

The North Carolinian.

"CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS; AND THE GLORY OF THE STATE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF ITS CITIZENS."

H. L. HOLMES, Editor and Proprietor.

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TERMS.

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Letters on business connected with this establishment, must be addressed—H. L. HOLMES, Editor of the North-Carolinian, and in all cases post-paid.

GENERAL SELECTIONS.

The Recent Panic.—An interesting book is to be published this day, by Mr. Saunders, 357 Broadway, illustrative of some of the more prominent events of the recent panic. It is entitled "The Adventures of Harry Franco." This work is, we understand, expected to excite an unusual degree of public attention, as well from the subject of which it treats as from the skill and ability with which the interest of the narrative is sustained. The author preserves a strict incognito, but it is conjectured that he will speedily become as great a favorite with the reading world as the deservedly popular author of "Peter Simple," whose style he is said more closely to resemble than that of any other writer of the present day. The same publisher also issues, to-day, "The Dwarf," a dramatic poem of considerable pretensions, by James Rees, the editor of the Beauties of Webster, &c.—New York Evening Star.

New Orleans, May 28.

By the schooner G. W. Wether, from Vera Cruz, \$29,000 was received. Notwithstanding the continued imports of the precious metals, exchange is on the rise. Checks at sight command 1 and 1-2 per cent. premium, and bills on London 9 and 1-2. This is not caused by any inactivity in our market, as most of the staple articles of produce are in good demand. Yesterday 5000 bales of cotton were sold at full prices, and notwithstanding the complaints that are heard of the scarcity of money, and difficulty of negotiations, we incline to the opinion that credit must be easy, from the fact that judgments to an enormous amount are standing against some of the parties who are now the leading operators in cotton. This total disregard to punctuality is, doubtless, the cause of the credit of our business men being held in such low estimation abroad.—Louisianian.

New Orleans, May 29.

Interesting from Havana.—We have been informed by a gentleman just arrived from Havana, in whose veracity full confidence may be placed, that great discontent prevailed among the natives of the Island. They are much dissatisfied with the European Spaniards, who have seized upon all the employments, civil and military. There are some apprehensions of a revolt. Robberies, murders and burning of houses have recommenced in the city of Havana. It was feared that the Governor General, Espellata, would find a difficult task in suppressing the effervescence that was beginning to manifest itself in the minds of the Creole.—Ibid.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS.

Rivington, the king's printer, it is known, was a terrible Tory during the revolutionary war, and was assailing the rebels. Ethan Allen, the dare devil of Vermont, determined to give him a licking; and some reminiscences in this morning's Express, shew the clever manner in which Rivington got rid of the unpleasant affair.

He had been bold in his misrepresentations of the "Rebels," and so personal in his remarks, that although he had assurances from Governor Clinton, of safety for his person and property, yet there were some expected visitors he did not wish to see. The foremost of these was Ethan Allen. Rivington was a fine portly looking man, and wore powder.—At last Allen appeared. His clerk who first saw him, well knew his master's horror for Allen. Rivington afterwards gave to Mr. Dunlap the following account of the meeting: "I was sitting after a good dinner, alone with my bottle of Madeira before me, when I heard an unusual noise in the street, and an buzz from the boys. I was in the second story, and on stepping to the window, saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with a large cocked hat and an enormously long sword, followed by a crowd of boys, who occasionally cheered him with huzzas, of which he seemed insensible. He came up to my door and stopped. I could see no more—my heart told me it was Ethan Allen. I shut down my window, and retired behind my table and bottle. I was certain the hour of reckoning was come. There was no retreat. Mr. Staples, my clerk, came in paler than ever, and clasping his hands, said, 'Master, he has come. I know it. He entered the store and asked if James Rivington lived here. I answered, 'Yes sir.' 'Is he at home?' 'I will go and see, sir,' said he, and now master what is to be done? There he is, sir, in the store, and the boys peeping at him from the street. I had made up my mind—I looked at the Madeira—possibly took a glass. 'Show him up,' said I—and I thought if such Madeira cannot mollify him, he must be harder than adamant. There was a fearful moment of suspense. I listened—I heard him on the stairs, and heard his long sword clanking on every step. In he stalked. 'Is your name James Rivington?' 'It is sir, and no man could be more happy to see General Ethan Allen—take a chair, sir, by the table; and afterwards a glass of this Madeira.' He sat down and began—'Sir, I come.' 'Not a word General, till you take a glass, and I filled, ten years old, on my own keeping—another glass, sir, and then we will talk of old affairs. Sir, we finished two bot-

les, and parted as good friends as if nothing had ever happened to make us otherwise.—N. Y. Even. Star.

