

our Assembly on the bill to vest the election of Sheriffs in the People? Have you forgotten how highly democratic was the tone of its advocates—how just—how true—how safe a depository of power the dear people were considered? But this same people demand a change of the constitution, and are they to be told it is too dangerous to trust the people with it! I know you heard the debates on the bill to vest the election of Clerks in the People. You cannot have forgotten that this bill was urged upon the Legislature and passed, because the people desired it—because they were the source of all power—because they might be safely trusted with any power they chose to ask. But this same pure sovereign people, it would seem, are not to be allowed to reform their own Constitution, upon the insulting pretext too, that prudence forbids that they should be trusted with so much power! Whence, I ask, this difference of opinion upon the same thing among our Representatives of the Assembly? The position which is assumed to-day to pass a law, is abandoned and even assailed to-morrow, to defeat another. This is the rankest inconsistency—and it justifies me in affirming that such a course deserves reproach in any statesman and could hardly be endured even among lawyers in the trials of suits wherein their selection of sides is not of choice, but grows out of adventitious circumstances.

But the proposition is made to amend the Constitution by and through a limited Convention. This gets ride of the real apprehensions of timid men, and it might appear at first view to deprive of excuse those who admit the necessity and justice of a change in the Constitution. Ingenuity is however fruitful of pretexts. The objector comes forward to enquire with trembling doubts—"And suppose this limited Convention should exceed their bounds"!! viz. "suppose that the People should elect a body of rogues, who, after swearing that they would observe a prescribed limit to their authority chose deliberately to disregard it." Now is this opposition the result of ingenious prejudice or springs it from a real dread of evils against which any former experience warns us? Further however, I will reason with you. Let us suppose that this limited Convention should go beyond their bounds, what can they do? Let it be answered by the alarmist, who fears this monster of a Convention. What can the Convention do? Where are the dangers and what are the evils? I do not perceive by looking soberly at it any very monstrous difficulty it could produce. The people are still their masters and not their servants. If ill were done, an honest people might indignantly refuse to ratify it, or they might elect new agents to repeal and annul it. Indeed it seems useless to argue further. He is not to be envied who acts on the persuasion that all the world is dishonest except himself, whether it be in politics or business. But there is no danger of the limits being exceeded. There have been near 50 Conventions held in the United States for making and amending Constitutions, and not an instance can be shown of any disorder, or danger from either one of them, nor is there a case of their having ever exceeded their limits after they have been prescribed. On the contrary, Conventions generally have been astute to detect limits to their powers, and when they could be implied from any part of the law which authorized their assembling, such implication has been made against the power of the Convention. How ridiculous therefore to talk of dangers like those. Is North Carolina so mean—her sons so degenerate, her people so corrupt that no honesty is left among us? Far from it—Ours is emphatically the "honest State," and wherefore is it that we should be so full of apprehensions about a limited Convention? It is more manly to deny justice outright, than to pretend readiness to give it, and then put the pretext of refusal upon a basis so purely ideal, so insulting too to the people of the State.

Even here I may not stop. It is proposed "to prepare specific amendments in the Assembly, and by law to take the vote of the People at the polls on such amendments without any Convention." Here there is no danger from a Convention for none is to be assembled. And what think you is the pretext now? The time is past for wondering else it would startle you to learn that the notable objection to this is, "that it is not competent for the People to change their Constitution without a Convention." I can understand why the people cannot make laws without acting through their representatives or Delegates in the Assembly. I understand this because there is a reason for it, and a very plain one, viz: that by the Constitution the people have agreed that the law-making power shall be exercised by a General Assembly of Delegates, and therefore as long as the Constitution exists the people cannot make laws. But have the people delegated the power of altering and amending the Constitution to any body of men? Have they debared their own right to do it? They had the right to make a Constitution originally. This no sane man will question. They have neither expressly nor impliedly surrendered that right. They have not declared that the Constitution shall be unalterable, nor have they pointed out any other mode by which it shall be amended, than by those in whom all politi-

cal power is vested, or from whom it is derived. The Constitution may be altered. All power that is not vested by the people in others still remains with them.

