

Highland Messenger.

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

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 46.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1842.

WHOLE NUMBER 98.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
J. H. CHRISTY & CO.,
Publishers of the Laws of the United States.

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 subscribing. If these terms will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Christian Repository.]

The Barrens of Kentucky.

When I sat down to write, it was my intention to give a description of a visit I made, during the last summer, to the Great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; but before doing so, it may not be uninteresting nor unimportant to devote an article to what are known as the "Barrens of Kentucky"; and in doing this I shall make a liberal use of a small book that I met with in one of the book-stores in Lexington, as the statements and views of the author coincide generally with my own opinions, formed upon personal examination.

The Barrens of Kentucky reach from the Tennessee line to the Rolling Fork of Salt River, and embrace a large portion of the Green River country. This tract, extending over several counties, was originally styled the Barrens, not from any sterility of soil—for although the soil is not of the first quality, it is generally good—but because it was a kind of rolling prairie, destitute of timber. While the central parts of the State were covered with forests of heavy timber, or overspread with tall canebrakes, the Barrens, with the exception of a few scattered groves along the water-courses, were clothed with a thick growth of prairie grass.

The destitution of timber in the Barrens is thought to be owing to the frequent burning of the prairies by hunters, to drive out the game, by which means the young and tender shoots were scorched and destroyed.

With the advancing settlement of the country, the prairie fires were gradually extinguished, and the young timber had liberty to grow. In consequence of this, tracts which were destitute of shade ten or twelve years since, are now covered with extensive forests of black jack, or scrub oak, an inferior wood, indeed, yet capable of being converted to various uses, and which will, no doubt, be succeeded in time by some more valuable growth.

The hilly, or knobby region, although inferior land, was preferred by the first settlers on account of the advantages it afforded for wood and water, but after the grant of the Legislature in 1800, of four hundred acres of land to every actual settler, many were induced to occupy the lower country. Since that period, owing to the healthiness of the climate, the fine range for cattle, the facilities for raising swine, the culture of tobacco, and the growth and preservation of timber, the reason for the appellation "Barrens" is only to be learned from the antiquarian.

The mineral treasures of this region, it is believed, will, when fully developed, constitute an inexhaustible source of wealth. There are, (says Mr. Davidson, whose work I have referred to above) two great coal basins in the valley of the Ohio, one connected with the upper Ohio, covering part of Ohio, the western part of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and seven thousand square miles of the eastern section of Kentucky. The coal formation of the lower Ohio embraces the valley of the Wabash in Indiana, and is continued into Kentucky; extending through a dozen counties upon the valley of Green River, from Henderson to the vicinity of the Mammoth Cave.

A brief account of the geological structure of this section, will at once present a clear view of these extensive mineral resources, and throw light upon the origin and formation of the great caves which abound there.

It is generally known that the soil of Kentucky rests on a basis of limestone, but it may not be so well known, that the character of this limestone basis varies in the central and southern portions of the state. In the central portion, the rocky strata lie in a solid and more slaty mass, and abound in fossils, marine shells, organic remains, bones of the mastodon, &c.

This kind of rock is denominated *great limestone*, from its being found under a great area of the western country. The soil lies upon it to the depth of a dozen feet, and a portion of the lime and slate being dissolved with the soil, imparts that warm and forcing quality to which the vegetation owes its vigor and luxuriance, and the delightful region itself the title by which it is known over the world, as the "Garden of Kentucky."

The rocky strata, on the other hand, which lie beneath the Barrens of Kentucky, and whose general limits are nearly coincident with the limits of the Barrens, occupy altogether an area of from five thousand to eight thousand square miles, are less slaty as a mass, less fossiliferous, and of the kind called *cavernous limestone*. Like the substratum of Florida, it contains many subterranean hollows, into which the streams often sink, and after flowing some distance under ground, emerge at another point.

The sink-holes, as they are called, are not the least remarkable curiosities of this region. They are of a circular shape, and a

number of yards in diameter, shelving down to the centre with a gentle declivity, and supposed to owe their origin to the undermining action of subterranean water. One of these sinks is within a short distance of Bowling Green; from one side of which bursts a stream, which, after traversing the bottom, is engaged in the opposite side.—The current is of sufficient force to turn an undershot wheel; to which utilitarian purpose it has been applied; and the sight of a mill in so strange a place is an amusing spectacle.