Crops.—Within the last week, says the Chillicothe (Ohio) Advertiser, we took a short excursion into the country—and as far as our observation extended, the wheat fields show every appearance of producing an abundant crop. Accounts from the adjoining counties say that the prospects are equally favorable.

POETICAL.



The following fine description of the White Mountains, we extract from the Democratic Review. The author, Mr. H. Hibbard, is evidently possessed of genius; and the complete mastery which he has acquired of the Spenserian measure, shows a high cultivation of the art of poetry:—

The blackening hills close round—the beetling cliff
On either hand towers to the upper sky—
I pass the lonely inn—the yawning rift
Grows narrower still, until the passer by
Belongs himself wafted in by mountains high,
Like everlasting barriers, which frown
Around, above, in awful majesty—
Still on, the expanding chasm deepens down
Into a vast abyss which circles mountains crown.

The summer air is cooler, fresher, here—
The breeze is hushed, and all is calm and still—
Above, a strip of the blue heaven's clear
Qerulean is stretched from hill to hill,
Through which the sun's short transit can distill
No breath of fainting sultriness—the soul
Inebred with love of nature's charms, can fill
Its life with meditation here, and hold
Communion deep with all that round it doth unfold.

Thou, reader of these lines, who dost inherit
That love of earth's own loveliness which flings
A glow of chastened feeling o'er the spirit,
And lends creature half its colorings
Of light and beauty—who from living things
Dost love to 'scape to that beatitude
Which from converse with secret nature springs,
Fly to this green and shady solitude,
High hills, clear streams, blue lakes, and everlasting woods!

And as thou muscst 'mid these mountains will,
Their grandeur thy rapt soul will penetrate,
Till with thyself thou wilt be reconciled,
If not with man—thy thoughts will emulate
Their calm sublimity—thy little passions—hate,
Envy and bitterness—if such be found
Within thy breast—these scenes will dissipate,
And lend thy mind a tone of joy profound,
An impress from the grand and mighty scenes
around.

Of that some bard would rise—true heir of glory,
With the full power of heavenly poetry,
To gather up each old romantic story
That lingers round these scenes in memory,
And consecrate to immortality—
Some western Scott, within whose bosom thrills
That fire which burneth to eternity,
To pour his spirit o'er these mighty hills
And make them classic ground, thrice hallowed by
his spells!

DEBATE IN CONGRESS.

SPEECH OF MR. BENTON, CONCLUDED.

Sir, said Mr. B. I pursue this bill of May, 1836, one step further; I pursue it into the fourth section, and see that nothing but a war with a foreign power could have wrested the distribution of the \$55,000,000 and given the Treasury a right to retain the \$24,577,169 received from the public lands in 1836, and the \$6,776,236 received from them in 1837. By the terms of the act, the distribution was to go on without regard to any thing but a foreign war, and the \$32,000,000, received from the lands in '36 and '37 were to belong to the States, and to be paid to them, without the least regard to the condition of the public Treasury. It was a specific appropriation of the proceeds of the lands, and as such would have been paid over to the States, on the days named in the act. The "shutting up" of the Treasury would have made no difference: the stoppage of the banks would have made no difference; there was no foreign war—the appropriation was specific and absolute—and the delivery of the money to the States would have been compulsory and inevitable. What then? Why, that notwithstanding the retroactive disbursements from the Treasury of the before received revenues from the lands of 1833, '34 and '35—notwithstanding the attempt to disburse these old expended revenues might have bankrupted the deposit banks—yet the current receipts from the lands for '36 and '37 would have been turned over to the States as they came in! The \$25,000,000 (nearly) of '36 would have gone to the States, the \$7,000,000 (nearly) of '37 with the banks all stopped—with the Treasury shut up—with the Congress together to provide the ways and means of keeping the Government in motion—with the duties from customs sinking down to nothing—merchants' duty bonds postponed—balances from the banks delayed for many months; with all this we should have been paying out to the States the \$7,000,000 of hard money received from the lands in 1837, and which \$7,000,000 in specie was the sheet anchor of the Government in that disastrous year, and the only thing which

saved it from degradation and ruin of using depreciated paper money and shimplasters!

