THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

—THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—*Amendments to the Constitution. Article X.*—

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WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

In a certain town in Normandy, the authorities (for divers good reasons thereunto moving) thought proper to issue a proclamation to the effect that none of the worthy inhabitants, under a severe penalty, should stir abroad after sun-set without a lantern. Well, it chanced on the very same evening, a man was seized and incontinently taken before the dispenser of justice, to be dealt with according to the new law.

"I am exceedingly sorry," said the chief officer, recognising the individual, "that a citizen of your respectability and station should be the first to infringe the new regulation."

"I would not willingly do so," said the man, coolly.

"Have you not read it?"

"Certainly," said the captured party, "but many points remain to be understood. Will Monsieur oblige me by reading it, that I may learn of what I am guilty?"

The officer graciously complied, and after glibly running over the verbose preamble, came to the point "that no inhabitant should stir abroad after sun-set without a lantern." Also he certainly delivered with peculiar emphasis, to the admiration of the fellow who had taken the man into custody, and was twirling his finger in readiness to receive his moiety of the fine.

"I have a lantern, Monsieur," finally contended the man, holding it to view.

"Yes, but there is no candle in it," replied the officer with a smile.

"The proclamation does not mean a *candle*, I believe, Monsieur," [illegible] the cunning fellow, most respectfully.

"A candle!—but of course—" began the informer, trembling lest he should lose the fish he had hooked.

"It does not mention a candle; and I contend Monsieur, I have not infringed the law," persisted the quibbler. "The words are—without a lantern—and here I am."

"Hem!" cried the officer, endeavoring to conceal the confusion occasioned by his defeat by poring over the body of the proclamation. "I must confess there is an omission, and I am happy to give you the benefit of it. Your case is dismissed."

The informer was not only defeated, but rather worsted, when the prisoner called to mind a certain act which rendered him, the aforesaid informant, liable to heavy damages for false imprisonment, &c., and the poor fellow was fain to avert the infliction of an action of the law by disbursing a certain sum in hard cash to the accused.

But lo! on the next evening he again encountered his quondam acquaintance," and to his infinite delight, he beheld the same unilluminated lantern in his hand; but an amended proclamation had been issued that morning, with the words, "that no inhabitant should stir without a lantern and a candle therein."

The informer chuckled at the ignorance of the man who had so coolly victimised him on the preceding night, and with a heart beating with a desire of revenge, and with a certain project of the restitution of the mulct which he had suffered, he, with a sneering politeness, requested the honor of his company to the justice room.

"Really, it is impossible to resist the amiable importunities of a gentleman who pays such delicate compliments, and—such good coin!" replied the man; and away he walked, chatting good humoredly and joking with his delighted captor.

"What again?" cried the officer.

"I hope Monsieur will do me the honor to remember that my former appearance was not only against my inclination but against the law," said the prisoner.

"Really these proceedings are very vexatious, and——"

"Have you read the proclamation?" interrupted the captor.

"Monsieur did me the favor to read it only last night——"

"I will read it again for your edification," replied the officer, and looked furtively at the informer, who could scarcely contain himself for very joy.

The amended proclamation was read. The accused had placidly smiling at the rigmarole verbiage; but when the officer read the concluding words, "that no inhabitant should stir abroad after sunset without a lantern and a candle," he started.

"Sir?" cried the informer, unable longer to restrain his feelings.

"Silence!" very furiously, cried the delinquent, and slowly opening his lantern, continued, "I ask here is a candle, I have a lantern?"

"But it is not lighted!" exclaimed the informer, with uncontrollable agitation. "It is not lighted, nor has it been, as this week dwell proves!"

"Lord! raised candle! a lantern, a candle!" revolved the man, and appealed to the justice of Monsieur, that there was not such a word as a *lighted* candle in any part of that respected document."

The issue was a clincher! The prisoner was completely triumphant, which to abate the fever of the informer's [illegible] excitement, the man charitably repeated the "story" which he had so effectually performed on occasion. Of course the lawyers lost no time in amending the amended proclamation, and [illegible] the word "candle."

Lawyers.—There there follows, said Mr. Mullins, [illegible] are the lineal descendants of Ananias. I've heard it remarked, that it's a hextraordinary circumstance that it takes a regular act of Parliament to make one into an honest man."