But the power to alter the Constitution, confessedly, has never been given to others. What then is the conclusion? Therefore the people may alter the Constitution themselves, either by a direct vote of their own, or by a delegation of power to others as they please, and as they deem expedient. SENEX.

P. S. Your paper has been so much crowded by the interesting proceedings on Internal Improvement for two weeks, that I thought it right to give up the room which my essays would occupy. That subject is one which opens to my mind new views of the necessity for Reform, and if my time allows it, and your patience can bear it, I propose hereafter to bring them to your notice. But I cannot positively promise it to you. It must depend on circumstances out of my power to control. One or two more essays must close my first series.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE.

On the 21st ult. a negro lad, the property of Mr. Dunstan Banks, near this place, as he was returning from work about dark, was bitten by a rattlesnake, so severely that in a few moments he became entirely blind and fell down—he was carried to the house, when a messenger was despatched for Dr. James Guild, who in about an hour afterwards reached Mr. Banks. At the time of his arrival, the boy was suffering the most excruciating agony, when he had a common black or junk bottle about half filled with the spirits of turpentine made quite warm, and after scarrifying the wound made by the snake, applied the mouth of the bottle to it, and commenced pouring cold water on the bottle until the contents were perfectly cooled. In about half an hour, and before the bottle was removed from the wound, the boy became perfectly easy, and fell into a sound sleep: Next day he was able to walk about, and the day following was at work as usual. We could recommend this simple and easy application, as it is in the power of almost every one to procure it sooner than almost any other, and its immediate efficacy is a great consideration. Any spirituous liquors would have the same effect, and even if that could not be immediately procured, warm water would answer a very good purpose.—Tusculooa Chronicle.

Tight Pants have a very fair prospect of soon being out of fashion, at least with the candidates for matrimony.

A few days since a young gentleman who was as the term is, 'engaged to be married' to a buxom young lass in the country, procured his wedding suit, and for fashion's sake had his pantaloons made tight kneed, which exposed the shape of a pair of limbs bearing a striking resemblance to the handles of a wheel barrow set up on end. Thus equipped he proceeded at the time appointed to claim his 'dear Peggy.' The mother, on seeing her intended son-in-law thus suddenly transformed into a monkey, alias, a dandy, screamed out to her daughter, 'Peggy, if Peter can't afford cloth enough to make a decent pair of trousers, he'll never be able to buy the child a frock; and raising the broom-stick, she forthwith beat a retreat.—Peter did retreat; and has not been heard of since! Who alter this would think of wearing tight pants?

The Choice.—A Quaker residing at Paris, was waited on by four of his workmen in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual new year's gift. 'Well my friends,' said the Quaker, 'here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs or the Bible.' 'I don't know how to read,' said the first, 'so I take the fifteen francs.' 'I can read,' said the second 'but I have pressing wants.' The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad about thirteen or fourteen.—The quaker looked at him with an air of goodness. 'Will you too take these three pieces which you can obtain any time by your labour and industry?' 'As you say the book is good, I will take it, and read it to my mother,' replied the boy. He took the bible, opened it, and found between the leaves, a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

Force of Merit.—In the biographical memoir of Wm. Livingston, a former Governor of New-Jersey, is the following striking and impressive anecdote:

"About the time that Mr. Livingston established himself in New-Jersey, a young and unfriended boy arrived in the country from the West Indies, bringing letters from a Presbyterian Minister, Hugh Knox, resident of the island of St. Croix. The lad was put to the school of Francis Barker, of Elizabethtown. Both master and pupil not long afterwards entered the American army. The scholar was Alexander Hamilton."

A Good One.—Mister, (said a Johnny Raw, from New-Jersey, who lately visited the office of the Eastern Argus,) don't folks pay for the paper without dunnies? I guess if I was a Printer, I'd tickle 'em with an oat straw! Why father takes a paper, and I've heered him tell mother, he'd just as lief cheat the Parson as the Printer!"

GOLD! GOLD!