Mr. President, we hear much of the incapacity, the ignorance, the incompetency, and the recklessness of the Jackson administration; we hear much of all this from the Opposition, without their being able to specify a measure to which these epithets will apply; but there is an act of the Opposition to choose between a confession of absolute incapacity to manage the public affairs, or of a deliberate design to bankrupt the Treasury and the banks.

No, Mr. President, the Jackson administration was not ignorant, was not reckless, was not incompetent; and to hurl such epithets at that administration, is to hurl them at the people, by whom that administration was created and has been sustained.

To attack that administration, approved as it was in the triumphal second election of General Jackson, is to attack the capacity of the people for self-government! It is to attack the elective principle of our Constitution, and to say that principle ought to be abolished, and an hereditary ruler given as a guardian to those who were so incompetent to choose their own Chief Magistrate.

No, sir! Great are the services which General Jackson has rendered to his country—great in the field—still greater in the cabinet. His civil administration was a continued series of patriotic exertions, the emancipation no less of a heroic soul, than of a sagacious head, and a patriotic heart. None but a hero could have acted the part, in civil affairs, which he did. Above all men who have lived in our eventful times, a single individual, perhaps, alone excepted, he will be stamped the hero-statesman of the age. I have heretofore endeavored to do some justice to his various, transcendent, and victorious policy. I have endeavored to present some views of his numerous, brilliant, and successful ameliorations at home, and negotiations abroad. I have endeavored to present him as posterity will view him, covered, illustrated, irradiated with every species of glory, and above all with the glory of usefulness—with the glory of having improved the condition, bettered the circumstances, advanced the fortune, and personally benefited every industrious inhabitant which the country contains. I have endeavored to do this; and I appeal to the present unparalelled, universal, unprecedented, unexampled, universal, pervading, and exalting prosperity of the country for the truth and fidelity of the pictures which I have endeavored to draw. It is not my intention to repeat, on the present occasion, which I have heretofore delivered on this subject; but there is one point which, though heretofore mentioned, has never been presented with fullness, individually, and development which its importance and magnitude deserves: I allude to our cotton production and its influence upon the wealth and industry of every portion of this extended Union, and the part which General Jackson has acted in bringing that production to what it now is, and to what it must be. What was the extent of our cotton growing territory before the victorious arms of General Jackson acquired for us the vast region of the South and Southwest? It was a part of South Carolina, a part of Georgia, some slips in North Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana.—What is it now? It is all Florida, all Georgia, all Alabama, all Mississippi, all Louisiana, all Arkansas, South Carolina, a part of North Carolina, a third of Tennessee, and a slip in Missouri. In territorial extent our cotton growing region has been increased more than ten fold by the victorious arms of Gen. Jackson over the Southern Indians, and by his still more victorious policy over the political allies of those Indians—their Federal allies—whose struggle it was to retain them in the Southern States to diminish their political importance, and to cripple their advance.—What was the value of our cotton export before these great operations of General Jackson began? It was fourteen millions of dollars. What is it now? It is eighty millions. And what is its capacity of augmentation? Almost limitless and boundless, or only limited by the wants of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the two Americas; for, to all these countries, even to the Ganges and the Black sea, to the Cape of Good Hope, and to Tierra del Fuego do our American cottons now go. And what is the influence of this vast production, so amazingly augmented under the victorious policy, of one man—what is its influence upon the industry, the pursuits, and the wealth of every part of this extended Confederacy? To answer this question, let the mind's eye figure to itself a map of this Union, and then contemplate every species of industry which is carried on upon the vast diversified domain which it represents. Let him look at our shipping interest from the Chesapeake to Passamaquoddy bay, all finding its greatest and richest employment in carrying our cotton abroad, and bringing back the productions of so many nations received in exchange for it. Let him see our most opulent merchants, throughout the whole extent of our coast, from New Orleans to New York, all bottoming their largest operations upon the cotton of the South. Look to the manufacturing industry of the whole Northeast, of which Massachusetts may be taken, as an example, and as the highest pattern; manufactures of leather, cotton, wool, iron, brass, tin, wood, glass, stone, &c., the grand aggregate of which, in all the Northeast, may be judged of from the annual product of near ninety millions of dollars for Massachusetts alone; and a goodly proportion of the whole of which finds its market in the same cotton growing region. Crossing the Alleghany mountains, and descending upon