Marrying Sisters.—An exchange paper, speaking of the decision of the Presbyterian Assembly that a man may not marry his deceased wife's sister, says it forbids "*plucking two roses from one stem.*"

THE SONG OF THE SUMMER WIND.

I go, I go, where rose-buds peep,
That are fann'd by my breath to their fragrant sleep,
Where the lily white in its paleness lies,
And drinks in light from the violets eyes.

I go, I go, where the wild flowers bloom,
In the valley deep, in the evening's gloom;
When the sun retires from the crimson west,
And his last ray falls on the mountain's breast.

I go, I go, o'er the ocean's waves,
When the sunlight sleeps in its lonely caves;
When a noon-tide stillness is on the sea,
'Tis a glorious, beautiful hour for me.

I go, I go, o'er the desert waste,
Where the pilgrim pursues his journey in haste;
Where the gushing spring is a precious prize,
As it meets the weary wanderer's eyes.

I go, I go, where the maiden fair
Wreathes the summer-flowers in her lovely hair,
And her brow is fann'd as I wander past,
And a brighter smile o'er her cheek is cast.

I go, I go, where the pale moon-light
Invites the flowers to their rest and night;
And I shake from their leaves the drops of dew
That have borrowed from heaven their beautiful hue.

I go, I go, o'er the world abroad,
For I love the boundless works of God;
And my song is heard o'er the land and sea,
And the wide green earth rejoices in me!

A Whopper.—E. Tailmadge states in the Louisville Advertiser, that there is a Sycamore near York, South Carolina, on the Catawba river, that measures seventy six feet four inches in circumference, and the hollow inside is eighteen feet in diameter.

Juvenile Financier.—A travelling managerie, down east, not many days since, posted up the terms of admission at two shillings—persons under eleven years of age at half price. A young chap, about a dozen years of age, wishing to save a shilling in an honest way, wrote on a piece of paper "ten," and put it in his hat, and on another piece "eleven," and put it in his shoe; then with a shilling in his hand and a bold front, approached the door-keeper, opening both eyes, and looking sternly on the youth, he demanded—"How old are you, boy?"

"I am *between ten and eleven, sir*," was the reply. Accordingly the door was thrown open to him.—*Sat. Courier.*

The exquisites of our eastern cities sometimes meet with curious adventures in the "far West." General C., (well known in Philadelphia,) on getting on board of a Mississippi steamer, after a brief survey of the company, considered himself so far removed in point of dignity from the jeans clad Kentuckians, Hoosiers, and Suckers around him, that he must needs give them striking demonstration of the fact, by refusing to eat with the ordinary steel forks used by the aforesaid vulgar herd. He therefore provided himself with a silver fork, and as he was aware that if it was placed at one of the plates, some one of the *canaille* might see it; he handed it to the steward of the boat, with an injunction to give it to him on his getting fairly at the dinner table. The steward promised; but the passengers got wind of the matter, and amongst them was a brawny Kentuckian. On the first opportunity which offered, he went on shore, and manufactured with his hunting knife a huge wooden fork, which he also gave to the steward, with an order to give neither of the forks to their respective owners until called for. The General got seated, and "Old Kaintuck" posted himself opposite to him—but the silver fork was not forthcoming. "Hand me my fork," said he to the steward. It was respectfully presented. "Hand me my fork," bawled the Kentuckian. It was presented, and poked into a piece of beef with the utmost gravity. The passengers, who had watched the proceedings, could stand it no longer. They burst into reiterated shouts of laughter, until the gentleman, *par excellence*, felt it such an infringement upon his dignity, that he arose in high dudgeon, and sought the captain of the boat, with a complaint that his passengers had behaved with great rudeness. "Sir," said the captain, (a real western man,) with grave earnestness, "you are too large a man for my little boat! I'm afraid that in walking from side to side, your weight might capsize her; and you had better go ashore!" General C. evaporated at the first landing.

Spiders and Lawyers.—*Sir W. Jones and T. Day, Esq.*—One day, upon removing some books at the chamber of the former, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said—"Kill that spider, Day, kill that spider."

"No," said Mr. Day, with all that coolness for which he was so conspicuous; "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over that insect, should say to his companion—"Kill that lawyer, kill that lawyer," how should you like that Jones?—and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more obnoxious animal than a spider."