We hear, almost every week, of new discoveries of Gold, in the Gold Region of Virginia—which as far as ascertained, commencing in the neighborhood of the Rappahannock, in the county of Spottsylvania, trends with the mountains from N. E. to S. W., touching the counties of Spottsylvania, Louisa, Fluvanna and Goochland, on the north side of James River, crosses James River near the point of Fork and enters Buckingham, and passes on through North Carolina to the Cherokee lands in Georgia) and the letter below adds to the number. Many of the veins are extremely rich, and the gold of exceeding purity. The ore is found on or near the surface, and the preparations for collecting it are so little expensive, as to have induced numbers of individuals to engage in the search. Some probably do a bad business, but many have made, and are making considerable sums. One gentleman of Goochland, we learn, made \$110 in one day, from 20 hands; the mines he worked being situated in Louisa, and his average profits were thus far not much behind that average.

Richmond Whig.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WHIG. Buckingham County, July 30th 1833.

Sir—Mr. Thomas Morton & Co., digging on the west fork of Hunt's Creek, about two miles north west of Buckingham Church, are getting frequently four or five dollars per day, to the hand. One day they obtained eighty pennyweights, valued at 95 cents per dw't, or about 7 or 8 dollars to each hand employed, in surface gold. A large quantity of Ore has also been dug up out of a pit adjacent to the branch that the Surface Gold has been obtained from. One man (engaged in mining) supposes this ore worth 8 or 10 thousand dollars, or 7 or 8 dollars to the bushel. A mill will be erected to convert it to dust, for the purpose of being washed. John Moseley & Co., have very lately commenced washing for Surface Gold, about three hundred yards south of Morton & Co., on the land of Stephen Guerrant. A few days ago, they with 8 hands obtained 16 pennyweights, or \$1 75 cents to each hand in one day. The number of hands was so small that the washer was not constantly employed during the day. Yours, respectfully, DANIEL GUERRANT, Jr.

Singular Prescription.—"I heard the other day," said Greville, "that, some distance up the country, a poor fellow was lying on his bed dying; he had been given up by the surgeons, but was still visited by them, more from matter of form, than from any hope of his recovery. His brother officers had been giving a party among themselves; the wine circulated freely, and, in short, they drank so much as to be lost to every sense of feeling. With one consent, they all sallied forth to the dying man's bungalow—one taking a cracked flute, a second an old violin, a third some tumblers, &c. and the rest tumblers, or any thing they could lay their hands on to make a noise. They then marched round his bed, playing 'The Dead March in Saul.' Whether his anger at such treatment, or his excitement, brought about a reaction, I know not; but true it is, from that moment he gradually recovered, and is now well to laugh at the joke, thank them for it, and disappoint the subaltern below him, who had marked him out as a sure step."

[Lucian Greville, an Eastern Tale.

The way to get cool.—A ludicrous mishap befel an unfortunate toper the other day, in the vicinity of Brandywine Bridge. The day being warm, and the gentleman having been also pretty warmly engaged with the bottle, felt inclined to sleep, and no softer bed presenting itself, lodged himself on the stone parapet of the arch which spans the mill race. In this luxurious position he remained for some time, exposed to the rays of a burning sun, and to the assaults of all the bottle flies in the vicinity. Sleeping as he was, he displayed no little restiveness under the annoyance of these insects, till at length one, more daring than the rest, attracted by the rubicund glories of his nose, made a settlement on that prominent point, and so worked upon the feelings of the sleeper, that, raising his arm, and aiming a desperate blow to annihilate his tormentor, the unlucky wight lost his equilibrium, and fell from the parapet some eight or ten feet into the water below. It is supposed that he awoke when he got to the bottom of the mill race, as he was seen to gather himself from the water as fast as possible, and making for home, as Jack Downing would say, full chusels; as cool, and apparently as sober, as a drowned rat.—Del. Journal.