Beneath the *cavernous limestone* of the lower Ohio, stretches a formation of slate rock, several hundred feet thick, abounding in iron ore. This again lies upon the *cavernous limestone*, which is found in eastern as well as western Kentucky, and also in Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas, and always serving as a floor for the coal formation. In this cavernous limestone occur the great caves of Kentucky. W. H. G.

Chemical process of petrifying human flesh.

The most novel and piquant treat of all others to me in the beautiful capital of Florence, was my several visits to Signor Sigate, a scientific gentleman possessed of a wonderful art unique and unknown to all the world beside. Incredible, if not marvellous as it may seem, he had discovered a chemical process by which he could actually petrify, in a very short time, every animal substance, preserving permanently, and with minute accuracy, its form and internal texture, and in such a state of stony hardness that it could be sawed into slabs and elegantly polished!

He had in this way formed a museum of many animals, such as frogs, fishes, toads, snakes, and a great variety of parts of the human body in a natural and diseased state. In my presence, he threw the human liver, lungs, heart, and other parts thus petrified, about the floor with perfect impunity, and without the least injury being done to them. Still more curious, he had, with Italian taste, cut them into small polished squares, and arranged them into complete tables of mosaic work; so that it gave him as much delight as it did me astonishment, to find that I could with my finger designate to him, on this precious centre-table for a surgeon's drawing-room, the appropriate name and character of each individual object thus spread out before me in a pathological chart of real specimens.

This a pulmonary tubercle or ulcer here, a hydatid of the liver there, a cicatrix in the brain in another compartment, and a calculus in the kidney, or ossification of the heart's auricles and valves in a fourth. It struck me that, for all anatomical and surgical purposes, and all objects of natural history, this was an art of inappreciable value, and the most desirable ever discovered; and with that view I conversed with him relative to a visit to our country, believing it would be of national importance if we could have the benefit of his services.

I even entered into some preliminaries of a negotiation with a design of obtaining him for my own purposes, but I found him sadly involved in debt, and that his demands were too exorbitant to be complied with. I, however, made him liberal offers, and did not entirely despair that he would have accepted to them, when, to my regret, about three weeks after we left Florence, I was informed by letter, that he was suddenly attacked with a violent inflammation of the lungs, which proved fatal, and what is as much to be deplored, that his unprecedented discovery died with him. He never would divulge the least part of his marvellous process, but when pressed by me on the subject, hinted that he had acquired it in his various journeys in remote Eastern countries; and it is fondly to be hoped that some one may ere long appear who, in pursuing this inquiry, will be enabled to recover the art among those people from whom he intimated he had obtained it. It is worthy of observation, how, in this extraordinary process, art accomplishes in so brief a time, what nature requires so long a period to effect, and then never with any thing comparable to the perfection, we may say almost identity, with which this mode preserves an exact *fac simile* of the original; in truth the *original itself*. In this surprising and almost magic art, not only, as we have said, the precise exterior outline is faithfully and exactly represented, but also the minute and delicate interior arrangement of structure admirably perpetuated; as, for example, the entire viscera of the chest and abdomen, with all their varied and beautiful convolutions, were clearly exhibited, retaining even the colors of the blood-vessels, in preparations of frogs, birds and other animals, besides the human body.

—Dr. Moti's Travels.

To Preserve Apples and Pears.—Wipe the fruit dry. Then take a varnished crock or wide mouthed jar, at the bottom of which is to be a layer of sand, until the crock or jar is full. Put it in a dry place. Apples or pears thus treated will keep good all the winter.

To extract a Glass Stopper.—Take a large strip of wood, pass it once around the neck of the bottle, attach one end of this band to some fixed object, hold the other, and then see how the bottle slips along it. The friction will soon heat the neck of the bottle, and by the heat the neck will expand sufficiently to allow of the stopper being extracted.

ADDRESS OF J. W. CLAPP, ESQ., AT HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

We remarked in our last number that we had received a copy of this interesting address. We regret that our limits forbid our publishing it entire; a short extract, however, we give below, and ask for it an attentive perusal.—W. C. Temp. Ad.