A Dutch Roping-in Game.—Der Deutch tells a good thing about a fellow who went into a grocery store and called for a quart of molasses. The molasses was brought, and the purchaser demanded to have it poured into his hat. The grocer's clerk offered to lend him a measure, but no—the purchaser insisted upon having it put into his hat, at the same time laying down a piece of money which required change. The shopman, much wondering at so odd a whim, hesitated no longer, but doused the molasses into his customer's old hat, and then pulled out his money drawer to make change. In a twinkling the rascally purchaser dropped the hat on the young grocer's head, grabbed all the money within his reach, coolly put the grocer's good hat on his own head, and walked off whistling, while the shopkeeper was blinding, choking and smothering in a bath of molasses.

Did you ever see a candidate for legislative honors who did not admire the children of his constituents!

Did you ever see an arrant coward who could'nt bluster a great deal, and bring down his man at ten paces with the first fire of his—tongue!

Did you ever see a man who in accepting office was not solely guided by a desire to serve the people!

Did you ever see a miser who was not a Grahamite from principle! or a pretty woman that was not aware of the fact!

Did you ever see a bigot who, out of pure charity, would not send men down *below* for differing with him! or an expectant heir whose inquiries were not frequent about the health of some old relation! Did you ever; —*New Orleans Picayune.*

Heaping Measure.—A would-be poet at the North recently sent a jumbled-up mess of nonsense to an editor which was headed "Poetry." The two first lines, one of which is *twenty-nine feet long*, we give:

Tread lightly, stranger, o'er this hallowed dust,
At some future period there is every probability that
if you don't mend your ways, lay like me you must!

"This is bad measure," said the editor.

"Bad measure," said the rhymster; "Why man you are mistaken. It's very good measure—in fact, it is more than is required!"—*Picayune.*

Irish Wit.—"Praise your lordships honor and glory," replied Tim, "I shot the hare by accident." "By accident," continued the postilion. "I was firing at a bush, and the haste ran across my aim, all of his own accord." "The gamekeeper tells a different story," replied his lordship. "Och! don't put faith in what that man says," said Tim Ryan, "when he never cares about speaking the truth any how. "He tould me, t'other day, yer lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass!" Ay, ay," exclaimed Viscount Kilskiddery, "indeed, and what did you say?" "Praise yer lordship, I said yer lordship was."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

A Daring Navigator.—The *Semaphore* of Marsailles gives an account of the arrival in that port of a bold and ingenious sailor, who has constructed a boat formed to fit his own body, when laid at full length, in which he traverses the sea with a swiftness and security rivalling that of fishes. His head and arms alone appear from without, and with the latter, holding a pair of oars, he impels himself along. Provisions are stowed in recesses of the boat, and thus he made voyages from Toulon to Nice and Leghorn, coming to Marsailles by the islands of Hyeres. On arriving in port he complied with all the regulations, entering his own name, Malbec, and that of his vessel, and then darted across the harbour like an arrow. On being examined when on shore the wonderful vessel was found to be a most perfect piece of mechanism. It is furnished with a small pump, similar to that used in wine and beer-houses for drawing the liquor from the casks in the cellar, and by means of which any water the boat may make can be easily discharged. Having been deprived of his left leg, M. Malbec has converted his wooden substitute into a mast, upon which he occasionally raises a sail suited for his light bark, and which he can trim with ease, according to the wind and the course he wishes to steer. M. Malbec's visit to Marsailles is said to be for the purpose of having a vessel on his plan constructed of cast iron, with various improvements, among which are to be hollow masts, admitting air into the body of the boat, so that either in foul weather or when requiring sleep he may lie down on the matress at the bottom, close the hatchway, and apertures for his head and arms, without fear of being suffocated. He has given his vessel the appropriate name of the Duck.

TORTONA.

At the seige of Tortona, the commander of the army which lay before the town ordered Carrew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered to Carrew, "Sir I know you to be a gallant man. I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death for all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carrew made a bow to the general, and led on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He there stood with an undaunted countenance, and having called to one of the soldiers for a draught of wine, "Here," said he, "I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately at that instant Tortona capitulated and Carrew escaped.

