closer observation of my manhood, under the numerous lights, sifting discussion, and practical tests afforded by the age, have brought my mind to these conclusions—nor can I doubt, that should the principles of liberty which sustain this GLORIOUS UNION ever be dangerously assailed, their refuge will be found within the ramparts of the States, where their altar fires are ever kept burning in the hearts of the people, by the love for them, which is inspired by the daily and familiar discharge, of the duties of self-government.

UNITED STATES BANK.
The great and good men who framed the Federal Constitution, had been taught by sad experience, the evils of a paper currency. Its course for nearly a century before, both in Europe and America, had been attended with the same disasters to trade and industry.

Instructed by the will of a people whose wisdom and virtue had been purified by the fires of the Revolution, they ordained in the Federal Constitution, that *coin hard money*, should be the federal currency, and *only standard of value*. The experience of all men, in all ages, and the regulations of Providence in the affairs of men, have given us no other stable measure of value, by which balances can be settled between nations, States and communities, and confidence given to trade, without which, it will languish, or periodically break forth into ruinous expansions and contractions. That execrable paper making machine, the United States Bank, was the primal sin against the Constitution, and like the sin of Cain, the Bank, has sunk under the doom of perpetual infamy, as the scourge and perplexity of nations.

The history of this institution will be useful at this time, as showing that such an institution, or any like Government Bank, can never furnish a uniform currency of permanent value, nor regulate the exchanges; and that it can always wield a power dangerous to the freedom and to the morals of the country, and that the Government can be administered without it.

The late Bank of the United States went into operation in the year 1817, and in 18 months afterwards, July 1819, it was on the eve of bankruptcy, with but a few thousand dollars on hand, and many millions of notes in circulation. So disgusting, fraudulent, and ruinous had been its management, within that short period, that a resolution was introduced into Congress to repeal the charter, in 1819, which was supported by General Harrison. These facts may be seen at length in the proceedings of Congress in 1819, and 1820, and in the report of its President, Mr. Cheves, in 1822-23. During that 18 months it had made large loans to Europe, which ultimately raised the price of exchange against this country. Instead of checking

gradually, by a prudent course of discounts, the tendency of the local Banks to excessive issues, of paper money, like a bold leader, it headed the phalanx of State Banks, and plunged the country into every excess of debt, speculation, extravagance and luxury. The natural consequences followed, and in the spring of 1819, the bubble burst in the South; all the banks suspended payment, and the people woke up as from a dream, and beheld all around distress and ruin. Property sunk 50 per cent. or more, in value, and in the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, it was estimated that 50 thousand laboring men and women were wandering about the streets in search of food and work. The notes of our North Carolina Banks were quoted in Baltimore at a discount of 25 per cent., and the exchanges between the United States and Europe were ruinously high.

A CHANGE of policy takes place in the management of the Bank, from this time, to the time General Jackson is about to be made our President. Mark it well as you go along. Orders issued from Philadelphia to all the Southern Branches, not to issue their notes when exchange was against them, and to replenish their vaults by drafts of specie, from the South Banks, which was shipped to the North; thus depriving the South of its own notes, which had been promised as currency, crippling our own Banks, and raising the exchanges against the citizens of the State, when they could least bear it. This pressure of the United States Bank upon our local Banks, continued for nearly 10 years, until, finally, in the years 1827-28 and '29, every Bank in the State was broken down. Had the U. S. Bank furnished the currency and exchange it promised when chartered, our sufferings would have been greatly alleviated, on the contrary, however, it deprived us of the best we had, and refused to furnish a substitute. Twelve years of its charter had now rolled out, and the paper exchanges during all that time, between North Carolina and the North, averaged 5 a 6 per cent.; this as a tax upon the consumer, amounted in that period to many millions. The years 1827-28 and '29, spread a deep gloom over the State. The Banks ruined—their notes discredited out of the State—exchanges, scarcely to be had, and when so, very high—prices of produce and labor thrust down—property could only be sold at the greatest sacrifice, and instances were known, of cotton being purchased in Fayetteville, at 6 cents a pound, shipped to Europe for a market, and there sold at a loss to the owner.

ANOTHER CHANGE takes place.—General Jackson was made President in 1829; the charter of the Bank was to expire in a few years, unless Congress should renew it. The President felt it to be his solemn duty, in his first message to call the attention of Congress to the past course of this Bank, preparatory to its application for a renewal of its charter. This, Nicholas Biddle viewed as great presumption, that a republican President should dare to question, in the course of his sworn duty, the immaculate purity and wisdom of the Bank. The Bank had now become rich with the specie spoils derived from the State Banks; it had grown strong by a long course of severe contraction, and resolved, in the insolence of its power, to crush the President. Its policy was to make favor with the people; accordingly it commenced a course of rapid expansion of its notes and discounts—made loans to the amount of nearly \$2,000,000 in a short period, to members of Congress—bought up Editors and presses, to advocate its recharter—got the people every where in debt to it, and by issuing largely its branch checks, at the South, reduced the price of exchange. Thus, as if by magic, sprung up suddenly, a state of brilliant prosperity! But all was false and hollow! The people were steeped in debt to the Bank, and the country in debt to Europe, as will appear by the great excess of imports over the exports, in the years 1831 and '32. It was during this state of deceitful prosperity, whilst all appeared favorable, that the Bank passed upon Congress its suit for a re-charter.—Congress granted it; for too many of its members were accommodated by the Bank with immense loans; but Gen. Jackson was the man of the people—he was true to their interest—he vetoed the bill, and in the fall of that year was triumphantly re-elected by the People.

ANOTHER CHANGE TAKES PLACE: The Bank having failed to accomplish its purpose by golden favors, now resolved to effect it by operating through the fears and distress of the People. It therefore, in the years 1833 and '34, commenced a sudden and violent contraction of its issues and loans—spreading desolation and ruin with a bold hand, everywhere—the country trembled under the shock as of an earthquake—Congress was in session—the wailings of the people arose upon the air, like the cries of the innocents under the persecution of Herod—the Bank orators in Congress set up the panic cry, and the Whig newspapers re-echoed it, that General Jackson must be crucified, and the Bank rechartered. This was the memorable panic session of 1833 and '34.

Congress adjourned in the summer of 1834, without rechartering the Bank. Its golden showers and panic distress had failed of their effect, and the Bank desperately crippled with debt, in fact rendered bankrupt by its wicked policy, fell back upon the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a charter, for the purpose of keeping its capital to