After speaking of the poison contained in ardent spirits, and the moral principle involved in the use of them to the destruction of health, peace and life itself, the author proceeds thus:

"In the ardent spirits of commerce this virulent poison is still present. Samson has indeed been robbed of his eyes, but he is gigantic and vindictive still, and the destruction of his victim not less certain and inevitable. With persevering vengeance, he gropes his way through every lane and avenue of life, leaving wherever he goes the dark impress of his footsteps in utter and eternal desolation. The stomach and the liver—the heart and the lungs—the skin and the nerves—every seat of vitality is successively invaded. The brain, that 'dome of thought, and palace of the soul,' tumbles in ruins under the assaults of the ruthless assailant, by which the mind is despoiled of one after another of its majestic attributes. All human passions and aspirations and hopes are obliterated. The bright pictures of the past, and the loved images of the friends who are distant and dead, and of those that are around us, which memory has sketched and hung up in her silent galleries, are torn down and defaced till nothing remains but a chaos of dark remembrances and terrible apprehensions. And when the last impress of divinity has faded from the bloated form, and distorted features, and the lost inebriate endures at last upon the gloom of that valley of silence and shadows, and reels on towards the river of death—Hope, that stands like an angel of mercy, upon the brink of the black and bottomless flood, to comfort and to guide the voyager upon his passage to the eternal shore, and direct his dying gaze to the celestial goal beyond, abandons her station at his approach, and leaves the miserable self-murderer to stagger blindly on, until at last he staggers—*into hell!*"

"Such are the life and death of the drunkard! Better, far better, had he first resorted to the halter or the bowie-knife, and plunged at once into an untimely and dishonored grave. Better for society, which would thus at a blow have been rid of a monster that has for years exerted his influence and example in propagating a moral pestilence in his midst. Better for those that love him, whose heads he has bowed down with shame and sorrow to the grave. Better for his offspring, which he has impoverished as well as degraded, and to whom he has left nothing but a heritage of infamy. Better for his heart-broken wife, whose existence he has poisoned, and rendered intolerable. Better for himself, since he would in this life have escaped the tortures of a lingering death, and could render his doom, at least, not more awful in the next."

"Were such instances but rare and isolated plague-spots breaking out here and there upon society, there would even then be sufficient to excite the alarm and enlist the efforts of the enlightened and benevolent, to arrest, and eradicate the fearful malady. But what should be our feelings when we recollect that in these United States alone, thirty thousand annually fall into a drunkard's grave! Only suppose that the victims of this vice which he died among us within the last ten years even, could be brought before us and exposed to our view at once—God of mercy, what a bloated, blackened, loathsome pyramid of corpses! Were the catacombs of Egypt emptied of centuries, they could scarcely present a spectacle more hideous and repulsive. Three hundred thousand of our fellow citizens out of a population of twelve or fifteen millions, have poisoned themselves in ten years more than the whole number required during our conflict with the mother country to repel the invader and establish our liberties! It would be impossible to receive a statement which so staggers credulity itself, were it not confirmed by statistics, the accuracy of which cannot be questioned."

"It is no phantom of the enthusiast, then—no Quixotic adversary, with which we have to contend. When War, that most afflictive and calamitous of God's visitations, makes bare his ruffian arm, he frequently, as the result of a single engagement, plunges a nation into tears and covers a desolate land with mourning. And yet it is probable that intemperance, in one year, destroys more victims than have died upon every battle field since the time of Napoleon. But war is not without its fascinations;—its pomp and circumstance; its flaunting banners and its inspiring strains of music; its nodding plumes and its rending shouts of victory, to mitigate its horrors, and to reconcile us to its barbarities. And when the warrior falls at his post, with the flash of triumph on his brow, his sorrowing country comes to perform his funeral obsequies, to lay him in the grave of his glory, which she decorates with flowers, and waters with her tears. Poetry lends the magic of its numbers and history the dignity of its pages to commemorate his achievements, and to connect his name with the future. The drunkard dies unlaureled and unlamented. No chronicle of kind recollections and endearing associations survives him. The tears that are shed for him are the waters of Marah—of unmingled bitterness. No sound breaks in upon the dreary desolation of his last resting place, but the sighing of the wind over his neglected grave. Fit emblem of the moaning of the lost spirit, that still lingers in sadness around the ruins of the tenement it had formerly inhabited!"