A Gambling Story.—Here is one of the deepest and most ingenious schemes ever invented by the wit of a gambler. At Spa, a few years ago a short, thin man, whom nobody knew but by sight, suddenly became a constant attendant at the gaming tables. This man, during a whole fortnight, continued night after night, in the most extraordinary manner, to win enormous sums of the faro bankers, as well as the surrounding betters. He wore spectacles, and appeared so short sighted that he was always obliged to touch the counter with his nose before he could distinguish the card. Such was his luck, however, that whatever card he backed was sure to win. On the last night of his appearance at Spa, one of the gamesters—a young, half intoxicated Irishman—had lost an unusually heavy sum. His temper was quite gone, and he vituperated his lucky opponent in a style that might have edified the most abusive fish wo man in Billingsgate.

"D——n you, you old dog!" he cried, "and most particularly, d——n your spectacles!—By the powers! see if I don't try my luck myself in your spectacles!" and snatching them from him, he put them on his own face. At first he could distinguish nothing, but on approaching the cards, within three inches of his nose, he discovered that the glasses were strong magnifiers. His suspicion and curiosity were immediately excited, and he turned to demand an explanation of the wearer, but he was gone. An examination then commenced, and the cause of this wonderful continuity of luck speedily discovered. The cards Spa are not bought of shopkeepers, as in England, but every autumn the proprietors of the gaming tables repair to the grand fair at Leipzig, and there purchase their stock for the year. Thither the spectacle man had also hied—not as a *buyer*, but as a *seller* of cards, and at such reduced rates, and of such excellent quality, that all the purchasers resorted to him, and Spa and several other towns were literally stocked solidly with his cards. At the back of each of these, concealed amongst the ornaments, and so small as to be imperceptible to the unassisted eye, was its number, with a particular variation to denote its suit. Then the rogue came to Spa in disguise, with blackened hair and spectacles, and there, as a *gentleman* gambler, would have broken all the banks in Spa, but for the fury of the enraged Irishman. As it was, however, he decamped with several thousand pounds.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Payable at sight," as the blind man said when he gave his note.

POLITICAL.

From the North Carolina Standard.

To the "political friend" of the Register who writes over the signature of
"ONE OF THE PEOPLE."

SIR: Pursuing the course of enquiry I have indicated to you by my previous letters, the first question before us is this: *What is the* PUBLIC DEBT of North Carolina?

I answer: It is over *One Million of Dollars.* Her faith and credit are pledged to pay this amount, and the only honest maxim of a State is, that wheresoever her *Faith* and *Credit* are pledged to pay money, she OWES THE DEBT. A contrary rule will terminate in embarrassment, and may close in *Repudiation!* Once for all, I do not mean to impute to any one of our Rulers a desire to *repudiate*, but I shall prove that such is the inevitable tendency of the public management of our State—trusting that as soon as they see it they will alter their course, if the people do not see it first and *change their Rulers.* It may be denied in terms, but it must be confessed in substance and in fact, that North Carolina does owe on account of her endorsements for Rail Road Companies, upwards of ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS.—Thus: By the Act of 1838, the State endorsed Bonds for the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road Company for *Half a Million of Dollars.* The interest of 6 per cent. per annum is payable semi annually, and the Principal falls due in January 1860!!

By the Act of 1840, the State endorsed for the same Corporation *Three Hundred Thousand Dollars* more, bearing interest in the same way, and the principal is redeemable *one tenth* the 1st January, 1845, and one tenth each successive year thereafter, till the whole shall be paid in January 1854!

By another Act of 1840, the State endorsed for the Wilmington Rail Road Company, *Three Hundred Thousand Dollars*, bearing Interest as before, and the principal is payable as follows: $50,000 on 1st January 1842, and the same sum in 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847.

The last mentioned Road has paid the Instalment of $50,000 that fell due in January 1842.