the Western waters, see 12 millions of manufactured articles, the product of the industry of three or four miles square at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahala; see these twelve millions annually going off from Pittsburgh, and the largest part going to the cotton planters of the South; while many other towns and villages of the West on a smaller scale, emulate the meritorious example of "the Birmingham of the West." Then see the agricultural States of the Great Valley. See Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, with their vast productions of grain, and their innumerable herds and flocks, all finding the richest market in the same region. Turning to the Middle States, where the value of labor, for a long time, has been so much reduced, we see that value in Virginia, Maryland, N. Carolina and Tennessee, has found a vast augmentation from the cultivation of cotton. So that in every part of this extended Confederacy, and over every species of Creative industry, the augmented cultivation of cotton the fruit of General Jackson's military achievements and civil policy, has extended its benefits, and shed its benign influences. The North, the East, the West, and the Middle States—the cities and the country—agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—all, all find employment for their industry, and rich rewards for their skill and labor in that perennial fountain of national wealth—the cotton growing region of the South—which, while it showers gold upon all others, is itself largely deprived of its own advantages by illusive systems of political economy—a system which leads it to purchase every thing by the paper money standard of the U. States, while it sells the only article it produces by the hard money standard of Europe! Every part of this Union feels the beneficent effects of the cotton crops; and no part feels it more than the agricultural region of Kentucky, and the manufacturing districts of Massachusetts, and I speak from the knowledge of my own senses. I have lately received an authentic return of the annual manufactures of Massachusetts, and speak upon unimpeachable authority. Kentucky and Massachusetts are the two States of this Union which have profited most by the military victories and the civil administration of General Jackson; they are the two States of this Union which should be bound to him by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection. The agriculturist of Kentucky is now on the high road to wealth, his prosperity reposes upon a solid and imperishable basis. His cattle, his mules, his horses, his hemp, all wanted in the South, command the highest price, fill his coffers with vast sums of money, and reflect upon his lands an unprecedented value. It is no longer the illusions of the "golden fleece," two thousand dollars for a sheep, intrinsically worth twenty shillings, and now sunk to that price—it is no longer the detective dream of the ephemeral illusions which tickled and beguiled the Kentuckian before Jackson's administration, but it is now the solid basis of the cotton cultivation in the South, and free trade in Europe, upon which his prosperity reposes. Let him cultivate the cotton grower, and cherish free trade abroad, and never again fall into the illusions of high tariff and National Bank, and never again will he see his crops rotting on his hands, his property sinking to no price, his currency depreciated one half, and piles of property laws, tender laws, relief laws, and stay laws, interposed between the hapless debtor and the merciless creditor. So much for Kentucky; and equal with hers, and resting, in good part upon the same basis, is the prosperity of Massachusetts. The cotton grower of the South takes a part of all that she has to spare. From "brushes, brooms, and baskets, and buttons of all kinds," up to her eighteen millions of dollars worth of manufactures in shoes, boots, and leather—her seventeen millions of manufactures of cotton; ten millions of manufactures of wool; her nine millions and a half of fish oil; her two millions of ready made clothing, stocks and suspenders; her two millions and a half of nails, brads, and tacks; her million and a half of soap and candles—her million and a half of paper—her million and a quarter of rum—her million of refined sugar; her two millions of straw bonnets and palm leaf hats; and many other articles "too tedious to enumerate," but amounting in conjunction with those enumerated, to eighty six millions of dollars per annum; from all these sends a part to the cotton grower, and doubtless gets a better part of the crop than the grower himself receives; an advantage which is the fair and legitimate fruit of industry, conducted by skill, guarded by economy, and diversified by enterprise. It was in the last year of President Jackson's administration; the year ending the 31st day of March, 1837—which presented this magnificent result of Massachusetts manufacturing industry; I say manufacturing—for the proceeds of her commerce and agriculture are not included—and this grand result will forever stand as a proof of the prosperity of the country under the sagacious policy of that illustrious statesman.