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE. Some years ago, says a foreign journal, the captain of a corsair carried off the wife of a poor wood-cutter, residing in the neighborhood of Messina. After detaining her for several months on board his vessel, he landed her on an island in the South Seas, wholly regardless of what might befall her. It happened that the woman was presented to the savage monarch of the island, who became enamored of her. He made her his wife, placed her on the throne, and at his death left her so sovereign of his dominions. By a European vessel, which recently touched at the island, the poor wood-cutter has received intelligence of his wife. "She sent him presents of such vast value, that he will probably be one of the wealthiest individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her majesty, his august spouse, to summon him to her court."

The "Executive Council" of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, have issued a circular addressed to drunkards, in which they state, that there are no less than 600,000 habitual drunkards in this kingdom, of whom 57,000 die annually, giving an average of 157 per day.—The magistrates and medical men declare that three-fourths of the crimes, &c., are committed by persons excited by liquor. By the exertions of the advocates of temperance, 220,000 have been reclaimed, and not only abandoned their drunken habits but have become attendants at the different places of religious worship.—London Globe.

KOSCIUSKO IN AMERICA.—Kosciusko

reached the new world nearly unprovided with letters of recommendation or introduction, and nearly penniless. He, however, asked an audience with Washington, to whom he had boldly presented himself.

"What do you seek here?" inquired the General with his accustomed brevity.

"I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence," was the equally brief and fearless reply.

"What can you do?" Washington next questioned.

"Try me."

This was done. Occasion soon offered, in which his talents, science and valor were evinced; and above all, his great character was duly appreciated. He was speedily made an officer, and further distinguished himself.

He had not long been in America, when he had occasion to show his undaunted courage as captain of a company of volunteers. Generals Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of a company which advanced beyond all the rest, and made its attack in the best of order.

"Who led the first company?" asked Lafayette of his comrades on the evening of that memorable day.

The answer was, "it was a young Pole of noble birth, but very poor; his name if I am not mistaken, is Kosciusko."

The sound of this unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with such an eager desire for the brave stranger's acquaintance, that he ordered his horse to be immediately saddled, and rode to the village, about a couple of miles off, where the volunteers were quartered for the night.

Who shall describe the pleasure of the one or the surprise of the other, when the General, entering the tent, saw the captain covered from head to foot with blood, dust and sweat, seated at a table, his head resting upon his hand, a map of the country spread out before him, and a pen and ink by his side. A cordial grasp of the hand imparted to the modest hero his commander's satisfaction, and the object of a visit paid at so unusual an hour.—Foreign Quarterly Review.

HON. T. F. MARSHALL'S ADDRESS.

At a recent meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, Hon. Mr. MARSHALL, of Ky., delivered an address which certainly did honor to both his head and heart. For a long time past the report has been circulated that Mr. Marshall was intemperate, and he says himself that he was "one of your sprucing gentry," and ultimately became concerned lest his speech should "run together," and that he joined the Total Abstinence Society in order to save himself. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to allude to the fact, as he stated it, that a large majority of both Houses of Congress were emphatically sober men—and that if they would but take the pledge, the others could not and would not withstand the force of such an example, and would have to stop drinking in self-defence. "What a figure," he asks, "would half a dozen drunkards cut against the whole body of both Houses of Congress! Why, sir, it would be the weakest, meanest, poorest, most contemptible, powerless, little faction that ever did appear in Congress."

And with Mr. Marshall we ask, why do these sober members of Congress stand out against taking the pledge? We cannot answer for all, but for some of them we will venture the assertion, that it is because they fear their popularity at home! Alas! that it should be so. That our country should be so blinded to its true interest as that worthy men are opposed by hundreds and thousands—simply because they refuse either to get drunk themselves or to countenance it in others. Yet it is so. And perhaps not the less unfortunate for our country, that there are too many men seeking for different offices within the gift of the people, who, rather than not have the office for which they seek, will sacrifice indirectly if not directly moral principles which they feel should be observed, and refuse to pursue that course which they are compelled to acknowledge is for the public good.—W. C. Temp. Ad.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT. However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if, in this resting place, instead of being a bed of down, shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed; the sorrowful bosom heaves no more; the tears are dried up in their fountains; the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the dead, not one of the sleepers heed the spirit-stirring triumph, or respond to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet those countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awaken them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds—the waves—nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chamber of death. They shall rest and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought, and then a silver voice at first heard, shall rise to a tempest, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.