This makes the whole public debt of North Carolina as follows:

For Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road Company by Act of 1838,	$500,000
For Ditto Ditto by Act of 1840	300,000
For Wilmington & Raleigh Road by Ditto,	300,000
	1,100,000
Deduct paid by Wilmington Road,	50,000
	$1,050,000

Whether it were wise or unwise to incur the liability, I do not stop to enquire. The point to be settled at present has nothing to do with that question. *The State owes the money* and the greater part of it will *have to be paid by North Carolina*, beyond all doubt, or else her Faith and Credit will be forfeited. It is that which concerns us now. Keep up the cry "all is safe." Persevere in the detestable habit of concealing the true state of our public Finances till this Debt falls due, and there will be nothing provided to pay it with, and then whatever may be the feelings and disposition of the Legislature, the public Faith will of necessity be forfeited. Should any provision be made to extinguish this Debt afterwards, it will preserve us from the degredation of Repudiationists, but it will not save the plighted *Faith* of the *State.* Should the same timid counsels prevail then that have prevailed for some time past, I fear there will be no hasty zeal in providing for this debt at all. It is a practical topic and calls for plain speaking.

First: You will say there is no danger of the State's losing it. You cannot think so. It is impossible. There is no security taken for the $500,000 loaned in 1840. *None at all;* I say "none at all" because although the Road is mortgaged there is a previous mortgage on the Road for more than it is worth. This part of the Debt will have to be paid by the State *beyond all doubt*, and it will probably turn out to be a dead loss of 300,000 Dollars!

There is some sort of security taken for the loan of the $500,000, to wit: the Road is mortgaged for it, and in consideration of the LAST loan being made without security, the Company got Individuals to sign bonds to indemnify North Carolina against loss upon the first, viz: they guaranteed that the Road was worth the *first* loan of 500,000 Dollars. Let us consider these things deliberately: The Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road owes a Debt of more than 800,000 Dollars bearing Interest at the rate of 6 per cent. Therefore its Income is taxed with an annual INTEREST account of about $50,000. This Road is about 80 Miles Long, and experience has proved every where else that the cost of repairing, Steam Engines, Officers, Agents, Fuel, &c. averages about $1000 per mile. It may cost less this year and more next, because the repairs of one year exceed those of another—but from year to year this is regarded as a correct average estimate. To throw in liberality and to avoid the appearance of extravagance in my estimates, I will set down the expenses &c., of this particular Rail Road at 600 Dollars per mile. That will be another annual tax upon its income of $48,000. Therefore the Income of this Road must be about 100,000 Dollars before it yields a Dollar of surplus profits to provide a *sinking Fund* for the Debt which North Carolina has endorsed.

The last Report of the President just made, however, exhibits the gross receipts at the sum of $66,000 only! How is it possible then to meet this Debt from the Income of the Rail Road?

To state the result in other words:

The yearly expenses of the Roads are	$48,000
Less interest upon their Debt	50,000
Aggregate	$98,000
The whole gross receipts	66,000
Deficit	$32,000

Where is the annual payment of $30,000 to come from to extinguish the principal of the 300,000 Dollar Debt, except *North Carolina pays it?*

Nay. How is the *Interest* to be paid upon the 800,000 Dollars guaranteed by the State unless the income of the Road increases 50 per cent., (less will not do) or the State provides for it in order to redeem her *Faith?*

But again: Admit for argument's sake that the Road should make money enough to pay annually the Expenses and Interest, and likewise the Instalments upon the 300 000 Dollar debt. Though this cannot be, unless the Income of the *Road doubles* the last report of their President: Yet admit it may be so, and still our State Finances ought and must be regulated so as to meet the payment of the *Half Million* endorsed by the Act of 1838. Let us see: It will take upon this most liberal supposition of mine until the year 1854, to pay off the $300,000, should it ever be paid. The other debt of $500,000 will ALL fall due at once, in 6 years after it, viz: Jan. 1860! Therefore if nothing is counted for the additional expenses to keep up the Road after it becomes *an old one* and much worn, still nothing will be left like the sum of *Half a Million* in hand to discharge this Debt, and NORTH CAROLINA must pay it or be dishonored!!—Look danger in the face and *meet* it instead of *receding* from it. This is the only safe rule for one who is resolved at every sacrifice to redeem the *Faith of the State.* That the subject might be presented in the strongest light, I have been exceedingly liberal in conceding (for argument's sake) that the Income of the Rail Road will *double* its present amount without any increase of expenses. Men have quit dreaming now a days, and common sense tells us what the experience of two or three years confirms, that this will not occur. It is a vision.