"Nauscopic."—This is the name of a wonderful invention, discovered, it is said, by a Frenchman, named Bottineau, in 1765, by which vessels at sea can be discovered 260 leagues off. An account of the discovery is given in the Monthly Magazine. A nebulous satellite, according to this invention, precedes a ship for several days, which can be seen. The French Government did not patronize Bottineau, and in 1810 he was living in obscurity. We shall probably hear something more of this, now that it has begun to be talked about.—Alex. Gas.

SALE OF A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND AT CARLISLE.

On Saturday, the 7th instant, the inhabitants of the above city witnessed the sale of a wife by her husband, Joseph Thompson, who resides in a small village about 3 miles from Carlisle. He rents a farm of about forty-two or forty-four acres of land, and was married at Hexham, in the year 1820, to his present wife. She is a spruce, lively, buxom damsel, apparently not exceeding twenty-two years of age, and appeared to feel a pleasure at the exchange she was about to make. They had no children during their union, and that, together with some family disputes, caused them, by mutual agreement, to come to the resolution of finally parting. Accordingly the bellman was sent round to give notice of the sale, which was to take place at twelve o'clock. This announcement attracted the notice of thousands. She appeared above the crowd, standing on a large oak chair, surrounded by many of her friends, with a rope halter made of straw round her neck. She was dressed in rather a fashionable country style, and appeared to some advantage. The husband who also standing in an elevated position near her, proceeded to put her up for sale, and spoke nearly as follows:—

"Gentlemen—I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Ann Thompson, otherwise Williamson, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. Gentlemen, it is her wish as well as mine to part forever. She has been to me only a bosom serpent. I took her for my comfort and the good of my house, but she has become my tormentor, a domestic curse, a night invasion, and a daily devil. [great laughter.]—Gentlemen, I speak truth from my heart, when I say, may God deliver us from troublesome wives and frolicsome widows—[laughter.]—Avoid them the same as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna, or any other pestiferous phenomenon in nature. Now I have shewn the dark side of my wife, and told you her faults and her failings; I will now introduce the bright and sunny side of her, and explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read novels and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thirsty; indeed, Gentlemen, she reminds me of what the poet says of woman in general—

"Heaven gave to woman the peculiar grace, To laugh, to weep, and cheat the human race."

She can make butter and scold the maid; she can sing Moore's melodies, and plait her frills and caps; she cannot make rum, gin, or whiskey, but she is a good judge of the quality from long experience in tasting them. I, therefore, offer her perfections and imperfections, for the sum of 50 shillings."

After an hour or two she was purchased by Henry Mears, a pensioner, for the sum of 20s. and a Newfoundland dog. The happy people immediately left the town together, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the multitude, in which they were joined by Thompson, who, with the greatest good humor imaginable, proceeded to put the halter, which his wife had taken off, round the neck of his Newfoundland dog, and then proceeded to the first public house, where he spent the remainder of the day.—Bell's Life in London.

From the Winchester Reporter.

What will the Yankees do next.—The New-Bedford people are going to break whales into harness, and make them tow ships into and out of the bay! We should not be surprised at any time to see some of our eastern brethren driving a tandem team of behemoths. The following is from the New-Bedford Gazette.

We learn from undoubted authority, that a committee is about being formed, for a purpose which, although at first mention may appear to partake of the wild and wonderful, will, when viewed calmly, be found not only practicable, but highly expedient. It is to make an engagement with some one of our ship owners to direct the bringing home alive of a whale, and after getting him here, to keep and use him for the purpose of towing vessels to aid from the sea.

It has been stated by experienced whalers, that they can easily be rendered tractable, and by little attention highly serviceable. The intention, if we are correctly informed, is to allow the monster to ramble in the waters of the bay, as his own inclination may dictate, occasionally making an incursion outside to render assistance to any who may be in distress on the coast, and after a while if he is found capable, he is to be entrusted with charge of vessels as pilot. He is to be fastened to ships bound out, when the wind is light or unfavorable, and is expected to be able to take a vessel from Palmer's Island to Cutterhook, in about thirty minutes.

A satirical writer has described a buck about forty years ago—one could hardly have suspected such a gentleman to have been one of our contemporaries: 'A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs; a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of sixpence, on a block not worth a farthing.'