RIFE AND UNRIFE—A DIALOGUE. Child.—Pa, what did Mr. Folger mean, when he said in his temperance address the other day, that "moderate drinkers are ripening for drunkards?"

Father. Do you not remember, my child, how a cherry looks when it is ripening?

Child. O yes, and now I understand it. Squire Russell is a moderate drinker, and he is turning red on the end of his nose and upon his cheek bones. Old Joe Loveflip is dead ripe; for his nose and his face are purple.—Exeter News Letter.

A late writer calls the ceremony of kissing each other, as performed by the young ladies, a "dreadful waste of the raw material."

Important questions for Congress

to discuss and settle at once.

In Politics.—Were a Crow's nest used for a ballot box, and the eggs for ballot balls and should one of these eggs hatch after being deposited, and the bird fly away, ought the shell, or the bird, or neither to be counted in footing up the ballot.

In Sentiment.—Which is the most sentimental looking object—a crow, blind in one eye, drawing mathematical diagrams in the sand, or an owl seated on an Egyptian obelisk decyphering hieroglyphics?

In Natural History.—Will a grasshopper that has lost his tail, by accident or otherwise, sing?

In Meteorology.—Are the atmospheric laws which govern a tornado, the same as those which regulate a tempest in a teapot?

In Natural Philosophy.—Can a ghost cast a shadow?—if so, is it the ghost or its shadow that vanishes at the crowing of a cock?

In Ichthyology.—Why is it that a porpus never turns his tail to the wind. By what law is it that the shark compels the little pilot fish to move just before him, and point out his path through the ocean.

Political Economy.—If Adam and Eve had used palm-leaves, instead of fig-leaves for garments, what is the amount of labor they would have saved in sowing them together?

In legislation.—What is the difference between the condition of a member of Congress, who is waiting to make a speech, and that of one of Job's comforters, who said he was ready to split.

In Entomology.—Why does a fly, going to bed, sleep with its tail above its head.

When all these primary and fundamental questions shall have been discussed and settled by Congress, it would be well perhaps to give some attention to a bankrupt Treasury, and a ruined nation.

"I must not have such a noise here," angrily exclaimed the keeper of a porter house to a man who had been patronising his bar too frequently, and annoying every body around him. "Now, look a here," stammered out the drunken man, "if you want to keep a quiet house, you mustn't sell liquor." The landlord was conquered.

Exactly. He who sows to the wind must reap in the storm. To have no "noise" at a place where ardent spirits were indiscriminately retailed would be a new thing in the history of that business. Nevertheless, the Legislatures of some of the States have made it "lawful" for persons to retail when they "keep an orderly house"! Our State grants license to persons of "good moral character."—W. C. Temp. Ad.

Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun.

An interesting anecdote is told of the meeting of Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun after the former retired from the Senate, which shows that political strife, though it may for a while deaden the finer feelings of the heart, cannot destroy them, especially in those hearts that beat with generous and manly sensibilities. As Mr. Clay was passing towards the door to leave the Senate Chamber, Mr. Calhoun met him—they had not spoken to each other for five years; but they now simultaneously extended their hands, and rushed to each other's arms; neither spoke, but both wept. At length Mr. Clay said, on parting "give my best regards to Mrs. Calhoun." How much more noble was this reconciliation and parting, than if they had separated looking defiance at each other! They had almost spent their lives together in Congress, and at various times stood shoulder to shoulder, animated by patriotism and emulous only of serving the country—Time had passed over both, and the young had become old. One was about to retire, and both must ere long "sleep the sleep that hath no waking."

The retirement of the one would leave the other with no companion or rival of his younger days, and it told him emphatically that he too must soon follow. Thoughts like these soften the heart not wholly indurated, and cause the fountain of generous feeling to gush forth—it came, and the two distinguished rivals and antagonists under the influence of these sympathies were drawn together. Would that they had never been separated.