Sir, it was no part of my intention to make an eulogy upon Gen. Jackson. The time is coming when history, and poetry, and sculpture, and painting, and the living voices of endless generations will do him that service. I make no general eulogy. I have spoken to a single point, to show from one example, the beneficent nature of his policy, and the universality of his happy influence upon all the pursuits of industry. I have spoken to a single point, and have not exhausted that one, for to this same cotton region we are indebted for the hundred millions of gold and silver which has sustained the country and the Government in the late shock, and which hereafter

are to render the people independent of the rise and fall of banks, and safe from the shocks and explosions of the paper system.—What I have said has been forced out of me by attacks, as wanton as they are incessant, upon the hero-patriot who is entitled to repose, now that he has withdrawn from the world and given an example of the manner in which an ex-president of the United States should spend the evening of his days, and close up the career of his life.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

The Independent Monitor says—"The Flag of the Union, and other democratic papers, are making desperate efforts to sustain the sinking reputation of Martin Van Buren."

The sinking reputation! of Mr. Van Buren. We like that exceedingly. The sinking reputation of a man who has beaten Henry Clay, the greatest political gamester the country ever saw—who has foiled and beaten this great Whig idol in every political game he has ever tried with him! Mr. Clay is "done up" politician, notwithstanding the "vastness of the admiration" which the Monitor entertains for him. He has been losing ground for ten years. He has drawn upon his great native powers until the treasure is bankrupt, and better would it have been for his fame as a statesman had he left the political arena ten years ago. Every day he is living down his reputation. Fame is never stationary. It either advances or retrogrades. Mr. Clay has tested his popularity and his principles twice in the zenith of his power and the heyday of his glory. It is vain for his friends to retrieve by puffery the declining fortunes of a giant intellect which has "had its day" and is now falling into the "sere and yellow leaf" of an autumnal reputation.—Mr. Van Buren's fame dates from his first essay in the administration of the affairs of a great nation. Until then his character, his firmness and powers were never appreciated. He has lived down the silly accusations of fustian, diplomacy, and fox-like non-committalism. He has enemies of their most pointed slanders, and is this day more exalted in the confidence and the affections of his countrymen than his best friends ever flattered themselves that he could attain, under the studied and unparalleled efforts of his enemies to depreciate his talents, and misrepresent his character. "Truth is great" and has, in his case, "mightily prevailed."—Mobile Register.

FROM THE WASHINGTON GLOBE.

VIRGINIA RESULT.

"We are enabled to make up our classification of members elected to Congress and the General Assembly of Virginia, with an accuracy which we feel confident will stand the test of the divisions in the next Virginia Assembly. We differ from our friend of the Enquirer in regard to two or three members. We set down on our side two Democrats opposed to the Sub Treasury, but returned from counties where the Administration has decisive majorities—one of whom voted throughout against Mr. Rives at the last session," (Quere, Enquirer), "and the other of whom, in Tazewell, ran with the Democratic candidate George, and carried the same vote against his competitor that George did over Hopkins. We set down Payne of Fluvanna a decided Democrat and friend of the Administration; who although against the Independent Treasury, yet preferred the election of Gordon to Garland, rather than encourage the enemies of the Administration."

We give the summary only of the Globe:

	Democrat.	Federalist.	Conserv.	Impractic.
H. of Del.	66	55	2	11
Senate,	18	11	3	—
	84	66	5	11

Democratic majority on joint ballot, 2.

From the combined force of Whigs and Conservatives, as set down above, to test the real strength of parties, the impracticable whigs should be subtracted. Of these unmanageable gentlemen, who sternly opposed Mr. Rives, and would not be ruled into a vote for him, we are not apprised of any that have been rejected by their constituents for a manageable Whig or Conservative. On the contrary, several anti-Rives and anti-Clay Whigs have been returned in place of the compromisers. We have not data to enable us to enumerate that portion of Delegates elected opposed to the coalition of the last session, but the Richmond Enquirer gives those certainly known to the editor:

"Accomack 2—Albemarle 2—Elizabeth City and Warwick 1—Essex 1—Gloucester 1—James City, York and Williamsburg 1—Kanawha 1—Norfolk borough 1—1."