From the Newbern Sentinel. Died, on the evening of Friday, the 2d inst. JOHN STANLEY, Esq. Few persons in any community have occupied a more prominent station—few have exercised a more powerful influence—than this distinguished individual for many years held and exerted in our Town and throughout our State. Now that he is removed from us forever, it is respectful to his memory, and it may be salutary to those who survive, to devote a few moments to the contemplation of his rare endowments, his extraordinary character and his eminent public services.

Mr. Stanley was the eldest son of John Wright Stanley, a merchant of the greatest enterprise and most extensive business ever known in this State. He was born at Newbern on the 9th of April, 1774, and by the death of both his parents, was left an orphan when about fifteen years of age. This calamity broke in upon his course of academical studies which was never afterwards regularly resumed. He was placed in the counting house of his father's partner, the late Thomas Turner, and on his arrival at age, commenced his career of life as a merchant. Accidental circumstances threw him into an association with eminent members of the bar, particularly with the late Benjamin Woods and Thomas Badger, Esq's, the former of whom had been a private tutor in his father's family, and the latter of whom had married his mother's sister. He had also received from the Judges of the District Court the then important office of Clerk and Master in Equity, which brought about a familiarity with the forms and practice of courts of Justice. The principles of law excited his curiosity; without any regular instruction he commenced the study of them; and in the year 1799, he was admitted to the bar with scarcely a fixed purpose to prosecute the law as a profession. He did not remain long undecided in his course. An ardent temperament induced him to feel every client's case with intense sensibility, and a bold and determined mind prompted him to assert it at all hazards. He became interested and engaged in the practice. Gifted with wonderful quickness of perception, and an aptitude to seize and retain knowledge seldom equalled, he set himself about supplying, and by patient application he thoroughly supplied, the defects both of his Academical and Professional Education. He studied diligently every case in which he was concerned. His intimate knowledge of the case, and the zeal with which he devoted himself to its support, his facility for bringing into action all the resources which his library could furnish, his rich memory supply; an admirable facility at illustration, an elocution of surpassing excellence—distinct, graceful, vigorous and commanding—the play of his fancy, the keenness of his wit, the bitterness of his invective, and the overwhelming force of his declamation, soon rendered him a most brilliant and successful advocate. To these high qualifications he added that untiring industry which was continually increasing his now large stock of legal learning and general information, and which never obtained any necessary labour however painful; an expertness in accounts and familiar knowledge of mercantile transactions; clerk-like attention to all matters of detail; and a dexterity in business, which enabled him at once, and without an effort, to attend to every professional call, and to apply his exertions now to the most trivial, and now to the most important of engagements at one moment to a petty appeal, and in the next to a case big with life and death. It is no wonder then, that with such endowments, such qualifications, and such habits, he permanently fixed himself in the foremost rank of his profession, and was regarded by his brethren and the country at large, as pre-eminently among those who constituted the ornament and boast.

At a very early age, Mr. Stanley engaged warmly in politics, and took an active part in public duties. To these he afterwards devoted the best of his energies and a considerable portion of his life. In fact, public interests seemed to afford to his ardent mind that peculiar excitement in which it delighted, and to give it that full employment without which it was ill at ease. It was impossible for such a man not to enter into political contentions, and when once entered on them, not to carry on the contest to the bitter end, fearlessly, and at every hazard. It has been the lot of very few men to have given or to have received never blows in such strife—or to have been more strenuously opposed by political friends, and more vehemently extolled by political enemies, in which no man is ever judged correctly, and which no rational and conscientious man can ever remember without deep regret, it is impossible to regard Mr. Stanley's public career without high admiration. The best men may differ, and differ as to many of his schemes of policy, but all ought to admit that the great qualities of his legislative exertions were elevated and noble. The prosperity of his native town—the honor and advancement of his native state—the equal rights of all classes of citizens—the stability and faithful execution of the laws—the indissolubility of the marriage tie—the education of the poor—the suppression of gambling, immorality and vice—these were among the cherished objects of his zealous support.—And long must be remembered the eloquence, skill and ability with which they