You will be surprised when I tell you that Mr. Clay drew tears from Col. Benton during his farewell address, yet I believe there is no doubt of it.—Washington correspondence of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

It is a fact deserving especial attention, that in the year 1785, at the first session of Congress after the deeds of Cession were executed, an ordinance was passed for a distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States. "This," (says the Whig,) was a cotemporaneous construction of those deeds, and was an emphatic declaration that Congress held the lands in the capacity of a trustee for the States. The subsequent adoption of the Constitution did not affect the rights of the States in the least—for the rights of the States in this particular were expressly protected by the Constitution."

Resolutions have been adopted by the Loco Foco Legislature of Maine—in the Senate, 18 to 11, and in the House, 74 to 33—declaring that "the right of petition, and the corresponding right to a respectful hearing," are secured by the Constitution, and that therefore the rule of the House, laying all Abolition petitions on the table, is an infringement of this right, and ought to be abolished.

A WISE DISTRICT.—Mr. Wise, some weeks since, glorified his District on the ground that no newspaper was published within its limits. This indirect attack upon the fraternity, provoked some member of it to look into the condition (intellectually) of this happy region. The following is the result, as we find it in the Cincinnati Chronicle:

"The District is composed of the counties of Accomac, Northampton, Gloucester, Mathews, York, Warwick, James City, and Williamsburg. The population of these counties is composed thus:

Whites,	25,127
Free Blacks,	5,566
Slaves,	22,250
Census of 1840,	52,933
Census of 1830,	57,290

The District has therefore decreased since 1830, 4,357. The want of newspapers, then, has not added to its prosperity.

There are in the District about 12,000 white persons over 20 years of age. Of these 3,445, or more than one quarter, can neither read nor write!!

The whole State of Connecticut, with three hundred thousand white inhabitants, (miscrable land of schools, newspapers, factories and pumpkins,) has only 526 who do not read or write. That is, there are just 80 times as many ignorant people in proportion, in Wise's District, as there are in Connecticut!

VIRGINIA.—The Treasury of the State of Virginia is empty. The Richmond Whig says:

We hear that two drafts of our Treasury were protested this week—one for \$4 and another for \$5000. Reason—no funds.

It is notorious, that the Treasury is empty, and that the Legislature authorized a loan of \$300,000 until next December, from banks or individuals. This sum was deemed necessary to pay the interest on the public debt, and defray the current expenses of the Government. Individuals, of course, would not, if they could, take a loan of such short duration. The only recourse was then to the banks. Whether these institutions will loan the money, we cannot say. How they can do it, in justice to the people, who need all the facilities the banks can supply, or in justice to themselves, we cannot pretend to explain.

In this state of her finances the Richmond Whig well asks, "is Virginia, with a protested Treasury draft of \$4, in a condition to refuse her quota of the land money?" And yet Loco Focoism, led up by the Richmond Enquirer, has refused it!

A FEDERAL-DEMOCRAT AND LATITUDINARIAN-STRICT-CONSTITUTIONALIST.—The Loco-foco candidate for Governor has certainly "boxed the compass" of politics. His old Federalism suddenly converted into ranting Democracy, is not more apparent than the Somerset which his latitudinarian construction of the Constitution has cut since 1830.

A correspondent of the Charlotte Journal shows that on the 21 Dec. 1830, Mr. Bynum introduced a preamble and resolutions denying the power of Congress to appropriate money to works of internal improvement in the States, as a palpable violation of the Constitution, and "remonstrating and solemnly protesting against the exercise by Congress of any power not clearly and expressly granted by the Federal compact." Mr. Henry spoke against this preamble and resolutions, offered a substitute for them; voted for their indefinite postponement; and finally voted against its passage.

Now what says the same Mr. Henry in February, 1842! See page 2 of his letter of acceptance:—

"I avow myself opposed to a latitudinarian 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 ripper experience, reflection, and close observation of my manhood, under the numerous lights, sifting discussions, 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 GLO-RIOUS 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."

It is evident from the allusion to his 'manhood,' that Mr. Henry was anticipating the production of this vote of 1830, and giving his friends the cue to plead infancy, as in the case of his Federalism. As he was only forty years of age in 1830, it is clear that there is no resisting such a plea. Our own opinion is, that as to politics he is an infant still.—Fayetteville Obs.