It is therefore very *probable* that the State will have to advance the 300,000 dollars as it falls due, and it were the height of imprudence to count upon the uncertain profits of this Road to redeem her *credit* and *faith*, both of which have been pledged to pay one tenth of this debt in Jan. 1815, and another like tenth every year after, till 1854. A thing that will not be done if the next Legislature dodges it like the last one and postpones it by *new loans.* It is *certain* that these Rail Road profits cannot be made available to discharge the *half million* that falls due in 1860, and therefore it is madness to lie still and "keep the people in the dark" about it now, when we ought to be anticipating the demand that will be made upon the public purse, to redeem the public Faith!

The writer who cries that there is no danger—the orator who exclaims that "all's well"—the officer or legislator, whose fear of injuring a *party*, under whose auspices this debt was contracted by a plain exposure of the whole truth, and therefore, keeps it all dark before the people: These are preparing a hot bed where *repudiation* will spring up as sure as the demagogues are not all dead, and as certainly as I now address you. We must have rulers who "speak right out" and do not shrink from responsibility.

But you will say (as others have declared) that individuals have guaranteed the State! In a certain case this is true as respects the half million loan of 1838. *It is not true in any sense with regard to the 300,000 dollars.* That sum was endorsed without any security by the act of 1840. And what will it matter of the State gets embarrassed in her finances and dishonored upon her endorsement, whether it occurred upon one part of the debt or upon the other?

But how is it in respect to this *individual* security?—First—If they are *all wealthy men now*, are we to go on and risk the character of North Carolina upon the hazard of each and all of them being so in 1860, and so make no provision for the crisis? The debt they guaranty, falls due in January, 1860, and *not before.* Second—They are not bound *jointly*, but each one for himself *severally*, and therefore, any one, who fails before January, 1860, creates so much *dead loss to the State.* The other sureties are not bound to make up any part of the loss arising out of *his* insolvency. And NONE of the sureties are bound to refund a dollar of the INTEREST the State may pay, but the *principal of the debt only.* Mark, that their bond is this: "I will pay such a proportion of the *loss* as the sum recited in my obligation, bears to 500,000 dollars." Therefore, in this case, there is a loss of the half million, and the Road sells for 250,000 dollars, the surety who signed for one thousand dollars, pays only $500 in January, 1860, and no matter if all the other sureties have grown insolvent, he pays no more. Third—Should the State be called upon and obliged to pay the *interest* from the present period to January, 1860, these sureties are not bound to pay back a cent of it, but their proportion of the *principal* only. Fourth—The State will have to pay the debt before they can call upon these sureties to refund. So that the public faith and credit will suffer unless timely provision is made, even if every surety were solvent in 1860, and as *willing* to pay as they are hereby supposed to be *able* to do it. Thus it appears that North Carolina owes A PUBLIC DEBT and it is the part of wisdom and honesty to contess it, and to set about providing for it, unless we mean to open the way for *repudiation*, and State disgrace!

I shall proceed to a particular answer to the second question, (what are the *means* of the State?) next week. And that will prepare me to expose to the glare of day light, the dangerous and time-serving conduct of our present *party rulers—Governor and Legislators.* If they knew no better, they are unsafe rulers. If they knew all, and did not dare to venture further into the light, for fear it might injure their popularity, they are unworthy Rulers of the State.

You have had a great deal to say about Mr. Henry having advocated the loan of 500,000 Dollars to the Rail Road. Of that I shall write more if I have time. For the present let me remind you that he never sanctioned the additional loan, of 1840. He went for the first, when it was required to *finish the road.* He recommended it, with many others, provided the State was made safe, but he never advocated in any form the new loans after the Company had grown *insolvent.* He is an improvement man and went to help build the road, but not pay its debts off after the work was done. He did not commit the blunder in 1838, which enabled the Rail Road to take the loan *without security*, and afterwards vote in 1840, to give 300,000 dollars more of public *credit* to *correct the blunders of your boasted Whig Legislature of* 1838! He did not do all this or any of it. You may find it convenient to deny this *blunder* in the Legislature of 1838, and to insist that the Individuals were bound *by the act*, yet that will not help you, for then the second loan was made *without a pretext for it*, so far as the *State* was concerned, and Mr. Henry had no agency in carrying it through. I