"Of these, a majority are notoriously opposed on the Presidential question to the tendency of the mass of the party with whom they have heretofore acted. Several have distinctly avowed to their constituents a preference for Mr. Van Buren over Mr. Clay. Deducting the few such here given, and it shows the utter desperation of the coalition in Virginia. With a joint Conservative and Whig majority of twenty-four in the last General Assembly, Mr. Rives found that his prompt and energetic attacks on the Administration could not conciliate favor enough to re-elect him to the Senate. What prospect can he have with a decided majority of sincere friends of the Administration in both branches of the Legislature, and certainly ten, probably many more impracticable Whigs, pledged to their constituents against him?"

"Of his Spartan band, Mr. Rives certainly

has very few left to surrender. He cannot possibly muster four conservatives in the newly elected House of Delegates, who will go with him into the ranks of whiggery; and of the whole Spartan band in Congress, Garland and Hopkins are all who even pretend to call themselves conservatives.—Clark of New York having given in his adhesion to the Whigs.

"But Messrs. Garland and Hopkins seem to have been pressed upon this point so closely before the people in their respective districts, that they solemnly pledged themselves against the transfer. Mr. Ritchie avers positively that 'Messrs. Garland and Hopkins—the former in Louisiana, and the latter in several counties—stated that they were opponents of the Administration only on the Sub Treasury Question.'"

"The polls of the election throughout Virginia summed together, both for the Legislature and for Congress, present a large and commanding majority of the popular vote on the side of the Administration. It is about in proportion to the relative strength of the Administration and the Whig Congressional delegation. The return of members to the Legislature is not a fair test of the popular vote. The small Whig boroughs and counties—such as Williamsburg, York, Warwick, Charles City, not giving four hundred votes altogether, balance in the General Assembly such counties as Botetourt, Cabell, Grayson, Montgomery, Isle of Wight, each giving more votes than all the little Federal boroughs and counties named together, although the latter send an equal number of delegates. We will get the exact poll from every county of the State, and make the Democratic majority in the whole State manifest by an accurate comparison of the returns."

FROM THE SAME.

ELECTION TABLE FOR TWENTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

Showing the results according to the votes of the People and according to the certificates of the Judges.

BY THE PEOPLE.

	Democrats.	Federalists.
Maine	6	2
New Hampshire	5	0
Vermont	2	3
Massachusetts	2	10
Connecticut	0	6
New York	19	21
New Jersey	5	1
Pennsylvania	17	11
Delaware	1	0
Virginia	12	9
South Carolina	8	1
Georgia	0	9
Arkansas	1	0
Missouri	2	0
Louisiana	0	3
Illinois	3	0
Ohio	11	8
Michigan	1	0
Total	95	84

BY THE JUDGES.

	Democrats.	Federalists.
Maine	6	2
New Hampshire	5	0
Vermont	2	3
Massachusetts	2	10
Connecticut	0	6
New York	19	21
New Jersey	0	6
Pennsylvania	16	10
Delaware	1	0
Virginia	12	9
South Carolina	8	1
Georgia	0	9
Louisiana	0	3
Arkansas	1	0
Missouri	2	0
Illinois	2	1
Ohio	11	8
Michigan	1	0
Total	90	89

Elections are yet to be held in the following States:

ESTIMATED VOTE.

	Democrats.	Federalists.
Rhode Island	0	2
Maryland	2	5
North Carolina	8	5
Alabama	4	1
Mississippi	2	0
Tennessee	7	6
Kentucky	4	9
Indiana	3	4
Total	31	32

(The Globe ought to have made at least 13 elect for Virginia—instead of 12.)

In a word, every sign is bright around us. The ship will be righted in Virginia, in December next. She will never cast her Presidential vote upon a Whig Latitudinous Constructionist. The great body of the Conservatives of Virginia will never support the Whig candidate in preference to Mr. Van Buren. A short time to cool their feelings, and to clear away their prejudices, and they will reunite with their Republican brethren. No State in the South or South-west, except Kentucky, will go for Henry Clay.—Ohio and Pennsylvania will never go for him.—Martin Van Buren will be re-elected President of the United States in 1840—and the true State Rights principles of the Constitution, which Virginia has done so much to establish, will become the favorite canons of the American Union. Heads up! All will be right.